

## REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

(Continued from Page 1 this section.)

law went into effect October 3, 1913, and the imports into the United States from foreign countries have been greater every month than the corresponding months of the previous year. In August of this year, at the port of Boston, \$4,000,000 more of imports were received than were received in the month of August, 1913, and yet the revenue from that port was \$600,000 less last month than it was a year ago. It is not the war that threatens to bankrupt the country. It is the failure of the Democratic party to so regulate tariff duties as to produce sufficient revenues from that source and at the same time protect American industries against foreign competition.

"These millions of imports coming from foreign shores under Democratic free trade have failed to produce the necessary revenue and have crowded out of the American market an equal amount of American products. This Democratic congress has been in session continuously for nearly eighteen months and with the exception of a currency bill and the tolls bill it has devoted that time to find places to tax the American people.

### Ready for a Change.

"The country is sick and tired of the ceaseless search for something to tax and I believe that it is demanding that the government go back to the protective tariff system, which, while it raises revenue without greatly burdening the people at the same time gives employment to American labor and American capital.

"Today there are three million idle wage earners in the United States. A year ago there were none. A year ago the American farmer felt that he had the first right to the American markets which he had helped to build up. Today he finds millions of bushels of oats and corn flowing in on his market from foreign lands, great ship loads of beef and wool coming from foreign shores to take from him his home market.

### Effect of Democratic Scheme.

"The Democratic party placed on the free list a vast number of articles produced in the United States. Eighty per cent of the value of imports transferred to the free list by that law are agricultural products. Meats went on the free list October 3, 1913, and in nine months, to July 1, 1914, one hundred and ninety-four million pounds of meats had come into the ports of the United States to take the place of American meats, and while it reduced the price of beef to the farmer not one consumer has bought a single pound of beef cheaper than before. On October 3, 1913, corn went on the free list and in nine months, twelve million bushels of corn had been imported to take the place of American corn, and while it reduced the price of corn to the American farmer, 10 to 15 cents per bushel, not one consumer has bought a pound of corn products cheaper than before. On October 3, 1913, the tariff on oats was reduced from 15 cents to 6 cents per bushel, and in nine months more than twenty-two million bushels of oats came into the United States, and while it reduced the price to the American farmer at least 10 cents per bushel, not a single consumer bought the products of oats cheaper than before.

### The War Not An Issue.

"Do not understand me to say that this increased cost of living which has come upon us in the last month is due to Democratic legislation, for it is not. It is due to the European war or to unfair speculation which has made the European war an excuse for increased prices in the necessities of life. Neither can it be said that the increased price received during the last month by the American farmer for his products is due to Democratic legislation. It is not. It is due to the European war, or to unfair speculation which makes that war the excuse for increased prices.

"I do not propose in this campaign to charge the Democratic party with the higher price of meats, sugar, flour and a hundred other things in daily use which have come upon us in the last few days, nor shall I permit any Democratic speaker in this district to go unimpeached, who claims credit for the increased price of corn and oats and wheat to the American farmer. Such claim on either side would be unfair and dishonest and he who resorts to it is seeking to make false political capital out of the misfortunes of other countries."—Bloomington Pantagraph.

### DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The Democratic congressional convention of the Seventeenth district met Wednesday afternoon at the city council chamber at Pontiac and concurred in the results of the primaries held last week, at which time Louis FitzHenry, of Bloomington, received the nomination for congressman from the Seventeenth district.

The meeting was presided over by James Lannon, of Saunemin, chairman of the Livingston county Democratic central committee, with I. J. Goode as secretary.

### The Delegates.

The following were present from the various counties of the district:

Woodford—J. A. Riley, H. V. Graybill, Peter Petri, Conrad Buller.

Ford—J. W. Dunvan, T. K. Blain, Hugh Rice, Jr., Walter Neilson.

McLean—R. T. Rutledge, H. Ebingler, D. D. Donahue, Mathew Ryan, D. J. Sammon, William Kallaher, L. T. Rittmiller, R. H. Miller, J. J. Neven, Edward Burns.

Logan—S. A. Rathbun, by Proxy.

Livingston—T. M. Cosgrove, Odell; T. R. Holmes, Reading; Francis Sherry, Flanagan; Thomas Ginsell, Waldo; J. W. Toohy, Strawn; James Cook, Jr., Pontiac; A. F. Ruddy, Sunbury; F. Spafford, Saunemin; Walter Holmes, Eppards Point; Henry Hummel, Strawn; Edward Miller, Ancona.

