of forty thousand was resolved to reach that single point in space which would enable him to look on Bryan's face and touch his hand.

Man Prevailed Over Men.

Even the determination of a Nebraskan crowd cannot prevail against the law of physics, but on the other hand Bryan could not by any means reach his conveyance. In vain chairmen of committees gesticulated and entreated, in vain Bryan himself spread his hands for peace and forbearance; for many minutes it seemed as if his journey must end within a stone's throw of his destination. Finally, however, the man prevailed over the men, as is always the way in this world when the one represents order and the other emotion, a path opened, the carriage was gained, and was driven away, or carried away, I know not which.

For my part, I got off on the other side of the car, and fetched a compass of many darksome stumbles and quagmires till I emerged on the rear of the now departing multitude. And there stood in line a score or two of sturdy, cheerful farmers, each with a double-barrelled shotgun in his hands, and at the same moment they lifted their pieces and fired a dropping volley into the air. I now understood the meaning of those rattling explosions I had heard, and could not but be reminded of those embattled [illegible]rmers of 120 years ago who fired the [illegible] heard round the world. These men [illegible] actuated by the same spirit and acted [illegible]port of the same principles as did [illegible]old Concord farmers of 1776. The only difference was that they did not aim their guns against the representatives of the abuses they were gathered to repel.

At the Lincoln Home.

Now let us have done for the present with crowds and cheers and speeches, prolonged until long after everybody ought to have been in bed, and contemplate for a few minutes a scene of domestic peace and seclusion. After that tremendous night Mr. Bryan was in the car by 9 the next morning, on the way to his home in Lin[illegible] half a hundred miles away. It was [illegible]orning, cool, clear and peaceful, [illegible] frost, the first of the season, [illegible]th with a transparent sil-

[illegible] broad level of prairie, [illegible]losed by simple brick [illegible]tion which even on [illegible]nding its own busi[illegible]eft my hotel an[illegible]ection for h[illegible]

Th[illegible] two [illegible]en, with a face of [illegible]ar gray eyes, the [illegible]ed creature, just [illegible] and played with. [illegible]s mother, too, a [illegible]. The house con[illegible]sant little rooms, [illegible]s in the way of [illegible] but in the study, [illegible]ining room, were [illegible]inet of souvenirs [illegible]with two blotting

[illegible]at side and I sit [illegible] the house replied. [illegible]her."

[illegible], domestic, home[illegible]as good as being in [illegible], with its noise and [illegible]mmerce and politics, [illegible] was nothing in the [illegible]neanor of its simple[illegible]uggest the strife of conflict of good and [illegible]e of an honest and [illegible]en of small means. [illegible] such in this coun[illegible]rm the bulk of our [illegible] not get on without [illegible] hear of them; they [illegible]n beyond their own

[illegible] this particular house, [illegible] the whole world have [illegible] with hate and fear, [illegible] He is our greatest

[illegible]EPUBLIC LIVE?"

[illegible]rom First Page.

[illegible]dsuffering "patriotism" [illegible]nson defined it in the [illegible]dictionary, "the last [illegible]," all that is worth [illegible]blic has been passing [illegible]s, and the American [illegible] the Roman Republic [illegible] much quicker as the [illegible] and locomotive are [illegible]ent galley and chariot. [illegible] the social extremes are [illegible]ulti-millionaires on the [illegible]ups on the other cannot [illegible]tic republic. It must in [illegible]f things pass the way [illegible]en monstrous estates [illegible]etariat grew. [illegible]ssue in the election [illegible]row is the very life [illegible]flict, but it must [illegible] the side that [illegible] that loses [illegible]me. And

great struggle must in fact, though not in form, be determined.

In form the struggle is on the currency question. A shield of gold is set against a shield of silver. But these are only symbols, and behind them are gathered the world-opposing forces of aristocratic special privilege and democratic freedom. I can have no question of how I ought to vote.

