CAST OUT, But Not Forsaken

BY BERNARD BIGSBY.

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CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE WOODS.

As there is in Ceylon no twilight in the evening—no "children's hour" between light and darkness—so the blood-red sun in the morning rises with a leap on the horizon pouring forth the heat of a furnace from the very minute that his blazing shield peeps over the tree-tops.

They had all slept during the brief hours of repose, feeling that as they had risked the danger of freeing their captive, the precaution of a guard was wasting the energies of anyone among them, whose precious strength would soon be taxed to the utmost. Dunbar was the first to wake, aroused by the dog which had from the hour they found it manifested the strongest attachment towards him, and now approached him and gently licked his face.

"Good old fellow!" Arthur said, taking the animal's head between his hands and looking earnestly into the brown, honest eyes. "Heaven has sent you to aid us in our coming peril: for I have a strong presentiment that your instinct may be more useful to us than our own brain power. Good dog! Fine fellow! I would not take a thousand pounds for you this moment."

The camp was struck, and, after a hasty meal, a few minutes were devoted to a council of war between the young American and his trusty lieutenant.

"What do you say, Campignon? Shall we follow this track through the woods, or turn back into the lake? For myself, I think that our trail lies by land. What say you?"

"That you are right, sir. Like most of my breed, I am a fatalist, and I believe that our finding this channel was a little more than luck, and that we should be mad to throw away the clew that fortune has placed in our hands."

"Fortune! Say rather Providence."

"As you will sec. I am only a rough sailor, and leave such nice distinctions to my betters."

The man's levity jarred upon Dunbar's sensitive nature. Brought up in the atmosphere of a New England home, he felt that, if ever there was a time in his life when he needed the interposition of a Divine influence, it was now, and the Frenchman's words were not pleasant to his ear; but he restrained the reproach that rose to his lips, and quietly asked:

"Shall we leave a guard with the boat?"

"What is the use? If we ever come back—which I very much doubt—even if the sampan is stolen, we can build a raft; whereas, if the natives mean mischief, a man singlehand would be no more protection to our property than a lady's pet spaniel."

"Then what shall we do?"

"Find a hollow tree and hide our traps in it—the food we cannot take with us, the ammunition we should be foolish to overburden ourselves with. It will be short commons with us for a time, I fancy, but we must march against the enemy with light baggage, or we shall die by the roadside before we can reach his lair, which I fancy lies some distance up this wooded wilderness."

This being agreed upon, they put the project into execution, and each man carrying a rifle, pistols, a limited supply of ammunition and a few day's rations, they turned their footsteps to the winding path, which led to unknown dangers.

Every step they took was fraught with peril. The forest and jungle were alive with the distant cries of wild animals, strange reptiles lurked in the grass beneath their feet, and a thousand smaller pests retarded their progress and drove them nearly to madness with their persistent annoyance. Thus myriads of "eye flies," no bigger than pins' heads, half blinded them, any every now and then one of the party would have to stop to pour oil on some tick or leech which had buried itself in his flesh.

LED TO UNKNOWN DANGERS.

Oh, for one breath of fresh air; one draught of clear water! Days of burning heat, nights reeking with malaria, and not a drop of fluid for the parched throat but the slimy water they got from some stagnant pool, which they could only drink after straining it through a piece of linen, and which was warm and bitter to the taste, and brought the strongest among them to the threshold of death's door. And the strongest among them was not Authur Dunbar, with his massive frame and limbs of a Hercules, nor the two natives who might have been expected to endure the miseries with less suffering than the Europeans; but Capt. Campignon, whose stout frame shrank from the exposure, but whose trend was the most elastic, and whose cheery words animated his companions to fresh exertion.

"You bear a charmed life," Dunbar said to him, fretfully, one day. "As for myself, I feel as though this cursed climate was stealing my very manhood from me. If we do not end our journey soon there will be nothing left for me but to lie down and die."

"Which you must not think of doing," Campignon observed, with a smile which showed every one of his gleaming teeth, "for if anything happened to you, what would become of these brave fellows who are trotting along with their tongues lolling out of their mouths like dogs?"

"You would lead them back again, I suppose," was the weary reply.

"Assuredly I would for my own sake as well as theirs; but you forget that if we reached Colombo without you, our chances of renumeration would be disagreeably curtailed. You see, we are not undertaking the adventure for chivalry, but are selling our services for vulgar currency."

"I know it, Campignon," Dunbar said, "but I have provided against such a contingency. I have left your pay secured to you in the bank at Colombo and enough to make these faithful fellows happy for the rest of their lives in case anything happened to me."

