

# The Manning Times.

VOL. III.

MANNING, CLARENDON COUNTY, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1888.

NO. 25.

## A Brother's Keeper.

### A WOMAN'S WORK OF LOVE AND DUTY.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATERWOOD,  
AUTHOR OF "CRADLE OF DOOM," "STEPHEN  
GURLEY," "THE LONE MAN,"  
"CLARENCE," AND OTHER STORIES.

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paper Company.)

The trivial experiences of common people, mere atoms in the universe, may seem scarcely worth the great reader's attention, until he remembers that he is himself merely one of those atoms, and that the ancient of all readers necessarily counts this primer world as a simple combination.

Several people were grouped around the deep red fire, over which hung three iron kettles breathing an odorous steam into the air. Beyond this stood a tent of poles covered with brush and blankets, where the men who tended camp slept. It was a close-ly wooded spot.

Tom Holmes, in one of his woolly overcoats, was stretched at the roots of a tree among the bushes. He was looking at the fire with a silent, steady gaze, and his hands were crossed on his lap. Adam and Mose held on more brush and the boiling liquid bubbled louder.

"Hear what the kettles say. What do they say to you, Randy?"

"Notin'."

"Double, double, toil and trouble," is the Shakespearean darning of what boiling cauldrons say, I believe," answered McArchie, with lightness and grace.

"That's witch-nonsense," puffed Holmes.

"These here kettles," interpreted Adam, "says if they have good luck and Mose don't go to sleep and dip his head in them that they'll sugar off before long."

"This is what they say," said Phoebe: "Trouble, trouble, effort double; trouble, trouble, effort double."

"You're late, my lad," said Holmes, rising to meet Gurley and his horse, and at once taking hold of the bridle.

"But 'tain't sugared yet," called out the elder of the boilers. "Mose, he poured a bucketful of cold sugar-water in the kettle when my back was turned."

"I didn't do no such thing," retorted Mose. "Twas you went to sleep early in the evening 'at let the fire go out."

"I never told to sleep in every body in the Chestrick knows you ain't never half awake. Folks mind yet how you used to sit in school all day with your chin on your breast and the boys firin' wads down your throat."

"There ain't no word of 'truth in it," mumbled Mose, fixing his torpid regards on the fire.

"This looks like the gypsy scene in Trovatore," lifting his hat as he joined the party, "even to the anvil-chorus. Adam and Mose are going to fall to and hammer each other."

"It is rather picturesque," admitted McArchie, looking about him. "But I apprehend you find it different from Miss Fawcett's dining-room."

"The Fawcett's dining-room is not to be allowed any picturesque, then," responded Gurley.

"I only meant in point of fact," McArchie hastened to add, "that this is what you might call sylvan; while down at Fawcett House the refinements of life are—I would say—paramount."

"Who's Miss Fawcett?" inquired Phoebe.

"She is a very beautiful, very wealthy young lady," explained McArchie, "who has just returned from foreign travel to her homestead not far from Gurley's. I believe it is understood," added McArchie, "that the proximity of those homesteads is considered a fortunate thing, under the circumstances."

"This 'ain't a bad nag, Jack," remarked Tom Holmes, finishing a critical examination of Gurley's saddle-horse. "But she'll never make a goer. You could have found more points for the money."

"Let me see her," said Phoebe, coming to look at the pretty animal. "She has a nose just like velvet. If I were buying a horse I should insist on a velvet nose. Phoebe put one arm across the shining neck and she and the horse exchanged a caress."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Randy. "Kiss a horse! That's most as simple as them 'beathens worshipin' dumb beasts."

"You like a horse, don't you?" said Gurley to Phoebe, with appreciation.

"Indeed, yes. What do you call her?"

"Bess. You ride down how to ride—my father says it's good as being like the Centaurs; and not half so clumsy."

"I'd consider it a favor if you'd ride her sometimes," said Gurley.

"Oh, would you?"

"Yes; I've really thought of making a lady's horse of her."

Phoebe rubbed her cheek against the mare's warm nose and got upon her now.

"But she isn't properly saddled for you," said McArchie, "I don't mind about saddles. If you don't object."

"Oh, I don't object," said Gurley, laughing, "except on account of your safety."

