## A Brother's Keeper.

A WOMAN'S WORK OF LOVE AND DUTY. BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "CRAQUE O' DOOM," "STEPHEN GUTSRIE," "THE LONE MAN'S GUTHRIE," "THE LONE MAN CABIN," AND OTHER STORIES.

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The frivial 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 mere ly one of those atoms, and that the ancient of all resders unceasingly cons this primer world and its simple combinations.

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

coats, was stretched at the roots of a tree amoking, Randy Thompson, insulated by silence, sat upright and attentive near the fire. A sister of the two men who were boiling sugar occasionally helped them try a ladle-full in cold water, or took her turn at the long stirer. As Gurley approached the camp he noticed these people after he had seen that McArdle was there sitting by Phoebe White.

To her black dress Phœbe White had added a scarlet shawl, looping it around her waist and hooding one corner over her head. He felt sure no influence of the dark out-doors world was lost upon her. She was listening to other sounds besides Mc-Ardle's remarks. She heard the first sigh ings of spring in the tops of naked trees. 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 kittle when my back was turned." "I didn't do no such thing," retorted

Mose. "'Twas you went to sleep early in the evenin' 'at let the fire go out." "Me went to sleep! when everybody in the deestrick knows you ain't never half swake. 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 "There sin't one word o' truth in it." muttered Mose, fixing his torpid regards on

"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 Mc-Ardle, looking about him. "But I appre-hend you find it different from Miss Faw-

cett's dining-room. "Miss Fawcetts drawing-room is not to he allowed any piotnresqueness, then?" responded Gurley.

"Tonly meant in point of fact," McArdle 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 Phœbe. "She is a very beautiful, very wealthy. just returned from foreign travel to her emestead not far from Gurley's. 1 believe it is understood," added McArdle, "that the proximity of those homesteads is considered a fortunate thing, under the cir-

This 'sn't a bad nag, Jack," remarked Tom Holmes, finishing a critical examina-tion of Gurley's saddle-horse. "But she'll never make a goer. You could have found

nore points for the money."
"Let me see her," said Phœbe, 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 heathens worshipin' dumb beasts." "You like a horse, don't you?" said Gurley to Phoebe, with appreciation.
"Indeed, yes. What do you call her?"

"Bess. Do you ride!" "I have always known how to ridefashion. It's as good as being like those ;Centeurs; and not half so clumsy."

" I'd consider it a favor if you'd ride her "Oh, would you!" "Yes: I've really thought of making

lady's horse of her. Phoebe rubbed her cheek against the mare's warm neck.

"I would so love to get upon her now." "But she isn't properly saddled for you."
"I don't mind about saddles. If you don't

"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 "That girl will get her neck broke," exclaimed Randy Thompson, apprehensively. "You were careless, Gurley," declared

McArdle, coming forward with disapproval. "Let her alone," said Tom Holmes, spreading smoke around himself. shouldn't be afraid to see that little thing mount a tiger if she took the notion. Besides, that nag of Jack's isn't going to run

"Pll put up all I paid for her, Tom, that you'll be wanting to buy that nag of me before six months. It's a way you have of
abusing my choice and then begging it

age of local weakness."

"Only a few miles from the place where
we now sit," repeated Gurley, with a deaf
expression of countenance, "there is a away from me."

Phobe came back in a few moments, slipping to the ground and taking the bridle on her arm, as the horse paused. Both were exhibitated by the run; and she tied the hitching-strap in a horseman's knot around a branch by the time Gurley was at

"Oh, it was delightful. We rushed like wind to the very edge of Black Hollow. And there we stood still and looked across at the lonesomest light that shone like some thing one-eyed just ready to spring at us. And then we scoured away from it as fast as we could go.'

"The light in Painter's cabin," said one

of the sugar-boilers.

And who is Painter?" "ainter," said Tom Holmes, waving aside his smoke, "is a natural curiosity of the hill's. It's odd how such human fungi will spring up in the midst of wealthy civilization. Haven't you heard of him yet, Miss Phoebes He's a hermit, and as ugly a creature as you would want to meet. They tell that some woman jilted him a century or so ago, and soured him against the race. But it's my opinion the old wretch was too stingy ever to get married. He is eredited with keeping barrels of money in that old den. We don't know where he came from. He and his house were suddenly there, like a toadstool. Some of the neighbors think he is crazy, but his wite all come home when es a bargain. He keeps his own house, and I don't think anybody in this re-

money together and made a gold stove. So I peeked at the winder when he'd gone off, but jest then he come up behind me makin' that noise in his head, and I disremember what I seen or what I done."