For a few minutes the Frenchman walked on in silence. Suddenly he turned to Arthur and said, eagerly:

"What made you tell me that? Have you no fear that I should play you false? What is to hinder me from abandoning you in this wilderness? Why, man, you cannot even speak a word of the native language, while I could talk these natives into any plot before your very eyes, and you be none the wiser."

"I know it, Campignon, but—"

"But?"

"But, I trust myself to you without a thrill of misapprehension, for I know that though you would stoop to trickery and deceit in small things, you will be true as steel to the man who trusts you, when once you have bound yourself to follow his fortunes."

Campignon's eyes glistened.

"And you have implicit confidence in me!" he said, with tremulous tone. "Then, by the Lord, young man, you shall never have cause to regret it."

There is a prevalent idea that most tropical forests teem with wild fruits, which nature is supposed to produce spontaneously. Nothing can be more erroneous. It is true our adventurers sometimes found the gnava and katumbille, which served to slack their burning thirst, the blackberries and the acid gooseberries, and very rarely the sweet "morra" which grows in grape-like clusters, but none of these were plentiful. The beautiful "jambo" apple hung temptingly over their heads, but though it is exquisite in appearance, being snow-white with pink blushes on its side, they soon discovered that it was vapid and tasteless—a Dead sea fruit. But if the wild bushes did not pander to the sense of taste, they gratified those of sight and odor, for on every side the most exquisite flowers drooped, ladening the heavy air with their delicious perfume.

For five days the wearied men followed the mysterious path, becoming hourly more exhausted with their toil, yet without having met with any adventure worth recording. During the extreme heat of midday and in the darkness which overshadowed them like a curtain before the moon rose, they slept, stretched on light hammocks which they hung to the branches of trees.

It was during one of these resting spells that the first disaster of consequence occurred. One among them had been accustomed to watch over the sleeper, the vigil being shared in turn by European and native. On this occasion Campignon had been on duty. No noise had aroused the tired sleepers, yet when they woke it was to find the Frenchman missing—the Frenchman and the dog. In vain they cried aloud till the woods reechoed their voices; in vain they fired off their rifles and waited a response. The Frenchman was gone from their midst, and, what was worse, he had taken their best rifle and their dog with him.

"Oh, the false-hearted traitor! to leave me like this for a few paltry pieces of gold!" Dunbar groaned, when the natives who had scoured the woods returned after a vain search. He could not communicate to them his suspicions. He could only sit upon the trunk of a fallen tree and give way to despair. Somehow his memory seemed to be failing him; he forgot where he was; the trees assumed fantastic shapes; the rocks seemed to be perpetually wheeling round, and his head was heavy as lead. He had an indistinct idea that he was falling, a blurred vision of a tawny coolie twining his arms around him, and his senses failed him utterly.

CHAPTER XV.

A DEATHBED REPENTANCE.

When Arthur Dunbar recovered consciousness it was to find himself in a small apartment, whose interior was so remarkable that for the moment he felt that he must be the victim of some delirium, which peopled his fancy with strange shapes and unusual objects.

The walls were of solid rock, the roof was oval, and on its rounded sides stalactites glittered like precious stones. He was lying on a couch hewn out of the virgin stone and covered with panther skins. From an iron ring in the ceiling hung an oil lamp which gave a flickering light. By the side of his bed the dog lay apparently sound asleep. But what caused him the greatest surprise was another couch, the fac-simile of the one upon which he was lying, on which was stretched the figure of a man whose waxen face showed that he was either very sick or even dead, for his eyes were closed and his hands were crossed on his breast. In vain he listened for a sound, but all was as silent as a tomb.

When he tried to call out his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth and words refused utterance; but the effort, slight as it was, aroused the faithful dog, which sprang to his side and began to lick his hands and face with every manifestation of joy. Suddenly the entrance to the place was darkened, and there entered a young girl lightly clad in native costume who uttered a glad exclamation and ran to his side. How tenderly she bathed his brow, and with a great lotus-leaf fanned the flush back into his wan cheek.

"Where am I? Who are you?" he managed to gasp, but she only put her finger to her pretty lips, and motioned him to silence. Then she gave him food, a sweet cereal broth in a yellow earthen cup, which she held to his lips, muttering the while a low sonorous chant in the tone of a mother soothing a child to sleep.

By degrees the vision faded before his imagination, and he fell into a grateful slumber.