He stooped to receive her foot, and in an instant she and Bess had shot away through the trees.

to flash on our discoveries. Before long we stood on our waists in the hole, and then to our ampts. The Familiar, being corpulent and lazy, now climbed out and said he would hold up the lantern."

"This story is a contemptible poor performance," continued Tom Holmes.

"It grows better as it gets on," promised Gurley. "The lazy, fat Familiar, I said, opened the lantern slide and fatigued himself spilling throwing light into the hole while I threw dirt out. And presently the metal struck something and rang in response."

"The Familiar squatted in excitement and hissed directions over my panting head, threatening me with his lantern because I did not upheave the whole find at once. It continued turning slowly as if by its own will. The top of a helmet, on which I had been clinging, remained intact, but the lower part broke away and an under law fell from its ancient repose, shedding teeth on the spade with the rattle of over-ripe peas."

"We were wrapped in the emotions of the discoverer. I stooped down and took hold of the helmet, and I can still feel its peculiar metallic thrill. The skull was gigantic. We turned it in the lantern light. The ashen front had a delicacy of texture which was almost infant-like."

"But you ain't tellin' about In-Juns," complained Mose, curling himself around in another attitude.

"Wait, Moses. Their moccasin soles make no noise, but step by step through the dark woods they are coming."

Mose glanced behind him. "I was ordered to the Familiar that both of us working together could hardly dig out his length in a week."

"You could do it yourself in half the night," hissed the Familiar, "while I hold the lantern for you, if you'd only put to it. I hope the whole skeleton is in and all my theory that Indian tribes buried their dead in mounds, and some of them had reached a high state of civilization."

"Don't deceive yourself," said I. "This proves my theory that an ancient race made this continent great when the old world was plunged in barbarism."

"I threw out a shovelful of earth and felt as if I had struck somebody. The Familiar lifted his lantern and flashed it around. We both say, standing in unwinking gravity on the ridge of fresh earth, a tall Indian who never moved a muscle while the lantern pierced him. The Familiar turned our light around the circle of the pit, and save-ages, we were surrounded by a ring of bay-les. The searching lantern revealed their war-paint, their steady glittering eyes, their moccasin thongs and even tiny wrinkles in their skin."

"Neither the Familiar or I spoke; we felt under a spell. When the Familiar was pushed into the pit, almost smothering me, I thought it was a trick. But some hand took my spade, and earth showered back into that hole with terrific swiftness. We endured the shower of clay, tramping it under our feet in a dance so rapid, or we should have been dashed to atoms, as if by a cyclone, and the Familiar as if by a cyclone, and there stood every brave motionless while the spade clanked and the dirt fell in. In a brief time we stood on level earth, still tramping earth where the hole had been. But then the lantern was flung against a tree, the Indians seized us and we were tied to saplings before I could realize anything except a dizziness through which I pushed into my wrist."

"The elder Indians stood in a group, while young ones collected chunks, twigs, whole stumps, to wall us in for burning. Instead of preparing my mind for death, I found myself ruminating on the Familiar's immense capacity for combustion, and wondering if he would not burn up richly like a barrel of tar."

"As our fires mounted so did the spirits of our captives, who were so determined to keep from the white man the secrets of their ancient land. They danced and threw tomahawks awhile; then they paused and stared; then they fell upon their knees in two circles and all blew the flames. I can still see those aquiline noses bent to earth, the leathern cheeks distending and collapsing as they blew. But that ghostly fire of the past, rubbed in the beginning out of two hard sticks, would not take hold of the breathing present. It failed even to warm us. And when those wretched beings became convinced of that fact, they rose with one accord and tomahawked each other and threw each other into the fire, in true Indian fashion. The Familiar, as if by magic, was walking about by their charred figures and not one brave was left."

"I don't believe there's a word of truth in it," commented Mose.

"How can you be so incredulous?" rejoined Gurley.

"Why, it don't stand to reason," argued Mose.

"Imagination," said McArchie, spreading his hands airily, "is a fine thing, Mose. It's the fire of the imagination, watching the fire. 'Tis a kind of wonder palace that you set up out of any thing. May be Lazarus had his head in such a palace. Whatever your self lacks you will find in a perfect self in that wonder palace. So that it seems as if God gave us a sixth sense with which we can enjoy things we don't possess."

