

Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 30, 1896.

WHICH!

Which are the hands we love the best, Those that are folded between our own Or those that more to strange unrest By feathery touch that is quickly flown? Which, ah, which, do we love the best, Hairs caressing or hands caressed? Which are the eyes we most adore? Those reflecting our every thought Or those whose glances our hearts implore, Whose fire will neither be tamed nor taught?—Which, ah, which, do we love the best, Eyes adoring or eyes adored? Which is the heart of hearts we prize That which sways with a passionate power Or that which yields us a sacrifice, Gentle and generous, day and hour? Which, of all, do we hold above, Hearts most loving or hearts we love?—The Country.

SUSANNA MORTON.

If there was one thing in all her experience that Susanna Morton was heartily tired of it was the evident and continuous purpose of mankind to permit her to remain a spinster. True she had been one so long it would seem that she should have become accustomed to it; but by some strange fatality women—that is the majority of women—never accept their lot in this Christian spirit which has won for them the endearing title of the gentler sex. And Susanna Morton had put up with it just as long as she was going to. Four leap years had passed her by, and she had submitted gracefully, but each year less gracefully than she had done the four previously, and there were moments in the last of the four when she became almost desperate. Now that a fifth had come her mind was made up. She would take the reins of Cupid in her own hands and drive that harum-scarum little rascal in a manner to suit herself. She knew her good points, one of which was that she was thirty-five years old or thereabouts, and possessed a poise and balance no man who was looking for a real sensible woman as a wife could afford to disregard. In addition to this she had—what men seldom disregard—a comfortable fortune. It was this fortune that had been the real stumbling block in the matrimonial path of Susanna, and not any lack of attractive qualities in her possession, for she was not homely, nor was she anything but charming. The fortune, however, which was hers from her sixteenth birthday, had developed in her a fear that men sought her for her money and not for herself, and never having fallen in love with any of her courtiers she did not find it difficult to resist advances, believing, as she did, that men were mercenary as a rule, and that some day the one man in all the world for whom she would accept and claim her as his own. However, he did not appear, and he continued not to appear, until Susanna had reached an age and a firmness of character, to put it mildly, when her fortune would have to be at least doubled to make her as attractive as she was at twenty. This knowledge had come to her gradually, but was none the less forceful on that account, and she was determined not to let this leap year pass without results of a lasting character. Of the men in her train there were perhaps half a dozen who were eligible, and any one of whom would have made a husband any woman could be proud of. But they were merely friends; not a manjack of them had ever suggested such a thing as matrimony to her, and possibly this was why she liked them. So perverse is the nature of woman. Among the half dozen was one who found the greatest favor in Susanna's eyes, the other taking their positions after him in regular gradation, and this one Susanna selected as her victim for leap year, resolved to try all the others in case of failure in the first instance. Truly, Susanna was a desperate spinster. And no less spy, for in the course of his first call in the new year she began her operations. But it was a dreadful task, and the evening passed without a single step taken forward. The effort had been made, however, and courage always comes with effort. When he came again she was so wrought up over the work before her that her eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed in rosy color. He was ten years older than she, and always assumed that bless-my-soul style affected by elderly men, and she was a little "Oh thank you, Mr. Culver," she twittered. "I'm sure you only think so, I look just as I always look." "Of course, Miss Susanna, only slightly more so." He smiled, but there was that in the tone which had the ring of insincerity, which is very nearly the same thing, and which made Susanna despise the flattery of men that so far had meant to her no dissolution of the continuity of her spinsterhood. She was good-natured about it, however, and let Mr. Culver go on with what he had to say, for if there was any man who could make flattery any more palatable to her than any other man, that man was Mr. Culver. But when she was alone, and when he had fixed himself comfortably in an easy chair with which he was familiar he began to have forgotten whether Susanna looked like a fright or a fairy, and began talking about all sorts of things, as people do who talk for the mere sake of talking. At all events, that is the way it presented itself to Susanna, and she felt the spirit of desperation slowly creeping over her. She took a long breath of encouragement, and tentatively turned the subject of conversation upon the most recent wedding which had occurred in their circles. "What a pair of fools they were and are," said Mr. Culver, sentimentally "to marry on nothing but his salary, and that not big enough for two." "But they are happy," argued Susanna. "I suppose so," Mr. Culver unwillingly admitted; "it takes fools to be happy; wise people know to much." "Are you wise?" questioned Susanna, nervously, for she felt that she was launching herself at this point upon an unknown sea. "I'm old enough to be," Mr. Culver frankly responded, Mr. Culver's age was too well known to be denied, and too great to be hid under a bushel. "Isn't there something somewhere about the old fools being the biggest?" laughed Susanna. "But I'm not so old as that yet." "Ah!" and her eyes twinkled. "Is yours a case of?" "Standing with reluctant feet, Where the silly seasons meet? There was a smile on his face when he replied; there was rather a shadow of regret.