When he awoke, the same sight presented itself: The room unchanged, the silent figure in its place, the girl and the dog still there. Thus the time passed. It seemed to him that he only opened his eyes to gaze upon his strange surroundings, to receive sustenance at the hands of his young nurse, and to doze off again into a dreamless sleep. But by degrees he noticed that the wakeful periods grew longer, that he had even vigor enough to raise his head and gaze around him. The figure on the other couch sorely perplexed him. Who was this strange person who lay so still that he did not seem even to breathe? It was not Capt. Campignon—that he was certain—for the captain's locks were raven black, while this man's hair was a dull yellow, and not all the disease which ever afflicted humanity could cause the sailor's bronze cheek to fade to such a ghastly hue. It could not be a dead body which was lying there? The thought was horrible, and he dismissed it, for he well knew that in tropical countries a very few hours occasion the putrefaction of all dead animal substances.

Once when he awoke it was night. The lamp swung from its pendent ring, but the girl and the dog were gone. He glanced nervously at the other couch and shivered as he saw that its occupant was still in its place. It was, he felt, horrible to be alone with this silent effigy of manhood. He cried for assistance. His voice sounded strangely hollow, but his heart leaped with joy as he found that he could utter articulate sounds which weakness had hitherto rendered impossible. But there was no response to his call. Again he uttered a low, pitiful wail. Would no one hear it? Yes, the sick man on the other bed heard it, and as he heard it he raised his wasted form upon his hands and glared at Arthur Dunbar with eyes like living jewels set in the face of marble.

"Who calls me?" he said, in a voice so feeble that it was little more than a whisper.

"Who calls?" wailed the man, imploringly. "Oh, for an English ear to listen to my guilty story! If I could only speak to a fellow-countryman, Sir Harry Grahame might yet be rescued and my soul saved from eternal punishment; but no one here can understand a word I say and I must die unconfessed!"

As the poor wretch breathed the whispered words he fell back on his couch senseless. And now a strange vitality seemed to possess the frame of

THERE ENTERED A YOUNG GIRL.

the young American. He raised himself from his rough bed, and with tottering steps stumbled across the room to the bedside of the unhappy man.

"Speak out, man," he hoarsely cried. "What have you to say about Sir Harry Grahame?"

It was a sickening sight—one, a ghost of his former self, so weak that he could with difficulty stand, even though his thin hands nervously clutched the side of the couch—the other, exhausted to the very verge of death, yet startled from prostration by the unexpected appeal.

"Who are you?" gasped the recumbent figure.

"One who seeks Sir Harry Grahame. Oh, speak quickly, or it may be too late. What have you done with him?"

But though the white lips moved, no sound came from them, and, Arthur Dunbar, feeling that his strength was spent, reeled back to his couch, on which he fell, quivering with the reaction of an effort which had nearly cost him his life.

Presently his little nurse and the dog returned, the former filled with remorse at having left her charge for the brief time that it took her and her four-footed friend to indulge in a scamper through the wood in the moonlight.

Thus a week passed. Every day the American gained strength and at last was in a condition to assist the girl in her ministrations of mercy, tending the dying man with a solicitude instigated by the burning desire to secure his secret as much as by human sympathy for his afflictions. But their efforts seemed futile. His was a life in death. The heart beat feebly, the breath lingered on his lips, occasionally the eyes opened and the lips parted as though he were about to speak, but beyond this he gave no signs of animation. From the girl Arthur could learn nothing. She made him understand by gestures that she was to wait on him hand and foot with the docility of a slave and that when he was well enough she would conduct him to a place of safety—at least so he understood her.

One mystery to Arthur was where the food came from that his active nurse always had in preparation, and a still greater surprise was how quickly he regained his strength when once the fever had left him, for each morning he arose with a renewed energy, which promised soon to restore him to his pristine vigor. But he argued with himself if he recovered too quickly he would be called upon to leave the spot before he had secured the sick man's confession. This would never do, so he feigned weakness and allowed his gentle attendant to minister to his wants. His patience met with its reward at last.

One night the sick man raised himself on his bed, as he had done once before, and in a weak voice begged Dunbar to come to him. In a minute Arthur was by his side, supporting the trembling frame on his arm and bending his head over him.

"Have you strength enough to tell me your story?" he said, gently.

"Yes," came the faint reply. "My brain is strangely clear and my tongue is loosened."

"Then tell me all you can, for it is sad to see you die with this unconfessed guilt upon your soul."

"Then, listen. Ah, how clearly I can think now, how easy talking seems to me. I have heard that the last hour of a man's life who is dying of swamp fever is always like this—a sudden and mysterious strength, and then—"

He shuddered.

"If these moments are so precious, do not waste them," Arthur urged.

"I will not. First, promise me that you will do your best to repair the mischief I have wrought, even at your own personal danger."

"Does it refer to the rescue of Sir Harry Grahame?" Arthur asked.

