REUNITING OF A GREAT POLITICAL PARTY.

Storm of Enthusiasm Inspired by Realization of New Strength Swept the Convention.

James Creelman Tells the Thrilling Story of the Amalgamation of All Democrats for the Battle of "The Republic Against the Empire."

Kansas City, Mo., July 5.—James Creelman to-night sends to the New York Journal the following description of to-day's convention scenes:

The most thrilling political spectacle ever witnessed on this continent was the nomination of William Jennings Bryan by the Democratic party to-day, with anti-imperialism as the paramount issue. It was the union of the Democracy of the nation, a reunion absolute, sincere and spontaneous.

Every line of division, East, West, North, South—old line or new line, city or country—was swept away by that roaring, brilliant sea of color and sound, the like of which was never seen before in any convention.

The whole party flowed together in an instant.

Almost a Tornado.

The scenes of this evening defy description. The famous Chicago convention was tame compared to this one. It was almost a tornado.

Imagine 18,000 people waving flags for hours and shrieking at the tops of their voices continuously; imagine the great Democratic leaders of the nation, those who have fought and those who have sulked, leaping and shouting and waving their hands in that abyss of human emotion, torrentlike, gorgeous and vast beyond words to express it.

Mr. Bryan had succeeded in putting the free silver issue once more into the platform, but the convention had turned that utterance into comparative insignificance by declaring that the paramount issue of the Democratic party, the test of orthodoxy, was resistance to the imperial policy of McKinleyism, the preservation of the American Republic as the fathers made it, without colonies, without subjects.

The moment the platform was read, every one in that mighty, nerve-strained multitude saw that a new day had dawned for the Democratic party. The response was terrific. It was a profound and majestic demonstration of the latent moral passion that leaps to the hearts and lips of Americans when the central truths of free Government are defended against their enemies.

If President McKinley could have stood where I did to-day and looked upon that impressive scene, it would have made the blood jump in his veins, and perhaps in his cheeks.

I have seen fifty battles fought on fifty bloody fields, but never have I seen such an inspiring demonstration as that which shook the walls and the banners of the great hall in which Mr. Bryan was nominated this evening.

The Great Issue.

How wonderful is human nature and how strange the metamorphoses of time! A bitter struggle over the platform in the convention was prevented by Richard Croker, the leader of Tammany Hall. He deserves the credit. It was his influence that restrained New York from signing the minority report of the Committee on Resolutions, and so the committee made its report unanimous. It was Mr. Handy of Delaware who proposed in the committee that anti-imperialism should be made paramount in the campaign, and it was Senator Jones and Senator Tillman who wrote into the platform the words that forever subordinate free silver to the greater issue of Republic against Empire, of citizenship against subjecthood, of States and Territories against Colonies, of the rule of the written Constitution against the arbitrary will of the President and his satraps.

Morning Speeches.

The first demonstration occurred when Governor Beckham of Kentucky, whose predecessor was assassinated, entered the hall. It will be remembered that the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia cheered Mr. Taylor, who has been indicted as an accessory to that murder—a fugitive from the justice of his own State.

As the boyish figure of Kentucky's young Governor moved down the central aisle, the band played "My Old Kentucky Home," and the crowd rose and saluted him with a shout of welcome. Again and again they cheered him.

Then came a prayer, and the multitude bowded its head. It was a prayer for the oppressed in every land, a prayer for liberty, such a prayer as only free men unstained by wars of oppression could offer to God.

Then Governor Hogg of Texas addressed the convention and urged the delegates not to make the Democratic party a party of dodgers. It was plain that the silver men were fearful of the result of the contest which was still going on in the Committee on Resolutions and were preparing for a struggle in the open convention.

When he mentioned 16 to 1 there was loud applause, but it was not prolonged. He declared that if the party was brave and true to its principles it would repeat the victory of 1896 by electing a second Jefferson President.

There were loud cries of "Hill! Hill! Hill!" but the convention was not to be stampeded a second time, and hisses drowned out the name of the New Yorker.

Ex-Congressman Dockery of Missouri then addressed the audience. When he declared that the sympathies of the American people were against England in her contest with the dying South African Republics there was a tremendous burst of applause. It was quick, fierce and significant.

He mentioned Dewey's victory at Manila, but there was no response. He touched the imagination of the convention when he declared that the Democratic party would celebrate the centennial inauguration of Jefferson as President next March by the inauguration of Bryan.

Again the cries for Mr. Hill were resumed and again the hissing put a stop to them.

Mayor Rose of Milwaukee, a gold Democrat, was the next speaker. His voice was clear and vibrant. He declared that his State had given McKinley 102,000 majority in 1896, but that it would give its electoral vote to Bryan this year. Every large city in Wisconsin was now under a Democratic administration. The crowd howled with delight at the prophecy.

Mr. McCullough of Indiana took the platform and stirred the audience to another great outburst by declaring that the overshadowing issue of this campaign would be imperialism. Once more the cries for Pattison and Hill resounded, but the band played rag-time, and the human voice was impotent against that bewitching music.

When the band ceased, George Fred Williams of Massachusetts took the platform. The noise was very great, but he managed to make a part of the convention hear his motion for a committee of nine to confer with the Silver Republicans and Populists gathered in Kansas City. It was a plan to arrange the vice presidency. The noise was so great that no one could hear the voting, but the committee was appointed.

J. R. Williams of Illinois made a speech full of dash, and he caught the crowd when he said that the supreme political issue of the day was the life of the Republic itself.

