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By JOHN HABBERTON, Author of "Helen's Babies" Etc. [Copyrighted by J. B. Lippincott company, publishers, Philadelphia, and published by us through permission of the American Press Association.] Lots of fun, don't fail to read it.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

CHAPTER IV

THE TRAMLAY RECEPTION.

"WELL, who hasn't come!" asked Edgar Tramlay, as Lucia hurried toward him with a countenance in which despondency and indignation were striving for mastery. Tramlay knew his daughter's moods, for they were exact duplicates of some he had married a score of years before.

"Oh, if he hadn't come!—if he hadn't come!"

The head of the family looked puzzled, then his expression changed to indignation as he asked:

"Has any one dared to come to my house after drinking!"

"Worse than that!" wailed Lucia, shuddering, and covering her eyes with her pretty hands. Her father at once strode to the hallway, looking like an avenging angel, but when he reached the door and took in at a glance the entire cause of his daughter's annoyance he quickly put on a smile and exclaimed:

"Why, my dear fellow, how lucky that you happened in town on our reception evening! Come with me, Mrs. Tramlay will be delighted to see you again."

Phil resisted the hand laid upon his arm and replied:

"I'll call again—some other time. I didn't know you had company this evening."

"All the better," said the host, leading Phil along, "'twill give you a chance to meet some of our friends. We've met many of yours, you know."

Just then the couple stopped in front of a sofa on which Phil, whose eyes were still cast down, saw the skirts of two or three dresses. Then he heard his escort say:

"My dear, you remember our old friend Phil Hayn, I'm sure."

Phil looked up just in time to see Mrs. Tramlay's feeble, nervous face twitch into surprise and something like horror. Mr. Tramlay extended his hand, as a hint that his wife should arise—a hint which could not be ignored after his hand had closed upon hers. Even when upon her feet, however, the lady of the house seemed unable to frame a greeting. Had Phil been a city acquaintance, no matter how uninteresting, she would have smiled evasively and told him she was delighted that he had been able to come, but what could a lady, at her own reception, say to a man in a sack coat and a hard rubber watch guard?

Mrs. Tramlay looked at her husband in weak protest, her husband frowned a little and nodded his head impatiently; this pantomime finally stimulated Mrs. Tramlay to such a degree that she was able to ejaculate:

"What a delightful surprise!"

"Let me make you acquainted with some of the company," said the host, drawing Phil away. "Don't feel uncomfortable; I'll explain that you just dropped in from out of town, so you couldn't be expected to be in evening dress."

Phil began to recover from his embarrassment, thanks to his host's heartiness, but also to the fact that the strain had been too severe to last long. He slowly raised his eyes and looked about him, assisted somewhat by curiosity as to what "evening dress" meant. He soon saw that all the gentlemen wore black clothes and white ties, and that the skirts of the coats retired rapidly. He had seen such a coat before—seen it often at Haynton, on ex-Judge Dickman, who had served two terms in the legislature and barely escaped going to congress. The only difference between them was that the judge's swallow tail coat was blue and had brass buttons—not a great difference, if one considered the distance of New York and Haynton.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Tramlay, suddenly, "I don't believe you've met Lucia yet. Here she is—daughter!"

Lucia was floating by—a vision of tulle, ivory, peachblow and amber, she leaned on the arm of a young man, into whose face she was looking intently, probably as an excuse for not looking at the unwelcome visitor. Her father's voice, however, she had always instinctively obeyed, so she stopped, pouted, and looked defiantly at Phil, who again dropped his eyes, a low bow giving him a pretext.

"Daughter," said Tramlay, "here's our old friend Phil, from Haynton. Now, don't spend the whole evening talking over old times with him, but introduce him to a lot of pretty girls; you know them better than I. Phil, you can explain to them how you struck a full dress reception just after landing from a cruise; 'twill amuse them more, I'll warrant, than any story any showy young fellow can tell them this evening. It isn't every young man who can have a good thing to tell against himself the first time he meets a new set."

