The coming fight would be won or lost in the Northwest and the convention should go there as a stimulant.

Clark Johnson of the United States Senate said that

OHIO WAS SAFE,

but the enemy had made inroads in the Northwest and the convention should go beyond Wall Street and the wheat pits of Chicago.

Governor Merriam said the Republicans had lost Wisconsin, Iowa and Nebraska. The Dakotas were tortured with alliance doctrines, but a convention in Minneapolis would go far to redeem the region.

Senator Casey and M. N. Johnson, of North Dakota, favored Minneapolis.

OMAHA.

Judge C. H. Scott, of Omaha, spoke for that city. He ridiculed the other competitors. New York had had her turn and so had the West had elected Blaine, and San Francisco had notoriously served except China. Chicago was rapacious to get the World's Fair, she persisted the West to help get the Republican convention in 1892. The West has been green enough to believe this and voted for Chicago. If Chicago now took the convention it would be a case of dignified larceny, and she should not go unwipped.

Senator Manderson, of Nebraska, and Senator Carey of Wyoming, also spoke for Omaha. Carey said it was the gateway of the new empire of the West and North. There were six new States voting next time for President, and they should be stimulated by the convention to become Republican surely. John M. Thurston also pleaded for Omaha. After 1893, said he, the Republicans of the West would no longer ask for the conventions, but would be masters of the situation politically.

FOR ST. LOUIS.

Chauncey I. Filley of St. Louis spoke for that city, saying she had had two national conventions whose candidates were, however, defeated, and while he asked for justice for St. Louis for what she had done since 1876, he did not ask the convention to go to the city of defeat. [Great laughter.]

When Nevada was called, F. G. Newlands was permitted to speak for San Francisco, which he did energetically.

NEW YORK'S CLAIMS.

The claims of New York were next presented, Elliot F. Shepard being the first speaker. He dwelt on the accommodations New York could furnish, and he said he had no candidate to push up, all would have an equal chance. San Francisco was his second choice, New York City usually furnished the Republican party two-thirds of its sinews of war. The spirit of the Democratic tiger must be met, defeated and caged else the tiger will eat up the country. It had taken New York and now was after the balance of the United States. A convention in New York would make the Democratic power falter. Senator Hiscock spoke warmly for New York. There is no vacation for New York Republicans, they must fight to save the State from the enemy, and a convention meant much for them. Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, also spoke for New York and Mr. Fassett closed for that city. He said there was not an atom of force they could afford to despise. New York State never but twice failed to give its vote for the Republican ticket and on one of those occasions the greatest Republican of them all had been defeated. [Great cheering for Blaine.] A convention in New York would draw out 15,000 Republican votes which otherwise would not be cast. The nomination or platform would not be affected but the vote of the State would be brought nearly within reach. At this point a recess was taken for dinner.

Governor Foraker was the first speaker

FOR CINCINNATI,

and his allusions to "Grand Old John Sherman" and President Harrison, called forth tremendous applause. Major McKinley also spoke eloquently for Cincinnati.

THE BALLOT.

The first informal ballot resulted: New York, 9; Chicago, 8; Omaha, 5; Minneapolis, 12; Cincinnati, 4; San Francisco, 3; Detroit, 1; Pittsburg, 2; St. Louis, 1; Chatanooga, 4.

The first formal ballot: New York, 10; Chicago, 6; Omaha, 3; Minneapolis, 14; Cincinnati, 3; San Francisco, 3; Detroit, 1; Pittsburg, 4; Chattanooga, 4.

Second formal ballot: New York, 11; Omaha, 4; Minneapolis 13; Cincinnati, 12; San Francisco, 2.

Third ballot: Minneapolis, 13; New York, 10; Cincinnati, 10; Omaha, 4; San Francisco, 2.

Fourth ballot: Minneapolis, 13; New York, 7; Cincinnati, 16; Omaha, 4; San Francisco, 3.

Fifth ballot: Omaha, 3; Minneapolis, 17; Cincinnati, 13; New York, 7; San Francisco, 3.

Sixth ballot: Omaha, 4; Minneapolis, 20; Cincinnati, 15; New York, 5; San Francisco, 3.

Seventh and last: Minneapolis, 29; Cincinnati, 15; New York, 5.