"It does."

"Then I most solemnly promise you that I will do all man can to carry out your wishes."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FIRST DAY.

Temporary Organization of the Republican Convention.

Chairman Fassett Enlarges on the Work Performed and the Issues Ahead—Ovations at the Mention of Leaders—Reed's Speech.

MINNEAPOLIS, June 8.—An ugly, threatening day and delegates in thorough fighting mood, ill-natured almost to the point of savagery, were the marked features of the opening of the republican national convention to choose a candidate for the presidency of the United States.

ORGANIZING THE CONVENTION.

It was fitting, perhaps, that the patriotic airs of "Columbia," "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" and "The Star Spangled Banner" should be the prelude to the convention, and hardly had the last medley died away when Chairman Clarkson, of the national committee, rapped the tenth republican national convention to order. Prayer was offered by Rev. William Brush, chancellor of the University of Dakota of Mitchell, S. D.

Michael H. DeYoung, of California, one of the secretaries of the national committee, read the official call for the convention, and five minutes were consumed in this and other monotonous proceedings.

"Gentlemen of the convention," then said Mr. Clarkson, "I am instructed by the national committee to nominate for your temporary chairman Hon. J. Sloat Fassett, of New York."

There was a momentous pause while the body awaited the action that might be taken by the Harrison wing in opposition to Mr. Fassett's selection. But the anticipated contest did not take place. No one was placed in nomination in opposition to Mr. Fassett, and when the question was submitted there was not an opposing vote to Mr. Fassett's election.

"Your temporary chairman, gentlemen," was the introduction with which Mr. Clarkson presented Mr. Fassett to the convention. The expected Blaine

GEN. J. S. CLARKSON.

demonstration was forthcoming when Mr. Fassett attempted to speak. One prolonged cheer resounded through the hall and galleries, and Blaine delegates arose as a man to salute their chairman.

Mr. Fassett said, as soon as he could be heard:

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Republicans: For the distinguished honor which you have conferred upon me I am very grateful. I approach the duties of presiding officer with extreme diffidence and am sustained only by a reliance upon your generous forbearance and co-operation. It is eminently fitting that a republican convention should be held in a temple erected for the display of the products of protection to American industries and in this beautiful city of Minneapolis, at once the joy and the pride of the plant west. This city, which just about equals in age the republican party, with its prosperous mills and factories and workshops and its generous and happy homes, abounds in object lessons, teaching clearer than in any words the sound wisdom of republican doctrines when epitomized as facts.

We are met to exercise one of the highest privileges of our citizenships. As trustees of 7,000,000 of voting republicans gathered from every state and territory in the union it becomes our duty to formulate for the inspection of the people the beliefs and purposes of our party relative to the living political questions of national importance and to choose that man for leader under whose guidance we feel we shall be most sure of establishing those beliefs in the form of laws.

We are here not as warring factions, struggling to win supremacy under favorite leaders, but as members of one great party looking to select from the shining roll of our honored great men that type of statesmen which shall be regarded as the soundest and most complete embodiment of the cardinal doctrines of our party. There is not a republican in this convention whose heart does not burn with ardor for triumph in the impending campaign. We all are eager for success; we are here to make the necessary preliminary arrangements and we hope to make them in the right way and in the right spirit.

If there is ever a time when it is proper for republicans to differ it is precisely on such occasions as this, when they are met together for the express purpose of reaching ultimate unity through the clash and contest of present differences.

In the while reaching and delicate business of agreeing upon the standard bearers for a great party there is abundant opportunity for honest men to hold and express honest differences of opinion; the more determined the contests and collision, the more complete will be the final unanimity. The air is always sweeter and purer after a storm. It is our right now to oppose each other; it will be our duty to unite to-morrow. Our differences should end at the convention doors and will end there.

The eyes of all the republicans at home and the eyes of all our adversaries are intently fixed on this convention. The nation is watching us—our enemies to criticise, our friends to ratify. The responsibility is enormous, but you will act wisely. The republican party has never yet made a mistake in its choice of candidates; it will not make a mistake here. All over this broad land the bonfires are being set to be lighted, the flags ready to be unfurled and the republicans at home are waiting to shout an approval of your choice. The history of our party since 1856 is the history of our country. There is not a single page but shines brighter for some act or some word of some great republican. Count the over your chosen heroes whom we are teaching our children to love and revere, and you shall name republicans—Lincoln, Seward, Grant, Sherman, Garfield, Logan, Harrison and Blaine. These are a few of our jewels and we may proudly turn to our democratic friends with the defiant challenge: "Match them." These men became great and remained great.