During the delivery of this long speech Lucia eyed Phil with boldness and disfavor, but in obedience to her father she took Phil's arm—an act that so quickly improved the young man's opinion of himself that he instantly felt at ease and got command of such natural graces as he possessed, he was even enabled to look down at the golden head by his shoulder and make some speeches bright enough to cheer Lucia's face.

"It mayn't be so entirely dreadful, after all," thought the girl: "I can introduce him to friends to whom I could afterward explain—friends who are too good hearted to make spiteful remarks afterward. Besides, I can blame father for it, all girls have fathers whose ways are queer in one way or another."

While acting upon this plan, and finding, to her great relief, that Phil could talk courteous nothings to new acquaintances, she suddenly found herself face to face with a man of uncertain age but faultless dress and manner, who said:

"Mayn't I be favored with an introduction? Your friend is being so heartily praised by your father that I am quite anxious to know him."

"Mr. Marge, Mr. Hayn," said Lucia. Phil's proffered hand was taken by what seemed to be a bit of languid machinery, although encircled at one end by a cuff and coat sleeve and decorated with a seal ring. Phil scanned with interest the face before him, for he had often heard Mr. Marge mentioned when the Tramlay family were at Haynton. His look was returned by one that might have been a stare had it possessed a single indication of interest, surprise or curiosity. Mr. Marge had met young men before; he had been seeing new faces for twenty-five years, and one more or less could not rouse him from the composure which he had been acquiring during all that time.

"Can you spare your friend a few moments?" said Mr. Marge to Lucia. "I would be glad to introduce him to some of the gentlemen."

"You are very kind," murmured Lucia, who was dying—so she informed herself—to rejoin some of her girl friends and explain the awkward nature of the intrusion. Marge offered Phil his arm, a courtesy the young man did not understand, so he took Phil's instead, and presented the youth to several gentlemen as an old friend of the family. Soon, however, Marge led Phil into a tiny room at the rear of the hall—a room nominally the library, the books consisting of a dictionary and a Bible, the greater part of the shelf space being occupied by pipes, tobacco boxes, cigar cases, ash receivers and other appurtenances of the vice and comfort of smoking. Placing Phil in a great easy chair, the back of which hid him from the company, Marge took a cigarette from his own case, which he afterward passed to Phil.

"No small vices," said he, as Phil declined. "Just as well off, I suppose. As for me"—here Mr. Marge struck a match—"I've (puff) been acquainted with the weed so long that (puff) I can't very well snub it when I would."

"I think nicotine is injurious to the brain, the lungs, and finally to the digestion," said Phil. "Have you seen Professor Benchof's analysis? They were printed in the"——

"I may have seen them in print, but I'm sure I passed them," said Marge, exhaling smoke in such a way that it hid his face for an instant. "I can't afford to worry myself with information that I'd rather not use."

"But one's physique," said Phil.

"One's physique becomes quite obliging when it knows what is expected of it."

Phil mentally sought a way of passing this unexpected obstacle; meanwhile, Marge breathed lazily through his cigarette a moment or two, and then said:

"Miss Tramlay is a charming girl."

"Indeed she is," Phil replied. "If she only were"——

"Tut, tut, my dear sir," said Marge, "woman is divine, and it isn't good form to criticise divinity. Miss Tramlay is remarkably pretty; I trust we agree at least upon that safe ground?"

"Pretty!" echoed Phil, before Marge had ceased speaking. "She is radiant—angelic!"

Again Mr. Marge enshrouded his face with smoke, after which he did not continue the conversation, except to remark, "Yes." Phil studied the color tone of the room, and wondered why paper like that on the wall had not been offered for sale by the storekeeper at Haynton, then he resolved he would buy and take home to his mother a chair just like that in which he was sitting, for it was so comfortable that he felt as if he could fall asleep in it. Indeed, he was already so oblivious to Marge and other human presence that he was startled when a gentle rustle ushered in Lucia, who exclaimed:

"Phil, you must come back to the parlor. Half a dozen girls are real envious because they haven't seen you at all, and half a dozen others want to see more of you. Father has been sounding your praises until they're sure the Admirable Crichton has come to life again."