But of those friends of mine, the few single taxers who, deluded, as I think, by the confusion, purpose to separate from the majority of us on the vote, I should like to ask that they consider how they expected to know the great struggle to which we have all looked forward as inevitable, when it should come? Hardly by the true issue appearing at first as the prominent issue. For all the great struggles of history have begun on subsidiary, and sometimes on what seemed at the moment irrelevant, issues. Would they not expect to see all the forces of ill-gotten wealth, with the control of the majority of the press, on one side, and on the other a reliance upon the common people—the working farmers and the artisan bread-winners? Is not that so to-day?

Would they not expect to see the reliance of the aristocratic party to be upon an assumed legality and a narrow interpretation of the command, "Thou shalt not steal," based not upon God's law, but upon man's law? Is not this true in this case?

Would they not expect to have every man who stood prominently for freedom denounced as an Anarchist, a communist, a repudiator, a dishonest person, who wished to cut down just debts? Is not this so now? Would they not expect to hear predictions of the most dire calamity overwhelming the country if the power to rob the masses was lessened ever so little? Has it not been so in every struggle for greater freedom that they can remember or have ever read of?

Let me ask them before they vote to consider the matter coolly, and as if from a distance in time or space.

What is really the issue even in the currency question? It is not whether gold or silver or both shall be the measure of value. It is whether the American people, acting by constitutional methods, can without moral turpitude change their unit from one metal to both. In all the so[illegible] money arguments there is the assump[illegible] that the single gold standard is the [illegible] given measure of value; that that [illegible] once adopted, it is immoral to [illegible] any reflecting lover of li[illegible] ac[illegible] a limitation of the ri[illegible] of the [illegible]rn themselves[illegible] It is in [illegible]hat has always been [illegible] be made by the up[illegible] wrongs when confronted [illegible] for equal rights. Granted [illegible]tion of free silver would cut [illegible] present value of bonds and [illegible]nd railroad franchises and large [illegible] Shall private interests be permitted [illegible]lock the way of what the people may deem for the general good? And even in our own time has not the common standard of value been greatly appreciated by the forced reduction of the greenback currency to a specie basis, and then by the surreptitious change from either gold or silver to gold alone.

This was done without the majority of the members of Congress, the President himself, or the masses of our people, whose intelligent consent is under our theory of Government essential to the real validity of statute, knowing anything at all about the matter. Thus, when from whatever cause the great change in the relative value of the precious metals did come, the right of the debtor to redeem his debt required a great increase in the amount of labor over that with which he could under the old law have redeemed it. Is it a part of the supreme moral law that all changes in the unit of value in one direction are permissible, but none in the other?

Look at the matter coolly. Gold and silver are merely the banners under which the rival contestants in this election have ranged themselves. The banks are not really concerned about their legitimate business under any currency. They are struggling for the power of profiting by the issuance of paper money, a function properly and constitutionally belonging to the nation. The railroads are not really concerned about the fifty-cent dollar, either for themselves or their employes. They are concerned about their power of running the Government and making and administering the laws. The trusts and pools and rings are not really concerned about any reduction in the wages of their workmen, but for their own power of robbing the people. The larger business interests have frightened each other, as children do when one says "Ghost!" Let them frighten no thinking man.

But beneath all lies the question, Shall the great charter of Anglo-Saxon liberty, wrung from John at Runnemede, be abolished by us in government by injunction? and all the great questions that cluster around it? These questions really involve, not the establishment of a monarchy—kings never came again in Rome after the Tarquins were expelled—but the utter subversion under other forms of American constitutional liberty.

This is why I shall vote for Bryan, and why I believe the majority of the American people will so vote.

"Speaking of memory," observed the middle-aged man the other night at the Liars' Club, "the most remarkable case I ever heard of came under my immediate observation.

"About thirty years ago I was dining in an uptown cafe during a severe thunderstorm. I had reached the dessert. Ice cream was on the bill, and I had just asked the waiter what flavor it was. At that moment there was a terrible crash and the waiter fell stunned to the floor. He was carried out, and I abruptly left the dining room. The other day I dropped in at Delmonico's and motioned for a waiter. No sooner had [illegible] fellow laid eyes [illegible] than he [illegible]omptly: 'Vanilla.' [illegible] waiter who was [illegible]"

THREE THEATRES FULL OF BRYAN ENTHUSIASTS.

Rousing Mass Meetings Under the Auspices of Tammany Hall.

