Andover Mews.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1892.

Every year a novel flower show is held in Philadelphia under the patronage of the Germantown Horticultural Society. The exhibits are confined to wild flowers picked in the suburbs of Philadelphia. It is said that there are 700 species within the county limits, and in order to encourage the local study of botany, the society mentioned offers prizes for the best collections of the flowers. That the specimens are common enough may be judged from the fact that 100 have been gathered by a party of amateur botanists in the course of a day.

! A report issued by the London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has caused a sensation by the statements it contains relative to the cruel and oft times inhuman punishments inflicted upon children. The society has interfered with clergymen, officers, barristers and other members of the gentry, who it had learned were treating their children inhumanly. Among the punishments people of this class inflicted upon the helpless children are mentioned sticking pins in them, placing lighted matches up their nostrils, burning wounds upon them with matches, breaking the limbs of two-year-old babies in three places, tying a rope around a sixyear-old boy and dipping him into a canal repeatedly until he was exhausted. keeping a child in a cellar until its flesh turned green, tying cords around the thumbs of a child and then tying it to a bedstead and heating it with a thorn

An experiment which the New York Post deems well worthy of imitation is that of the Boston merchant, Eben Jourdan, who has opened a gymnasium for his female employes, and gives them the benefit of professional instruction in the art of physical exercise. The classes are free to all who choose to avail them selves of the privilege, and daily instruction is given between the hours of five and six o'clock in the afternoon. Six hundred girls have already begun a course of exercise, and upon the success of the trial depends the accession of nearly a thousand of their associates. Those who have joined the classes are delighted with their experience, and say that the tired feeling caused by close confinement in the store soon gives place to one of elasticity and freshness. Mr. Jourdan expects to see in the near future a gymnasium attached to every large business establishment where women are employed.

A few days ago one of the agricultural colleges of the South took an electric motor, and by its means ginned cotton and ground corn very successfully. The experiment was made to see how far electricity could be depended upon as a motive power in plantation and tarm work. This subject is pressing for attention just now, and Senator Peffer has made it his business to push a bill in the Senate appropriating a sum of money to determine the value of electricity as a farm laborer. The State of Kansas has an interest in the matter, and A. A. Denton of the Department of Agriculture at Sterling, Kan., in a recent communication to one of the electrical journals, says: "Western agriculture requires power by which one man may accomplish as much as many men in the old -power to cut wider and deeper and swifter furrows at less cost than in the old way. Manufacture and commerce and mining have the advantage of ample and cheap power. If the motor be adapted to farm work, Western agriculture will enter a new era. The great plains appear to have been planned for cultivation of the soil on a large scale.

A Miracle Performed by Scared Geese.

A friend of ours, whose veracity we should never think of impeaching, related to us a most extraordinary experiis while wildfowl shooting the Big Bend country. In that secluded spot, flanked and buttressed in by towering hills, is a natural cul-de-sac of the spot, manced and duttressed in by tow-ering hills, is a natural cull-de-sac of the Pit River, probably an acre in extent, and much resorted to by wild ducks and geots. Visiting this early one unusually cold morning recently he was surprised beyond measure to see the lake covered with ice and a flock of wild geese frozen that to its surface. Imagine his astonishment on drawing near when the entire less with a mighty clamor rose before him and sailed away, bearing the pond with them and leaving only a hole in a ground to mark the spot.—Atla that all the sail that the spot.—Atla that the sail that th

Edith Wilder's Journal.

By METTA E. S. BENSON,

Author of "Barbara Dare," "Her True Friend," "Dr. Vetnor's Love Affend," "Dr. Vetnor's Love Af-fairs," "The Missing Ring," "Love's Sacrifice," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

CHAPTER XII.

I had intrusted my attorney with all the necessary facts in the case, and left with him the newspaper, which I had fortunately preserved, containing an account of the burning theatre, and with Estelle's name among the list of those who had perished in the flames.

I also obtained his promise to call upon her the following morning and find what course she was likely to pursue in the matter.

the matter.

It was nearly 10 o'clock when he called It was nearly 10 o'clock when he called at her hotel, and after some delay was to'd that she had not yet arisen, and that no tesponse could be obtained from the efforts made to awaken her. Somewhat aneasy they waited a half hour, and a second effort being alike unavailing the door was opened from without. A hush of hortor feil upon the little group who ancrea the room. Estelle hay upon the lead like one sint.

nattered the room.