"He's got an infirmity in his speech," said Randy, "and that's a great mercy, for folks can't tell what he's a sayin' when he abuses them." Phœbe sat looking in the fire with her

hands crossed on her lap. Adam and Mose piled on more brush and the boiling liquid "Hear what the kettles say. What do they say to you, Randy?"

"Double, double, toil and trouble,' is the Shakespearean rendering of what boiling cauldrons say, I believe," answered Mc-Ardle, with lightness and grace. 'That's witch's nonsense," puffed Holmes.

"These here kittles," 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 Phœbe: Trouble, trouble, effort double; trouble,



FINEVER COULD TELL A STORY TO GRDER. trouble, effort double.' They say it over and over. Let's tell stories."

"Suppose we do tell a limited number," said McArdle, "and draw lots for the enviable opportunity." "I never could tell a story to order," said

McArdle had already taken out his notebook; he cut slips into his hat.

"Put the shadow of a subject on those fatal papers," urged Gurley, "so the vic-tims may have a straw to cling to." "Good," said McArdle, sharpening his "Subjects are in order." "Injuns!" spoke up Mose.

"The thought of bein' scalped is wakenin' o Mose," remarked Adam. "Give us something pathetic-with tears in it," proposed Tom Holmes, with a com-

"Indians-Tears," voted McArdle. "One more will do." "Something about the North, then," said Gurley, tipping his head to look up at the dark sky. "Any other point of the compass dark sky. "Any other point of the compass would do as well, but the lichens on the

orth side of this tree spoke first. "Very well," said McArdle, and he arose nd carried around his hat for the drawing. "The Indians have me," confessed Gurley. "And I've drawn the North," said Phœbe "But who has drawn tears?" inquired Mc-

Ardle, looking carefully around. "This fellow will draw blisters, claimed Adam, dragging his brother's shoe from the coals. "He'd burn himself to ashes, and set smokin' two or three days before he found it out, if I didn't look after

Mose struck out at his brother with a fist which revealed the third penciled slip.
"Come, Moses," said Gurley; "let's have

e mellowing story first."
"Oh, git out," muttered Mose, in discom-"Some short and simple tale," added

Holmes; "only let it be calculated to touch "Oh, git out," repeated Mose, twisting uneasily.
"If you have tears prepare to shed them

ow," quoted McArdle.
"Ch, blame it, git out," growled Mose, looking helplessly on all sides of him. "If you can't do nothing else cry a little." suggested Adam, secure in having drawn a

"Here, Mose, give me your hat for a forfeit," said Phœbe White. "You'll redeem it some way. They shan't drive you to tears while I am by. It is Mr. Gurley's turn." Mose gladly gave up his hat, and curling

his shaggy head nearer the fire, prepared for unlimited basking.
"This is sudden," said Gurley. "But give me your attention and I will endeavor to fol-

low the war-path."

Adam or his sister kept skimming the thick sirup, and the sound of the skimmer on the sides, or the stirrer on the bottom, of

he kettle was Gurley's accompaniment. "Only a few miles from the place where we now sit," said he, "there is, as you all know, a mound so ancient that the aborigines of this country could give no account of it. Trees of centuries' growth spring from it, and it is believed to be the work of an extinct race."

"He's stealing bodily from pioneer papers," sighed Tom Holmes. "Mose, bring us a pitcher of fresh sugar-water. We all love that mound. It has been written about and photographed, but we like to rest ourselves from it occasionally. We couldn't keep house without that mound, but when you attempt to give it to us for an Indian story, Jack, you are taking a mean advantage of local weakness."

expression of countenance, "there is a mound so ancient that the aborigines of this country could give no account of it. Trees of centuries' growth spring from it, and it is believed to be the work of an extinct race. That ought to give me a fair start unless the

judges persist in ringing me back."
"The Gurleys were always horsey,"
commented Tom. "But I could stand turf talk better than I can quotations from old pioneer papers."