The STAR and HERALD is in receipt of a communication from Congressman FitzHenry from Washington, D. C., which was read at the convention at Pontiac Wednesday. The Congressman was not present at the convention and says his public duties were so that he could not come. He says in substance that he has backed President Wilson in all his efforts for legislation and is in complete sympathy with the President. He believes that the next congress will be in complete sympathy with the President, and he expects to be one of them. He hopes we are all familiar with the magnificent record of achievement of the present administration. He cheerfully submits his "candidacy" to the intelligent people of the district with a serene confidence in the final result.

## HIS TURN TO MAKE MISTAKE

John Dawson May Have Meant to Be Neighborly, or Perhaps He Thought He Had Bargain.

Sam Showalter was having a sale of his surplus stock. To start the sale, he led out a milk cow, one of the best of his herd, and told the auctioneer she was four years old. John Dawson, a long, leathery, weather-beaten fellow with a shrewd eye, bid in the cow. He gave Showalter a check for the amount, and said he would come for the cow the next day.

"I tell you, John," said Showalter, when Dawson rode up the next morning to lead home his purchase. "I made a mistake yesterday. I said that cow was only four years old; but when I talked it over with the old woman last night, I remembered that she is eight years old. It was another cow altogether that I had in mind.

"I didn't want to let a mistake like that go with a neighbor," continued Showalter, whose word was not usually accepted as entirely dependable in the community, "so I thought the fair thing to do was to tell you, and just let you take your check back, and I'll keep the cow."

Dawson squinted his eye approvingly at the cow—she had every mark of a good milker—and then looked approvingly at Showalter.

"Well, Sam," he said, "turn about is fair play. You made a mistake yesterday; I'll make one today, and just keep the cow."—Youth's Companion.

## HAS BRIEF DAY OF SPLENDOR

Lizard Canary Has Well Been Given Nickname of "Mayor of Birdie Land."

The lizard canary is one of the most unique varieties in the cage-bird world. Its beautiful ground color, so nicely ticked, and pretty little "cap" make it a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It is, however, the only variety that moults out its plumage at the end of the first season. By this it is meant that, although the bird possesses so beautiful a coat for the first year, the plumage disappears altogether at the second moult.

Thus it is a show bird for only one—i. e., the first—season, and this is considered a drawback to its popularity. On account of its wearing such gay apparel for one year and then putting it aside, the lizard has been aptly termed "Mayor of Birdie Land."

The little story connected with the lizard and a mayor is well worth repeating. It was a well-known birdcage show being opened by Sir William Treloar, then lord mayor of London, that this celebrity, in a few well-chosen words, likened himself unto the lizard canary, many grand specimens of which were on view at the show. The stately robes which he wore were only for a season; such is the case with the lizard.

### Speedy Turtle.

"Look here, waiter!" shouted the angry, hungry guest at the restaurant.

"Yessuh, yessuh!" answered the waiter, who appeared to be all out of breath, as from some sort of violent exertion.

"I ordered that turtle soup an hour ago and you haven't brought it yet."

"Yessuh, nosuh! Ah'm plum sorry, suh, but it jest couldn't be helped. When Ah done cotched dat turtle an' was a-takin' him to de cook he done slipped outah mah hands an' ran out de back doah an' up de alley. Yessuh, Ah had to chase him foah blocks befo' Ah could catch him. Yessuh, he'll be ready in er minute."

### Quick at Repartee.

Teacher—"Williams, after selling merchandise, where do you put it, on the debit side or the credit side?" Williams (after a half second's thought)—"You put it on the truck."

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## THE WEDDING EVE

By H. M. EGBERT.

Claud Deering was as happy as a rising young doctor in a small town could be, for on the next day he was to marry the best woman in the world—Ray Clifford.

Neither of them was in their first youth. Deering was thirty and Ray had shyly confessed that there was only a year or two between them in age. "A year or two, my dear," she had said, laughing, "and don't forget the two."

And Ray had been married before. Deering knew all about that tragedy in her life; the inexperienced girl of twenty-two, fascinated by the rogue who wanted the little legacy that her father had left her. John Brooks was a man of the world; he had seen a good deal of the world, and not its best side. Of all that Ray was completely ignorant. She loved him with all the devotion of her nature, and would have stuck to him in spite of all—of his prison record, of his ignoble life, had he confessed to her. But having got possession of her small fortune, Brooks had left her for another woman, three months after the marriage. Later came news of his death in a brawl in a low saloon, and Ray resumed her maiden name.

