

From Blaine's Letter of Acceptance.
SACREDNESS OF THE BALLOT.

This survey of our condition as a Nation reminds us that material prosperity is but a mockery if it does not tend to preserve the liberty of the people. A free ballot is the safeguard of republican institutions, without which no national welfare is assured. A popular election, honestly conducted, embodies the very majesty of true government. Ten millions of voters desire to take part in the pending contest. The safety of the Republic rests upon the integrity of the ballot, upon the security of suffrage to the citizen. To deposit a fraudulent vote is no worse a crime against constitutional liberty than to obstruct the deposit of an honest vote. He who corrupts suffrage strikes at the very root of free government. He is the arch-enemy of the Republic. He forgets that in trampling upon the rights of others he fatally imperils his own rights. "It is a good land which the Lord our God doth give us," but we can maintain our heritage only by guarding with vigilance the source of popular power.

Blaine's Popularity in New-York.

MURAT HALSTEAD, IN THE CIN. COM. (REP.) It has turned out that there never has been a Republican candidate for the Presidency who had so long before the election, so near a certainty of carrying New-York as Mr. Blaine has at this moment. The Republicans in all the rural districts of the Empire State are for him with unexampled unanimity and warmth, energy and confidence, the whole forming a magnificent mass of enthusiasm. The Republican districts of New-York have been for Blaine for President for ten years, and they are for him when at last he comes before the country fairly nominated for the great office, with a realizing sense that they are in the enjoying of a high privilege.

THE "BOSS" GREENBACKER.

As the Greenback party has dropped out I am called upon to decide between the two old parties. I am for that party whose policy is to stand by our home industries, to protect labor and elevate American citizenship. There need be no doubt as to my position on these matters, as I believe all my public and private utterances have been on the side of humanity and I am of that large majority of the human family who earn their bread by the sweat of the brow.

I hold that prosperity of the country, depends not on how many great scholars and millionaires we may pro-

duce, but on the prosperity of the great producing masses. I should be untrue to myself should I, by silence, allow my position on questions of vital importance to all our varied industries to be misunderstood. I shall vote for James G. Blaine. He will be the first President of the United States taken from civil life who was not a lawyer. I believe him to be a great American Commoner, and the friend of the great army of wealth producers and one in whose policy they can safely confide.—[Solon Chase.]

Will Shut Up the Workshops.

P. T. Barnum said he was a Democrat, but the choice now was of principles, and in this respect the Republican nominees were the most trustworthy, and their platform the safest. With acquaintances all over the civilized world, and with nearly as many friends in England as in America, he spoke confidently of the dangers that would ensue to American industry from a Democratic triumph. English manufacturing friends had told him repeatedly that if the protective tariff were removed they could and would shut up all the large American workshops inside of three months. Free trade meant utter ruin to the manufacturer. It meant more. Grant that the farmer can now sell his grain abroad, how long can he do so with profit? England is pushing a railroad to India, whence she will try to obtain all the grain she needs, to the exclusion of the American supply. Protect our industries, and have a home market for our natural and artificial products. He had repeatedly taken English and Scotch manufacturers to visit the establishment of Wheeler & Wilson, at Bridgeport. They never before saw workmen apparently all so prosperous. Their dress, their food, their houses, so superior to those of foreign laborers, astonished these Britons.

ONE OF MANY.

We heard one of the small farmers of Durham County saying last week, that a poor man now made ten dollars where before the war he had hard work to get one. Said he: that is the only platform I understand, but I know it was not possible under our old Democratic Constitution. "I am no longer a democrat: I give republicans credit for this change. I am late about it but I talk it among my neighbors now and I train in the Republican camp."

Our Campaign Slogan—America for Americans; Blaine and Protection, York and Local Self Government.

BRIGHT SCRAP.

A story comes from Boston's Every Other Saturday of a large woman handsomely dressed, with plenty of jewelry, who recently entered a horse-car where every seat was occupied. No one moved till at length an elderly gentleman slowly rose and offered her his seat. She took it deliberately with an air and said: "You are a gentleman—a perfect gentleman. The rest is hogs!"—[Waterbury American.]

"Do you care where we hold our next meeting?" asked Bishop Spaulding, of the Catholic Total Abstinence Society, of Bishop Ireland. "Notre Dame," was the prompt reply.—[Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.]

An Ohio farmer says that a cow can be cured of kicking "by catching hold of her leg while in the act." This is probably true; at least those who have tried it never saw the cow kick again.—[Boston Post.]

A young gentleman wishes to know which is proper to say on leaving a young lady friend after a late call—good night or good evening? Never tell a lie, young man. Say good morning.

A Vermont farmer recently killed a striped snake which was found to contain seventy-one young ones which it had swallowed to protect them from harm. As this story comes from a town where there is no drug store, it may be considered strictly correct.—[Burlington Free Press.]

Barkeeper—"So it's an aniversary ye are celebratin'. May I ask what aniversary it is?"

Reveller—"Indade ye may. It's a year and eight weeks to-day since I took the plidge."

"Now," said the photographer, chucking the gloomy man under the chin, "try and look as if you were sure your candidate would be elected."

"It's no use for me to try and do that. I've bet my money on Cleveland."

"I don't like these shoes," said a lady customer, "because the soles are too thick." "Is that the only objection?" blandly asked the shopkeeper. "Yes," was the reply. "Then, madam, if you take the shoes, I can assure you that that objection will gradually wear away."

Down in New-Jersey they never say "It's going to rain to-day," but, "Hello! somebody's going on a picnic."

"May I have the pleasure of seeing you home?" he bashfully asked.

"Certainly," she graciously replied; "there is a high hill just in front of the house, or if you prefer it, you can climb a big tree in the cow lot. Go anywhere where you can get a good view."

Opium joints have become numerous in Boston, and that æsthetic town is horrified that any of its citizens should have felt the need of any other stimulus than the reading of Emerson.

"Hugging societies" have been organized in Missouri to raise money for some of the churches. They charge twenty-five cents a hug for all girls under sixteen irrespective of beauty, and the tariff is gradually raised, until the line of "old maids" is reached. What next?

It was in St. Louis that an enterprising liquor dealer offered to rent the basement of the new post office for a saloon. Had it been in Chicago he would have wanted the ground floor.—[Philadelphia Inquirer.]