Estelle lay upon the hed like one just fallen asleep. Her head inclined a little to one side and rested carelessly upon her upturned arm. Her abundan black hair thrown bark upon the pillow framed in the still, white face.

her upturned arm. Her abundant black hair thrown back upon the pillow framed in the still, white face.

"And," said my attorney afterward describing the scare to me, "it was such a beautiful face even with the askin pallor of death upon it, that I can hardly fit d it in my heart to blame you for your boyish madness."

But his practiced eye also took in the introundings of the room, and he noticed an unfinished letter lying upon the bureau. At a glance he decided that it would he as well if its contents were not known to the public, and undobserved by the others concealed it shout his person. The post mortem examination disclosed the fact that her d stah had been caused by an over dose of chloral. A bottle centaining a small quantity of this narcestic age from lupon a stand near her led.

bottle centaining a small quantity of this narcetic was found upon a standard here hed.

Preturnably she had been in the habit of using chloral to produce sleep and quiether nerves.

"O. Reberth" I exclaimed while my lears fell, "after all the love and admiration she had received from the multitude during her life, yet she died alone and with no one to care.

"I think, Edith," he replied in a musing voice, "it is one of the laws of our humanity that it should be so." Then after a moment—"There is the letter I toid you of. I will light the lamps that you may read it."

It was written in a clear running hand and upon the finest of cream tinted paper. I will copy it, "Dear Old Felix: I reached this city, the Mecca of my hopes, last evening; am well, only a trithe nervous; but n'importe, I found where he lived of whom I was in search, and di-patched a note to him th's very morning. Ah, mon Dieu, I can thank how happy he must have been upon reading it! I learn also that he has a wite, a quiet young creature, who is as min ha fool as himself in squandering money upon the miserable unfortunates of the world. This evening I was told In a most freezing manner by a red-faced Englishman, that Mr. Volney's attorney would wait upon me in the morning.

"Ah, mon Ami, if only I had been wise, and made my marriage with the dear innocent a real one, instead of allowing you to assume the role of a shaven, serious-faced priest! But I thought not of the future then, or how is a day that has now come. I must work with extreme caution, for if they seek to prove the marriage tat all, and I shall have no longer any rower.

to prove the marriage they will dis-r that it was no marriage at all, and all have no longer I shall have no longer any power

Here the letter ended, and with it

her tracherous acts.
'What became of the—the body, Robert?' I nquired after a time.
'Some money and the proper address of 'Felix' were found among her belongings. In answer to a telegram he

requested that the remains be forwarded to him. His request was complied with."

I looked into Hobert's eyes pondering a question in my mind. He must have divined it, for he drew my hand into his, smiling

who, Edith, I did not look upon her face even in death. I had no desire. All my thought was for you, as my best thoughts must always be. Not to the exclusion of other things—friendships, loves and labors—but these grants dearer for my love of you."

Neither of us cared to talk for a time

after this, and in the silence I sought to fathom the meaning of his words—these growing dearer for my love of you.\(^2\) In June I was able to walk about the house and yard, daily gaining jastrength. Sometimes I would rest in the hammock for hours watching Dick at his work, and with my baby in my arms. My white, dimpled darling, with features so like Hobert's, but who looked up at me with great shadowy eyes, which, even to the heavily fringed lids, were like my own.

Usually Dick would wheel Rose's chair out under the tall trees, and we would talk, or read, or dream, as our moods moved us.

Constitutionally too Dick would leave

Occasionally, too, Dick would leave his work, and taking the baby in his

awkward, boytsh arms, would lavish upon her eyer, poyous caresses, which won her basty heart completely, for she would bestow upon him her rarest smiles and lie quiet in his arms while he carried her about, sometimes in the shadow, sometimes to the things which interested him most as though she understood and approved his various plans.

One day tose's eyes filled with tears as she watched then, and turning to me suddenly said: "Edith, Dick will have so long to live after lam gone, would you mad naming your haby Rose! He is fond of his poor dwarfed sister and the world is so full of temptation, I have been thinking that my name if often upon his lips might keep a momory of me fresh in his mind and restrain him sometime, perhaps, from wrong doing."
There followed a noment in which I

perhaps, from wrong doing."

There followed a moment in which 1 in the continued a moment in which is sight of sensible objects and turning my mind in upon my inner consciousness, knew that the fears which had often discussed in the continue which had turbed my heart, --- fears which had caused me to linger at Rose cottage even when I knew that Robert was lonely in our home without me—had not been imaginary but real, Rose was going

away from us.