"Yes, Miss Susanna," he said, "I do not stand reluctant, for I think if I had been more of a fool in one regard I would have been less of a fool in another. That is to say, a man is a fool to waste his life selfishly as I have done." This was the auspicious moment that Susanna had been seeking. She would now lead right up to the matter and find a listener to her proposal. "Why don't you marry, Mr. Culver?" she asked, with directness. "You are not too wise to consider the question, I hope." "Certainly not, Miss Susanna," he smiled. "I've been considering it for 20 years." "Then you ought to stop considering it and propose it," Susanna laughed and Mr. Culver also. "I hardly think I'll ever do that," he said, seriously. "I wouldn't know how to go about it, to make my case half presentable. I've given myself up, you know, as a bad job." "Some of these new women will be charging down on you some of these days, teaching you the newer doctrine that women have the right to say whether you have the right to do as you please with yourself. In other words, some one of them will capture you in spite of yourself." "Not much, they won't," asserted Mr. Culver, with a great show of courage. "If there is anything I don't want to marry it's a woman with foolish notions of that kind." Susanna's heart went down to her shoes on the instant. Here was an insurmountable obstacle in her path, and with Mr. Culver holding to such an opinion, what good would a proposal be from her, even if she should muster up courage enough to make it. The thought made her mute for a minute, and in that minute a new scheme came, one that had been there before, too, but had gone wool gathering while she was beating about the bush with the new woman idea. "I think myself they are horrid," she said, with an effort to swallow something that would not go down very easily. "But there is the leap year privilege. All women, new and old, can claim that, and you mustn't forget that this is a leap year." "I had forgotten it," he said, moving his chair into the far corner of the fireplace, but still not so far away that he was out of the pleasant influence of Susanna's nearness. He sat there for an instant making himself shiver with terror, and then he moved back, possibly a little nearer than before. "Forewarned is forearmed," she said; "and now that I have told you of the dangers ahead I hope you will profit by my advice." "Oh, I'm not afraid," he asserted in a good voice. "I'm just waiting for that sort of thing. The custom of tradition, whatever you may call it, is an old-fashioned one, and only an old-fashioned woman would think of it, and that is the kind I want. So none of them had better try it unless she means business." "Surely no finer opening could be presented to a young woman in her mood than this, and Susanna gave herself a shake and took another long breath. The time had come, and she was not the woman to lose so glorious an opportunity. "Mr. Culver," she began in a firm voice and with great earnestness, "I have for a long time been thinking you ought to marry and I have even gone so far as to select just such a woman as I think would suit you. I have had two or three consultations with her, and she is willing that I should present the matter to you, because I know you so well, and you will understand it better from me than if she should present it herself." When she was about to proceed further with her remarks Mr. Culver showed signs of real anxiety and arose to his feet. "Miss Susanna," he exclaimed, "don't say another word. Really, I cannot listen to it." "But I must say it to you," she insisted, because, as it seemed to her, that was the proper way to conduct a successful courtship, and now that she had begun it she most decidedly wished it to be successful. "I tell you I won't hear it. This is entirely unexpected, and I am sure that nothing in my conduct has ever warranted you in broaching this subject to me." Mr. Culver was very evidently in earnest, and Susanna almost chuckled to herself, for this was the very way young women acted under the circumstances in which Mr. Culver was placed. All it needed now was a little more coaxing, and Susanna nerved herself for the final pop. "Perhaps you have not thought so," she said in her softest voice, "but to me there has ever been a desire to say to you what I am now saying. Mr. Culver—John" and Susanna came very close to him, notwithstanding she was so nervous she hardly knew what to do. "Hold on, Susanna, hold on," he exclaimed. "Confound it!" (that shocked her, for she knew no girl ever talked that way under such circumstances, however much she must have thought it.) "I don't want you to be talking in any other woman's interest. There is only one woman in the world that I want, and—and—me—Mr. Culver was getting nervous himself now and Susanna gasped. "And—oh, Susanna," he said, desperately, "don't you know that woman is you? You, Susanna, don't you know it is you?" Mr. Culver caught Susanna's hands in his and looked into her eyes with such a pleading, pathetic, intense sincerity that all her plans were consumed like straw in a fierce blaze and she simply tumbled into his arms and let him finish the proposal she thought she had begun in such a masterly manner.