Cheers for the Democratic Candidates on the West and East Sides.

Mr. Sheehan Promises One Thousand Majority in the Ninth Assembly District.

BOWERY JAMMED WITH DIVVERITES.

Leaders to Receive Final Instructions To-day Concerning the Work to Be Done To-morrow—More Meetings to Be Held To-night.

Tammany Hall practically closed its campaign last night by holding three rousing mass meetings at the American, Eighth Avenue and the Thalia theatres. There will be a few meetings, however, held to-night and the Sixteen to One Club, of Harlem, will hold a final rally at Sulzer's Harlem River Park.

The meeting at the American Theatre was under the auspices of the organization in the Thirteenth Assembly District. It was impossible to even obtain standing room after 8 o'clock, at which time Judge James A. O'Gorman opened the meeting. He made a brief address, in which he predicted that Bryan would not only be elected, but that he would receive the largest popular vote ever given to a Presidential candidate.

William Hepburn Russell, who sprang into prominence as an orator at the Buffalo Convention, arraigned President Theodore Roosevelt, of the Police Board, for some of the remarks to which he has given utterance during the past few weeks, particularly his threat that war might follow the election of the Democratic candidates. Mr. Russell declared that Mr. Roosevelt was not the man to be at the head of the Police Board in a city like this, and added that he regarded him as dangerous.

"William J. Bryan is as good as elected now," said the speaker. "The people will ratify the action of the Chicago Convention at the poll[illegible]esday, and that [illegible] champion [illegible] the [illegible]its of the people [illegible] succeed Grover Clev[illegible]and as the oc[illegible]ant of the White House."

Other speakers were Senator Thomas F. Grady, James Buchanan, James Lindsay Gordon and Assemblyman Patrick F. Trainor.

Tammany's hosts in the Ninth Assembly District, gathered in force at Miner's Eighth Avenue Theatre. John C. Sheehan lives in this district, and the organization has conducted a vigorous campaign there.

Mr. Sheehan declared last night that Bryan would receive at least 1,000 majority in the district.

The orchestra, balcony and gallery were filled with people who cheered every reference to the Democratic candidates. Speeches were made by Congressman Amos J. Cummings, John B. McGoldrick, Senator Thomas F. Grady and William Hepburn Russell. The members of the Pequod Club were present in a body.

One of the largest meetings held this Fall was the one at the Thalia Theatre last night, under the auspices of the Patrick Divver Association of the Second Assembly District. The former Police Justice was present himself, and thousands of his followers turned out. The lower part of the Bowery was jammed with people. Congressman James J. Walsh, who is a candidate for re-election, made a red-hot Bryan speech. Assemblyman Thomas J. Marry and other well-known Second District orators also made addresses.

The Russian Democratic Club held a big mass meeting yesterday afternoon at the Windsor Hotel on the Bowery.

Leader John C. Sheehan has sent a letter to every Tammany Hall district leader to instruct his captains to pick out good men to act as watches at the polls. Under the law each party is entitled to two wathchers. Mr. Sheehan will be at Tammany Hall early this morning and will see the leaders and give them their final orders.

LIVING DEATH IN AN ASYLUM.

Continued from First Page.

afflicted like them were welcomed to their home.

Old John Williams died on April 7, 1887. Three months later Harriet, the younger daughter, was married to John W. Ackley, a farmer, and went to his home in New York State. Elizabeth Williams remained alone in the old house. From her father she inherited $1,752.

Had a Deaf Mute Friend.

Chief Blaurock was then, as now, Chief of Police of East Orange. He has a daughter, Minnie. She is a deaf mute, a friend of the Williams women. Mrs. Ackley had been in her new home scarcely a month when she received this letter from Minnie Blaurock, which she still has:

East Orange, N. J., Aug. 3, 1887.