Well, one can only take up one's life again when it has been broken. Ray took up hers. Nearly six years had passed before she met Deering, and their first meeting told them that they had been made for each other.

As Deering sat in his office, dreaming over the happiness in store for her, there came a knock at the door. He was alone, the old housekeeper having gone home to her sick sister. Deering rose and opened the door. A ragged tramp was standing outside.

"Doc Deering?" he inquired with a surly scowl.

"That's right," answered the doctor heartily. He felt on good terms with all the world that night. "Come in and sit down. What can I do for you?"

The man collapsed into a chair, and then Deering saw that he was in the last stage of weakness and emacia-



"That's Why I Came."

tion. There was a smell of whisky upon his breath. The fellow leered dully at him.

"I heard—I heard that you were going to marry Ray Brooks tomorrow," he muttered. "That's why I came. I'm—I'm John, her husband."

Deering took the blow quite calmly, as a man should. He took the tramp's arm in his hands and began feeling the pulse. "You're in a bad way, my friend," he said. "You'd best go into the hospital at Nevins. It's ten miles away. I'll drive you there tonight. They will admit you free on my recommendation. And let me tell you, you'll have to change your manner of life if you want to pull through."

"That's all very well," sneered the man, "but you can't throw me off the scent like that. If you want me to be silent and let you marry Ray, you're going to pay for it. How about fifteen hundred, doc?"

Deering clapped the man on the shoulder.

"If your statement is true," he answered quietly, "you have the situation in your own hands. But I shall pay you no money to connive at a second wrong upon a helpless woman. Come along, I'm going to take you to the hospital!"

"I'll go!" muttered the man. "But when I come out I'll make you pay through the nose, young fellow. A few days there will fix me up, I guess, and then you'll have had time to come to your senses. Say, I guess you'll be ready to pay when you're a married man," he grinned.

Deering left the man seated there and went out and harnessed his pony. When he came back he found his patient in a semi-comatose condition. He injected a stimulant into his arm and carried him out bodily to the trap. A minute later they were driving along the mountain road.

That was a terrible drive for Deering. Every instinct in him revolted against the thought that this sodden wretch could ever have been Ray's husband. As for the future—he did not know what to do. He would not

think of that. Sufficient for the night the ghastly evil that it had brought.

At eleven o'clock he pulled up in front of the hospital. The porter, who knew him well, helped to carry the half-conscious man inside. Soon he was snug in a comfortable bed in the ward.

"Miss Lennox not on duty tonight?" asked the doctor of the night nurse. "She'll be coming on at twelve, Dr. Deering," answered the young woman in charge.

"I'll wait for her," Deering answered. "I am rather anxious to talk with her about this case."

Miss Lennox was one of Deering's proteges. She had once been a patient of his. Or, rather, he had found her, sick with pneumonia, in an obscure lodging house to which he had been called. She was earning a precarious livelihood as a seamstress. Deering, struck by the girl's refinement, had questioned her and learned of her unhappy history. She had been separated from her husband, and her family had cast her off on account of the marriage. Deering had got her a humble position in the hospital at Nevins, where she was unknown; and there she had graduated as a nurse. She was accounted the best nurse in the hospital, and now had charge of the ward from twelve till seven. Only Deering knew the story of her life. That was one of his numerous kindnesses. And now his own life seemed fated to be wrecked, and there was no one to help him.

The sick man opened his eyes. Deering felt that he was growing stronger. In spite of his humanity, the thought would come to him that this wreck of flossam would be better off dead—better off for his own sake, for Deering's, for Ray's. Why should such useless lives linger, to make only misery?

The man leered at him.

"Say Doc," he said, "this is a mighty comfortable bed to sleep in. It's weeks since I had a bed like this. But I'm going to make you pay through the nose, just the same, if you want Ray. Understand?"

A groan broke from the doctor's lips. He clenched his hands and strode up and down the room. The sick man's eyes followed him malevolently.

"Once," he said, when Deering returned to his bedside, "you could have put that all over me. You could have won my gratitude and worked upon my better nature. But I guess I'm too old a bird to be caught by kindness any more. You'll pay fifteen hundred young fellow, if you want Ray."

Deering turned upon him.

"Do you think I am a bigamist?" he cried. "If you are John Brooks, you've got me in your power. But you won't get a chance to torture that helpless woman again."

The man did not answer him. Deering saw his eyes fixed in terror upon something—someone on the opposite side of the room. He looked round. Miss Lennox was approaching the bed. "Good-evening," began Deering, and then he stopped. There was the same look of terror upon the face of the nurse.