Democrats Take Notice.

The attention of the Democratic voters in each county and representative district is called to the representation that they may be entitled to at the next state convention. The representation in Democratic state conventions shall consist of representative delegates, one for each one thousand votes cast at the preceding presidential election, or fraction of one thousand such votes, amounting to five hundred or more in the representative districts of the State, provided that each representative district shall have at least one delegate. It is hoped that the Democratic voters will keep this fact in view and endeavor to have the largest vote possible polled, so that their county and district may have full representation at the next state convention. The necessity of paying strict attention to this important duty will be readily observed by all good Democrats. Each county should take pride in seeing to it that the present representation is sustained or increased. —A victory for free silver, is a victory for the people. You are one of them. See that you get to the polls early and vote for your own welfare.

People to be Held at the Bayonet's Point.

United States Army to be Increased to a Quarter of a Million Men if McKinley is Elected.—Plans of the Gold-Standard Advocates.—Judge George F. Patrick Receives a Startling Letter from a Boston "Sound Money Club" Member.—A Deliberate Proposition of Bribery.

If American freemen need anything to convince them that the gold standard is not sought to be continued for the benefit of the masses, certainly the following startling letter should at least open their eyes. "The rule of force" is to be maintained, says the writer, an avowed McKinley man, if the Republican nominee is elected. But the letter speaks for itself and no comment is necessary. A word however, by way of explanation is in point. Judge George F. Patrick, the recipient of the letter containing a deliberate offer of bribery, is known throughout southern Colorado as a lawyer of the highest standing and a man of unimpeachable honor and integrity. He was the democratic nominee for the district bench at the last judicial election. Furthermore, he is a staunch silver man. When the letter was delivered to him last Saturday his anger was almost uncontrollable. He put the document at the disposal of the silver literature committee of the Bryan and Teller club and in circular form thousands of copies of the letter, Judge Patrick's reply, the affidavits and certificates, will be sent throughout the doubtful states in the next few days.

The letter came in a long plain, manilla envelope on Saturday, postmark "Boston, October 7th, 5 p. m. '96." It was received and marked at Pueblo postoffice "Pueblo, October 10th, 11 a. m. '96." The letter, word for word, is as follows, and the writer of it carefully made a letter-press copy of each sheet and of the envelope address as well:

"HON. GEO. F. PATRICK, Pueblo, Colo. "Dear Sir: I am requested by the secretary of one of our local Boston Sound Money clubs to write you with reference to securing your influence in the state of Colorado to forward the cause of Sound Money, and the election of McKinley to the Presidency of the United States. "Our secretary is informed that it is possible, in his informant's judgment, to secure your services, notwithstanding you are a Democrat. "It is the judgment of eastern Democrats, that it is useless for a Democrat to work or vote for Palmer and Buckner, as these gentlemen were nominated in order to split the vote in Illinois and Kentucky, and thereby give those states to McKinley, and therefore we Democrats of Massachusetts on the present gold standard are concentrating our forces on McKinley, not in an obtrusive way of course, but nevertheless our work is effective, and is as much under the guidance of Mr. Hanna as if we were the Republican forces of the state. Our object, of course, is to continue the present sound money system, as in our judgment it is more important than low tariff, and so for this campaign we are urging all old line Democrats to work for McKinley. "We have positive assurances from Mr. Hanna, that so far as raising the tariff is concerned, THERE NEED BE NO OCCASION FOR ANY LOW TARIFF MAN TO BE ALARMED, as Mr. McKinley will favor no unjust laws concerning this subject. Therefore no Democrat need be alarmed as to his tinkering with the tariff. "Now, Mr. Patrick, if I am mistaken in you, and the requests and tenor of this letter do not suit you, or your environment be such as to preclude the possibility of your accepting the request contained in this letter, then my friend, if no answer is received, I will understand you decline to entertain my proposition, all of which I hope will not occur.