Mrs. Ackley:

Dear Friend: I am going to write to you to inform you about your sister Elizabeth. Last Friday night my Pa told me to go to Elizabeth's house and ask her if she wanted to take a nice ride around the country. She said she would be real glad to go, especially if the ride could be extended to enable them to go to Paterson. At 8 o'clock Saturday morning my papa and another policeman, Mr. Bell, drove in a carriage to the D., L. & W. R. R. depot, and papa bought four tickets to Morristown. I did not tell Elizabeth where we were going, but when we got out at the station and got in a stage and got near the asylum she asked me what the large building was, and I told her it was a big German school. But I was not telling the truth. I did not want to tell her it was the asylum, for my papa was afraid she would not go in. I asked her if she wanted to visit the school. She said "Yes," so we went in and two lawyers came in and sat down and wrote on a paper and asked me about her life. I answered them by writing, and she looked mad at us. A lady took her and I upstairs and I left her up there and did not go back. My papa asked me if she cried, and I told him "No, but she is angry and will cry." We could not let you know in time. It is best she is in the asylum, and will have good care. Your affectionate friend,

MINNIE BLAUROCK.

Glenwood avenue, East Orange.

Mrs. Ackley's Surprise.

Mrs. Ackley was surprised. She knew her sister had mourned their father's death. She knew her sister regretted their separation; that she was morose, melancholic. But she did not imagine Elizabeth was insane.

Mrs. Ackley immediately returned to her old home at East Orange. It was in disorder, she says. There she lives to-day. In October, 1888, being poor in health and purse, Mrs. Ackley wrote to the Morris Plains Asylum, the State Asylum for the Insane of New Jersey, asking about her sister, to whom she was devotedly attached. She received this answer:

State Asylum for the Insane,
Morris Plains, N. J., Oct. 27, 1888.

Mrs. John W. Ackley, 28 North Park Street, Orange, N. J.

Dear Madam: In reply to your postal card of 26th inst., I would say that your sister, Miss Elizabeth Williams, is not dead, but is in her usual good health. You might visit her at any time. Yours, respectfully,

H. C. HARRIS, Medical Director.

Mrs. Ackley declares that the very next day she got a letter from the asylum telling her not to go there. But she has lost that letter. She has other letters, one dated February 16, 1891. That is signed by Medical Director Harris and informed the anxious Mrs. Ackley that her sister "is in a comfortable position for a person at her time of life. She is both blind and dumb, and feels her way about along the walls of the ward. It would be well for some of her friends or relatives to visit her and leave instructions at the asylum as to what disposition shall be made of her remains when death occurs."

What a picture to be presented to a sister, old, too, deprived of speech and hearing, sick and poor.

Reported Ill and Then Dead.

Then came a letter from Dr. Harris dated April 22, 1891, telling that Elizabeth Williams was "failing in bodily strength," and then these two telegrams, the first in the morning, the second in the afternoon:

Asylum, Morristown, Nov. 20, 1891.

To John Ackley, East Orange:

Elizabeth Williams is dying.

H. C. HARRIS.

Asylum, Morristown, Nov. 20, 1891.

To John Ackley, East Orange:

Elizabeth Williams died this afternoon.

H. C. HARRIS.

Mrs. Ackley mourned and would not be comforted. But she was very poor. She could not well afford to go to Morristown. She asked that her sister be buried there. A trunk full of Elizabeth Williams's clothes was sent to Mrs. Ackley. She wept over a shawl her mother and sister had worn, and folded it away.

As a fact, Elizabeth Williams was alive and in bodily health at that moment. She is alive to-day. She was transferred from the Morris Plains Asylum to the Essex County Insane Asylum, at South Orange, N. J., on July 22, 1889. That was seven months before Dr. Harris wrote to Mrs. Ackley that Elizabeth Williams "is in a comfortable position for a person at her time of life." That was a year and seven months before Dr. Harris telegraphed Elizabeth Williams "is dying;" "is dead." For seven years Elizabeth Williams has lived within three miles of the sister who mourned her.

Deaf Mutes Find Her Alive.

Two deaf mutes who live in Newark, Mr. Brennan and Mr. Hogeben, took a holiday last Friday. They went to South Orange and walked in the grounds of the Essex County Insane Asylum, on South Orange avenue. Dr. Hinckley, superintendent of the asylum, saw them conversing by signs and beckoned them into the asylum.

"There's an old deaf and dumb woman here," wrote Dr. Hinckley. "It may do her good if you'll talk to her."

