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Mola\$\$es, Oh! Mola\$\$es.

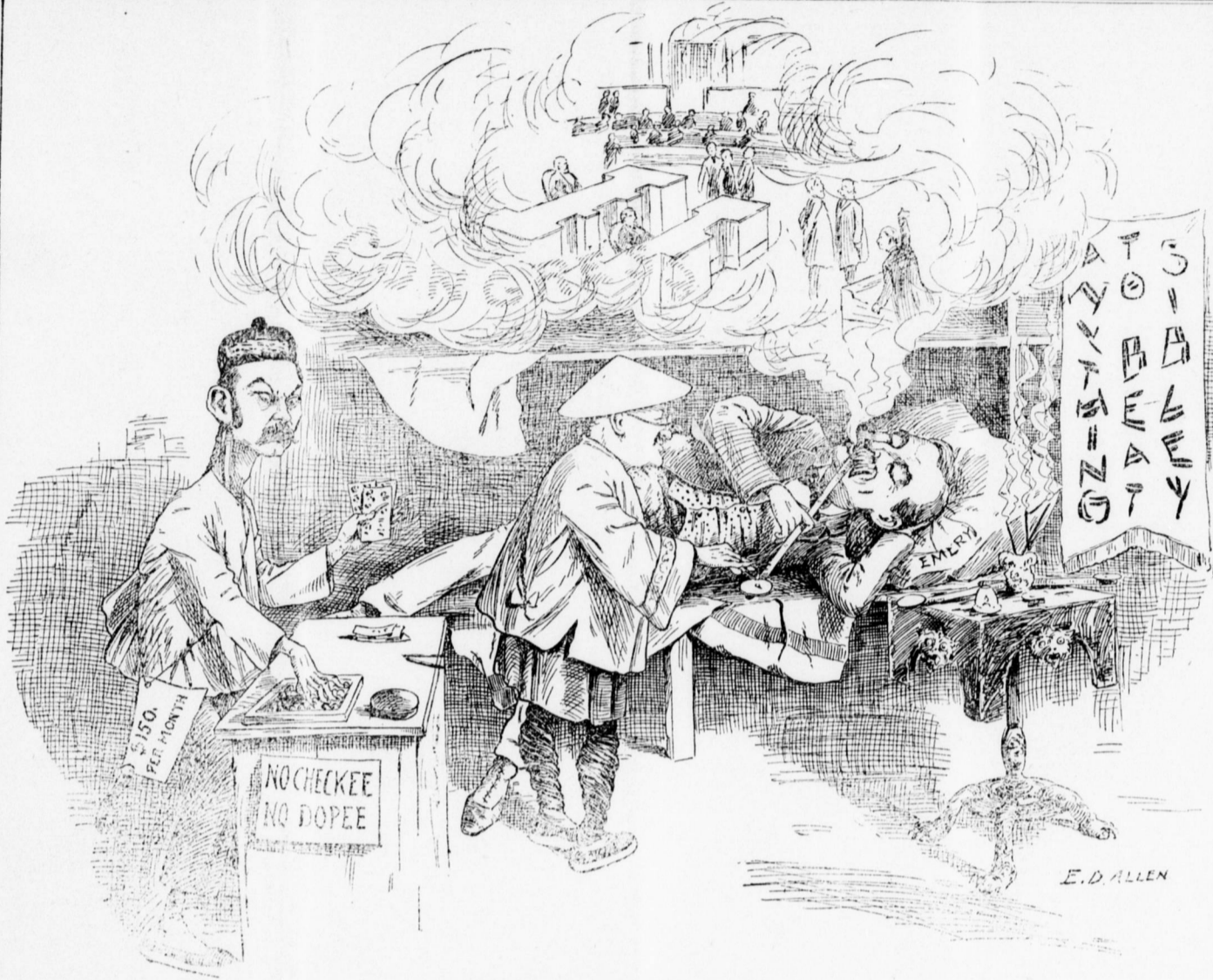
Probably in no political campaign during a century has there been a more profound and logical argument put forth than the democratic howl of "Mola\$\$es, oh! mola\$\$es." "Whad'je go to Franklin for?" "Mola\$\$es, mola\$\$es, oh! mola\$\$es." The man-that-don't-want-his-name-in-the-paper says he bought part of a newspaper to aid Mr. Emery's canvass. Where did he get his dough? Of course a newspaper is negotiable property and there is no law against any man buying a newspaper plant—presses, fixtures, towel, good will, and entire outfit—if he has the necessary sugar; but one would think, to hear the democrats and boxers yell, that Sibley's mola\$\$es was the only sweet stuff in evidence in this campaign.

This man Emery is entitled to no Republican votes. The action of himself and his so-called Republican (?) friends is subversive of the very first principles of Republican government. Submission to the will of the majority is the very foundation rock on which our proud republic is reared. When a few soreheads and political boxers can disrupt the Republican party then shall our very republican form of government be indeed in serious danger.