In this connection let me assure you that many prominent men of your political faith all over the country are in the service of ours at one time political enemy, Mr. Hanna. "In your state, Colorado, we are very sanguine of success, but as your state is down on the list for allotment of certain benefits, and as we are assured there is a possibility of securing your four electoral votes, by hard work and a judicious disposition of funds, and furthermore we have an ABUNDANCE OF THE SINEWS OF WAR, I, in common with my colleagues, are agreed some united effort should be made in your seat. I understand there is a strong unrecurrent of opinion in Colorado, favorable to Mr. Wadrott, that only needs a little greasing to burst forth in support of that noble Republican. "Now, my dear Mr. Patrick, you are located too far from the seat of war to understand why we gold men are striving so hard to defeat Mr. Bryan and elect Mr. McKinley, and possibly are not aware that to elect Mr. Bryan means financial ruin to many of our people. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN OPENLY DECLARES WAR ON ALL TRUST COMPANIES, AND AS HE IS PLEASED TO TERM IT, 'MONEY POWER.' On the contrary Mr. MCKINLEY IS SWORN TO PROTECT US, so in self defense we are striving to protect ourselves. I trust you understand. "IF WE DO NOT SECURE CONTROL OF GOVERNMENTAL METHODS NOW, WE FEAR LAWS WILL SOON BE ENACTED WHICH WILL PREVENT THE FORMATION AND CONTINUANCE OF TRUSTS, AND THAT THE PROFITS OF BUSINESS WILL BECOME TOO WIDELY SCATTERED. Some of our people, the more timid ones, fear we may push the reduction of values a little too far, and that the EVENT OF MR. MCKINLEY'S ELECTION, A BILL WILL AT ONCE BE INTRODUCED IN CONGRESS TO INCREASE THE STANDING ARMY TO AT LEAST 250,000 MEN, WHICH WILL BE DONE IN THE EVENT OF THE SUCCESS OF THE GOLD FORCES; the criminal classes, the discontented classes, and LABOR CLASSES, WILL THEIR UNIONS AND STRIKERS, WILL SUCCEED TO THE RULE OF FORCE, AND NO LONGER PLAY ANY PART IN AMERICAN POLITICS. IMAGINE A revolt with a good trained force of REGULAR SOLDIERS IN EVERY ONE OF OUR MONEY CENTRES WITH READY RIFLE AND GATLING GUN TO HOLD IN CHECK ANY DEMONSTRATION TO THE CONTRARY. "IF WE ONLY SUCCEED IN OUR PURPOSE we will be safe in its investment, and able to procure LABOR IN THE OPEN MARKET AT THE LOWEST PRICE POSSIBLE. "Of course, Mr. Patrick, you need not allow these remarks to be made public, as they might do our cause injury among laborers, and such business men as believe it necessary for labor to prosper, but when you meet a capitalist, a banker, or one of whom you are sure, just disabuse his or their minds, if they are inclined to be timid. "I solemnly assure you that when MR. HANNA GETS CONTROL, strikes will soon be dispersed. "Now, Mr. Patrick, if I am correctly informed, you are a gold man, and with you sound money and your country's integrity come first. This being true, and in order to quickly come to an understanding, I wish to ask you a plain question, coupled with a business proposition. "Will you share to quietly aid the honest gold party, and aid in the election of McKinley? "If you will, and also assist in placing the funds necessary for your state, you will in the event of your success, receive recognition. One of Mr. Hanna's assistants will pay you a visit shortly to arrange the details. "Your reply need not go into details, since as a shrewd lawyer you will understand. If you decide to accept my answer, the single word 'yes' is sufficient. Awaiting your reply, and respectfully requesting immediate attention to this long letter, I am, Respectfully Yours, SAM'L C. PRESSLEY."

"P. S.—The writer met you once in Silver City, N. M., but you have forgotten him by this time, no doubt." It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Patrick did not telegraph that little word "Yes." The following speaks for itself: "State of Colorado, "County of Pueblo, ss. "G. F. Patrick, of lawful age, being duly sworn, upon his oath deposes and says, that he is a resident of the city of Pueblo and State of Colorado; that he received, through the regular channels of the mail, the foregoing letter at about 4 o'clock on Saturday, October 10, by the same being delivered to him by one of the mail carriers of this city; that he has never conspired in any way, shape, form or manner with any person whomsoever for the purpose of getting up any such article for campaign purposes; that he knows nothing of the reasons that induced the writer to send him the same unless said writer had been led to regard him as a gold man because of his having subscribed for different good periodicals in order that he might be enabled to understand both sides of the question. "Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of October, A. D. 1896. (Seal.) R. S. ANDERSON, Notary Public. "My commission expires July 16, 1898.