"Not many years ago the speaker was a youth who had a Familiar, and this Familiar, instead of being such a menter as his age ought to have made him, acted rather

as a tempter." "Tempt a mulish Gurley!" murmured Tom Holmes.

"Mexican relics and Aztec tradition interested us greatly, and we laid up heaps of knowledge; only, one of us became positive that this old mound was merely a burial place of the native Indians, and the other became equally positive that it was of more ancient origin. "After long quarreling we decided to dis

until we found proofs to satisfy us. But as the law protected that mound from curious investigation, we decided to say nothing about our intentions, but to go quietly there in the night, with pick and spade, and avoid disturbing people.
"It was fall, and hardly a leaf remained

on the sighing trees. I hugged my coat collar up to my ears, not because I was cold, but because the weirdness of the woods and season draye one in on himself. We found gion has ever seen the inside of it."

The boys said he'd melted all his

stood to our waists in the hole, and then to our armpits. The Familiar, being corpulent and lazy, now climbed out and said he would hold up the lantern."

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

"It grows better as it gets on," promised "The lazy, fat Familiar, I said, opened the lantern slide and fatigued himself throwing light into the hole while I threw dirt out. And presently the metal struck something which 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. The spade scooped a great head over: and it continued turning slowly as if by its own will. The top of a helmet, on which I had been clinking, remained intact, but the lower part,broke away and an under jaw 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 head 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 whispered to the Familiar that both of

us working together could hardly dig out "'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 mail and as preserved as the head. This proves 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 saw, 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 behold, we were surrounded by a ring of savages. The searching lantern revealed their war-paint, their steady glittering eyes, their moccasin thongs and even tiny wrinkles in

"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 terriffic swiftness. We endured the shower of clay, tramping it under our feet in a dance so rapid, or we should have been buried. The Familiar, as if bewitched, still moved his lantern around in a circle, and there stood every brave motionless while the spade clinked 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 any thing except a deer-hide throng which cut palpably into my wrist.

"The elder Indians stood in a group, while limber, young ones collected chunks, twigs, whole stumps, to wall us in for bu 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

harrel of tar. "As our fires mounted so did the spirits of our captors, 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, those 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 be-ings 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, until the Familiar and I were walled about by their charred

figures and not one brave was left." "I don't believe there's a word o' truth in it." commented Mose. "How can you be so incredulous?" re

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

"Imagination," said McArdle, spreading

his hands airily, "is a fine thing, Moses."
"Oh, isn't it!" murmured Phœbe, watching the fire. "It's a kind of wonder palace that you can step into 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 on 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 Phœbe, "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

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

"There ain't none of them things," said Mose, with conviction.
"There was this one Troll" insisted Physbe, "and he quarried rock. And one

night when he put up his quarrying tools a wrinkled dwarf came and offered to show 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 "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, saving: " 'I'll go no further.' " 'Don't you hear the lapping of water?'

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

to flash on our discoveries. Before long we | the dwarf. 'The diamond I brought you to seek is that whirling Maelstrom which cuts its planes of waters on this coast. The way is closed up behind you slow get out if you can through the Maelsfrom!

"Then the dwarf disappeared just as if there never had been a dwarf, and the Troll stood under the roar of the Maelstrom, his knees shaking; he felt himself a dead Troll. For in those days the Maelstrom was a boiling 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 huge circle, as if swinging them around her vic tim'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 wer rose again.

"Pretty soon a voice near the Troll said: Who knows, Troil, but you may conquer this 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

" '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 flery liquid, and leaping like meteors. fling them to force their way upward. They looked curiously at the Troll and made faces. But without speaking to them, he went to 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 on his heart, but the more he thumped 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 them until they 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 crept 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 and twisting their tiny black noses in de-

rision. "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 child came 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 calm under 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 reservoircould 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

The secret thread of this life of labor—I feel as free to say as you are to hear, lies in the isolation of the vast and taken their places Gen. Collins stepped ever-growing working forces from those who employ them; and may I not say also that this general great contempt of labor is steadily eating like a cancer into the strong manhood of American

citizens? Be proud, my dear people, of the working folks 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 fra-

## The Sparkling Catawba.

This celcbrated watering place, under the management of its proprietors, Dr. E. O. Elliott & Son, threw open its doors on the 1st of June. Aside from 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 sidesnot 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

A MOMENTOUS MESSAGE.