"Why—" the doctor began. "Why—"

"O, I guess she remembers me," burst out Brooks, with an oath. "She ought to. We lived together long enough for her to know my face."

"That man is—my husband, doctor!" said the nurse, sinking into the chair at the side of the bed and weeping hysterically. "O, why did you bring him here?"

Deering looked from one to the other in amazement. He saw at once that it was true.

"I've got my marriage certificate," faltered the nurse. "He says we lived together. But he can't deny that we were married before a minister."

"When did this marriage occur?" inquired Deering quietly.

"Eight years ago," answered Miss Lennox. "O, why did you bring him here?"

"I didn't know, my dear," answered Deering, stroking her arm. "There, I am sorry. But he is just a patient, just a sick man. He shall not trouble you."

"I don't know about that," answered Brooks with a snarl.

"But I know," answered Deering sternly. "If you married Miss Lennox eight years ago, your marriage with Miss Clifford was a bigamous one."

"Well, I guess she won't like to be told she wasn't legally married," sneered Brooks.

"She will not be told," answered the doctor quietly. "If you molest Miss Clifford—my wife, as she will be tomorrow, in any way, if you so much as dare to let her see your face at any time, I shall have you clapped into jail for bigamy. And if you dare to annoy Miss Lennox either—"

And then an amazing thing happened, which, as the doctor said afterward, changed his ideas of human nature. For the nurse sank down beside the man in the bed and put her arms round him and cried upon his breast.

And, when Deering looked at the face of the wretched creature, to his utter astonishment he saw two tears rolling down his cheeks.

It was not until he returned from their honeymoon that he learned Brooks was dead. His system, broken down by years of debauchery, had not been able to struggle against the attack of pneumonia that had supervened.

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## CRUSADER'S SWORD

By H. M. EGBERT.

Captain Peter was in India, and his young wife in the old manor house in the West country; and it was very lonely there.

Captain Peter was fifteen years older than Elizabeth, who seemed hardly more than a child, with her dancing feet and her blown hair. There had been a little girl, but she had not been able to live in the hot, deadly climate of the Punjab; and when Captain Peter saw that the mother was likely to follow the child he sent her home to the old house to await his coming when his year of absence arrived.

Elizabeth and Captain Peter had loved each other dearly, but there had been a misunderstanding about the journey. Elizabeth could not understand the great fear that had come to her husband when he saw the Man with the Scythe hovering near her. She thought his love was fading. She had said little; but after she had grown strong in the cool English weather she thought bitterly sometimes of Captain Peter.

Captain Peter had sent Rustum with her. Rustum was only the butler, but the captain knew that he would guard his young wife as the apple of his eye. "Take care of her, Rustum," he said. "Till death, Sahib!" answered the old Sikh, placing his hand upon his turban.

But it was lonely in the old house, and, after she was strong again, Elizabeth had gay house parties there. Men and women came and stayed and went again, but Philip Field came more often than any, and stayed longer.

In the hall, high up on the paneled wainscoting, hung an ancient Crusader's sword. It was so old that the rust had eaten out the shining steel like fretwork. And under it was en-



"I Will Replace It, Memsahib."

graved, in ancient Gothic script in the wood, a legend:

When I hang here let peace abide O'er manor hall and countryside, But when my blade slips from this wall Guard thou the honor of thy hall.

For long years, unaccountable years, the sword had hung there, like a shaft of shadowy blue against the black old oak of the paneling. Even when the manor was rebuilt, a hundred years before, the sword had not been taken from its stout oak staples, but a section of the oak had been removed, sword and all, and placed upright in the new wall.

Rustum knew of the legend, for there were many such in his own country.

And he would look keenly, but through half-closed lashes, at Philip Field, as he sat chatting with his mistress in the big reception room, and the memory of Captain Peter would grow very strong in him, and of his promise.

"Rustum!" said Elizabeth sharply. Rustum was lingering in the reception room after serving the coffee. Mr. Field and Elizabeth were seated before the fire, quite close together.

"What are you waiting for, Rustum?" asked Elizabeth.

Rustum left the room reluctantly, and Field turned to his companion. "Do you know, I don't think that black man quite likes me," he said, laughing.

"I shall speak to him sharply," answered Elizabeth. "He seems to think he has been placed here to spy on me. O, it is intolerable!"

"Poor Elizabeth!" said Philip Field, taking her hand.

