

WORKING MEN!

Why all the Republican Candidates are entitled to your Vote

PROSPERITY

More men are out of work and the cost of living is higher than at any time since the Democratic panic of 1893. When the Republican party was in power at Washington the nation reached the high tide of prosperity.

FULL TIME

Full time for the workingman, possible only under an administration that insures prosperity, means ready money for you. Several thousands of men cannot find employment in Rochester to-day, while a great majority are working but a fraction of a full week.

TARIFF

The Democratic tariff has been detrimental to the manufacturer, merchant and laboring man. A Republican Congress will insure a proper revision of the tariff necessary for the protection of industrial interests.

HIGH WAGES

Republican government has been progressive, honest and economical. Republican policies have helped the country to expand its industry and commerce, providing steady employment and high wages for working men.

A Vote for the Republican Ticket is a Vote for more jobs in the factories.

"Good Morning" And "Sweetheart"

By SAMUEL E. BRANT

I had been running a locomotive for ten years, my runs always covering those hours when persons are free to mingle with one another sociably.

I was getting old—that is, what I thought was old in those days. I was thirty-four, and I didn't like the prospect before me. I'm a domestic man, and home is the only place for me when I'm not busy. I used to envy every snug cot I passed on my line, and my heart sank that I couldn't have one of my own. I had the money saved up, but I got the house I had no woman to put into it, and what's a house without a woman? And, what's more, there's no use to a man's trying to make a home without a wife.

There was one place beside the road that I thought if I got a wife I would like to buy and fix it up to live in. It wasn't far from my starting point, and between runs I could spend my time there in comfort. Ever since I had gone on to the route it had been shut up. It was a two-story cottage with a big porch. I thought how nice it would be to sit on the porch in summer and smoke my pipe while my wife was cleaning away things after getting supper.

But one morning when I passed the house I saw that my dream had been spoiled. Some one had taken my prospective home away from me. At any rate, a man was repairing it, another was painting it, and a third was mending the fence. A few days later when I went by I saw an old lady sitting on the porch.

One Sunday I saw a young woman fixing up the grounds. I concluded that she was the old lady's daughter and was at work in a store or an office, leaving Sunday her only day free for working about the house. When July came on she used to work about the place Saturday afternoons, but when September came she stopped this. I didn't see any man about the place and concluded the young woman was a spinster.

One day during the winter she was starting out from the house just as I was drawing near it. I didn't give her time to cross the track, for I wished to see her close by. When I reached her she was waiting for my train to pass, and I looked right down on her from the cab window. It happened that she looked up and saw an expression of admiration on my face. It was only a passing glimpse for either

of us, but it was enough. After that I saw the young woman quite often when I passed. I noticed that on my outward run on Sunday, when I passed her house about 11 o'clock, she was always on the porch with the old lady or working in the garden. But this was when the weather was warm. And I could see that she knew my train, and I fancied she was looking out for me.

When spring came I noticed her out making a flower garden. When she had got the ground in order she put in some seed. In March the plants began to come up, and it looked to me as if they were going to make letters. And so they did. They were tulips and spelled "Good morning."

Now, there was no reason to suppose these words were intended for me any more than any one else, but somehow I couldn't get it out of my head that they were. At any rate, I just thought I'd risk making some sort of reply. There was an embankment not far from the house and a plain sight from it. One night I went out with some seeds and, making a bed on the side of this embankment, planted them. In a couple of weeks they were up and spelled "Sweetheart."

I took my train out one Sunday morning about the time my letter flowers got big enough to be read from the house. The girl was on the porch and as I passed threw me a kiss and ran into the house.

This was all the flower courting there was, for it was too slow. At any rate, it was too slow for me. I didn't want any more encouragement. The first spare time I had I got myself up in a clean boiled shirt and a decent suit of clothes and went to the house to get welcomed or snubbed, as the case might be, for there are girls who will be up to a lot of skylarking that won't stand to be approached except in the regular way.

The only weapon I took with me to make a fight with was a posy I knew she was fond of flowers, and I relied on this considerably. I went to the door and knocked. It was opened by the girl herself, and when she saw me she sort of shrieked and was going to shut it when I held my posy under her nose.

That did the business. She laughed and blushed and invited me in.

The old lady was there, and the girl introduced me to her, calling her mother. I began by saying a lot of nice things to the old lady, telling her what a cozy place she had and how often I had admired it.

Well, there isn't much more to tell. The rest of the courtship was very much like other courtships. I reckon, although ours was, I fancy, a little more delightful than any other. At the end of it I moved my traps to the house, my wife stopped work, and now I have a run that lets me off at 4

p. m., and about 5 I go into the gate for the rest of the day. The click of the latch is the signal for a lot of little tots to come out and climb all over me.

George Caruthers' Luck

By EUNICE BLAKE

George Caruthers was one of those young men whose lives begin at the wrong end. George was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and it remained there till he was twenty-five years old. Then it gave place to a pewter one. What I mean by this is that he lived a life of luxury until he was a man, then was turned out to scratch for himself. To be still more explicit, he was the son of a rich man who died insolvent.

George tried every way he could think of to make a living and failed in all. One day while hunting for a job he stumbled into a detective office. When told what kind of place he had struck he turned to depart. A man sitting at a desk called to him.