Phil attempted to rise—an awkward operation to a man previously unacquainted with Turkish chairs. Lucia laughed, and offered him assistance—it was only a little hand, but he took it, and as he looked his thanks he saw Lucia's face as he had sometimes known it of old—entirely alert and merry. At the same time a load fell from his mind, a load which he had been vaguely trying to attribute to the lateness of the hour, the strangeness of his surroundings—anything but the manner in which the girl had first greeted him. As she took his arm and hurried him out of the library he felt so fully himself that he forgot even that he was not attired like the gentlemen around him.

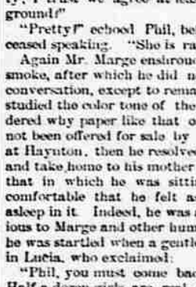
Mr. Marge, who had risen when Lucia entered the library, followed the couple with his eyes; then, when alone, he frowned slightly, bit his lip, dropped the end of his cigarette, paced to and fro several times, leaned on the mantel, and muttered:

"'Phil!'"

Then he lighted another cigarette, and veiled his face in smoke for several minutes.

CHAPTER V.

NOT SO DREADFUL AFTER ALL.



REGULAR hours being among the requirements of the head of the Tramlay household, Lucia appeared at the breakfast table the morning after the reception as the clock struck eight. Her father, dressed for business, and her mother, in negligee attire and expression, were discussing the unbidden guest of the evening before.

"But he was so country—so dreadful common," protested Mrs. Tramlay, with her customary helpless air.

"Nonsense!" said her husband. "There was nothing country or common about his face and manners. There hasn't been so bright eyed, manly looking a fellow in our house before since I don't know when. Eh, Lucia?"

"Agnes Dinon said he was real fine looking," the girl answered.

"Agnes Dinon is thirty-six if she's a day," answered Mrs. Tramlay, in a petulant tone.

"So much the better fitted to pass opinions on young men," said Tramlay. "Shows more sense in one girl of her age than a hundred like—like"——

"Like me, papa," said Lucia. "You may as well say it."

"Like you, then. Bless your dear, ignorant heart, I'd give my head if you could see as clearly as she without waiting so long to learn."

"You may be very sure, though, that Miss Agnes will never invite him to her own receptions," declared Mrs. Tramlay.

"Wrong again, mamma, she's invited him for next Tuesday night, and I do believe she devised the reception just for the purpose. None of us had heard of it before."

Mrs. Tramlay gathered all her strength, stimulated it with an entire cup of tea, and exclaimed:

"Well, I should like to know what society is coming to, if a common farmer's boy, of no family, can stumble into town and be invited about to good houses."

"Coming to! Why, my dear wife, it is coming to its senses. I'm glad, in this particular case, the movement began at our house."

"Nobody would have paid any attention to him, if you hadn't talked so much about him," said Mrs. Tramlay. "One would have thought him a dear old friend, to hear you go on about him as you did."

"I said nothing but what was true. I merely said he was one of the finest young men I had ever known; that he was of the highest character, and very intelligent besides."

"Such qualities don't make a man fit for society," said the lady of the house.

"No, I suppose not; if they did we'd see more of them at our receptions and parties."

"Edgar!"

"Well, well," said Tramlay, leaving the table, kissing his wife, and preparing to hurry to his office, "it isn't your fault; we can't expect what can't be had, I suppose."

"Lucia," said Mrs. Tramlay, after the children had been dispatched to school, "I hope your father's peculiar notions won't affect you."

"About Phil? Nonsense, you dear old worry! But really, mother, he made quite an impression. A lot of the girls admired him ever so much. I began to apologize and explain, as soon as I could get rid of him, but I found it wasn't at all necessary."

"Girls will admire anything that's new—anything, from a Zulu to a monkey."

"Mamma!"

"Young men like Hayn can't ever marry out of their own circle; you should be able to see that. How can they buy houses for their wives, and furnish them properly, and set up horses and carriages, and keep in society?"

"Mamma, you're too dreadfully funny: indeed you are. Suppose young men aren't rich enough to marry, can't girls like them? Aren't young people good for anything but to get married?"

"I'm very sorry," said the mother, abruptly leaving the room, "that you have such trifling views of life."