Brennan and Hogeben were taken to Ward No. 2. Miss Williams instantly recognized them. They knew her. Mr. Brennan had been to a service in memorial of her. The two men could scarcely believe their eyes.

"My poor, dead sister"—— Miss Williams began to spell out to them on her swift fingers.

"Your sister is alive," they interrupted.

She, too, had mourned. Brennan and Hogeben told their astounding discovery to friends, who visited and recognized this woman risen, as it were, from the dead. Gently the news was broken to Mrs. Ackley.

She went to the asylum yesterday. W[illegible] the sisters met their emotion was touching. Recovering their composure, Mrs. Ackley spelled these words:

"My dearest Elizabeth, how well you are looking."

Begged to Be Released.

And she was looking well. Her memory was clear, although she is almost sixty years old. She recalled to her sister the days when they lived with their father. She implored Mrs. Ackley to take her from the asylum.

"Elizabeth Williams was admitted to this asylum on July 22, 1889," said Dr. N. S. Hinckley, the medical superintendent. She was transferred from the Morris Plains Asylum. She was then fifty-two years of age. She was one of the seventy-five patients that I personally transferred from the State to the county asylum at the time. No information of any kind, especially as to relatives, was given to me. The woman has been unknown here, and the discovery of her identity is a great satisfaction to me as well as her relatives.

"I regard the patient as mildly insane at times. The deaf mutes whom I called in to see and talk with her think as I do.

Thought Her Mind Was Affected.

"When they came downstairs I asked them if they thought her of unsound mind, and they answered affirmatively. Dr. Harris, who was medical director of the Morris Plains Asylum, had only taken charge when the announcement of the woman's death was made. He must have confounded her with another person of the same name. Being unfamiliar with the patients and their relatives, he probably thought the Williams woman whom he reported as having died was Mrs. Ackley's sister. That is the only explanation I can give."

Dr. Harrris is now a practising physician at Glenridge, N. J. Chief of Police Blaurock, of East Orange, who conveyed Elizabeth Williams to the Morris Plains institution, says that she was violent at that time and was "committed in the usual way."

Elizabeth Williams was transferred from one to another asylum on July 22, 1889. Dr. Harris did not know that on November 20, 1891, for then, he wrote, she was dead.

This woman, deaf, dumb, grieving for her father's death and her separation from her married sister, was indeed buried in the asylum.

In answer to a request for his knowledge concerning the case, Dr. Harris telegraphed last night as follows:

To the Editor of the Journal:

I must refer you to the Register of Deaths at the State Hospital for the Insane at Morris Plains, N. J. DR. HARRIS.

BACK FROM THE DEAD.

A Seattle Milliner Finds Her Husband, Supposed to Have Been Murdered, in Alaska.

The following paragraph from an Alaska paper of recent date, says the San Francisco Call, recalls a sensational mystery of a decade ago: "Mrs. Degraph (Degraf), who, it will be remembered, left for Juneau last August, arrived safely and was surprised to meet her husband there. They are now living at Circle City.

For ten years the people of Seattle and vicinity have believed that George Degraf, husband of Annie Degraf, a well-known milliner of Seattle, was murdered while prospecting. His wife mourned his sudden and inexplicable disappearance, but finally gave up hoping aginst hope and accepted the inevitable. With the rapid coming and going of daily events the Degraf murder was partially forgotten, and, if spoken of, always presented the same mystery as of old.

It now appears that Degraf was not murdered, and that the suspicion which was harbored against his partner, Gibbs, was unjust. Mr. Degraf was much interested in mining and made frequent excursions into the country, prospecting. On one of these trips he went into the country near North Yakima, having as a companion a man named Gibbs.

Day after day passed and no tidings were heard of Degraf. He had disappeared completely. Gibbs returned safe and well, but did not give an explanation that was satisfactory to the authorities. The case was investigated, and at last Gibbs was arrested on suspicion of having murdered his former companion. In the end, however, he was released, as there was not enough evidence to justify the State in prosecuting the case.

Month after month, and finally year after year rolled by, but no news came from the missing man, and his wife was at last compelled to accept the verdict her heart fought against.