The convention will be held June 7.

Railroad Men Summoned Before the Grand Jury.

CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—United States Marshal Hitchcock to-day received subpoenas from the United States district court at Omaha for J. W. Midgley, J. N. Feltman, G. L. Carman, and D. C. Bridges to appear before the federal grand jury in Omaha, November 30. Midgley is directed to bring the records of the weight of alone shipped by Hugh Murphy from Lyons, Colorado, to Omaha and all corporate records of billing, documents and papers pertaining to shipments from South Omaha and Nebraska City, showing of what the shipments consisted. Midgley is also required to produce all figures or tariffs in effect covering the shipments from those points on the Missouri Pacific road from January 1, 1887, to the 15th of the present month. Also any further records that may more especially pertain to the same subject, may be in certain tables. From this it would appear the Omaha grand jury is after the Missouri Pacific with a vengeance. It is asserted the charges preferred against that road are sweeping and there is certainly no indication of this in the fact that the subpoena calls for records covering twenty-three months of the company's business.

A Fire in Brooklyn, and No Water.

New York, Nov. 23.—Before noon a fire broke out in the three story and basement brown-stone house at 213 Carroll street, Brooklyn. The firemen had no water, and the report came in that they were leaving down the houses on either side to prevent the spread of the flames.

Before much headway was made in tearing down the buildings, the fire was extinguished with the aid of chemical engines.

ONE FOR THE TURKEYS.

A HUNT FOR A THANKSGIVING DINNER.

The Cobbler Escaped, but a Fine Blood Sow Was Served Instead on a Georgia Farmer's Table, and a Yankee Peddler Paid the Damages.

"Ole Peddler Mayberry wer' a-stappin at our house, an our chiaun, long 'bout this time o' year, ann an pap an me wer a-settin out under the shed a-talkin, or rather they wer' a-doin the talkin an me the listenin.

"Says Mayberry, says a, 'Wa-al, I guess of I wer' up in old Connecticut day after tomorrer I'd git a fine time eatin turkey.' 'Wy?' axed pap. 'Because yon Thanksgivin, you know, an we allus have a turkey an cranberry sauce an plenty a' cider. 'Well, ef that's all, spoke up pap, 'we kin have a sumptious right here, can't we, Jim?'

"'I reckon we kin, says I, for I heard some turkeys in the thick today, an I jest know I kin git one, but I dunno 'bout those yer cranberries an the cider.

"'Oh, as for that, yer seasonn has a-plenty of dried huckleberries, an may have jelly an sich, an I'll furnish as good cum liker as ever wet the inside of a feller's neck, an I reckon Mr. Mayberry 'll scarcely know the diff'rence.

"'Wy, shoely' said, Mr. Sherne, fur with all them yer 'greedients thar's no reason wy we can't have a hearty time. I'd like more'n well to be with Jemmes an keep wrong in the turkey.'

"'All right, says pap. 'If you keer to go, wy, I reckon we kin fix yer up.

"I didn't like the idee much, but I wan 'bleeged to lay low an say nothin. Pap let Mr. Mayberry have the old London hav' shotgun, an he rammed down a good load o' low moil buckshot, an away we went. 'Now, Jemmes, says a, 'I'm a purty good shot, ef my eyes is a-gittin little squinty, an ef you'll give me a far chance I'll git the turkey

"'All right, says I, 'but yes've got to be purty quick on the trigger.

"'How do you kount 'em?

"'Well, you jest wait till you hear em scrachin in the leaves an clackin, an then you ease up on 'em, an times you see a black spot peg away at it, fur they never lie down an hug to be shot at.

"'All right. Ef that's all I'll make yer head swim.

"We waited 'bout a mile afore we come to the track, an then I showed him wher they'd been a-walkin in the sand, an told him to go down one side an walk easy an listen hard, whilst I tuck the other side. I could hear em a-clackin a leetle further down, an as I wuz a-peepin aroun, I saw Mayberry across the run, an he'd heern em too. I commenced to yelp like the young ann, an they sep answerin me, and I could hear em a-gittin closer an closer, an I could see old man Mayberry wer a-gittin nervous fur he'd poke up his head every now a then, an I kep a-makin signs for him to be quiet.