When Philip Hayn left the family mansion a little after midnight he had but two distinct ideas—one was that he had better find his way back to Sol Mantring's sloop to sleep, and the other was that he didn't believe he could fall asleep again in less than a week. All that he had seen, the people not excepted, was utterly unlike Haynton. The conversation, also, was new, although he could not remember much of it, and the ladies—well, he always had admired whatever was admirable in the young women in the village, but there certainly were no such handsome and brilliant girls at Haynton as some he had met that night.

He could not explain to himself the difference, except that, compared with Lucia's friends, his old acquaintances appeared—well, rather unfinished and ignorant. And as far as these new acquaintances appeared above his older ones, so far did Lucia appear above her friends. He had studied her face scores of times before and told himself where it was faulty, now he mentally withdrew every criticism he had ever made and declared her perfection itself. Would he ever forget how she looked as she offered to help him from that easy chair in the library? He wished his mother might have seen her at that instant, then he was glad she did not. He remembered that his mother did not entirely approve of some of Lucia's bathing dresses, what would the good woman think of fashionable evening attire? And yet perhaps it was not as dreadful as it seemed. Evidently Lucia's mother approved of it, and was not she a member of a church—not, he regretted, of the faith in which all Haynton worshiped, yet still a church! And did not many of Lucia's guests dress in similar style?

He mentally laid the subject away for future consideration, and gave his mind to his own attire. Until that evening his faith in the perfection of his Sunday suit was as unquestioning as his faith in Haynton's preacher, but now it was hopelessly shattered. He did not admire the attire of the gentlemen he had met, but the evidence was overwhelming that it was the correct thing, and that he must prepare himself to dress in like fashion if he went to Miss Dinon's party. And, by the way, what a queenly woman that Miss Dinon was!

He would like to meet her again, he certainly must attend that party. But if he bought evening dress, what should he do with it when he left the city? No young man felt more freedom than he to do as he liked in Haynton, but to appear in a "swallow tail" at church or anywhere else in the village would be simply impossible, the mere thought of it made him tremble and then laugh. A suit of clothes merely to wear two or three evenings—perhaps only one—would be a shocking extravagance, they probably would cost half as much as a new horse, or two or three dozen of the books he had for years been longing to buy. He would give up Miss Dinon's party, the thought of doing so made him doleful, but do it he must.

Almost immediately after forming this virtuous resolution he boarded a horse car, on which were several couples, evidently returning from a party somewhere, so again Phil found himself studying attire. Gradually it occurred to him that his own appearance was attracting attention. This was not a new experience, he had encountered it several times at Haynton with calmness; indeed, although he was not vain, he had never feared comparison, in church, of his appearance with that of any summer boarder from the city; for, as his mother has already intimated in these pages, his Sunday coat had been cut from the same piece of cloth as the minister's. But now he felt ill at ease while being eyed, not at all impertinently, by the young people who sat facing him. First he thought the mildly critical glances were directed to his hard rubber watch guard, then he was sure the cut of his vest was not being approved, he detected one very pretty young woman in the act of suppressing a smile as she looked at his shoes. Thirdly, he was obliged to believe that an admirably dressed fellow opposite entirely disapproved of his Sunday coat—the coat cut from minister's cloth and made by Sarah Tweeze, and with a real silk velvet collar, too!

Little by little Phil lost his self possession, he could scarcely look in any direction without encountering the eyes of some one who seemed to regard him as a curiosity. An attempt to ignore the attention by reading the advertising signs above the windows of the car was a dismal failure, for he somehow felt that several pairs of eyes were upon him, and this was rather more annoying than seeing them. The strain became unendurable, so he suddenly looked through a window, as if to see where he was, then hastily went to the rear platform and asked the conductor to let him off. As he stood there he heard a young man whisper:

"Country!"

Then he heard a young woman softly ejaculate:

"Te-he!"