I have not the time even to count over the long list of work performed by them. You are all familiar with the story. The irrepressible conflict undertaken and concluded; slavery abolished; public credit re-established; the constitution of the union restored and reconstructed; the old flag washed of every stain and new stars added to its glory; the wide west thrown open to easy access and settlement; the policy of protection to American labor and American industry established, developed and vindicated; the markets of the world opened by the persuasive idea of reciprocity; the opening of the American republics to the products of the American workshop and the American farm; until to-day the nations of the earth are paying tribute to the sagacity of our legislation and diplomacy and Lord Salisbury has been driven to the significant confession that in England free trade has proven a disappointment. Rivers and harbors have been opened to commerce; the white halls of our new navy are plowing the waters of every sea; there has been peace maintained at home and respect secured abroad and so the list might be extended and expanded, while your patience might endure to listen, while our political adversaries though perpetually using every measure of our new republican policy are compelled to see the wisdom of our course and to confess that we have been right and that they have been wrong.

They have just about exhausted in the Fifty-first congress one year of congressional life in vain assaults upon three items in a tariff bill made up of thirty items. At this rate of progress they would have to be treated for about eight hundred years in power before we could see a tariff formed upon lines agreed upon by our conflicting democratic friends.

But we cannot hope to win merely upon the recital of the achievements of our past, brilliant as they have been, any more than our adversaries can hope to succeed upon platforms of glittering praise. The past is chiefly useful to us in so far as it demonstrates the vitality of the party to redeem its pledges and its ability to govern a broad and enlightened and progressive people. Our pledges have been kept, all save one, and I greatly mistake the temper of the republican party if it will ever be contented until that pledge is made good.

Our manhood and honor is pledged to continue the contest for a free and honest ballot, until this vexed question is settled in the right

J. SLOAT FASSETT.

That all people should cast a free vote and have it honestly recorded and returned is the determination of the republican party and the despair and nightmare of democracy. It is the pride of the republican party that it never yet has committed an assault upon the freedom of the ballot. The entire vocabulary of political lines has grown out of attempts to prescribe assaults of the democracy upon the freedom of the ballot and fair play in the exercise of the elective franchise. And the individual's words have been made intelligible by democratic practices. No question has ever been permanently settled and never will be fully determined until it is settled and until every citizen, white or black, east or west, north or south, can approach the ballot box with absolute security and have his vote counted with absolute honesty; none of us can rest assured that our liberties are safe, the vote of no man is safe. It is not the negro alone who is disfranchised, it is every American.

The contest before us assumes all its difficulties from the fact that we enter the presidential race handicapped by the certainty that in the electoral college of 444 members 156 votes are now already absolutely secured in advance to the democratic nominee, and these 156 votes come from the south, which is kept permanently solid through a perpetual breach of the guarantees of the constitution of the United States.

Sometimes we are told the mission of the republican party is ended. We have met our destiny and fulfilled it. But the destiny of a progressive party is never fulfilled in an advancing and expecting national life. So long as there remains a wrong to be redressed, so long as there remains a right to be enforced, so long as the privileges of citizenship are not freely enjoyed under the guarantee of the constitution to all citizens of this union just so long will there be a mission for the republican party. So long will there be a great work before us and each republican may exclaim: 'I live to greet that season when man shall live by reason and not alone by gold, when man to man united, and every wrong made right this whole world shall be lighted as Eden was of old. I live for every cause that lacks assistance, for every wrong that needs resistance; for the future in the distance, and the good that I can do.'

The words "Harrison and Blaine" were mentioned so rapidly that the friends of the former candidate were taken by surprise and had no opportunity to cheer for their candidate. But the Blaine men made the most of the occasion, and for three minutes delegates waved their hats and handkerchiefs wildly in the air and cheered the great leader.

Another scene came when Chairman Fassett praised the work of the Fifty-first congress "under the iron will and strong arm of Thomas B. Reed." Almost equal to the ovation to Blaine was the enthusiasm inspired by this reference to the republican parliamentarian. He was seated far in the rear of the speaker's stand and was invisible to most of the audience. Some one started the cry of "Reed, Reed," and it was instantly taken up by the delegates and the gallery, but it was not until the chairman of the convention turned and beckoned commandingly to him that he finally arose from his seat. At the first sight of the distinguished son of Maine every delegate and every auditor arose to do him homage.