When I could i said, going down upon my stoces beside her smar: "Rose do you really think that—that you are failing?"

"O, I know I am, Edith. It began last winter. Before that I had been better. I questioned Dr. Brownhow last week, and he could give me no hope, except to relieve the suffering. If it were not for those I love, and for the work, I should be glad to go. O, so glad!" A thrill of joy shot through the quiet voice.

thrill of joy shot through the quiet voice I took her hand and bowed my fac over it, trying to think what the going away would mean for her, and for the rest of us who would remain behind.

rest of us who would remain behind.
Dick's returning footsteps intrided upon my thoughts. I lifted up my face and saw Rose smiring softly, as obeying a sign from her he laid his sleeping bur-

a sign from her he laid his sleeping burden in her arms.
"Dickie, what name would you prefer
should be given to this dear baby, suppose you could have your choice."
Some inward feeling struggled for ex
pression through her simple words.
Dick thok of his straw hat, and
widing it on the tanger tips of his upraised left hand, renlied, with a slightly
embarra-sed laugh: "Why, it would be
Rose, of course."

embarra-sed laugh: "Why, ir would be Row, of course."
"Then, Rose it shall be," I replied, "and in pleasing you. Pick, I please myself also, for I think no other name is quite so beautif il."
"It's folly of you to say so, Dithy, and

that's a fact. In return for you kind ness I colomnly pledge my life in the service of Miss Rose Voiner." There was a speakle in his gare eye on he bent to kiss the sleeping face. A mement later his merry whietle came back to us in a pretty melody from the far end of the garden.

the garden.

Finally I lay on the grass at not teet while she talked to me. A warm, west wind went cooing among the branches of the trees; yellow sunshine trickled down through the cool, green leaves; white, low-lying clouds floated overhead, half concealing, half revealing the far blue depths beyond; a thou and sweet scents and sounds from the visible world came drifting in upon us, and into all these there blended the divine harmony of her voice.

I had questioned her: "O People de

I had questioned her: "O, Rose! do you suppose that our human love can outlive the shock of death!"

fou suppose that our human love can outlive the shock of death."

"If you were to go away from me, Edith, across the sea, perhaps, and should remain for years, would I forget you, do you think, amid the quiet scenes of my home life? There would be your favorite seat by the window: a flower you had loved: a book you had read; a lit of unfinished work just as you had laid it down; a picture with the shadow of your soul in the eyes and your smile containing the same you had sung in some happy hour; or an animal you had caressed. I should treasure the ethings and set them apart as sacred almost, not for the things themselves, but because I loved you, of whom these were the constant reminders. And you, wandering at will in the midst of charming associations, and among the most delightful scener; lingering in the art galleries of the Old World and in places tich in history, would you forget Rose Cottage and its inmates? Could you put out of your memory the low-voiced taiks we have had at elemite the least search and sea the search where had a termine the low-voiced taiks we have had at elemite the least search and search Cottage and its immites: Could you put out of your memory the low-voiced talks we have had at e-entide, it eles-sons we have learned, the sorrows we have borne together, the joys we have shared?"

"No. no. Rose, I could not forget these things: they are too closely inter-woven with every subtle fiber of my soul"

"It will be just the same in this longer "It will be just the same in this longer going away, Edith. I can fancy that there will be hours of quiet withdrawal, when I shall sit alone and recall this very scene. The green grass, the scent of the coses, the trees, Dick at work out there in the sunshine, this dear baby—yours, Edith—asleep in my arms, and your eyes looking up into mice with such an eager, carnest questioning in their depther."

eager, earnest questioning in their depths."

I raised myself to a sitting posture.

The control of quiet self-introspection there as here? Hours when we shall sit alone with memory recalling the pa-t, this human, struggling, cring, earth-past?

"Why not, Edith? He who has gone to prepare a place for us loved to linger in nature's solitary retreats; wept o.er the sins of Jerusalem, and prayed a one amid the starry stillness of Gethseman. He understands all our human needs. He has sounded the depths of all our human fears, and loves, and longings. I am sure we shall be satisfied with whatever awaits us in that home of many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you? No words in all Christ's ministry have comforted me like these.

They are so full of assurance. You can almost gatch the broeding tenderness of this one and governed by the same taws. Only turning a page to begin a new chapter in life's took, written by the same hand, and bearing the impress of the same author. Why, Edith, there is no putting the cternal life away from expression in every soul. It is impossible for us to shut ourselves away from "But, oh, Rose, I must let you go away from me. out into that awful depresses me."