The street was as dark as gas lighted streets usually are, it was almost deserted, and the autumn evening was quite chilly, but Phil felt as if his blazing eyes were illuminating everything—as if the walls had eyes to look disapprovingly at Haynton fashions, or as if his own blood were hot enough to warm the entire atmosphere of New York. He knew what he would do; when he reached Sol Mantring's sloop he would remain aboard until she sailed; then he would go back to Haynton and remain there forever. He could exist without New York, if New York found him unsatisfactory. He didn't care ever to see again anybody in New York, except, perhaps, Lucia. As for her, hadn't even she——

Before the next car arrived, Phil had entirely changed his mind. Nevertheless, before continuing his journey he cautiously peered in to see if any of the passengers were likely to prove critical. There seemed to be no one to fear, at one end of the car was a shabby looking peddler with his pack, evidently arrived by a late train from the suburbs; at the other an old man seemed inclined to doze, and directly opposite the newest passenger sat a plain, modest looking person, whom a New Yorker would have rightly identified as a waiter at a restaurant or cafe. Apparently three persons less qualified or inclined to criticise personal appearance could not have been found by careful search; yet within five minutes Phil was sure that all of them had noticed him and studied him. As he was disinclined to squander another car fare on his feelings, he sought the dusky seclusion of the rear platform and engaged the conductor in conversation, which on Phil's part consisted solely of questions; yet he was astonished, as well as indignant, when the conductor remarked, at a moment when the talk showed signs of lagging:

"You're from the rural district, I s'pose?"

"What makes you say that?" asked Phil, indicating a sense of injury.

"Oh, I didn't mean nothing out of the way," said the conductor. "I only kinder thought I was sure—why, I come from the country myself; yes sir, an' I ain't ashamed of it, neither."

The explanation was not satisfactory; so Phil completed the trip in gloomy silence, and he felt a sense of great relief when he reached Sol Mantring's sloop and made his way into the little cabin, where, of the three men lying at ease, no one took the pains to intimate that Phil was anything but city born and city bred.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

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PEOPLE'S PARTY PLATFORM

A Terse and Comprehensive Declaration of Vital Principles.

The People's party assembled in national convention at Omaha on July 4, 1892, nominated James Baird Weaver, of Iowa, and James Gaven Fields, of Virginia, for president and vice president of the United States respectively, and adopted as its preamble and platform the following:

Assembled upon the 116th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence the People's party of America, in their first national convention, invoking upon their action the blessing of Almighty God, puts forth, in the name and on behalf of the people of this country, the following preamble and declaration of principles:

The conditions surrounding us best justify our co-operation; we meet in the midst of a nation brought to the verge of moral, political and material ruin. Corruption dominates the ballot box, the legislatures, the congress, and touches even the ermine of the bench. The people are demoralized; most of the states have been compelled to isolate the voters at the polling places to prevent universal intimidation or bribery. The newspapers are largely subsidized or muzzled; public opinion silenced; business prostrated; our homes covered with mortgages; labor impoverished and the land concentrating in the hands of the capitalists. The urban workmen are denied the right of organization for self protection; imported pauperized labor beats down their wages; a hireling standing army, unrecognized by our laws, is established to shoot them down, and they are rapidly degenerating into European conditions. The fruits of the toil of millions are boldly stolen to build up colossal fortunes for a few, unprecedented in the history of mankind; and the possessors of these, in turn, despise the republic and endanger liberty. From the same prolific womb of the governmental injustice we breed the two great classes—tramps and millionaires.

The national power to create money is appropriated to enrich bondholders; a vast public debt, payable in legal tender currency, has been funded into gold bearing bonds, thereby adding millions to the burdens of the people.

Silver, which has been accepted as coin since the dawn of history, has been demonetized to add to the purchasing power of gold by decreasing the value of all forms of property as well as human labor, and the supply of currency is purposely abridged to fatten usurpers, bankrupt enterprises and enslave industry.

A vast conspiracy against mankind has been organized on the two continents, and it is rapidly taking possession of the world. If not met and overthrown at once it forebodes terrible social convulsions, the destruction of civilization or the establishment of an absolute despotism.

We have witnessed for more than a quarter of a century the struggles of two great political parties for power and plunder, while grievous wrongs have been inflicted on the suffering poor. We charge that the controlling influences dominating both these parties have permitted the existing dreadful conditions to develop without serious effort to prevent or restrain them. Neither do they now promise us any substantial reform. They have agreed together to ignore in the coming campaign every issue but one. They propose to drown the outcries of a plundered people with the uproar of a sham battle over the tariff, so that capitalists, corporations, national banks, rings, trusts, watered stock, the demonetization of silver and the oppressions of the usurers may all be lost sight of. They propose to sacrifice our homes, lives and children on the altar of Mammon; to destroy the multitude in order to secure corruption funds from the millionaire.