Then as to the receipt of the letter by Judge Patrick the following affidavit was made: "State of Colorado, "County of Pueblo, ss. "Alfred H. Long, of lawful age, being first duly sworn, upon his oath deposes and says, that he is son of ex-chief Justice Long, of New Mexico; that he was present in the office of G. F. Patrick in the opera house, in the city of Pueblo, on the afternoon on the 10th day of October, A. D., 1896; and that he was present when Mr. Patrick received through the regular channels of the mail, and opened and read the foregoing letter. "Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of October, A. D. 1896. (Seal.) R. S. ANDERSON, Notary Public. "My commission expires July 16, 1898."

Judge Patrick's standing in the community is attested by the following statement signed by Dr. A. T. King, mayor of the city of Pueblo: "I take pleasure in certifying that I have known G. F. Patrick, Esq., for some years, and know him to be a man of moral and intellectual worth, and one of the leading attorneys of the city, and unhesitatingly vouch for him as an honorable and truthful citizen. A. T. KING, Mayor. As to Judge Patrick's standing at the bar Judge N. Walter Dixon, of this city, judge of the Tenth judicial district of Colorado, writes: "This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with G. F. Patrick, Esq., the above named affiant. He is a lawyer by profession, a member of the Colorado bar in excellent standing, and a gentleman of the highest integrity. N. WALTER DIXON."

—Vote early and if you know of any Democrat who is not at the election, don't wait until night to go for him, but go at once. A full Democratic vote means a haul out your neighbor one election morning. If you have a team hitch it up, take him with you, and see that his vote is cast for free silver and the people's prosperity.

Indian Names of Places. FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

It is rather surprising, considering the musical words that are left to us from the Indian tongue, and the pretty sentiment that so many of those words convey, that so few of them are given to localities and places in the country. New York, is the most loyal to the Indian of the Northern States, and there we find the State full of counties, lakes, rivers and places named for the aboriginal inhabitants. Maine names her lakes and rivers for the Indian, but her cities, and the most of the counties, are borrowed from abroad. The New England States abound with Essexes, Worcesters, Sussexes, and that tiresome second-hand nomenclature, but New York gives an American flavor to her geography with such original Indian names as Seneca, Mohawk, Allegheny, Cayuga, Niagara, Onondaga, Genesee, and all over the State are similar names closely identified with the whole history of the communities. * * *

It is fitting that New York should pay this tribute to the Indian, for the great Iroquois, the foremost of the race, lived for several centuries in the Empire State, the remnant of the tribes still holding reservations in different sections of New York. The Iroquois federation, or the Six Nations, was composed of five tribes in full membership, the Senecas, Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas and Cayugas, while the Tuscaroras were later taken into the confederacy, although on hardly a full affiliation. When the white man discovered America, the Iroquois were undisputed masters of the country, their sway reaching clear to the Mississippi as a hunting region, and far into the South. They lived in New York and Northern Pennsylvania, the Senecas, the chief tribe, occupying the upper Allegheny valley and Western New York. In spite of all that has been said derogatory to the Indian, the Iroquois, and especially the Senecas, were a noble race of savages. Before they learned vice from the white man they were not an immoral people, nor were they especially bloodthirsty. They tilled their little patches of ground, subsisted from the chase and by fishing, making war with no more frequency than their white brethren across the sea. They possessed many virtues, were religious and upright in their dealings and should be remembered in the history of the country as the worthy forerunners of civilization. * * *

Pennsylvania has done little to preserve the Indian names. We have a few rivers and creeks, and occasionally a small town but outside of that, Erie, Allegheny, Susquehanna and Juniata are the few reminders of the early days. Indiana county is all right, but while Delaware is the local name of an Indian tribe, Lord Delaware, who was one of the early settlers, was not an Indian, although he loaned his name. The States begin it with Ohio, and carry it out through Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, Iowa, and all over the South and West. In Kansas an Indian name itself, we find Comanche, Kiowa, Wichita, Potawatomi, Shawnee, Miami, Cherokee, and lots of other names for the counties, as in the case in others of the newer States which were created since the feeling of veneration for English associations has died out. And as we go West and encounter the Indian names, it is observed that the names of English counties and heroes are wholly neglected. The Cumberlands, Works, Westchesters, etc., drop out, and where Indian names are not enough, the names of our own statesmen and commanders find a place. * * *