Then another sorrow came to her without apparent cause. Her son also disappeared. Where he went, or how, still remains a mystery.

With the rush to Alaska Mrs. Degraf concluded to see what that country had in [illegible]r. She landed at Juneau, but moved over the ra[illegible] cle [illegible]

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Ta[illegible]ative Br[illegible] Quinine Tablets. [illegible]gists [illegible] it fails to [illegible]

MURDER AND SUICIDE GREW OUT OF POLITICS.

One Man Killed with a Heavy Stone and Another with a Knife.

Overcome by Remorse, One of the Assassins Slashed His Own Throat.

Wildly Excited Slavonians Who Argued for Their Candidates with Deadly Weapons.

STIRRED BY REPORTS OF BRIBERY.

One of Their Number Had Been Accused of Accepting Money and Some One Threw a Stone That Broke His Neck.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Nov. 1.—Two murders and a suicide marked the closing of the political campaign at Duryea, near here, last night, all the victims being Slavonians.

Most of the Slavs of the district are Democrats, and when one of them, Pete Patsuk, was said to have been paid by Republican bosses to induce some of his countrymen to vote the Republican ticket, intense feeling was created and Patsuk was on several occasions threatened.

Last night, during the Republican meeting, he was outside the building arguing with John Maxim and Tom Goshaski. Near by were a group of men who have been threatening Patsuk, and one of them was seen to throw a stone. It struck Goshaski on the neck, killing him instantly. The neck was broken. Maxim and Patsuk have been arrested, but there is no clew to the identity of the actual murderers.

Killed His Friend, Cut His Own Throat.

John Luby and Andro Gobst attended the meeting, and on the way home quarrelled, Gobst being a Democrat and Luby a Republican. They soon came to blows, and as Luby was getting the worst of it, he pulled a knife and plunged it into Gobst's abdomen. Sobered by the deed, he carried the wounded man to his home and helped to make him comfortable.

Luby was much affected, and, after weeping for some time, he slashed his throat horribly and threw himself upon his friend. When the police reached the scene the men were literally soaked in each other's blood. They were taken to the hospital, where Gobst died to-night.

Luby, the physicians say, cannot recover, and they expect him to die before morning.

ELECTRICITY TO AID STEAM

A Buffalo Man Has a New Idea in Railway Appliances That Seems to Be Feasible.

Charles L. Warner is the name of a Buffalo man who has been exhibiting a new electrical device which, he claims, can be used on steam roads as an auxiliary motive power with splendid results, says the Pittsburg Post. Mr. Warner has four small coaches constructed to run on a narrow-gauge track, and under each car is a small dynamo so connected with a third wheel in the centre of one of the axles that the force of gravity, when the train is running downhill, can be utilized to generate electricity, which is fed into a storage battery, and can be used as a motive power to help the locomotive when climbing heavy grades. The same system will furnish electricity for lighting purposes, so that it will be possible for standard coaches to be illuminated like trolley cars, if necessary.

Mr. Warner has experimented with his models, and, although he had no locomotive, he found by a register attached to a pulling contrivance that the electricity generated going down one hill was sufficient to equalize the resistance occasioned by a heavy adverse grade of equal length. He thinks that the saving of coal alone and the increased capacity of locomotives would more than pay any big railroad company for the expense of equipping their coaches with the device in less than a year. He does not think that the trolley system will ever prove a success on standard roads moving a heavy traffic, but says that in less than ten years all the big roads will be using auxiliary motors on their coaches, especially on through trains running at a high rate of speed, which demand the heaviest of engines at present, and even then can scarcely make schedule time.

FUN AT GYMKHANA GAMES.

All Staten Island Turns Out to Witness the Polo Club's Novel Contests.

The Staten Island Polo Club held its first Gymkhana games yesterday afternoon, R. Penn Smith's old Manor Farm, near Castleton, was subjected to the innovation, which attracted a host of the best people who affect the island.

Tents, refreshment booths, bunting and the Castleton Band had been provided, and in spite of the forbidding outlook, two thousand persons put in an appearance, including Sir Roderick and Miss "Kitty" Cameron.