Assembled on the anniversary of the birthday of the nation, and filled with the spirit of the grand generation who established our independence, we seek to restore the government of the republic to the hands of "the plain people," with which class it originated.

We assert our purposes to be identical with the purposes of the national constitution—to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty for ourselves and our posterity.

We declare that this republic can only endure as a free government while built upon the love of the whole people for each other and for the nation; it cannot be pinned together by bayonets; that the civil war is over, and that every passion and resentment which grew out of it must die with it, and that we must be in fact, as we are in name, the united brotherhood of free men.

Our country finds itself confronted by conditions for which there is no precedent in the history of the world; our annual agricultural productions amount to billions of dollars in value, which must within a few weeks or months be exchanged for billions of dollars of commodities consumed in their production; the existing currency supply is wholly inadequate to make this exchange; the results are falling prices, the formation of combines and rings, and the impoverishment of the producing class. We pledge ourselves that if given power we will labor to correct these evils by wise and reasonable legislation, in accordance with the terms of our platform.

We believe that the powers of government—in other words, of the people—should be expended (as in the case of the postal service) as rapidly and as far as the good sense of an intelligent people and the teachings of experience shall justify, to the end that oppression, injustice and poverty shall eventually cease in the land.

While our sympathies as a party of reform are naturally upon the side of every proposition which will tend to make men intelligent, virtuous and temperate, we nevertheless regard these questions—important as they are—as secondary to the great issues now pressing for solution, and upon which not only our individual property but the very existence of free institutions depend; and we ask all men to first help us to determine whether we are to have a republic to administer before we differ as to the conditions upon which it is to be administered, believing that the forces of reform this day organized will never cease to move forward until every wrong is remedied and equal rights and equal privileges securely established for all the men and women of this country.

We declare, therefore—

That the union of the labor forces of the United States this day consummated shall be permanent and perpetual—may its spirit enter into all hearts, salvation of the republic and the uplifting of mankind.

Wealth belongs to him who creates it, and every dollar taken from industry without an equivalent is robbery. "If any man will not work neither shall he eat." The interests of rural and civic labor are the same; their enemies are identical.

We believe that the time has come when the railroad corporations will either own the people or the people must own the railroads, and should the government enter upon the work of owning and managing any and all railroads we should favor an amendment to the constitution by which all persons engaged in the government service shall be placed under a civil service regulation of the most rigid character, so as to prevent the increase of the power of the national administration by the use of such additional government employees.

We demand a national currency, safe, sound and flexible, issued by the general government only, a full legal tender for all debts, public and private, and that without the use of banking corporations, a just, equitable and efficient means of distribution, direct to the people, at a tax not to exceed 2 per cent. per annum, to be provided as set forth in the subtreasury plan of the Farmers' Alliance, or some better system; also by payments in discharge of its obligations for public improvements.

We demand the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1.

We demand that the amount of the circulating medium be speedily increased to not less than fifty dollars per capita.

We demand a graduated income tax.

We believe that the moneys of the country should be kept as much as possible in the hands of the people, and hence we demand that all national and state revenues shall be limited to the necessary expenses, economically and honestly administered.

We demand that postal savings banks be established by the government for the safe deposit of the earnings of the people and to facilitate exchange.

Transportation being a means of exchange and a public necessity, the government should own and operate the railroads in the interest of the people.

The telegram and telephone, like the postoffice system, being a necessity for the transmission of news, should be owned and operated by the government in the interest of the people.

The land, including all the natural sources of wealth, is the heritage of all the people, and should not be monopolized for speculative purposes, and alien ownership of land should be prohibited. All lands now held by railroads and other corporations in excess of their actual needs, and all lands owned by aliens should be reclaimed by the government and held for actual settlement only.

THE SENTIMENT OF THE PARTY.

Important Resolutions Not Included in the Platform.

