

THE DEMOCRATIC PRAYER.

A recent copy of the Gunnison (Colo.) Tribune contained the following prayer. Previous to the close of the democratic county convention last Tuesday, Ed. Croke, Mayor of Irwin, arose and all the delegates reverently bowed their heads while he offered prayer to Almighty Cleveland. The voice was filled with emotion and the reporter found it difficult to get every word. But here it is:

"To Almighty Cleveland: Oh, almighty and all-powerful Cleveland, who art in Washington when not fishing; thou who art the father of Ruth and Ruth's sister and Maria Halpin's boy, Oscar, and the god-father of the democratic party, (its father wouldn't own it if he were here), we hail thy name as the great political prophet of the century.

We bow down before thee in humble political obedience. When thou sayest go, we go: when thou sayest come, we come. We have no desire but to serve thee. If thou sayest black is white we will swear to it and lick the everlasting stuffin' out of the man who disputes it. When thou takest snuff we sneeze; when thou sayest free silver we will echo thy words; when thou sayest gold then gold it is. We are democrats after the improved modern type. Our business is to vote 'er straight. What is it to us whether we have free silver or not? We are but dogs that eat of the crumbs that fall from our masters' tables. When the crumbs fall we wag our tails; when they fall fast we wag faster; when they don't fall we stand and wait until they do. This is democracy.

This is the kind of democracy which elected thee, our great almighty Cleveland.

Oh, most adored master, we love thee for for what thou hast done for us. We thee because thou art Cleveland. We humbly surrender ourselves to thee. Do with us as thou wilt. Though wheat is but 40 cents a

bushel we love thee; though business is dull we love thee; though thousands, millions, are out of employment we love thee; though our children are clothed in rags we love thee; though our wife, the dear companion of our bosom, is scantily dressed and looks so shabby she can't go to church, we love thee; though we are sinking deeper in debt and poverty is knocking at the door, and hunger is staring us in the face, we love thee still. This shows our great faith and love for thee. Our wives and children we are willing to sacrifice, even as the Hindoo mother sacrifices her offspring by throwing it under the crushing wheels of the juggernaut. Oh, mighty Cleveland, words cannot express our love for thee. We love our party too. What care we about the many promises it made. We know it promised free silver, and we know it won't give it to us, but we will stick to the party. We know we said if it did not do the things it promised to do we would leave it, but we lied when we said it. We thought then we had some manhood about us, but we ain't.

We have no independence. Thou, oh mighty Cleveland, hast all the manhood and independence in the party. We are fools liars, lickspittles, mudsills. We have no business to want anything or say anything.

Last year we favored free silver, and now we have to oppose it. We favored it then because we thought it was right. We oppose it now, most adored master, because thou tellest us so. Ain't we a honey of the first water? Did ever a dog serve his master more faithfully? Did ever a dog get less for it? Oh, mighty master, we are ever ready to serve thee and party. All the pay we ask is to be patted on the back by some local politician and called a good democrat.

We ain't got any sense. We don't want any, only enough to vote the ticket. It don't take any sense to be a good democrat.

What a joyful thought! We don't have to worry. Our work is all mapped out for us.

All that is expected is to do what we are told to do. We thank thee, oh, Cleveland, that we are democrats. We thank thee for the panic. We thank thee for the hungry and idle men and women in the land. We