Proceedings commenced with a contest in which the half dozen competitors—E. N. Nichols, W. C. Candee, "Marty" Smith, J. C. Wilmerding, Jr., "Percy" Griffiths and G. M. Sidenburg—had to gallop down the field, dismount, take a thread and needle from the judge, thread the needle, remount and return to starting point. E. N. Nichols proved the winner, with W. C. Candee second.

"Marty" Smith and "Percy" Griffiths "tilted" a dead heat in the tilting at the ring event. In the "tilt" off Smith was declared the winner.

After a wagonload of eggs had besprinkled the field, "Percy" Griffiths was triumphant in the egg and spoon race. His nearest opponent was G. M. Sidenburg.

The potato struggle fell to E. N. Nichols, with W. C. Candee second.

In the novelty race, which provided that each contestant must ride down the field, dismount, light a cigarette, take a cabbage, open an umbrella and then mount and return to starting point with his cabbage and umbrella and his cigarette lighted, "Marty" Smith and E. N. Nichols, first and second respectively, passed the post with their parachutes much damaged.

E. N. Nichols led from start to finish in the five furlong dash with his bay gelding J. H. B. He, however, bowled over a boundary flag, and went inside. This let in G. M. Sidenburg with his bay gelding Tommy Atkins.

H. M. Dunn's chestnut gelding Old Tom captured the jumping contest.

The day's sport wound up with a polo match between the "Blues" and the "Whites." Victory finally rested with the "Blues" by a score of five goals to a goal and three-quarters.

Blues—W. C. Candee, No. 1; Carlile Boyd, No. 2; "Percy" Griffiths, No. 3; J. C. Wilmerding, Jr., back.

Whites—Benjamin Stern, No. 1; E. N. Nichols, No. 2; G. M. Sidenburg, No. 3; Mortimer W. Smith, back.

FINAL CALL TO DEMOCRATIC VOTERS.

Chairman Danforth Urges Early Voting, and Vigilance by All Democrats to Detect and Report All Cases of Fraud, Intimidation or Coercion.

New York, Nov. 1, 1896.

To the Voters of the State:

Our work is done, and the battle in the Empire State already won for Bryan and Sewall, Porter, Schraub and Titus.

It remains only for every Democrat and lover of free institutions to do his duty on Tuesday at the polls. It behooves loyal Democrats to see that every registered vote is polled and honestly counted.

In this connection the Democratic State Committee adopts and reproclaims the views upon an honest election expressed in the proclamation of James K. Jones, chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

Every man interested in our cause should vote early, and then exert himself to see that others vote who favor the election of our national and State tickets.

The Democratic National Committee has offered a reward of $500 for the evidence necessary to convict any one guilty of bribing or attempting to bribe any voter to vote or to refrain from voting. It has also offered a reward of $500 for evidence to convict any one of coercion, attempting to coerce, intimidating or attempting to intimidate any voter.

These rewards will exert a wholesome influence, it is hoped, in the detection of any attempt to corrupt or coerce voters, and to defeat any Republican conspiracy to secure the election of their ticket by unlawful means.

If every Democrat does his duty the result in this State will be in no doubt; and as a measure of good cheer to the Democracy of the Empire State, I may add that the information at the hands of this committee corroborates that given out by the Democratic National Committee, that the candidates nominated at Chicago will be triumphantly elected on Tuesday.

ELLIOT DANFORTH, Chairman.

JOHN B. JUDSON, Secretary.

TOUGH TIMES TO "TOM" AND "TIM."

They Are Opponents in the Race for Congress in the Ninth District, and a Campaign Circular Almost Results in a Joint Debate or a Free Fight.

There was almost a riot at the Democratic meeting at Grand and Pitt streets Saturday night when Thomas J. Bradley started in to tell the people of his district why he should be sent to Congress instead of Timothy J. Campbell.