After the cheering subsided Mr. Reed said:

Mr. President and Fellow Citizens—I want to add in the presence of this vast audience my hearty expression of feeling in the future of the republican party. [Applause.] Its past needs the indorsement of no man. It has the indorsement of history, for the deeds of the republican party are history itself. [Applause.] And while

EX-SPEAKER THOMAS B. REED.

we are prevented from pointing with pride to the achievements of our party on account of our tenderness for the democratic party, [Laughter and applause,] nevertheless we sit here to-day rejoicing that our past history shows that from our birth until now our character has been such that it is a guarantee of the magnificent future we are bound to have. [Applause.] It is true that we have done great things, but it is equally true that we have no right to rest upon them. Our party is glorious, but our future ought to be more so. It is true that we have given this country a wonderful reciprocal prosperity. It is true that wealth has been poured into the laps of our people by the great system which we believe in and which we have carried out, but I say to you to-day that there is another future even greater than having given prosperity to a country by the republican party. [Applause.] And that nobler future is to give every citizen of the United States liberty of thought and action. [Cheers.] Wealth and prosperity are notable, but human liberty is magnificent. [Cheers.]

The other officers selected by the national committee were then chosen.

It was ordered that, until the permanent organization should be effected, the convention should be governed by the rules of the last preceding republican convention.

Ex-Senator W. J. Sewell, of New Jersey, presented a resolution that the roll of states and territories be called and that the chairman of each delegation announce the names of the persons selected to serve on the committees as follows: Permanent organization, rules and order of business, credentials and resolutions. This was adopted and the roll of states began.

Immediately after the completion of the call of states and the announcement of the membership of various committees, the convention adjourned until 11 o'clock to-day.

THE SECOND DAY.

Gov. McKinley Takes the Permanent Chairmanship—A Magnificent Ovation—The Governor Defends Protection.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., June 9.—The second session of the republican national convention was set for 11 o'clock but was not really opened until 11:45 o'clock, so slow were the delegates in gathering.

The hall was crowded almost to its utmost capacity when Chairman Fassett pounded for order.

The proceedings were opened by Bishop H. H. Whipple, of Minneapolis with prayer.

L. E. Walker, of Beatrice, Neb., on behalf of the Nebraska delegation presented Temporary Chairman Fassett with a gavel made from trees grown on the first homestead in Nebraska. The gavel, he said, was of wood of hard ingrowth and was inlaid with silver.

S. C. Lockwood, of Idaho, presented the report of the committee on organization. A wild scene took place when the committee reported Gov. William McKinley, of Ohio, for permanent chairman.

A magnificent ovation greeted the governor when he stepped to the chair on the platform. Temporary Chairman Fassett introduced his successor, saying: "The chairman, gentlemen of the convention. Before presenting to you your permanent chairman, the chair desires to thank you most heartily for the kind forbearance which you have extended to him. I now have the honor and the distinguished pleasure to introduce Hon. William McKinley, of Ohio."

Temporary Chairman Fassett retired amid great applause and there was prolonged and renewed cheers and waving of banners, after which Gov. McKinley spoke as follows:

I thank you for the honor of presiding over the ninth quadrennial convention of the republican party. [Applause.] Republican conventions mean something. They have always meant something. [Applause.] Republican conventions say what they mean and mean what they say. [Applause.] They declare principles and policies and purposes and when invested with power execute and enforce them. [Applause.] The first national convention of the Republican party was thirty-six years ago in the city of Philadelphia. The platform of the great convention reads to-day more like inspiration than the affirmation of a political party. [Great applause.] Every provision of that great instrument made by the fathers of our party is in the statutes of our country to-day. [Applause.] Every one of them has been embodied into public law and that cannot be said of the platform of any other political organization in this or any other country of the world. [Cheers.]

We are for a protective tariff and for reciprocity. [Great applause.] We propose to take no backward step upon either one of these great republican principles. [Applause.] We stand for a protective tariff because it represents the American home, the American fireside, the American family, the American girl and the American boy and the highest possibilities of American citizenship. [Applause.] We propose to raise our money to pay public expenses by taxing the products of other nations rather than by taxing the products of our own. [Applause.] The democratic party believes in direct taxation, that is in taxing ourselves, but we don't believe in that principle, so long as we can find anybody else to tax. Our protective tariff not only does everything which a revenue tax is doing, raising all needed revenues, but a protective tariff does more. A protective tariff encourages and stimulates American industries and gives the widest possibilities to American genius and American effort. Does anybody know what tariff reform is? (No, no, and laughter); and that is to be the platform of our political opponents this year. What does it mean? You say Grover Cleveland's utterances. From the first one he made in New York when he said he did not know anything about the tariff until his last one in Rhode Island, you come away ignorant and uninformed as to what tariff reform means. Since the war there have been three great tariff reform bills proposed by democratic leaders, none of them alike, neither of them with the same free list, neither of them with the same tariff list, neither of them with the same rates of duty, but all made by the democratic party upon the same principle to symbolize and present tariff reform. You may go to Mills, you may go to Springer, and you will find they differ totally; but you may go to the house of representatives at Washington which was elected distinctively upon what they call a tariff reform issue, with the two-thirds majority in the house, and what do you find? They pass three bills. Let me name them: First, free tin plate, leaving sheet steel from which it is made, tariffed; that is, the finished product free and the raw material bearing a duty. Second, free wool to the manufacturer and tariffed cloth to the consumer. Third, free cotton ties to the cotton states and tariffed hoop iron to all the rest of the states. That is their idea of tariff reform.

