Indianapolis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Chicago or Springfield, Illinois. Politics consumed much of the time of the committee, the question at issue being whether the way should be left open for the selection of a national ticket at the February meeting, or whether the work done there should be limited so as to prevent political action. The latter course was finally decided on. When the assembly convenes, it will draw up

A PLATFORM OF DECLARATIONS

and demands, and the two great political parties will be requested to give them consideration and endorsement. It is not expected the two great parties will take any notice of these demands and the way will remain clear for the People's party to call a convention after the political conventions have been held and adopt the formulated demands of the confederated labor assembly as its platform. This is the plan of action now determined upon by the People's party. The Confederated Assembly of Industrial unions, as it is called, will, in the minds of the committee, be the most important organization of recent years. It aims for the consolidation of all the laboring classes and the subsequent diversion of their whole strength to the gigantic combination into the ranks of a third party. A committee was appointed to prepare an address to laboring people, setting forth the objects and purposes of the meeting. The Reform Press association elected Dr. S. McLallin, of the Topeka Advocate, president.

This morning a committee was appointed and instructed to ask a conference with a like committee from the supreme council on the subject of the National Union company of New York, and will investigate its workings, etc.

At a joint meeting tonight of the Alliance and Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association, the third party movement was endorsed amid the wildest enthusiasm. The Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association elected T. S. Agnew, of Missouri, president; J. P. Steele, of Illinois, secretary.

Deaths.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—Information is received that Lieutenant-Commander Joseph Mattoon died at Shangkai yesterday on board the ship "Palos."

RIPON, Wis., Nov. 19.—Jedediah Bowen, aged 75, died today. He was the chief helper of A. E. Bovay, who is credited by many with being the founder of the Republican party.

LA JUNTA, Colo., Nov. 19.—W. H. Brolmeton, the man who attempted to trundle a wheelbarrow from San Francisco to Chicago on a wager, died here today of mountain fever.

The Smallpox Epidemic.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—Surgeon-General Wyman of the marine hospital service received a telegram this morning from Surgeon White, who was sent to take charge of the smallpox epidemic of Harris Neck, Ga. He says "The total cases are 85, deaths 13; convalescent, 30. The population of the infected district is between six and nine hundred.

THE OLD GUARD.

THE STORY OF "OLD JOE" WHO GUARDED HIS BROTHER.

[Chicago Sunday Press.]

The veteran guard turned away from the whitewashed cell where the lights dimly flickered, and his eyes filled with tears; it isn't like that a keeper is deeply moved at the death of a convict, but his men, clothed in the regulation suit of blue, and whose hands had grasped a rifle for sixteen years, was the picture of despair when No. 1281 passed to the great unknown, and when the night fell and the last prisoner had turned into his narrow quarters, "Old Joe" retraced his footsteps along the corridor and entered the chamber of death through the white open door. No need of bolts or bars or iron men. At the imprisoned soul was freed at last, and a placid smile, almost of gladness, rested upon the wasted features of the dead.

There, through the long hours of the night, sat the faithful watcher, and there he was found by the relief watch with his head resting upon the rude bier fast asleep, and his loving hand clasped in the wasted palm of him who had been estranged from society and branded as an outlaw. When the simple funeral services were over, the body, contrary to usual custom, was placed in a metal casket and buried in a cemetery not specially set apart for convicts. To the guardsman's tender solicitude was all this due, and the kindly act was laid to the door of eccentricity. Later on a tall white shaft gleamed among the marbles of the village cemetery, and on its polished surface appeared the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Jean Val Jean La Viere, who departed this life Nov. 8, 1886."

That was all, but it aroused the wonderment of the guards, who shook their heads mysteriously and lapped their forelocks significantly. After the interment "Old Joe" failed perceptibly; he did his duty as of yore, but his footsteps were slow and faltering, and it was only a question of time when he too would join the silent majority. We were discussing Joe's chances, the warden and I, when a messenger came in and handed the prison official a note. A look of gravity settled over his kindly features as he read:

"Old Joe is going fast, please come."

"Let us go," he said, almost in a whisper, and we descended the cold gray steps that led to the prison yard, and made our way to the doctor's ward, where on a narrow cot repose the wasted form of "Old Joe." He raised himself up as we entered, and a look of ineffable joy broke over his features as he exclaimed with feverish haste: I am so glad you are here warden, for I couldn't go without you; but I didn't want to die without telling you the secret of my attachment to No. 1281; he was my only brother, sir, and we saw so few people in this life ever love. I was with him when the judge sentenced him to sixteen years in the penal institution for attempted slaughter; I swear he killed a man in self-defense, but I did know that an ambitious, but unscrupulous, detective had sworn away his liberty. I believed him free, obtained a situation as a guard, and you know the rest. His head fell back upon the pillow, and even the doctor who had entered silently, thought he was dead, when he suddenly raised himself to a reclining position and hoarsely whispered: "You will bury me beside—," but that was all. The footman, pale, had joined for his own. His remains lie beside those of his brother, and the reverse side of the monument bears this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Joseph Lavkers, who died of a broken heart, Feb. 3, 1891. Greater love than his no man hath borne."