"But, oh, Rose, I must let you go away from me. out into that awful depresses me."

"All my life, I—Rose Owens—have been that into this helples, suffering body. I have tried to be chearful and makes the sounds of my narrow confines."

his voice as he utters them: 'If it were not no.' You may be certain that, after having entered into our humanity with us, He will be sure to prepare a sort of human heaven for our reception. 'If, after death, I should enter a realm of such all-absorbing and perfet blies as to forget about you, and mother, and Dick, and the work, why, it would not be Rose, that's all. And, "'The world of pain were better, if therein One's heart might still be human, and desires Of natural pity drop upon its fires.

The sweet voice dropped into silence

The sweet voice dropped into silence and the shining face seemed unconscious

of my presence.
It was a Sabbath evening in August It was a Subbath evening in August. A full moon threw its clear white light down upon the earth. The heat during the day had been oppressive, and the attendance at Rose's attenoon meeting unusually large. Just at sunset Robert and I had gone for a walk. Naturally our footsteps turned in the direction of his mother's grave. "This is my favor-ties assign where Bahart once said. his mother's grave. "This is my favor-ite resting place," Robert once said. "Here I forget sorrow and care, and am a boy again.

No sense of gloom attaches itself to the place for either of us; but we are per aded by a screne kind of happi-ness which caus forth all the love and per auca or ness white dails forth all the love auch tenderness of our natures. That night, I remember, we had been planning for our work, so as to give it a permanency that should reach tar into the years. I do not think I had ever before felt it so the per tender impressed upon my mind how clearly impressed upon my mind how much we both had to be thankful for in this meeting of our lives, and in the helpful, inspiriting contact of other live

helpful, inspiriting contact of other lives with ours.

Returning with my soul full of these thoughts, I found Rose, wearied with the labor of the day, had already retired. Dick had turned her hei facing the window so that she could eatch the night breeze, and look out upon the garder bathed in mountight. The called me to come and sit by her. I found her lying among the pillows, her face white and peaceful, her eyes like a flame of soul.

I told her where I had been: talked to her a nittle of our plans for the future, and of the quiet feelines which came to me always from one of these visits to the "Silent City." An evaltant emite illuminated her face while I talked.

"Vet there is one thing," I said, "which troubles me. You know the skeptical tendency of my nature, and now, when I most need to walk in the light, all is darkness. You are slipping away from me, and all my pretty theories; all my belief in the runks you have taught me; all my faith and hoje are slipping away with you?" I does both

taught me; all my faith and hoje are slipping away with you." I dew both ber hards into mine and held them close. With death so near, here you see fears.

P-986?"
"No fears of what?"
"That with the body dies also the soul? Don't bring me any oid-time arguments, Rose, I want some evidence of immortality that has come to you through your own life and its experience."
The smile on har fear deepened.

The smile on her face deepened. The smile on her face deepened. "How often I have heard you say, Edith, as you looked up from a book you were reading: Whate wonderful economist God is, dose." Every slightest thing in the universe was created for a purpose in the universe was created for a purpose—a wise, intelligent purpose. And in your biology you remember admiring the gradual steps by which creation had progressed from the unthinking Infusoria up to man, the master-work. Only yesterday I heard you repeating to those that thought of Thomson's, on this subject of economy. Do you recall it?" "It was this, I think:

subject of economy. Do gou recall it?"

"It was this, I think: for the was formed it?"

"It was this, I think: for the was formed in the waster wisdom, as if ought was formed in a fail in or not for admirance ends. The waster was formed in a fail in or not for admirance ends. In a fail in or not for admirance ends. The waster was formed in a fail in or not wisdo of fice mind?"

"What is true of the material world, Edith, is also true of the intellilectual and spiritual. When I think how ignorant even the wisest are, since beyond the power of micro-cope, and telescope, and human mind, the constantly widening sphere of knowledge is ever encircled by the unknown. I feel that an eternity is none too long in which to grow wive. And would it not be cruel to endow a human soul with such insariable desires, as enable men to overcome all obstacle in their search for knowledge, and they allow it to end with death when the quest was but just begun? Nothing it the material world is made in vain. Mind is more than matter, Edith. Even our dreams are but the shadow of a substance which is hid away somewhere in Hill eternities. Sometime we shall find them nolonger shadows, but immutable truths, or vital breathing things whose presence shall become a blessed power. Before I knew you I was always looking forward to a possible life, a life that in every way corresponds to the one you have so generously let me into, and with each advancing step I have found the wone ing wider and wider before. I have come down almost to the end, and yet! find my heat.

find my lice. Somewhere I shall find their realization. For I am not going into a new and radically different life. It is on! Somewhere I shall find their realization.

what a smothering power they have Jown apon me. Can you not find a comfort even for the 'silence,' is thought that my imperior and soul it toon to be free? That in a little we shall be able to realize some of the hist ambition of my life, and that my dwa capabilities will blossom into a breaking that?