"Young man, you are a gentleman down on your luck. I've got a job for such a person, and I'll pay you well while you're on it whether you succeed or not. A client of mine, Abner Kirke, is missing jewelry, or, rather, his wife and daughters are. I need some one to go into his family as a friend or, at any rate, an equal in refinement, who will keep his eyes and ears open with a view to spotting the thief. How would you like that job?"

George being college bred and there being no good schools in the vicinity of Mr. Kirke's place, it was decided that he should enter the family as tutor. Within a few days he was duly installed and was teaching the girls, especially the oldest one, Luella, to conjugate the Latin verb amo (I love).

This story being a detective and a love tale combined and there not being room for both, one will need to give way to the other. The love story being of the ordinary kind, I will give the principal part to the other. And yet but for sheer luck there would have been no detective story, for George fell so desperately in love with Luella and Luella fell so desperately in love with George that there was no place whatever in his mind for the work in hand.

It happened that repairs were in progress in the Kirke homestead, and several of the bedrooms being torn up, George was put into a room adjoining the servants' quarters and on this account seldom used. On the very first night that he slept in this room just as he laid his head on the pillow he

heard faintly a distant tinkle. He had been in the house long enough to know that there was no church with chime bells in the vicinity. He naturally therefore, wondered. Not being especially sleepy, he lay awake trying to assign a cause for the sounds he had heard.

While thus engaged he heard the chimes again. This time he noted that there were eleven strokes, then an interval, followed by three. An idea occurred to him. Turning on an electric light near his bed, he looked at his watch. The time was 11 o'clock and forty-five minutes. Then he knew that he had heard a watch give eleven strokes for the hour and a stroke for each of the quarter hours.

Remaining awake, he waited for the next strokes, which would indicate midnight. He was sitting up in bed when his watch indicated 12, but heard nothing. It occurred to him that when he had heard the strokes the sound had been led to his ear through substances. His bed was a divan with no headboard, and his pillow rested against the wall. When a quarter past 12 came round he had his ear pressed against the wall. He then heard the strokes far more distinctly than before. He was now satisfied that what he heard was a striking watch in the next room, and his curiosity being allayed, he turned over and went to sleep.

The next day he received a check from the detective agency for services with a note asking what success he was having. In the afternoon he called at the office and reported that he had found no clue. While chatting with the chief he incidentally mentioned the striking watch. The listener looked at him curiously for a moment, then burst into a laugh.

"My dear boy," he said, "you'll never make a detective. You say your room is next the servants' quarters? Do servants have striking watches? Must send a man at once to follow up."

George interrupted him to beg for a chance to finish the job, and the chief, being convinced that introducing any one else into the Kirke family would put the thief on his guard, consented that he should do so.

George went back to the house and at once entered the room next the one in which he had slept. A bureau stood against the wall, and the divan in which George had slept stood against that part of the wall that the bureau covered. In a box suspended to the back of the bureau was a lot of jewelry, including a valuable striking watch. The butler was the thief.

Mr. Kirke was the only one in the family in the detective's secret. He knew very well from the first that George was not a regular member of the profession, and when the denouement came was much amused at the way the stolen property had been lo-

oted. He had also observed George when he was going on between George and his daughter and, though he did not admit it, he proved of the match, really concerned to it in condition that George take a subordinate position in his business and prove his metal.

George is now managing the business.

MUSIC AS A TONIC

It is Good Not Only For the Body, but For the Soul as Well.

To what are the beneficent effects of music due? Darwin, who never failed until he could explain a thing, if it were explainable, could nevertheless not more explain why musical tones in a certain order and rhythm afford pleasure than we can account for the pleasantness of certain odors and tastes. We know that sounds more or less melodious are produced during the season of courtship by many insects, spiders, fishes, amphibians and birds.

After all, says the Journal of the American Medical Association, we need go no deeper for an adequate explanation than that influences, such as music, which are agreeable are therefore salutary, and music is agreeable because its component tones are regular, periodic vibrations, even auditory waves, precisely so many to each note, being in this regard unlike noises, which are irregular, dissonant, conflictive vibrations. Sound waves impinge on the hearing sense, whence the perception is conveyed to the brain.

The benignant influence of music physically is by the transmission of its influence from the cerebrum through the sympathetic system, which directs the various organs. Thus not only is music a tonic for the soul, dispelling mental depression, soothing psychic perturbations, but this influence may also enhance nutrition, further digestion (as by the "liver music" of the French) and restore organic equilibrium. Indeed, the entire working of the human mechanism, physical and mental alike, may be lubricated by a stream of music, which art and science should therefore have a place in the medical armamentarium.

BADGES OF BRAVERY

Rewards of Some European States For Valor in Battle.

All the great powers of Europe have some reward for conspicuous valor and bravery on the field of battle, and although the plain bronze Victoria cross is the youngest of such decorations, dating back only to the Crimean war in 1856, it is the most valued possession in many a home in England today. The Austrian cross, on the other hand, is the oldest.

A similar reward in Germany is the iron cross, instituted by King Frederick William III, of Prussia, in the year

1813. It had also observed George when he was going on between George and his daughter and, though he did not admit it, he proved of the match, really concerned to it in condition that George take a subordinate position in his business and prove his metal.

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