"What of earth is the girl talkin' about?" said Randy Thompson.

"She is tuning her imagination for the story about the North," volunteered Gurley.

"I thought one out a long while ago," said Phoebe, "when I was reading Scandinavian things—about Thor and Sif and Wodin—but this is about a hill Troll."

"Now, what's a hill Troll?" complained Randy.

"He was a little spirit fellow, sometimes good and sometimes bad, who lived inside a hill."

"There wasn't no one of them things," said Mose, with conviction.

"There was this one Troll!" insisted Phoebe, and he quarried rock. And one night when he put up his quarrying tools him away down in the heart of the earth a diamond finer than any the sun ever saw. He did not hesitate to follow the dwarf. "And if I find that diamond, I'll put up my quarrying tools for a hundred years," said the Troll.

"They went down and went down until the Troll began to distrust his guide and called a halt. They were under the very ribs of the earth. 'I'll go no further,' says the Troll.

"The dwarf laughed. 'Don't you hear a booming sound?' says he.

"Well, that's the sound made by people on the other side of the earth trying to pick this diamond out."

"The Troll hurried on again until he felt smothered, and stopped again, saying: 'I'll go no further!'

"Don't you hear the lapping of water?" cries the dwarf.

"Yes."

"Well, that's the wash of the open sea, contending with men for this priceless thing."

"The Troll thought, 'if this way leads to the open sea, I can easily rise through that to the surface. So on he went."

"But presently they came under a rock dome hung with stony icicles, and at their feet lapped a reservoir of water full of human fragments and pieces of ships."

"Here's the end of the search," grinned the dwarf. "The diamond I brought you to seek is that whirling Maelstrom which cuts its plans of water on this coast. The way is closed up behind you—now get out if you can through the Maelstrom!"

"The dwarf disappeared just as if there never had been a dwarf, and the Troll stood under the rear of the Maelstrom, his knees shaking; he felt himself a dead Troll. For in those days the Maelstrom was a hoarse whirlpool miles in circumference. When sailors became suddenly aware of gliding across a field of water depressed toward some unknown center, they knew the Maelstrom had them. First she described a large circle, as if swinging them around her victim's head. Then they felt her fury. She whirled and beat them, she rolled them over and crunched them in her awful jaws, out of which no ship or man ever rose again."

"Pretty soon a voice near the Troll said: 'Who knows, Troll, but you may conquer the Maelstrom and quiet its rage for the remainder of the centuries.'

"He looked around and saw a white child. 'You have worked in the quarries and knit your strength,' says the child, and I can show you the way to the ore-dwarfs, and in their furnace you will find a hammer and anvil ready for any body who wants to use them. Never mind what any dwarf does, but take your heart, your brain, your hands, and feet one after the other, and beat and temper them on the anvil.'

"They are all flesh," objected the Troll. "A nice temper I should beat into them on metal."

"The hammer and anvil are not metals," says the child. "You make yourself able to rise through the Maelstrom. So the Troll went to the furnace of the ore-dwarfs. He saw them fuse and force into upper rock and soil the metals for which men dig. The black fellows would seize jets of fiery liquid, and leaving like meteors, fling them to force their way upward. They looked curiously at the Troll and made faces. But when they saw that he had the hammer and anvil which the child showed him. These tools, while he worked with them, passed through all the colors of the rainbow. They must be made of light," he thought.

"He beat away at his heart, but the more he humped the larger it grew, and when he put it back into place it pushed out his chest and lifted him off the ground. At that the Troll dropped his tools, dashed out of the furnace and threw himself across the reservoir, which opened into the sea, sure that he could face the Maelstrom. His light heart carried him straight up the whirlpool, but before he had risen six fathoms he was pounded and suffocated—the sea threw him back into the reservoir and shook her witch's fist at him through the opening, as if saying: 'Is that enough for you?'

"The Troll limped back to the furnace, where every grinning dwarf capered at him. But he hammered his brains and condensed his strength until he became magnetic, forcibly drawing or repelling objects. And when he put them back in his head he saw himself differently, and did not attempt the whirlpool again until he had followed all the child's directions—beating his hands and feet to an amber glow, the very tint of light under water."