It came to me like a revelation.

capabilities might?

It came to me like a revelation—that she had suffered, and a hint of bappiness which awaited her.

'I will try, now and always, to est into the joy with you, 'Hoso.' Always ward I kissed her and left her alone the pulled the shining of angel's.

angel's.

The days went rapidly by, Rose class to her work until the last. She substitute and the substitute and the substitute and the substitute and camfort as she had ever dow. Words of hone and comfort dropps bourly from her lips. Indeed, she seem more than ever to forget herself in her thoughtfulness for others.

It was a lovely night,—the tents of September.

It was a lovely night,—the tend of September.
She had been unusually bright as cheerful that day, and at beiting the clung to her mother a little in sain ingood-night," and whispred somehing to Dick that sent him out of the room last with the tears on his boyish fax.

As I sat down beside her, she said "Are you afraid to remain alone vin me, Edith?" There was a change in woice and a sudden pang of lear the through my heart. I knew that she fat through my heart. I knew that she fat through any charme, "Has it come to bay through my heart. I knew that she fel herself dying. A'Has it come to that

'I think so." We said nothing mon then, only presently she asked, reaching most feebly out to put ner hand in mice: "Di you remember that first time you remember that the same your remember thad your remember that the same your remember that the same your r to me, Eaith, that beautiful moreisto me, Edith, that becautiful moning when you brought me the roses? Then were drops of dew among their path, remember that, too, 's she said, sander "Dear, true friend, don't be at mode silence into which I am going, for infarmidst of it I shall be waiting for you to some to mergain, and with rose in you hands. O, how much we shad have any to each other then. And thereshall be no more death, neither a rose, not crying, neither shall there he any faon pain." There were brief panestedates the sentences, and a sort of easter revealed itself in her to ce.

"You will not forget Dickie, and you, Edith?"
My warm, existency like with you. Edith?"
My warm, existency like we he weasted, dying cheep in a kiss of possible "Open Edith!" I schall not least you content but you with not some in a kiss of possible "Dear Edith!" I schall not least you content but you will not some me. when you brought me the roses? Then

living the days in which she lay so quietly among the flowers, they the had helped, and comforted and saved came silently in to look the. Tears fell on the still far e with its pace-ful smile, and the children sie love ful smile, and the chindren she loved kept her vacant chair filled with bright blossoms

One day, at sunset, strong, tender hands carried her to the cemeter and there we left the form of her we had so learner we left the form of her we had as fondly loved, asleep beneath a caveing of fragrant flowers. Afterward we placed at her head a small block of white mabe with only "Roce" carred upon it. All this was done in accordance with with her request.

All this was done in accordance with with her request.

For nearly three years Robert and I, with Mrs. Owens, Richard and latte Rose, have wondered abbut the old World, Sometiphes resting here and there for days, or weeks, or months, as our inclination led us. During this time we have all worked with the greater industry and enthusiasm, with the one exception of our baby Rose. She has done nothing but grow beautiful and winning with every passing year. She is one per, the eweek, write, print also our household. The touch of her lasty fingers have smoothed the hard line of care out of Mrs. Owen's face and bought back to her heart the brightness according to the form of the rown young motherhood.

Dick (Richard Owen's face and bought back to her heart the brightness according to the last of the same of histories and the laws of these foreign countries; has observed closely the environ, inclinations and conditions of the different classes and nationalities, and he can write and speak several of their languages as well as his own. Hother is a ways busy, learning, seeking, doing, Growing more tender more thoughtful, more tolde as the years go by.