THE NATIONAL DEMOCRACY TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

resentation to the President at Washinging of the Official Notification of His Renomination--Mr. Cleveland Receives 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 the committee. The letter was signed by all those present. The committee also accepted an invitation from Secretary Whitney to visit his country home at Grasslands to-morrow afternoon.

The following is the notification committee: Alabama, J. H. Caldwell; Arkansas Wilson Hemingway; California, W. D. English; Colorado, C. Barela; Connecticut, W. H. Barnum; Delaware, E. B. Cochran; Florida, J. B. Prout; Georgia, John Triplett; Íllinois, J. S. Ewing Indiana, A. W. Conduitt; Iowa, W. W. Baldwin; Kansas, S. F. Neely; Kentucky, C. D. Jacobs; Louisiana, Fitzpatrick; Maine, R. W. Black; Mary land, Wm. S. Wilson; Massachusetts Charles D. Lewis; Michigan, S. F. Mc-Garry; Mississippi, John W. Allen; Minnesota, John Lutewig; Missouri, J. N. Burts; Nebraska, John McShane; Nevada, James S. Mooney; New Hamp-shire, G. B. Chandler; New Jersey, Moses Bigelow; New York, Solomon Schen; North Carolina, T. W. Strange; Ohio, M. V. Ream; Oregon, J. L. Cowan; Pennsylvania, R. S. Patterson; Rhode Island, Isaac Bell, Jr.; South Carolina, Loroy Springs; Tennessee, M. T. Bryan; Texas, W. H. Pope; Vermont, J. D. Hanrahan; Virginia, B. B. Gordon; West Virginia, B. F. Harlow; Wisconsin, R. R. Kirkland; District of Columbia, Lawrence Gardner; Utah,

tucky: Basil Gordon, Virginia. All the members of the committee were present at the meeting this morning excepting E. B. Cochran, J. B.

W. M. Terry; Wyoming, J. H. Dixon;

Proutt, John Fitzpatrick, Solomon Schen and J. L. Cowan. THE MARCH TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

The notification committee, accom-panied by members of the National Democratic Committee and the Columbis Democretic 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 They were ushered into the House. 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 Mrs. Cleveland, the Rev. Wm. N. Cleveland, the President's brother, and his wife, of Forestport, N. Y., Mrs. W. E. Hoyt, the President's sister, of Fayetteville, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Lamont, Mr. W. S. Bissel, of Buffalo, all than the young ladies in the parlor who of whom were present at the ratification dawdle through the days reading the last of his first nomination; Mr. Bayard, new story—a story, perhaps, which, tells of the grand dignity of the worker, while Whitney, Mrs. Endicot, Mr. Vilas, Mr. she herself is unable to bake a loaf of and Mrs. Dickinson, Mr. Benjamin broad or wash a shirt.

Folsom and Speaker Carlisle. Their approach was the signal for a general nobility, my dear people—this life of clapping of hands on the part of the visitors, and as soon as the party had 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 plause.] for the office of President of the United States during the next four years.

full meaning and significance of that great assembly. Its expression will be found and heard elsewhere and otherwise, from now till that day in November when this free and intelligent people will 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.' THE LETTER OF NOTIFICATION.

Upon concluding Mr. Collins intro-duced Chas. D. Jacob, of Kentucky,

who read the following letter of notifics Washington, June 26, 1888. To the Hon. Grover Cleveland, of New York-Sir: The delegates to the National Democratic Convention, rep resenting 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

that without ballot you were by accla- guests of the Columbia Club and were mation 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 pro-found 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 four 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

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 com-

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 connot 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 allengiance 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, because, conscious of right, confidently because its trust is in the people, and soberly because it comprehends the ob-

ligations 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 Arizona, G. G. Berry; Washington us, but that we struggle to secure and James Sullivan; New Mexico, Rafael save the cherished institutions, the aid them in campaign work. The chair-Romero; Idaho, John John M. Selcott. welfare and happiness of a nation of man was made ex-officio chairman of the Honorary Members—P. A. Collins, Idassachusetts; Thomas S. Pettit, Kenacky; Basil Gordon, Virginia.