When the platform had been adopted at Omaha the committee on resolutions met and unanimously agreed upon the following resolutions, which were adopted by the convention:

Whereas, Other questions have been presented for our consideration, we hereby submit the following, not as a part of the platform of the People's party, but as resolutions expressive of the sentiment of this convention:

Resolved, That we demand a free ballot and a fair count in all elections, and pledge ourselves to secure it to every legal voter without federal intervention through the adoption of the states of the unperverted Australian or secret ballot system.

Resolved, That the revenue derived from a graduated income tax should be applied to the reduction of the burden of taxation now resting upon the domestic industries of this country.

Resolved, That we pledge our support to fair and liberal pensions to ex-Union soldiers and sailors.

Resolved, That we condemn the fallacy of protecting American labor under the present system, which opens our ports to the pauper and criminal classes of the world and crowds out our wage earners; and we denounce the present ineffective laws against contract labor, and demand the further restriction of undesirable emigration.

Resolved, That we cordially sympathize with the efforts of organized workingmen to shorten the hours of labor, and demand a rigid enforcement of the existing eight hour law on government work and ask that a penalty clause be added to the said law.

Resolved, That we regard the maintenance of a large standing army of mercenaries, known as the Pinkerton system, as a menace to our liberties, and we demand its abolition, and we condemn the recent invasion of the territory of Wyoming by the hired assassins of plutocracy, assisted by federal officials.

Resolved, That we commend to the favorable consideration of the people and to the reform press the legislative system known as the initiative and referendum.

Resolved, That we favor a constitutional provision limiting the offices of president and vice president to one term and providing for the election of senators of the United States by a direct vote of the people.

Resolved, That we oppose any subsidy or national aid to any private corporation for any purpose.

Free to the Afflicted.

The staff of Physicians of the

CALIFORNIA MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INFIRMARY,

of San Francisco,

Will examine all cases free of charge. The doctors describe the different diseases better than the sick can themselves.

It is a wonderful gift for anyone to possess. Their diognostic powers have created wonders throughout the country. The doctors are well known as successful practitioners in all of the chronic diseases and diseases of the eye and ear, and all forms of nervous and private diseases will be successfully treated on the most scientific principles. Cancer positively cured without pain or the use of a knife.

Important to Ladies. The doctors after many years of experience have discovered the greatest cure known for all diseases of their sex. Female diseases positively cured by a new remedy. The cure is effected by a home treatment, entirely harmless and easily applied. **Consultation free and Strictly Confidential.** Correspondence will be promptly answered.

Marriage. Married persons or, young men contemplating matrimony, aware of their physical weakness, loss of procreative powers, impotency or other disqualification, speedily restored.

Private Diseases. Blood Poison, Venerial Taint, Gleet, Stricture, Seminal Emissions, Loss of Sexual Power, Weakness of Sexual Organs, want of desire in male and female, whether from imprudent habits of youth, or sexual habits of mature years, or any cause that debilitates the sexual organs speedily and permanently cured. Consultation free and strictly confidential.

Epilepsy or Fits. Positively cured by a new and never failing method.

The doctors, after years of experience have discovered the greatest known cure for weakness in the back and limbs, involuntary discharges, impotency, general debility, nervousness, languor, confusion of ideas, palpitation of the heart, disease of the head, throat, nose and skin, affections of the liver, lungs, stomach and bowels—those terrible disorders arising from the solitary vice of youth, and secret practices blasting their most radiant hopes and anticipations, rendering marriage impossible—take one candid thought before it is too late. A week or month may place your case beyond the reach of hope. Our method of treatment will speedily and permanently cure the most obstinate case, and restore perfect manhood.

TO MIDDLE AGED MEN.

There are many from the age of 30 to 60, who are troubled with frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied with a slight burning or smarting sensation, weakening the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. There are many men who die of this difficulty who are ignorant of the case, which is the second stage of seminal weakness. We will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and a healthy restoration of the genito-urinary organs.

FREE EXAMINATION OF URINE.