"The blamed things seem to change thu'r notions 'bout that time, an turned off to the side o' the thick nex' to him, an I whispered kind, 'Slip right easy down the edge, an I'll stay kepe an watch, an sneep yer eye skinned. The ole feller went a-bumpin down the thick, an got 'bout fifty yards from me, when all on a sudden I saw him squat. Then he raised the old London hav' an —cherwhack! He pulled 'er back sp'in, an tuck aim, an—cherwhack! she went sp'in. Dug that old flint, thinks I, an then I saw him raise 'er sp'in. This time he tuck good aim, an—bang-a-bang!—she made a long fire.

"Jiguss-an-sir' went a long, an I could hear the turkeys a-flappin among the bushes as they skedaddled away, an I broke in a run to whar' old man Mayberry was, an the squealin kep on, an I could hear shoes a-sailin, an I jest knowed the devil wer' to pay giner'ly. When I got there he was a-wipin the powder smoke outen his eyes an talkin like a crazy man. The old London had kicked him flat on his back, but one hed done mana execution, fur 'bout thirty foot away wer' an old sow a-lillin an an all the shoes a-sailyin an a-takin on, an I seed that hit were pap's best aim.

"'Great Jehosephat' says I, 'ann, you've cerainnert rued us. That wer' the finest bresh ever we had.

"'Did I git 'er? says 'a.

"'Git 'er! Jest as yup 'bout that.

"'Wy I done just as you said. I saw emmy's back, an I banged away. Oh, says 'e, as he come to his senses, 'wy I done my life, hit's a hog!

"'Well, sir, he war the wo'st chawed up man I ever seed. What kin we do' he axed.

"'Wy, we'll jest stick 'er, an if she's in good order we'll carry 'er home an tell the old man.

"'Great Gosh' said 'e. 'Me carry that hog home! No, siree! I'll pay for the hog, but I'll never fave yer father with that hog. No, sereet' an he started off.

"'No, don't do that, says I. 'We'll leave the hog here, hang 'er up so the varmints won't bother the eyarkins, an then we'll go home an I'll fix it up with the old man.

"Well, when we got home the old man had got back from the grocery, an he had tapped the jug sever'l times, an I told Mr. Mayberry not to say nothin, an I got the old man an slipped back an brought the eyarkins in, an I let mammy into the secret, an we soon had the hog salted away.

"That night we fixed pap up so that he never thought of no turkey.

"But next morrin, when I went to wake Mr Mayberry up, I found three dollars a layin on the bed and Mayberry was vamoosed.

"That day we had turkeyans for dinner, an the old man had softened up a little, an says a 'What's become of Mayberry an Jemmiliina? That's the biggest hoss fur a hoss ever I seed.

"Then we told the joke an showed the money. An old man seed man jeggled till he cried. Wy the old fool says a 'mought a had the best litter I had for this money.

Farmerbetter Service.

We have reached the period of annual Thanksgiving. Let us remember that just so far only in the deep blue space of the heavens above we announced worlds unknown to us from the shining orb yonder, many of which can never appear distinctly to the view of the observer, so it is with each individual life. Unnumbered mercies fill the broad skies of our lives, all derived from the one notice of love, all demanding of us continued and adoring praise.—Christian Advocate.

A LOVELY DINNER.

A Young Housekeeper's Pains to Serve the Japanese Fare.

Having been benefit of the politest of fashions, and with him the delicacy, which, though not large, was sufficient for most of the theories of the little world we were then living in, we thought the matter well over and came to the conclusion that as we had not yet been enough to "run over to London to consult us," we would do the next best thing and take a small bungalow in Yokohama, and by starting that it at once to extend in time for our Thanksgiving dinner.

So it was that five days later found me, a girl who had done nothing but laugh and dance previous, setting a bungalow and talking Japanese, which no one could understand, feel and finally.

After getting settled and securing a good cook and amah, I mixed my thoughts to my Thanksgiving dinner. The first thing I decided were the cider pies. I wanted them to be good and well seasoned, if all else failed, which, indeed, they were. I think they were tested by nearly every officer in our fleet, and we experienced no "Jonah" or just a "little more cider," until we had those pies so that one slice was a dose—yes, one dose.