Members—B. A. Collins, If reemen. Familiarity with the great office which I hold has but added to my apprehension of its sacred character and apprehension of its sacred character and apprehension. Messrs. Barnum, Oelrichs and Dawson, assumes its immense responsibilities. It 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

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 would be "sweet girl graduates" are truely say that the feeling of awe with which I heard the summons then is intensified many fold when it is repeated

"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 perversion of all it ought to be; but I did not know how much its moorings ating class, composed of some of the 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 demption. Ten of the girls were simply their application then was for the restoration to the people of their safety and prospeity. I knew then that abuses and extravagances had crept into the manage-ment 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 [Prologed ap-

"I knew, too, that the American people were patriotic and just, but I did not

they were. "i shall not dwell upon the acts and the policy of the Administration now drawing to a close. Its record is open three little plagiaristic damsels through, to every citizen of the land. And yet I on the principle, expounded by the chair-will not be denied the privilege of asserting at this time that, in the exercise of work." Then they dried their eyes and 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 but remains for me to say to you, and though 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 of the United States, it has become the all present proceeded to the State dining honorable and pleasing duty of this room and partook of light refreshments. committee to formally announce to you Afterwards the committees became the dollars of promise,

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; Towa, J. J. Richardson; Kansas, C. N. Blair, Kentucky, H. D. McHenry; Louisiana, N. C. Blanchard, proxy; Maine, Arthur Sewell; Maryland, A. P. Gorman; Mas-sachusetts, Charles D. Lewis: Michigan, O. M. Barnes; Minnesota, A. P. Gorman, proxy; Mississippi, C. A. Johnston; Mis-souri, John G. Prather; Nebraska, J. A. McShare; New Jersay, Miles Ross; New York, Herman Oelrichs; North Carolina, M. W. Ranson; Ohio, Calvin S. Brice: Oregon, A. Coltmer; Pennsylvania, W. L. Scott; Rhode Island, J. B. Barnsbay; 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. Herndon, proxy; District of Columbia, Wm. Dickson; Montana, A. H. Mitchell; Utah, Wm. M. Ferry; Washington Territory, J. H. Kuhn; Wyoming, W. L. Kuy-

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. Sherin, 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-electred treasurer of the committee. On motion of Mr. Gorman the Chair was authorized to appoint an executive committee of twentyone 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

the consecration demanded of him who was appointed to select the committee's headquarters in New York city. On mois the repository of the people's will and tion 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 Dickson, was appointed to represent the committee at the Conventien 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 are reaming about with six-chambered revolvers, muskets, big sticks, horsewhips 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 graduprettiest girls to be met with anywhere

who were believed to be gifted as well as pretty. The annual examination came on and the idols were shattered beyond all reunable to answers the questions put to them, and, of course, did not pass. The remaining three were discovered to have obtained the majority of their answers

from older and wiser girls. D. Rheinhardt, the principal examiner. was placed in a position of peculiar em-barrassment, but decided that he must be square. The result was that the whole thirteen are left out in the cold.

But like all women they would not own to being fairly beaten and with heart rending sobs poured out the story of man's inhumanity upon the maternal "It would ill become the occasion or know how grandly they loved their shoulders. Then the thirteen papas of your presence to express at length the country, nor how noble and generous of the thirteen damsels called upon the shoulders. Then the thirteen papas of Board of Education. The Board met in full conclaye and decided, in face of Dr. Rheinhardt's protests, upon letting the went home flushed with their triumph over the tyranny of the examiners. As to the unhappy ten who couldn't inswer the questions, even with the aid of the others, it is understood that they will be allowed a chance to present themselves for re-examination and may gradu-

## ate next September. A Downpour in Mobile.

MOBILE, June 27 .- A rain storm yesterday and last night, lasting in all thirty-six hours, and at times approaching a deluge, was the heaviest rainfall ever recorded here. During the time mentioned the rain fell to the depth of ten inches and seventyeight hundredths. The streets through the city were flooded, and in a number of business houses damages occurred owing to leaking roofs. The Daily Register office, in course of construction, was flooded from top to bottom, and all the editors and compositors were driven out.

Ten cents' worth of do is worth many