

Complete Vote of the County.

Table with columns for GOVERNOR, LT. GOV., SEC. INT. AFFAIRS, JUDGES OF SUPERIOR COURT, CONGRESSMEN-AT-LARGE, CONGRESS, SENATOR, JUDGE, CORONER, SURVEYOR, and DISTRICTS. It contains a detailed grid of election results for various candidates across different districts.

REPUBLICAN VICTORY WAS SUBSTANTIAL

Included from Page 1. A card attached on which was inscribed the following: Mr. Connell I am exceedingly delighted with your success. The kick against the head of the ticket made it hard to run your majority lister. G. B. Clark. TELEGRAM FROM GOVERNOR. The following telegram was received from Governor Hastings: Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 9. Hon. William Connell. Congratulations on your re-election. Your majority should have been fourfold what it is. Daniel H. Hastings. One of the telegrams received early in the morning by Congressman Connell was from his private secretary, S. R. Stratton, who is in Washington. It contained one impressive word: "Amens." From Thomas O'Reilly, who

is one of the conspicuous figures at Harzburg and is known from one end of the state to the other, came the following: "Accept hearty congratulations; everything is all right." "Hearty congratulations on your splendid victory," was the message flashed over the wire by John T. DeLine, proprietor of the Shoreham at Washington. This message came from Rev. George Edward Reed, D. D., the brilliant president of Dickinson college: "Fifteen hundred will do. Congratulations to you and Mrs. Connell." Many other messages of a similar nature came during the day either in written or verbal form to remind Mr. Connell that his re-election is much appreciated by his friends. The exceptionally light vote of Tuscon, day caused probably more discussion than any other phase of the election and many reasons were yesterday assigned for it. One was that many persons feared if they voted they would be dragged before the courts again in an election contest. Another was that not a few Republicans and Democrats became disgusted

with the manner in which the reformers who had such a prominent part in the campaign which just closed abused everybody in power and kept away from the polls altogether. Whatever the cause, the vote was at least five thousand smaller than it should have been. COCOANUTS IN CUBA. Delicious Flavor of the Milk Drunk Where the Nut Grows. From the Providence Journal. Next to bananas the most important product of eastern Cuba is coconuts. The trees grow rapidly, without cultivation, and every man's field is fringed with them. Fruitful by the nuts at the rate of \$5 the thousand, and they are hulled on the island, ground in primitive mills and pressed for oil. Or, correctly speaking, we should put it in the past tense and say this was done up to a few weeks ago. Now every industry, however simple is paralyzed. Spanish soldiers, almost as hungry as the starving people, occupy

every village and hamlet and prey like locusts on the devastated land. The Cuban process of extracting oil from the cocoanut resembles that by which Texans make oil from cottonseed. The cake of solid residue is fed to the pigs—about the only live stock ever successfully raised in eastern Cuba—and the shells are used for fuel in the sugar factories. So far the oil has been locally employed only as a lubricator for sugar-making machinery—a wicked waste of valuable material. It seems to those who are familiar with the splendid possibilities of the product. Here is an unequalled opening for the manufacturer of palm-oil soap, coco-fiber, mats, hats, etc., to say nothing of the hundred other uses to which parts of the tree, its fruit and fibers may be put. The saying goes that a cocoa tree bears a nut for every day in the year. In time of peace one might buy a dozen nuts for a twenty cent coin anywhere in the rural districts of Cuba, and he who never tasted the milk from one freshly gathered can have no idea what is meant by

"a draught fit for the gods." In its proper state, however, the nuts are not brown and hard; as you see them in the northern markets; they look like enormous pale-green apples, slightly elongated, for each still wears its Robin Hood jacket, which is removed before shipment. Being still "alive," the milk is soft and easily cut with the machete, or long-bladed knife, which every countryman carries, or your own pocket-knife may answer the purpose. Make a hole in one end of the nut about the size of a half dollar and it gushes the milk like a living spring not by any means such sour stuff as you have seen come out of the cocoanuts at home, white as chalk and thick as butter-milk. Give one of these imported things to a monkey pling in captivity for its native food, and he will refuse it with scorn and indignation. The trouble is that the cocoanuts of commerce are gathered before they are ripe and entirely spoiled in transit. The milk that you buy with it should have no suggestion of milk, but be colorless

as water, with a slight granular appearance from some clear mountain spring, except for a faintly sweet and most delicious flavor; and if freshly picked in the early morning, after the nut has been swinging all night in the cool breeze, the liquid is almost ice cold. Where cocoanuts grow you never see anything like the shells of that hard, white layer which northerners grate and desecrate one might as well say desecrate, for in its best estate the nut has no such substance, only a creamy white film inside of it, hardly thicker than your thumb nail, which is scraped off with a spoon when eaten. Before drinking the juice the tenderfoot generally pours it into another vessel than that which Nature intended, but the sophisticated epicure fills the cocoanut at just the right angle to let the milk trickle gently down his throat—and, like the old toper we have heard of, he wishes his throat were a mile long. There is nothing in the wide world more nourishing or fattening, more health-restoring and youth-preserving. Emaciated invalids are recommended

to begin on the juice of half a dozen nuts a day, the dose to be increased constantly nearly to the patient's inclination. And the invalid is yet to be discovered who does not develop a taste for it so rapidly that in a week's time half a dozen nuts at a single sitting will hardly satisfy him. Each full-grown nut contains nearly a pint of this true "fountain of youth"—the same, perhaps, which the old Conquistadors sought vainly far and wide, expecting to find it gushing out of the earth in some sequestered spot, instead of hanging, green and beautiful, everywhere overhead. The big nuts grow in bunches, five or six on a stem, away up near the top of the tall tree, just under its crown of plumelike leaves. A native dorky, young or old, thinks nothing of climbing up the smooth, branchless trunks, which look like telegraph poles, towering straight and slender from fifty to one hundred feet—whacking off the nuts with his machete (carried up in his teeth), and tossing them down with the ease and agility of his ancestors, the monkeys.