The act of a brave man, one of the noblest, most patriotic acts of any public man of recent times, was the action by the Hon. Joseph C. Sibley in the Fifty-sixth Congress, when he boldly announced his position in support of the flag, the constitution and the President of the United States.

Money will hire men to work, but it cannot buy personal honor, respect, esteem or friendship, and the Hon. J. C. Sibley has twenty personal friends who esteem and love him (regardless of the size of his bank account) where this man Emery has one. INDEX.

The underwear department of the popular clothing store of N. Seger is complete. Any grade in quality and price desired may be found here.



EMERY'S PIPE DREAM.

WEATHER REPORT.
(Forecast by T. B. Lloyd.)
FRIDAY, Fair; warmer; southwest winds.
SATURDAY, Fair and continued warm.
SUNDAY, Partly cloudy and probably showers.

GRAND Republican Rally!

AT EMPORIUM, PA.
MCKINLEY, ROOSEVELT, SIBLEY, MOORE.



AND THE SOLID REPUBLICAN TICKET.

There will be a monster Demonstration at Emporium,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, Oct. 24,
commencing at 7:30 p.m.

The issues of the campaign will be discussed by
Hon. Jos. C. Sibley,
Hon. C. W. Mackey,
Col. Evans,
Gen. Thos. J. Stewart
and others.

SPECIAL TRAIN from Sionamahoning and intermediate points, for the accommodation of all who may desire to attend; returning after the meeting. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

AN IMMENSE OUTPOURING OF THE PEOPLE.

The voters of Cameron county turned out *en masse* at Driftwood last Thursday evening to hear Hon. Joseph C. Sibley and Hon. C. W. Mackey discuss the issues of the campaign. A special train consisting of seven coaches packed full of enthusiastic Republicans arrived at Driftwood at 7:30. The people came from every section of the county—Emporium, Portage, Shippen, Lumber, Gibson and Grove. Over twelve hundred people, headed by Emporium Band and the Driftwood McKinley and Roosevelt Club, marched to Mitchell's opera house, but not one-half were able to get into the building. Never before in the history of Cameron county has such an enthusiastic meeting been held in the eastern part of this county. Addresses were made by Congressman Sibley and ex-Congressman Mackey, both able and convincing arguments. The meeting was admirably handled by hustling Republicans of Driftwood and Gibson and resulted in much good. Mr. Sibley's speech was, in part, as follows:

You charge me with being a flopper. Yes, I guess that is so. If a flopper may properly be defined as one who did not know it all yesterday, is wiser to-day and aims for progress to-morrow, then I am a flopper. If a flopper is one who finds a position of yesterday untenable to-day, positively wrong to-morrow, then if seeking to leave the untenable position, the occupation of which would stultify my intelligence, dwarf my conscience, and work an injury to my fellows, then you may define me as a flopper. If looking at the present and trusting for a grander future rather than facing backward to fan the smouldering embers of the past, constitutes one as flopper, please enumerate me as such.

Whenever I see men who have been working for \$1 a day, able to earn \$2; when the man who earned \$2 can have the opportunity to earn \$3; I will flop as often as it may be necessary to help that condition, for that man to continue.

When from 1893 to 1896 47 per cent. of the wage-earners of this country were unemployed or working on short hours, and to-day only three-eighths of one per cent. of the wage-earners unemployed, I will flop to help keep these men employed whenever and wherever it is demanded.

When under a free trade tariff bill we saw our nation largely importing its manufactured necessities, and when under this administration we are manufacturing not only for ourselves, but are supplying the other nations of the world with the products fabricated by American hands in American workshops, you can make a fair guess that I will flop to help that cause along.

Last year we sent from our American workshops to foreign nations \$339,000,000 of manufactured products; this 432,000,000 of dollars, and with the assured certainty that, with the President's policy maintained, those exports will within six years reach more than one thousand millions of dollars annually, thereby requiring double the workshops of the present, and affording double the present opportunity for honest labor and honest capital to meet with substantial recompense, I will flop, and flop until I can be right side up in line with that policy.

When a pound of wool brings the farmer 30 cents to-day instead of 17 cents, and when his sheep that were only salable at a dollar a head in 1896, are worth to-day three or four dollars a head, I will flop whenever it is required for me to do so to help maintain that condition for the wool-grower.

When cotton, that sold for four cents per pound under the last administration, brings from nine to ten cents under the McKinley administration, I will flop to help the cotton-grower.

When we see an advance in the price of all farm products ranging from 25 to 125 per cent. and my flopping from one attitude to another will help that farmer I will try to be the first man to flop.