FAITHFUL AFTER DEATH.

A WOMAN PERFORMS THE LAST OFFICES FOR HER HUSBAND.

A Pathetic Story of Frontier Life—How a Wife and Mother Hesitated Not to Spend Her Strength for the Sake of the Man She Loved to the Last.

The story of Mrs. U. J. Wenner's life on Fremont island is about the most pathetic story ever told on the frontier. She was born and lived in luxury; she came to this city a bride eleven years ago. When, five years ago, her husband decided to move to Fremont island, she cheerfully gave up her luxurious home in this city and went with him. Of course she had no neighbors. With no one but her husband and her little family around her, she led a kind, quiet and gentle life, she lived there five years. At one time she was there two years and a half without leaving the island.

When, two years ago, her husband became too weak to ride on horseback, she looked after the stock herself, she attended to her home, she taught her children, she nursed her husband, and in these occupations she was busy every moment of her time. She says she was happy and we do not doubt it. Her husband was failing all the time, but he had been a long time ill and she would not permit the thought of the possibility of his dying to enter her mind. So it went on until two weeks ago Wednesday, when her husband had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs. It was stopped, and he said he felt more relieved than he had for months before.

Of course great prostration always follows a hemorrhage of the lungs, and he was by very weak, but cheerful. Thursday he wanted the man who had been their faithful employee so long to take the boat, go over to Hooper and get the mail, as he was expecting several his papers and magazines. The man, however, did not go until Friday morning. Through the day Friday Judge Wenner was comparatively easy. He asked his wife to read to him from their favorite books, and also to repeat to him whole poems which she knew by heart, and so the day and night passed away.

A PEAceFUL ORDEAL.

Saturday morning he told her what to cook for his breakfast, saying he wanted a good breakfast, but while this was in preparation she heard the signal which she had prepared for him to make in case he needed her. When she got to his side the fatal hemorrhage was on his lips, and when she hastened to give him the medicine that was always given him at such a time he unknowed it away. She put her arm around his neck, drew his head on her bosom and asked him if he loved her; he answered, "Yes," and asked her if she loved him. At her "yes," he smiled, and in an instant, without a spasm, that smile was transfixed and his soul had fled.

She was there all alone; with her own hands she washed and dressed her husband's body, went outside and got the board herself, and stretched it upon the chairs beside the bed; the girl had such a horror of death that she could not be induced to come into the room to help her lay her husband on the plank. She did it all alone, and when all was composed she went to her children, told them that their father was dead, explained to them as well as she could what death meant, took them in and showed them their father's face; they all kissed him, and knelt and prayed beside him. The day wore along and a great storm came upon the lake, so that it was impossible for the man to return. It had always been understood that two signal fires meant that she needed help, so as the night came down she went and lighted those fires and then took up her watch beside her dead. At intervals during the night she would go and replenish the fires, and so the watch went on till daylight. All that day passed away. At night she renewed the fires; and finally, at great peril, the man reached the island at 10 o'clock at night.

A PATHETIC BURIAL.

There was no possibility to return to get a casket, so the poor woman told the man that he must go from the house to a place make the best box he could. The man helplessly said he could not, but she encouraged him and told him she would help him. So the box was made. From the best material she had in the house she with her own hands lined the box and fixed a pillow for the sleeper's head. That completed, the man dug a grave. The only services for the dead was by the wife and little children kneeling around the coffin before it was moved from the house and praying. But then what other service was needed?

As best they could they got the box to the grave, the man drove stakes on one side of the grave and tied ropes to them, and that woman and that man lowered the body into the grave. Then she went back to take care of her children. The storm was so furious on the lake that it was a week before she could take her children and leave the island.

What she endured through that Saturday and Saturday night, that Sunday and that Sunday night no one knows, and no one can imagine. She did not shed a tear. She has not shed a tear since. She says calmly that she never anticipated life without her husband, but that now her children need what strength she has got. And she speaks of what she did as nothing at all. She says it was a pleasure to her to do the last office; it is very much sweeter for her to think of that than it would be to think that it was performed by some one who might have been less tender in his touch than she.

And that was by a little woman who never knew what work was or what isolation meant, who knew nothing at all about the rougher side of life until she gave her heart up to her husband and thenceforth lived only for him.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Always Plenty.

"Suppose coal were to give out, what should we use in its place?" asked Hicks.

"Poems," returned his editorial friend.—Life.

Two Peculiar Springs.

In Corea there are two springs, situated at a considerable distance from each other; in fact they have the breadth of the entire peninsula between them. They have two peculiarities: When one is full the other is always empty, and notwithstanding the obvious fact that they are connected by a subterranean passage, one is bitter and the other pure and sweet.—North China Herald.

The Formation of Tumors.

The oldest theory by which it was attempted to account for the origin of tumors ascribed it to a peculiar state of the system, a "cancerous diathesis," which rendered the tissues of the body liable to "cancerous degeneration." The great answer to this theory is the large number of cases now on record in which complete cure of the disease has been effected by early and thorough operation, for if the tumor did not origin at the previous site or elsewhere it is manifest that its cause must have been a local one and must have been removed with the tumor.