"Then he came out and launched into the base of the Maelstrom. But it beat him down, and lashed him across the face with bodies, and stung him with sea-nettles, until he threw up his arms and was sucked among the dead in the reservoir, scarcely able to lift his nostrils over the brink. So stubborn was the Troll, however, that he crept again to the furnace, and this time the dwarfs stuck their flame-like tongues in his face, and bent over and slapping themselves as if twisting their tiny black noses in derision.

"Without watching them, the Troll tempered himself a third time. And after that trial of the Maelstrom he would not have lifted a finger for his life and the whole world besides.

"The old dame and smoothed his bruised limbs, saying, 'Poor little hill Troll!'

"I'm ready to die," said the Troll. But after he had rested a long time he added: 'I'll die trying it, though.'

"Over and over he tempered himself, over and over he tried the Maelstrom, astonished to find how life and determination did linger in him, until he rose through the whirlpool and drew up his feet. To this day the Maelstrom remains conquered, and is no longer dangerous except in winter storms. And the whole world—who did not care a pin for the Troll when he was beaten just to death in his subterranean reservoir—could not praise him enough."

"[TO BE CONTINUED]"

Robert Collyer on Labor.

I have no hesitancy in saying that the man who builds a strong, straight wall week days does better than the man who preaches a weak sermon on Sundays; that the maid in the kitchen working faithfully takes a far higher rank than the young ladies in the parlor who dawdle through the days reading the last new story—a story, perhaps, which tells of the grand dignity of the worker, while she herself is unable to bake a loaf of bread or wash a shirt.

The secret thread of this life of nobility, my dear people—this life of labor—I feel free to say as you are to hear, lies in the isolation of the vast and ever-growing working forces from those who employ them; and may I not say also that this general contempt of labor is steadily eating like a cancer into the strong manhood of American citizens?

Be proud, my dear people, of the working folk in every calling, and do not forget that from their ranks have sprung the greatest minds in theology, science, literature and war. When I in memory recall my old friend Garfield, it is then that I recognize to what distinction and honor the laboring man can attain. I trust that ere long the silken thread of honest labor may weave a string which will in turn produce a cable, and then a bridge, upon whose broad span one and all—labor and capital—may stand and cheerfully fraternize.

The Sparkling Catawba.

This celebrated watering place, under the management of its proprietors, Dr. E. O. Elliott & Son, stands open its doors on the 1st of June. Aside from its valuable health restoring mineral waters, including white and red sulphur, lythia, iron, etc., it is one of the most pleasant places in Western North Carolina to spend the hot months. Natural scenery abounds on all sides—no less than half dozen peaks of noted mountains can be seen from the cupola of the "Old Castle." The temperature ranges there in July from 54 to 70 degrees. It puts new life into the debilitated. Once you visit the Sparkling Catawba you will repeat it the next season and take your friends with you.—Lancaster Ledger.

It becomes a wise man to try negotiation before arms.

## A MOMENTOUS MESSAGE.

### THE NATIONAL DEMOCRACY TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

Presentation to the President at Washington of the Official Notification of His Renomination—Mr. Cleveland Receives the Delegation and His Answer Is, as Always, Fitted to the Occasion.

WASHINGTON, June 26.—The National Democratic Committee and the ratification committee appointed by the late Democratic Convention to notify Cleveland and Thurman of their nomination for President and Vice-President met at the Arlington Hotel to-day.

The notification committee met at 10 o'clock with the Hon. P. A. Collins, of Massachusetts, in the chair and Thomas S. Pettit, of Kentucky, as secretary. The proceedings were conducted in secret session. The committee adjourned at 12 o'clock, and it was announced that it had decided to notify the President at 2 o'clock to-day, and also to leave Washington to-morrow evening for Columbus, Ohio, to notify Thurman.

The letter of notification was submitted to the committee by Mr. Jacob, of Kentucky, and was accepted by all those present. The committee also accepted an invitation from Secretary Whitney to visit his country home at Grandale to-morrow afternoon.