Henry Bingham, of Pennsylvania, presented the report of the rules committee and it was adopted by acclamation.

Ex-Governor Foraker arose in response to the call for the committee on resolutions and requested further time to consider the resolutions. An extension of time was granted and the roll of states was called for the names of the new national committeemen.

When Iowa was called and the re-election of Clarkson, the Blaine leader, was announced, cheer after cheer followed from the Blaine delegates. A similar demonstration greeted the report of the names of J. H. Manley, of Maine, and William Mahone, of Virginia, and when Missouri was called and William Warner presented the name of Richard C. Kerens the Harrison delegates made a grand counter-demonstration.

Various resolutions and petitions which had been introduced and sent to the clerk's desk were read by title and referred to the committee on resolutions.

"The next thing on the list is the nomination of candidates for the presidency," said Chairman McKinley.

A glance at the rules showed that nominations could not be made under the rules until the reports of the committees had been received, and on motion of Hon. M. H. De Young, of California, the convention adjourned until 10 o'clock this morning.

Arm Torn From the Socket.

QUINCY, Ill., June 9.—Shortly after work commenced in the Cadogan-Thatcher job printing office the foreman, E. H. Delebare, started to untangle a belt, when his hand was caught and his right arm jerked clear from the socket, man and arm falling at once on the floor.

His Father is Mad Also.

QUINCY, Ill., June 9.—Dr. Alex F. Lee, one of Quincy's most prominent physicians, has become suddenly insane and is now in jail awaiting an examination. His father has been an inmate of a Missouri insane asylum for three years.

Striking Machinists.

RICHMOND, Ind., June 9.—The strike in the Wayne machine works still continues. The new employes engaged were not allowed to work by the strikers. A body of motormen, who are also on a strike, have joined the machinists and will hold out as long as possible.

Two Boys Killed at Lincoln.

LINCOLN, Neb., June 9.—Bert Koberly and Frank Moberry, 10 and 12 years old, were instantly killed in the railroad yards in this city. The boys were riding on a Missouri Pacific switch engine when it crashed into a box car. Both boys were horribly mangled.

REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

The Principles of the Party as Reported to the National Convention by the Committee on Resolutions.

MINNEAPOLIS, June 10.—The following is the full text of the platform as completed by the committee on resolutions:

The representatives of the republicans of the United States assembled in general convention on the shores of the Mississippi river, the everlasting bond of an indestructible republic, whose most glorious chapter of history is the record of the republican party, congratulate their countrymen on the majestic march of the nation under the banners inscribed with the principles of our platform of 1888, vindicated by victory at the polls and prosperity in our fields, work-shops and mines, and make the following declaration of principles:

We reaffirm the doctrine of protection. We call attention to its growth already. We maintain that the prosperous condition of our country is largely due to the wise revenue legislation of the republican congress. We believe that all articles which cannot be produced in the United States, except luxuries, should be admitted free of duty, and that on all imports coming into competition with the products of American labor there should be levied duties equal to the difference between wages abroad and at home. We assert that the prices of manufactured articles of general consumption have been reduced under the operations of the tariff act of 1890.

We denounce the efforts of the democratic majority of the house of representatives to destroy our tariff laws by piecemeal as is manifested by their attacks upon wool, lead and lead ores, the chief products of a number of states, and we ask the people for their judgment thereon.

We point to the success of the republican policy of reciprocity, upon which our export trade has vastly increased and new and enlarged markets have been opened for the products of our farms and workshops. We remind the people of the bitter opposition of the democratic party to this practical business measure, and claim that, executed by a republican administration, our present laws will eventually give us control of the trade of the world.

The American people, from tradition and interest, favor bi-metallism, and the republican party demands the use of both gold and silver as standard money, with such restrictions and under such provisions, to be determined by legislation, as will secure the maintenance of the parity of values of the two metals, so that the purchasing and debt paying power of the dollar, whether of silver, gold or paper, shall be at all times equal. The interests of the producers of the country, its farmers and its workmen, demand that every dollar, paper or coin, issued by the government, shall be as good as any other.