All went well until the thought occurred to me that a Thanksgiving dinner without a turkey would be almost as bad as that old saying of "An apple pie without cheese is like a kiss without a squeeze." So that so it may, it did not help to my mind.

I called in Arakara Mushiboh, my cook, and consulted with him. Neither of us understanding the other, I decided to go myself to market and see what I could do.

There disappointment met me on all sides, and not a turk could I render under five dollars. I came home and was making up my mind that turkeys must go, when a rapping at my chamber door and a voice saying, "Miss Cute, Ah think you want turky talky," brought me down to the level of everyday existence.

I opened the door and there was my old Chinese servant, who had been by devoted slave for three years, whom I had taught to read and write in my spare moments.

There he stood at my door, his pigtail down to his heels, eyes glistening like two jet beads and his lithe form bending in graceful folds, and I felt tenderly to his heart a large, splendid turkey, which he put on the floor, saying, "with a smile that was childlike and bland" "A little present Ah Sun makey Miss Cute; easily market wlo can do. Ah makey one turkey Thanksgiving chowchow" (dinner).

My cares vanished from that moment; but, alas! shortly to be renewed, and my plans for our little dinner were complete. It was one week before Thanksgiving, and the "illmen," who was fast becoming a household pet, had but two more days to live. All was going nicely. A congenial spirits were to dine with me and for the first time had my capabilities as a housekeeper.

The day of execution arrived, but being obliged to be off all day on a sailing party, I gave "Cous Sam" the necessary orders, telling him he is sure to keep the wings for toast, and after a sad, parting caress, I started, getting home very late that night.

Tired and warm and a bit stiff, I pretended for a hot bath, and was going to go in my dressing room when—the dinner, in all its tail feathers, appeared, not as a phantom, but his own dear self, and the same you-be-damed expression for waiting up.

To my questions the following morning all I could draw from my cook was "Please, Akasma, cook tee mushy like turn. No can make kill. Tomorrow more better can do." So, with promises for the morrow, I gave him my money, which was to be spent from Hakodati, bonilion, fish (the blossom of Japan), pati, turkey, boiled, with oyster sauce, stups, celeck and mince pie, coffee, cremo de Mentha, and a good great pelah to arranging it, and felt very much pleased with myself when on Thanksgiving my guests arrived.

A little fire in the drawing room sent out a warm glow, and the little dining table looked bright and cozy, with its glitter of glass and silver ground from my friend Matsada, sound hand. My center piece was a large, beautiful pumpkin, scooped out and filled with branches of holly, the berries and berries peeping from between the green leaves. A jollier party never sat down, 6,000 miles away from home, to a Thanksgiving dinner.

All went well, everything tasted delicious, bon mots and compliments came thick and fast; my star was in the ascendant. The bonilion came and went, ditto the fish, ditto the pate. Then a waitt a waitt and sent my heartstrings. We waited, and still we waited. I tried to talk, but words would not come. I tried to giggle, which never failed, but even that was but a sickly smile.

Suddenly Amah came in hors, and bending to me, whispered into my starboard ear: "Very, very sorry, Akasma no have got turky, too much bugs. Cook fain no have fat."

Could anything be more ghastly? It was said the smile and jests of all present that I demanded that the turkey should be brought in, whether he had been spoiled in the cooking or not. I went word to the kitchen to that effect, and presently the Thanksgiving dinner walked sedately into the room, spreading his tail feathers and gobbling at as he came.

And he has kept on gobbling ever since.—Cor. New York Sun.

It is claimed that the loss of poultry and animals killed by electricity has a superior flavor to those killed in the ordinary way. But the experiment has certainly not been sufficiently tried yet. It is a matter which might be tested, as it would be no cause way of losing the lives of fowl, animals than by the ordinary processes.

"Hogging down" a crop is sometimes an excellent thing for a poor field, and yet is one of the best crops for the poor poor. Put the hogs on the rye field as soon as the grain begins to ripen. They will be very reluctant to leave the following by the time the corn is ready for them and the rye field will have a fertilizing that it will remember for years.

Ay mortimer a calf isn't more fit of wet drinking well. The best plan is take it in hand at once and give it a little more and extra luck. If this is not done it thrifty within a month, says the Farm Journal.

Catarrh

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

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