The following is the notification committee: Alabama, J. H. Caldwell; Arkansas, Wilson Hemingway; California, W. D. English; Colorado, C. Barba; Connecticut, W. H. Barnum; Delaware, E. B. Cochran; Florida, J. B. Prout; Georgia, John Triplett; Illinois, J. S. Ewing; Indiana, A. W. Clindutt; Iowa, W. W. Baldwin; Kansas, S. F. Neely; Kentucky, C. D. Jacobs; Louisiana, John Fitzpatrick; Maine, R. W. Black; Maryland, Wm. S. Wilson; Massachusetts, Charles D. Lewis; Michigan, S. F. McGarry; Mississippi, John W. Allen; Minnesota, John Lutewig; Missouri, J. N. Burts; Nebraska, John McShane; Nevada, James S. Mooney; New Hampshire, G. E. Chandler; New Jersey, Moses Bigelow; New York, Solomon Schen; North Carolina, T. W. Strange; Ohio, M. V. Ream; Oregon, J. L. Cowan; Pennsylvania, E. S. Patterson; Rhode Island, Isaac Bell, Jr.; South Carolina, Leroy Springs; Tennessee, M. T. Eryan; Texas, W. H. Pope; Vermont, J. D. Hannahan; Virginia, B. B. Gordon; West Virginia, B. F. Harlow; Wisconsin, R. R. Kirkland; District of Columbia, Lawrence Gardner; Utah, W. M. Terry; Wyoming, J. H. Dixon; Arizona, G. G. Berry; Washington Territory, J. G. Browne; Montana, James Sullivan; New Mexico, Rafael Romero; Idaho, John John M. Selcott.

Honorary Members—P. A. Collins, Massachusetts; Thomas S. Pettit, Kentucky; Basil Gordon, Virginia.

All the members of the committee were present at the meeting this morning excepting E. B. Cochran, J. B. Prout, John Fitzpatrick, Solomon Schen and J. L. Cowan.

THE MARCH TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

The notification committee, accompanied by members of the National Democratic Committee and the Columbus Democratic Club of the District of Columbia, met at the Arlington Hotel at 1.30 o'clock this afternoon and, forming into pairs, marched to the White House. They were ushered into the East room and ranged themselves in a circle in the south end of the room. Palms filled all the windows and alcoves in that portion of the room, and potted plants decorated the mantels.

THE PRESIDENT APPEARS.

The President was notified of their arrival and descended to the East room, accompanied by the following-named persons:

Mrs. Cleveland, the Rev. Wm. N. Cleveland, the President's brother, and his wife, of Forestport, N. Y.; Mrs. E. Hoyt, the President's sister, of Fayetteville, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Lamont, Mr. W. S. Bissel, of Buffalo, all of whom were present at the ratification of his first nomination; Mr. Bayard, Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, Mr. and Mrs. White, Mrs. Endicott, Mr. Vilas, Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson, Mr. Benjamin Folsom and Speaker Carlisle. Their approach was the signal for a general clapping of hands on the part of the visitors, and as soon as the party had taken their places Gen. Collins stepped forward and addressed the President as follows:

CHAIRMAN COLLINS'S SPEECH.

"Mr. Cleveland, we come as a committee authorized and instructed by the National Democratic Convention recently held at St. Louis to convey formal notice of its action in naming you for the office of President of the United States during the next four years.

"It would ill become the occasion or your presence to express at length the full meaning and significance of that great assembly. Its expression will be found and heard elsewhere and otherwise, from now till that day. November when this free and intelligent people record their approval of your great services as Chief Magistrate.

"We beg to congratulate you upon this hearty and unanimous endorsement of your course as President by the great historic party to which in all the days of your manhood you have belonged, and to congratulate the country upon the assured continuance of your wise, just and patriotic administration."

UPON CONCLUDING MR. COLLINS INTRODUCED CHAS. D. JACOB, OF KENTUCKY, WHO READ THE FOLLOWING LETTER OF NOTIFICATION:

WASHINGTON, June 26, 1888.