For myself I have more than realized the dreams of my girthood, I, that same Edith Wilder, who once worked in Mrs. Chilsom's kitchen, and slept un under the eaves with the roy ins and her dreams, have studied the works of the load matters in the loayre at Paris,

Mrs. Chilson's kitchen, and slept up under the eaves with the robins and her dreams, have studied the works of the old masters in the Louvre at Paris; painted for months in the Royal valleries at Naples; and studied the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo at Rome. People—critics—have said of my copies. "They are supe b. fauttless." When act at my painting, I have studied, with Richard, French, cerman and Critical Next week we shall sail for home, and

Next week we shalt-sail for home, and there is a feeling of eager expectancy in all our hearts. During our absence Mr. Adams has occupied Rose to stage and with Edna's assistance has kept up the Sabbath afternoon meetings. When we return it will be rebuilt and calarged into a sort of home for the triendless. One-wing of the buildings will be sell apart for the use of Edna and myself. Here we shall teach music and painting, charging a tuition to those who are able to pay for instruction, but developing traient wherever we find it among the really poor. And thus the years will go by, bringing their changes—sorrow and death with the rost, but self-population of the developing the solution of the developing the reals poor. CAME EYD.

ARRISON AND REID

publicans at Minneapolis Finally Choose Their Ticket.

DIDENTS OF THE LAST SESSION

President Received 535 Votes on the First Ballot-

NAMED BY ACCLAMATION.

Received 182 Votes, McKinley 182 int arterior for voice, meaniney 182, gid 4 and Lincoln 1.-The Nomination ade Unanimous-Great Enthusiasm for Maine Statesman When His Name ss Presented -- Some of the Nominating ches-The Vote in Detail-How Har on and Reid Received the Newsketches of the Lives of the Candidates ketches of the Lives of the Candidates.

HINNEAPOLIS, June 11.—The nominas of President Benjamin Harrison
in Whitelaw Reid for second place
the ticket, has created a variety of
siment and opinion from prominent
s of both parties. The general opinis that the ticket is a strong one. few ardent Blaine sympathizers, few ardent Blaine sympathizers, who we not yet recovered from their dispointment, take exception to the ore opinion, but the Harrison men y they will swing in line when elected by the state of the sta

ention. Most of the crosses, and the New ay. The special train of the New k delegation left at 7:15 a.m. The is remarkably quiet.

THE FOURTH DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

The fourth day of the Convention seed with a miniature of a Dakota itrad. It lacked some of the most appleasant features. It was not cold dit was not accompanied by snow or



but it was lively enough to tea their places the decorations whice ed the buildings along Minno principal streets. I rain fell in torrents for a time be storm was of short duration an

but he storm was of short duration and he sky son cleared.

The streets were comparatively of the streets were comparatively of the streets were comparatively of the streets and the marching clubs, wo but with constant exertions, did not in their usual early appearance at he voice of the bugle and the sound the drum were not heard in the land il 10 o'clock, an hour before the Comion was to meet, not a band he peared on the streets and there we hat a small crowd turning toward Comation Hall.

appeared on the streets and there we hat a small crowd turning toward Cotation Hall.

At the West Hotel the Harrisonial subered in great numbers, and we wild with joy.

They had no doubt from the test we taken in the report of the Committee Pedentials that they had control of the Courention, and they had very litt fair of losing it. They were count at only on holding the strength will help had shown the night provious, by againing more through the modete of Thursiany night's vote.

Seator Teller said: "It means the Harrison is beaten. He has not a mough votes to nominate him. We had shird candidate his majority well away fast. Look out for McK if or Tom Reed. The Harrison in have not got the votes they claim there."

Senator Washburn said that the mit of the ballot on the Credenti Committee report was strongly individed Harrison's renomination.

Journities report was strongly individed in the following street in the follow legations, and each block was put args of a trusted Heutenant of J New. These lieutenants reported New three lieutenants reported New three and four time a day tens they have talked with the Ha a men is their? men in their dimediately any sign of weakness.
The greatest argument which
her used from the beginning of

aw used from the beginning of charass was the table of votes by Stali was made up as soon as he arrive wilmeapolis and revised every day. The stall delegate the Harr displayed this table, my dim at the same time to 'iget into Barrison band wanon.' The table ken the strongest argument to be incruis and the strongest argument on the control of the strongest argument of the strongest argument of the strongest argument of the strongest argument are strongest argument and the strongest argument are strongest argument and the strongest argument are strongest argument are strongest argument are strongest and the strongest argument are strongest argument.

told doubtful Harrisou men in line. On every man who was not sworn apport Harrison right through the idea was impressed strongly as possible that it was excessive to hold the assured Harrimgh to getther and has been applied to the first ballot was recommended to the first was the first ballot was recommended to the first was the first ballot was recommended to the first way was the first was the first way was the first way was the first was t