The next day Elizabeth spoke very sharply to Rustum, threatening him with dismissal unless he remembered his place. Rustum saluted her mechanically. Thenceforward Elizabeth could not find anything to complain of in Rustum; and yet she would be disconcerted, just when she thought she was most alone, to catch sight of an elusive turban on the stairs, or at the entrance to the butler's pantry.

There was a great house party for the partridge shooting. The big covers were shot over, and many dozen brace secured. It was a merry party,

and the guests departed reluctantly. Captain Peter might not have liked all the guests, for there were men among them whom he had refused to have in his house before; but he was toiling in far away India and nobody thought very much about him. And presently they all departed—Mr. Field too, for he had never stayed in the manor alone with Elizabeth—and only she and Rustum and the servants were left there.

That night Elizabeth cried as she sipped her coffee alone in the reception room. She was crying because she realized that it is horribly lonely for a woman whose husband is thousands of miles away. She remembered the early days of her marriage, when Captain Peter and she had been all in all to each other. And now he seemed to have passed out of her life. He had not written for a whole month. Nobody seemed to understand her—except Philip Field.

Rustum had gone to his quarters, and Elizabeth sat quite alone until— Till she heard a gentle tapping at the French windows, and started up, to see Philip Field standing upon the lawn outside.

He opened the windows and came in, and he and Elizabeth stood staring at each other. And that was the crucial moment. But Philip Field was good at crucial moments. He advanced two paces and clasped Elizabeth in his arms.

"I have come back to you," he said hoarsely. "I love you, dear, for ever and always. I could not stay away from you."

Elizabeth caught her breath. She knew that she was powerless to resist Philip Field. The memory of Captain Peter had become very dim and distant.

"I love you," said Philip Field. "Tell me you love me too, Elizabeth!" "I love you," murmured Elizabeth, and her head drooped from shame. "I love you, Philip," she said.

Crash!

Something had clattered on the wooden flooring of the hall, with a sound that seemed to shake the manor house. They started apart in terror. Then—because she was plucky—Elizabeth ran out into the hall. Upon the floor lay the rust-eaten crusading sword. There was nobody in sight.

Philip Field followed her, and the two stood staring at each other in terror. Philip Field also knew the story of the sword.

Something had fallen with it. It was the section of the paneling which had been set into the new wall a hundred years before, when the manor was rebuilt. Elizabeth picked up the panel mechanically and read the inscription softly, with a dry throat:

When I hang here let peace abide O'er manor hall and countryside, But when my blade slips from this wall Guard thou the honor of thy hall.

She handed it to Philip Field, and he, too, read it. Then she went back into the reception room, and Philip Field followed her. She turned and faced him with a white face and trembling lips.

"Elizabeth! What of it? What of it?" he cried.

"You must go, Philip," said Elizabeth huskily.

"I cannot go—"

"You must go, Philip," repeated Elizabeth inexorably, and opened the French windows.

He pleaded, but he might have been pleading with a figure of stone. Presently he saw that all was over. Softly he stepped out. He held his arms out "Elizabeth!"

Elizabeth shut the windows and went out of the room. And that was the last she ever saw of Philip Field.

But, standing in the hall, she saw something she had not perceived before. The edge of the fallen panel was frayed, as though with a saw, and there was a tiny length of wire that had been snapped off in the fall.

That wire had been pulled from some other part of the house!

Suddenly the tears flooded her eyes. "Rustum!" she called loudly. "Rustum!"

The turban of the butler appeared through the door that led to the servants' quarters.

"Rustum! The sword has fallen!" Rustum looked at her imperturbably.

"I will replace it, memsahib," he answered.

And suddenly Elizabeth flung her arms about the old black man's neck and kissed him on the cheek. And that was the first time Rustum was thrown into confusion.

He had a letter on a tray. "For memsahib!" he said.

Elizabeth took it. The postmark was three days old. Rustum had kept the letter back for the psychological moment.

"God bless you, Rustum," said Elizabeth.

"Good night, memsahib," answered Rustum, retiring.

That night a letter went back to Captain Peter which proved to be the beginning of a new love and a new life.

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### Could Not Collect From Widow.

Grogan (the grouch)—I don't like to mention it, Mrs. Conley, but your husband owed me tin dollars when he died.

The Widow—Shure, it's nace to have something to raymimber him by.—Puck.

### Growing Discouraged.

"Remember that you must answer to posterity."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "But if posterity is going to be any harder to answer to than my present constituency, I might as well give up."