When we see furnaces blazing, forges glowing, looms weaving; when we hear shuttles clicking and spindles humming; when brawn and brain get fair recompense, whether in factory or in field, I will, as who aims to be loyal to his fellow, his

country, and his Creator, try my level best to maintain that condition, call me what you will.

Last fall, asking after a man who was once my warm political friend, whom I also trusted was my personal friend, I was informed that he made more money in 1899 than he ever made in any previous year of his life. Was it hard for me to flop to help him and others to many such years of golden harvest?

A Democratic friend of mine, a large manufacturer of lumber, told me, much less than one year ago, that he was bothered to get enough good lumbermen to go into the woods at \$2.50 per day, where a few years ago they could be had for \$1.25 to \$1.50 per day. And he further told me that for many years there had not been much of a margin of profit for lumbermen, but if present prices could continue for two years he would never need to struggle for another dollar in his life. Is it strange that I should flop for the benefit of those men?

When wages have increased from 10 to 30 per cent. in nearly all industries; when in 1899 we paid \$765,000,000 more to wage-earners of this land than we did in 1896, with the assured certainty that they will still further increase, if we only let our partisanship shrivel and our patriotism expand; are you justified in doubting if my attitude of yesterday hinders that increase I will flop until my position of to-day shall be upon that higher ground, standing upon which humanity, from the heights of the delectable mountains, can see grand visions of a more glorious future?

When for two years the New York Central railroad had 35 miles of freight cars standing continuously idle upon its side tracks, and when the same effect was proportionately true on every great railway of America, when train crews were laid off and runs had to be divided so as to give to each man an occasional chance to earn a pittance, and to-day with hundreds of thousands of new cars and thousands of additional locomotives, we find every wheel turning, every crew employed, can you doubt whether or not I will flop, if in so doing I can help to keep those wheels turning and those men employed?

When you see this nation's products carried to market under a foreign flag, in foreign ships, manned by foreign seamen, and to whom we pay \$200,000,000 each year, when the proposition is made by this administration to build up an American merchant marine, which shall carry our products to market in American ships, sailed by American sailors, and when the committee of which my honored friend from Ohio, Gen. Grosvenor, is chairman, presents such a bill in the House of Representatives, and I have to either oppose that bill or flop, which do you think it will be?

When we see the flag fired upon, when we see the brave boys in blue, your brothers, your sons and your sweethearts, shot down by men in ambush, my sympathies go out to you and to them rather than to a Tagal savage, and I got to flop. As I love my

country, my fellow man, and my God, no man will flop ahead of me.

When to act to the dictates of an honest conscience, guided by the best of my intelligence, my duty to my fellow man, my country, and my Creator, prompts me that when I am wrong my duty is to get right, I shall follow the promptings and the dictation of that conscience, let them lead where they may.

You may hurl your contumelious epithets; they have been hurled in the past. Washington was called a traitor; the rabble and the mob through all the ages have cried "crucify! crucify!" at every man who has dared to stand by his free conscience in an effort to make this a grander and better world, wherein true manhood and true womanhood may cherish higher ideals and attain to higher degrees of political, social and moral well-being.

When we see each month a surplus in our budget instead of a deficit; when we see, instead of borrowing money in England, as we did under the last administration, we have loaned within the last two years to Sweden, Russia, Germany and England more than \$200,000,000; when we see our exports doubling and our imports dividing; when we see happy faces of a well-fed and well-clad citizenship, and contrast it with the days of the Coxe army of unemployed, when the pinched faces of hungry men and women and little children, clad in tatters, in the biting blast of the winter's storm sought for cold sympathy and cold soup in the soup houses. God in His grace grant that you and I shall never witness these scenes again! But if we do, my earnest prayer is that He may so guide us all in His infinite love and wisdom that no vote or act of ours, whether in public or private life, shall be responsible for the return of such conditions.

God make us men, not partisans,
Tall men, sun-crowned, and truly great,
Use us as willing artisans
To mould and form the nobler state.

I appeal to no man's partisanship, but rather to his reason and his conscience. Whether, as our candidate, I shall win or fail, reck little; but the success of those principles which, embodied in our national life, which opens wide the doors of opportunity through which your loved ones must go out to win an honorable place in the world, means everything to you and them. Let us tear down those altars which in our pride we have built in our high places, and whereon we have made sacrifices to selfishness, to partisan practice and prejudice, and on those ruins erect fair temples upon whose unprofaned altars we shall lay our thank offerings of patriotism and duty.

I shall have no new pledges to make to you if again your representative in public life. Simply, humbly, and, I trust reverently, seeking to know my duty, I shall discharge it in the sight of Him who searcheth and knoweth all men's hearts. Seeking not to know what may foster the ambition of some politician, but what policies, embraced and embodied in our national life, will dignify labor, afford truer and juster recompense, and make for a nobler, truer citizenship.