In his hand Mr. Bradley held a circular, which he read. It follows on the left:

Bradley.	His Opponent.
First Time a Candidate for Public Office.	Candidate, 1864, 1867, 1868, 1869, 1870, 1871, 1872, 1874, 1875, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1886, 1888, 1890, 1892, 1894, 1896.
Always a Democrat.	Belonged to Mozart Hall, Tammany Hall, Apollo Hall, Irving Hall, County Democracy, State Democracy, again to Tammany Hall, and now to the Republican Party.
Graduate of Public Schools, City College, University Law School.	....
Nominated by free voice of people of his District.	Nominated by dictation of bosses of Republican Party after two adjournments of the conventions and only after a majority of the delegates were whipped into line against their will.
Made no pledges, gave no promises to get a Nomination.	Pledged anything and everything that party bosses asked, in order that he might be nominated.
Never gave a promise that he did not keep.	?
A representative, who would give the Ninth District of New York a voice as well as a vote in National Affairs.	A man who must be silent on questions no matter how deeply it affects our interests.

VOTE FOR BRADLEY.

Able! Honest! Fearless!

"Now," said Mr. Bradley, "I didn't write that circular; neither do I know who did. But I'm willing to father it, see? Every word in it goes."

At this there was great cheering. "What I want to know, however, is who got up this circular."

The speaker paused and held another sheet of printed matter aloft. "I'll read it to you, friends, and see what you think of it." Then Mr. Bradley read:

In reply to the opposition.

Campbell.	His Opponent.
Elected by the people of this district to be their Assemblyman, Civil Justice, Senator and Congressman.	Appointed through pull with the boss.
Filled every office that he held with honor to himself and credit to the district.	Was forced to resign from the only position that he ever held.
A Democrat who will stand up for the people against the party boss.	Subservient and ready to engage in any undertaking, however questionable.
A Self Made Man. He rose from the foot of the ladder.	Consequential to the extent of aspiring to a place for which he is wholly unfitted.
Nominated by Independent Business Men, Independent Democrats, Republican Organization and the National Democracy.	Named by the bosses against abler men in his own party.
Is not controlled by any of the above parties, but is free to act for our interest.	A pliant tool.
Promises to do all in his power to help the people.	Has already promised more than he could fulfil, even though he controlled the city of New York.
His honesty was never questioned.	He dare not refer to his record in the District-Attorney's office.
He has represented us in Congress and has stood up for the people, against the orders of the bosses.	He would never be heard of.
After serving the people for many years he is a poor man to-day.	Why did he resign from the District-Attorney's office?

Compare the records of both candidates and vote to reward the man you think best fitted to represent this district.

"What do you think of that?"

Groans indicated that it met with the heartiest disapproval.

"I'll tell you what I want to know—whether Campbell's willing to stand for a father what that circular says."

"Naw, he wont do notink of the kind," came from a hundred throats. At the same time: "He aint not in your class, Tom."

"To be certainty not!"

"Well, then, fellows, let a committee be appointed right away to call on Mr. Campbell, at the Oriental Club, and ask him to come here and debate these questions with me"——

"Sure, Mike!"

"If he thinks that would be taking a mean advantage of him, then let him invite me to his stronghold and we'll discuss 'em there."

A wild whoop and the appointment of the committee, as per suggestion, followed. Mr. Bradley continued to speak, and in a few minutes the committee returned. Each and every member wore a tired look.

"Taint no use, Tom," said the chairman. "Tim wont come an' he wont invite ye neither. He says he 'aint de kind of a bloke wot debates questions, an' that lets him out."

At this there was a roar, and, while many were in favor of dragging Mr. Campbell shrieking to the stand, wiser counsels prevailed and bloodshed was averted.

IT'S A CLOSE CONTEST IN OHIO.

John R. McLean Says the Democrats Will Cast the Biggest Vote Ever Made by Them in the State.

To the Editor of the Journal: *Cincinnati, O., Nov. 1.*

After most careful investigation of the political conditions here, I believe the Democrats will cast the largest vote in Ohio on Tuesday next they have ever cast.

Cincinnati, the Republican stronghold of the State, will disappoint the McKinley followers. The procession of Saturday was a fine affair, but not a political one. It was without importance save to show that as an alleged Republican exhibit it contained many Bryan voters.

Ohio will be close. Cincinnati will give no great majority for McKinley. It is impossible to forecast the result. If Democrats gain in other States as they will in Ohio, Bryan is sure of election.

JOHN R. M'LEAN,
Editor Cincinnati Enquirer.