In the South the rivers are quite generally given Indian names, a custom prevailing to a considerable extent, however, all over the country, for the rivers and lakes are more decidedly called for the red man than anything else in the country. The Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Allegheny, Penobscot, Susquehanna, Tennessee, are among the best known. But all over the South are charming little streams like the Suwannee, Oconee, Congaree, Tombigbee, Nolachucky, Hiawassce, Chat-tahoochee, Ocklawaha, etc. In the far Northwest the Indian is kept in closer touch with history by the use of his names than anywhere else, and some of the selections are very grotesque to the Eastern ear. Klamath, Clackamas, Umatilla, Tillamook, Clatsop, Snohomish, Chehalis and Klilikar are familiar examples. But while they sound strange to ears not accustomed to them, they are no more outlandish than many of the common English names that we have grown used to in the East, and they have the merit of being a part of the country, and a link in the perpetuation of its history is good enough for Americans, and the newer generations are incorporating the real American names into American local history.

Collars and sleeves appear to have changed places. While the sleeves have diminished into almost nothingness the collars on the jackets are still as stout as ever. Flaring ones standing out from the neck, Elizabethan ruffs or in the style of Medici, Elizabethan ruffs are much worn on caps. A girl should marry when she is capable of understanding and fulfilling the duties of a true wife and thorough housekeeper, and never before. No matter how old she may be, if she is not capable of managing a house in every department of it, she is not old enough to get married. When she promises to take the position of wife and housekeeper, the man who holds her promises has every right to suppose that she knows herself competent to fulfil it. If she proves to be incompetent or unwilling, he has good reason to consider himself cheated. No matter how plain the home may be, if it is in accordance with the husband's means and he finds it neatly kept and the meals (no matter how simple) served from shining dishes and clean table-linen, that husband will leave his home with loving words and thoughts, and look ahead with eagerness to the time when he can return. Let a girl play the piano and acquire every accomplishment within her power, the more the better, for everyone will be that much power to be used in making a happy home. At the same time, if she cannot go to the kitchen if necessary, and cheerfully prepare just as good a meal as anyone could with the same material, and serve it neatly after it is prepared, she had better defer her marriage until she learns. If girls would thoroughly fit themselves for the position of intelligent housekeepers before they marry, there would be fewer discontented, unhappy wives and more happy homes. Soft shades of brown always spring into favor at the first frost; perhaps because it is harmonious with the fading leaves, and perhaps because there is so much warmth in the color. A lovely gown made of a soft canvas cloth in the most beautiful warm shade of golden brown, over crimson satin, showing beautifully through the mesh. A narrow rope or cord of crimson velvet outlined every seam of the gracefully gored skirt.

When the young men of a country fly from it, to avoid serving it, as 40,000 of them have fled from Spain; when the Government of a country is unable to borrow the money essential to its support, as Spain is unable to borrow the needed sum of \$200,000,000 when the army of a country fails, after twenty months of campaigning, to gain any success over a body of insurgents one-fifth its size, as the 200,000 Spanish troops in Cuba have failed; when the Generals of a country bring disgrace upon their military titles by deeds of dishonor, as Weyler, Melguzo, and other Spaniards have brought it; when a country represents oppression and corruption, as does Spain; when it expends all its strength in mad efforts to destroy the liberties of its colonial subjects, as Spain has vainly expended hers in Cuba; the ruin of that country must be at hand. Spain, once so proud, is perishing in disgrace. Once a conqueror, she has suffered, and yet suffers discomfiture. Once the richest country in the world, she is now impoverished. Once the ruler of America from Florida to the furthest south, she fights for the only remnant of it left to her, an outlying island. She sowed the wind and reaps the whirlwind. She went up like a rocket and has come down like the stick. Yet Spain is a supercilious and insolent as ever she was. When driven from Cuba and Porto Rico, her last foothold in the New World, she will leave behind her there, as she left behind her elsewhere in America, a name to be long and deeply detested. —Every man on the Democratic ticket is worthy your support. They are for the people's interests, as against the combines and corporations, the banks and the brokers, the speculators and non-producers. See that your vote is cast for the straight Democratic ticket. —You have a team. Use it for your own good on election day, to get out votes in the interest of the people. The people's cause is your cause.