The coincidence of several tumors has been advanced as proof that there was a constitutional taint, but more careful pathological work has shown that in almost every case it can be proved that where there are several tumors one is considerably older than the rest, and that the latter are secondary and owe their existence to an infection from the first. The old theory also fails to explain why removal of a tumor remains confined to one small portion of the body for so long a time and why, after removal, it persists in returning to the same locality, whereas both of these facts become clear on once on the supposition that cancer is a local disease.—Harper's.

Brilliant Enlightenment.

Miss Jennie O'Neill Potter relates a funny story of an experience in England during her tour in that country. She was invited by the Royal artillery to give an entertainment in aid of a military charitable institution at Woolwich garrison, near London. Her readings met with approval, and in response to an encore she recited "Sheridan's Ride." An old general of the Royal artillery, who was chairman for the occasion, came to Miss Potter during the interval and said, stroking his gray mustache: "Aw, Miss Pottah, don't ohee know, several persons wah, to know—aw—where the incident of tiie—aw—Sheridan's ride took place. Of course I've heard about it, but it has—aw—quite escaped my memory."

"Why, gone sir," replied Miss Potter, who dearly loves a joke, "that Sheridan's ride took place at the battle of Bunker Hill."

"Certainly it did," rejoined the general, wise, rose, and addressing the audience, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, in response to numerous inquiries I have to inform you that the ride of General Sheridan was an incident of the battle of Bunker Hill."—New York Telegram.

Constitution of French Bread.

In Paris bread is indeed the "staff of life." It is carried about the streets without even a string around it. Women clasp the long rolls affectionately to their bosoms and kiss them quite against their hair. Men forget that it isn't a case they are carrying and rap the end of the loaf on the pavement as they walk. I saw a little boy in the dirt by the side using a long piece of bread for a plaything. Presently he wiped it upon his dress and took a mouthful. I saw a woman sitting on a bench in the Luxembourg gardens easily begging a great round loaf—without any wrapper, please remember. We heard angry voices before our window, and looked a woman thumping a man with a fresh baked roll. It broke in two, but the woman beat a tattoo on his back with the pieces. We asked the man what he could have done to speed to ask, "How much is it a yard?" We are sure the French people never die of lockjaw, for any grinding apparatus that can stand the test of years on this bread can stand anything.—Paris Cor. Chicago Post.

Glass and Paste Diamonds.

Of late years paste diamonds, imitation diamonds, square diamonds and glass diamonds have been placed upon the market in quantities, and it is difficult to distinguish many of these from the genuine articles. They are cut in the most approved style, and a good quartz diamond, cut in the shape of a brilliant, makes a very effective show. Its value, however, is less than one-twentieth of that of a diamond of similar size and shape.

Glass cut in precious stones will illustrate the value of angles in any transparent body, and glass diamonds can often be cut so that they resemble greatly the pure water gems. Fine large diamonds are so very expensive that many wealthy people prefer to wear imitations on general occasions and leave the genuine stones for only very important and special times.—George E. Walsh in New York Epoch.

The Ivory Nut in South America.

The ivory nut is grown in the equatorial regions in South America. The principal point of shipment is Colon, on the Isthmus of Panama. Like the banana, the ivory nut is perennial in its native clime, and may be found in all stages from the bud to the ripened nut at all seasons of the year. The nuts grow in great bunches of about fifty to a stand. In a shell, as are chestnuts in the burr, though the shell outwardly resembles in roughness the surface of a pineapple. The entire cluster of nuts in this shell is as big as a man's head. The shell comes off easily after the nuts are ripe. At this stage they fall from the trees—which are fourteen or fifteen feet in height—and are packed on the backs of mules to the points of shipment. They are about the color of an unwashed last year's potato and as hard as an elephant's tusk.—New York Telegram.

A Superior Shell.

One of the most necessary things in a home is a place for newspapers and accumulating magazines. A bound, double shell, is covered with calicoth (twenty five cents per yard), or is stained and not covered at all, but surrounded with dark green or dark red serge. And useful for mother's work basket as well as the papers and more important reading matter that takes an active part around the evening lamp.—Cor. Home maker.

Wanted a Gentle One.

"Do you warrant this bicycle to be gentle?"

"I don't understand you, sir."

"I want to know about its habits. The last bicycle I had not only threw me, but whirled about as I struck the ground and jumped all over me."—Harper's Bazar.

A family of six brothers and sisters, living near Richmond, have a combined weight of 1,684 pounds, or a little over 200 pounds apiece.

CATARRH

Is a constitutional and not a local disease, and therefore it cannot be cured by local applications. It requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood, eradicates the impurity which causes Catarrh from the system, and effects a permanent cure. Thousands of people testify to the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh when other preparations had failed.

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"I will say I have been troubled for several years with that terribly disagreeable disease, catarrh. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla with the very best results. It cured me of that continual stuffed-up feeling in my head, and stopped my hawking. It has also helped my health, and I feel better in every respect than for years past."—Mrs. F. D. Martin, Pittsfield, Conn.

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