We command the wise and patriotic steps already taken by our government to secure an international conference, to adopt such measures as will insure a parity of value between gold and silver for use as money throughout the world.

We demand that every citizen of the United States shall be allowed to cast one free and unrestricted ballot in all public elections, and that such ballot shall be counted and returned as cast; that such laws shall be enacted and enforced as will secure to every citizen, the rich or poor, native or foreign born, this sovereign right guaranteed by the constitution.

The free and honest popular ballot, the just and equal representation of all the people, as well as their just and equal protection under the laws, are the foundation of our republican institutions, and the party will never relent its efforts until the integrity of the ballot and the purity of elections shall be fully guaranteed and protected in every state.

We denounce the continued inhuman outrages perpetrated upon American citizens, for political reasons, in certain southern states.

We favor the extension of our foreign commerce, the restoration of our mercantile industry and the creation of a navy for the protection of our national interests and the honor of our flag, the maintenance of the most friendly relations with all foreign powers, entangling alliances with none; and the protection of the rights of our fishermen.

We reaffirm our approval of the Monroe doctrine and believe in the achievement of the manifest destiny of the republic in its broadest sense.

We favor the enactment of more stringent laws and regulations for the restriction of criminal, pauper and contract immigration.

We favor efficient legislation by congress to protect the life and limb of employes of transportation companies engaged in carrying inter-state commerce, and recommend legislation by the respective states that will protect employes engaged in state commerce, in mining and manufacturing.

The republican party has always been the champion of the oppressed, and recognizes the dignity of manhood, irrespective of faith, color or nationality; it sympathizes with the cause of home rule in Ireland and protests against the persecution of the Jews in Russia.

The ultimate reliance of free popular government is the intelligence of the people and the maintenance of freedom among men. We therefore declare anew our devotion to liberty of thought and conscience, of speech and press, and approve all agencies and instrumentalities which contribute to the education of the children of the land; but while insisting upon the fullest measure of religious liberty, we are opposed to any union of church and state.

We reaffirm our opposition, declared in the republican platform of 1888, to all combinations of capital organized in trusts or otherwise to control arbitrarily the condition of trade among our citizens. We heartily indorse the action already taken upon this subject, and ask for such further legislation as may be required to remedy any defects in existing laws, and to render their enforcement more complete and effective.

We approve the policy of extending to towns, villages and rural communities the advantages of the free delivery service now enjoyed by the larger cities of the country, and reaffirm the declaration contained in the republican platform of 1888, pledging the reduction of letter postage to 1 cent at the earliest possible moment consistent with the maintenance of the post office department and the highest class of postal service.

We commend the spirit of reform in the civil service and the wise and consistent enforcement by the republican party of the laws regulating the same.

The construction of the Nicaragua canal is of the highest importance to the American people, but as a measure of national defense and to build up and maintain American commerce, it should be controlled by the United States government.

We favor the admission of the remaining territories at the earliest practicable date, having due regard to the interests of the people of the territories and of the United States. All the federal officers appointed for the territories should be selected from bona fide residents thereof, and the right of self government should be accorded as far as practicable.

We favor cession, subject to the homestead laws, of the arid public lands to the states and territories in which they lie, under such congressional restrictions as to disposition, reclamation and occupancy by settlers as will give the maximum benefits to the people.

The world's Columbian exposition is a great national undertaking, and congress should promptly enact such reasonable legislation therefor as will insure a discharging of the expense and obligations incident thereto, and the attainment of results commensurate with the dignity and progress of the nation.

We sympathize with all wise and legitimate efforts to lessen and prevent the evils of intemperance and promote morality.

Ever mindful of the services and sacrifices of the men who saved the life of the nation, we pledge anew to the veteran soldiers of the republic a watchful care and recognition of their just claims upon a grateful people.

We commend the able, patriotic and thoroughly American administration of President Harrison. Under it the country has enjoyed remarkable prosperity, and the dignity and honor of the nation at home and abroad have been faithfully maintained, and we offer the record of pledges kept as a guarantee of faithful performance in the future.

Steered by Electricity.

NORFOLK, Va., June 10.—The double-turreted sea-going monitor Miantonomah was steered by electricity during her voyage here, making the first run ever made by an American ship so steered. This being the first attempt at anything of the sort, many changes and improvements have suggested themselves, and the improved machine will undoubtedly be eminently satisfactory. As of all ships a monitor is the most difficult to steer, and the task of steering has been successfully accomplished, it will be easy to apply the device to other ships.