Persons applying for medical treatment should send or bring from two to four ounces of urine, [that passed first in the morning preferred] which will receive a careful chemical and microscopical examination. Persons ruined in health by unlearned pretenders, who keep trifling with them month after month, giving poisonous and injurious compounds, should apply immediately. Delays are dangerous.

WONDERFUL CURES.

Perfected in old cases which have been neglected or unskillfully treated. No experiments or failures.

Parties treated by mail or express, but where possible personal consultation is preferred. Cases and correspondence confidentially. Treatment sent C. O. D. to any part of the United States. Question blanks free. Address with postage. CAL. MED. & SURG. INFIRMARY, 1029½ Market St. San Francisco, Cal.

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Speaking of Patent Medicines, the Judge says: "I wish to deal fairly and honorably with all, and when I find an article that will do what it is recommended to do, I am not ashamed to say so. I am acquainted with Dr. Vanderpool, (having been treated by him for cancer) and have used his blood medicince, known as the S. B. Headache and Liver Cure, and while I am seventy years old, and have used many pills and other remedies for the blood, liver and kidneys, I must say that for a kidney tonic in Bright's disease, and as an alterative for the blood, or to correct the action of the stomach and bowels it is a very superior remedy, and beats anything I ever tried.

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At 50 cents a bottle. It is the poor man's friend and family doctor.

Salary $25 to $50 a Week.

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Will cure Without Medicine all Weakness resulting from overexertion of brain, nerve forces, excesses or indiscretion, as sexual exhaustion, drains, losses, nervous debility, sleeplessness, languor, rheumatism, kidney, liver and bladder complaints, lame back, lumbago, sciatica, general ill-health, etc. This electric belt contains Wonderful Improvements over all others, and gives a current that is instantly felt by the wearer or we forfeit $5,000, and will owe all of the above diseases or no pay. Thousands have been cured by this marvelous invention after all other remedies failed, and we give hundreds of testimonials in this and every other State. Our powerful IMPROVED ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY, the greatest boon ever offered weak men, FREE WITH ALL BELTS Health and vigor restored or GUARANTEED in 60 to 90 Days. Send for Illustrated Pamphlets, mailed, sealed, free. Address

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No. 172 First St., PORTLAND, ORE.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Ore., Aug. 31, '92.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or County Clerk of Jackson county, Oregon, at Jacksonville, Oregon, on Thursday, October 20, 1892, viz: Homestead entry No. 5106, of John S. Foster, for the E½ of SW¼ and W½ of SE¼ of Sec 6, Tp 38S, R 1E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

John A. Williams, Sr., John A. Williams, Jr., Jacob Shadler, P. Swinning, all of Medford, Jackson county, Oregon.

36-41 JOHN H. SHUPE, Register.

One Dollar Weekly

Buys a good Gold Watch by our Club System. Our 14-karat gold-filled cases are warranted for 20 years. Fine Elgin or Waltham movement. Stem wind and set. Lady's or Gent's size. Equal to any $50 watch. To secure agents where we have none, we sell one of the Hunting Case Watches for the Club price $28 and send C. O. D. by express with privilege of examination before paying for same.

Our agent at Durham, N. C., writes: "Our jewelers have confessed they don't know how you can furnish such work for the Money."

Our agent at Heath Springs, S. C. says: "Your watches take at sight. The gentleman who got the last watch said that he examined and priced a jeweler's watches in Lancaster that were no better than yours, but the price was $45."

Our agent at Pennington, Tex., writes: "Am in receipt of the watch, and am pleased without measure. All who have seen it say it would be cheap at $40."

One good reliable Agent wanted for each place. Write for particulars.

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South			North
7:00 p. m	Lv. Portland	Ar.	7:35 a. m
9:33 p. m	Lv. Medford	Lv	5:06 p. m
8:15 a. m	Ar. San Francisco	Lv.	7:00 p. m

Above trains stop only at the following stations north of Roseburg: East Portland, Oregon City, Woodburn, Salem, Albany, Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving and Eugene.

ROSEBURG MAIL—DAILY.

8:05 a. m	Lv	Portland	Ar 4:05 p. m
5:40 p. m	Lv	Roseburg	Lv 6:20 a. m

ALBANY LOCAL DAILY (Except Sunday.)

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