To the Hon. Grover Cleveland, of New York.—Sir: The delegates to the National Democratic Convention, representing every State and Territory of our Union, having assembled in the city of St. Louis on the 5th inst. for the purpose of nominating candidates for the offices of President and Vice-President of the United States, it has become the honorable and pleasing duty of this committee to formally announce to you

that without ballot you were by acclamation chosen the standard-bearer of the Democratic party for Chief Executive of this country at the election to be held in November next. Great as is such distinction under any circumstances, it is more flattering and profound when it is remembered that you have been selected as your own successor to an office, the duties of which, always onerous, have been rendered of an extraordinary sensitive, difficult and delicate nature, because of the change of political parties and methods after twenty-four years of uninterrupted domination. This exaltation is, if possible, added to by the fact that the declaration of principles, based upon your last annual message to the Congress of the United States relative to tariff reduction and diminution of the expenses of the Government, throws down a direct and defiant challenge for an exacting scrutiny of the administration of executive power, which for years ago was committed in its trust to the execution of Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, and for the most searching inquiry concerning the fidelity and devotion to the pledges which then invited the suffrages of the people.

An engrossed copy of that platform, adopted without a dissenting voice, is herewith tendered to you.

In conveying, sir, to you the responsible trust which has been confided to them, this committee beg, individually and collectively, to express the great pleasure which they have felt at the results attending the National Convention of the Democratic party, and to offer to you their best wishes for official and personal success and happiness. We have the honor, sir, to be your obedient servants.

(Signed by all the members of the committee.)

Mr. Thomas S. Pettit, secretary of the notification committee, then presented Mr. Cleveland with a handsomely engrossed copy of the platform adopted at the National Democratic Convention.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY.

The President then said:

"I cannot but be profoundly impressed when I see about me the messengers of the National Democracy bearing its summons to duty. The political party to which I owe allegiance both honors and commands me. It places in my hand its proud standard, and bids me bear it high at front in a battle which it wages bravely, honestly, and with confidence, because its trust is in the people, and soberly because it comprehends the obligations which success imposes.

"The message which you bring awakens within me the liveliest sense of personal gratitude and satisfaction, and the honor which you tender me is in itself so great that there might well be no room for any other sentiment. And yet I cannot rid myself of grave and serious thoughts when I remember that party supremacy is not alone involved in the conflict which presses upon us, but that we struggle to secure and save the cherished institutions, the welfare and happiness of a nation of freemen. Familiarity with the great office which I hold has but added to my apprehension of its sacred character and the consecration demanded of him who assumes its immense responsibilities. It is the repository of the people's will and power. Within its vision should be the protection and welfare of the humblest citizen; and with quick ear it should catch from the remotest corner of the land the plea of the people for justice and for justice and for right.

"For the sake of the people he who holds this office of theirs should resist every encroachment on its legitimate functions, and for the sake of the integrity and usefulness of the office it should be kept near to the people and be administered in full sympathy with their wants and needs.

"This 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. With all that has passed since that day I can truly say that the feeling of awe with which I heard the summons then is intensified many fold when it is repeated now.

"Four years ago I knew that our chief executive office, if not carefully guarded, might drift little by little away from the people to whom it belonged and become the possession of all it ought to be; but I did not know how much its moorings had already been loosened. I knew four years ago how well devised were the true principles of true Democracy for the successful operation of government by the people and for the people, but I did not know how absolutely necessary their application then was for the restoration to the people of their safety and prosperity. I knew then that abuses and extravagances had crept into the management of public affairs, but I did not know their numerous forms nor the tenacity of their grasp.

"I knew then something of the bitterness of partisan obstruction, but I did not know how bitter, how reckless and how shameless it could be. [Prolonged applause.]

"I knew, too, that the American people were patriotic and just, but I did not know how grandly they loved their country, nor how noble and generous they were.

"I shall not dwell upon the acts and the policy of the Administration now drawing to a close. Its record is open to every citizen of the land. And yet I will not be denied the privilege of asserting at this time that, in the exercise of the high trust confided to me, I have yielded obedience only to the Constitution and the solemn obligation of my oath of office. I have done those things which, in the light of the understanding God has given me, seemed most conducive to the welfare of my countrymen and the promotion of good government. I would not if I could, for myself nor for you, avoid a single consequence of a fair interpretation of my course.

"It 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 and that I will in due time signify such acceptance in the usual formal manner."

AFTER THE SPEECHES.

The President's remarks were made in an earnest and emphatic manner, and were frequently interrupted by applause. This closed the speech-making, and then all present proceeded to the State dining room and partook of light refreshments. Afterwards the committees became the

guests of the Columbia Club and were driven about the city.

THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

The national Democratic committee met at the Arlington Hotel at noon today, and remained in session about an hour and a half. The Hon. William H. Barnum presided, and E. B. Dickinson, of New York, acted as secretary. The following members were present:

Alabama, Henry D. Clayton, Jr.; California, M. P. Tarpey; Colorado, T. M. Patterson, proxy; Connecticut, Wm. H. Barnum; Florida, Samuel Pasco; Georgia, John H. Estill; Illinois, E. M. Phelps; Indiana, S. P. Shearin; Iowa, J. J. Richardson; Kansas, C. N. Blair; Kentucky, H. D. McHenry; Louisiana, N. C. Blanchard, proxy; Maine, Arthur Sewell; Maryland, A. P. Gorman; Massachusetts, Charles D. Lewis; Michigan, O. M. Barnes; Minnesota, A. P. Gorman, proxy; Mississippi, C. A. Johnston; Missouri, John G. Frather; Nebraska, J. A. McShane; New Jersey, Miles Ross; New York, Herman Oelrichs; North Carolina, M. W. Ransom; Ohio, Calvin S. Brice; Oregon, A. Colmer; Pennsylvania, W. L. Scott; Rhode Island, J. B. Barnaby; South Carolina, F. W. Dawson; Tennessee, R. F. Looney; Texas, O. T. Holt; Vermont, Hiram Atkins; Virginia, J. S. Barbour, West Virginia, Charles J. Faulkner, proxy; Arizona, J. C. Harndon, proxy; District of Columbia, Wm. D. English, proxy; Utah, H. Mitchell; Utah, Wm. M. Ferry; Washington Territory, J. H. Kuhn; Wyoming, W. L. Kuykendall.

The committee decided to postpone the election of officers until the evening session and then adjourned.

The committee met again at 10.30 tonight and remained in session until after midnight. The committee was called to order by Senator Gorman, and proceeded at once to the election of a permanent chairman. Mr. Barbour, of Virginia, nominated William H. Barnum, of Connecticut, and his motion was seconded by Mr. Tarpey, of California, and others, whereupon Mr. Barnum was elected by a rising vote. A committee, with Mr. Gorman as chairman, was appointed to nominate a secretary and assistant secretary of the committee, and subsequently reported the names of S. P. Shearin, of Indiana, as secretary, and E. B. Dickinson, of New York, as assistant secretary, and they were immediately elected.

At the suggestion of Gen. Collins the Chair was authorized to appoint a committee of fifteen to accompany the notification committee to Columbus to notify Mr. Thurman of his nomination. On motion of Mr. Pasco Chas. J. Canda, of New York, was re-elected treasurer of the committee. On motion of Mr. Gorman the Chair was authorized to appoint an executive committee of twenty-one members to take general charge of the affairs of the campaign, and also to appoint a committee of seven, to be known as the "campaign committee," which committee is empowered to select such persons, not members of the committee, as they may deem necessary to aid them in campaign work. The chairman was made ex-officio chairman of the committee of twenty-one.

A committee of three, consisting of Messrs. Barnum, Oelrichs and Davison, was appointed to select the committee's headquarters in New York city. On motion of Mr. Patterson, of Colorado, the silver gavel presented to the National Democratic Convention by the Colorado delegate, and now in the custody of the national committee, was presented to Gen. P. A. Collins, chairman of the Convention. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Gorman, Ransom, Barbour, Pasco, Faulkner and Dickinson, was appointed to represent the committee at the Convention of the Democratic clubs in Baltimore on July 4. After the transaction of considerable routine business the committee adjourned, subject to the call of the Chair.

A Hubbub in the Paterson High School.

The Paterson high school for girls is in a state of ferment. Thirteen pretty would-be "sweet girl graduates" are bathed in tears, and thirteen alert parents are raming about with six-chambered revolvers, muskets, big sticks, horse-whips and other things, vowing all kinds of vengeance upon the stony-hearted examiners who have dared to cast reflection upon the probity or scholastic qualifications of their daughters. In the Paterson high school there was a large graduating class, composed of some of the prettiest girls to be met with anywhere who were believed to be