And now Governor Beckham of Kentucky was brought on the stage, slim, clean shaven, grave and graceful. He had old-fashioned manners. The convention whooped it up wildly, and remained standing on its feet, when he declared that if any stain had been placed on his State, it had been placed there by men who had not voted and would not vote the Democratic ticket. He pledged Kentucky's electoral vote to the party.

As he ceased speaking, the sound of Kentucky voices could be heard chanting "My Old Kentucky Home," whereat the convention gave three cheers. Next came Joshua W. Miles of Maryland, with a vague plea for moderation in the platform. He said that Senator Daniel and Carter Harrison both indorsed his appeal. "I appeal to you," he cried, "in the name of such doubtful States as Indiana, Ohio, New Jersey and New York. Let us get together." That stirred the crowd again. Then the convention adjourned until this evening at 8:20.

Bryan's Daughter There.

When the convention met again the atmosphere was electric. Everybody in the immense structure from the crowded floor to the crowded galleries seemed to be aware that the refusal of New York to sign a minority report had forced the Committee on Resolutions to make its report unanimous. Every person in the convention had a flag hidden under his or her seat. The aisles were impassable. The heat was cruel. Hundreds of women were crushed in the throng.

When Senator Hill entered there was a demonstration, but not a great one. The audience was waiting for the Committee on Resolutions, which was to unite the party.

It was a scene of great beauty, almost bewildering in its immensity and in its variety of costume. In the front row of the main gallery, exactly opposite the center of the speaker's stage, sat Ruth Bryan, the eldest daughter of the Democratic leader.

She was a pretty picture. On her dainty head was a white hat trimmed with scarlet. Behind her sat Mr. Bryan's brother, wearing a black skull cap. Ruth wore a white dress, and from time to time she looked at her father's famous friends on the platform through an opera glass. It was her first glimpse of a national convention. She was about to witness her father's nomination.

Reading the Platform.

Presently the Committee on Resolutions, headed by Senator Jones and Senator Tillman, could be seen ascending the steps of the stage. Senator Jones announced that the Committee on Resolutions had made a unanimous report, and he handed the platform to Senator Tillman to read.

Mr. Tillman strode to the front of the stage, black coated, black crayatted and girdled at the waist with a leather belt. As his tall figure, and powerful, Indian-like face was seen, there was a thunderclap of greeting.

The supreme moment of the convention had arrived. The Senator's voice rang high and clear and he gestured and threw his head back and filled his tones with irony, sarcasm or exultation as each phrase demanded it. He crouched and stamped his foot and parted his lips and hissed the words between his teeth at times. He looked like some great actor playing out the central part in some drama.

He heard the first plank, which was devoted to a reaffirmation of the Declaration of Independence, and the denunciation of imperialism. His voice thrilled the great host. Again and again he was interrupted by the shouting of the convention. At every sentence the cheering was renewed. Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines all touched the heart of the convention. It is impossible to describe Mr. Tillman's extraordinary declamation. Probably no other orator in the United States is capable of the same stirring oratory. A beam of sunlight shone full upon him as he rolled out the decree of the Democratic party against colonies or subjects under the American flag, and he looked like some gaunt prophet, his single eye gleaming fiercely under his splendid brow.

Glorious Flag Demonstration.

And when, finally, he read the sentence that declared imperialism to be the paramount issue of this campaign, the multitude leaped to its feet. The climax had come.

Democracy was on fire, heart, soul, brain, hand, foot, voice. There came from that mighty audience such a shout, such a prolonged shout, as comes only from human nature touched by the flame of some great cause.

Instantly the great hall was converted into a swimming, swirling, dashing whirlpool of color and roaring voices. Every man, woman and child there waved an American flag, on which were printed the words, "The Constitution and the flag, one and inseparable, now and forever—Of an empire, never!"

There were 18,000 flags waving at once and 18,000 voices blended in that thunderous tumult. The Massachusetts delegation raised a great silk flag on a pole and waved it wildly about. The band played "The Star Spangled Banner," and as the strains of the music swelled through the building a colossal American flag was lowered from the roof to the stage. It was a flag that would cover the floor of an ordinary theater. Across its white stripes were inscribed the words printed on the smaller flags.

Slowly it descended, until its folds brushed against the marble face of Bryan on the platform. The roaring of the audience ascended note by note in intensity until the sound became deafening. It was like a war of Niagaras. Every State and every Territory joined in the demonstration. Billows of red, white and blue seemed to surge and mass across the floor and around the standing tiers of the great amphitheater, washing against the walls and billowing back again to the center. Flash light photographs were taken and the smoke of the powder floated across the hall over the swirling sea of flags and faces. Banners broke out in every direction. Here was a black banner, inscribed, "What would Christ do in the Philippines?" There was a banner bearing the words, "Lincoln abolished slavery under the flag and McKinley restored it."

Banners of blue and banners of white, banners of gold, of scarlet, of silver, of purple, tossing, whirling, colored plumes of pampas grass. It was a cataclysm, a moving cataclysm of sunsets and sunrises—gorgeous, glittering, swimming before the eyes and piercing the ears.

The audience sang the "Red, White and Blue." Then the delegates plucked the standards of their States and Territories up and marched around the hall, with the great flag of the South African Republic borne before the beautiful Hawaiian banner of blue and white, after which came the striking banner of California. Around and around went the dancing procession of poles. Around and around went the waves of red, white and blue. Five times the standards were grouped in front of the stage. The band played "Dixie" and the audience sang it.

No one who saw that almost unparalleled demonstration—unparalleled for intensity as well as for its beautiful scenic and dramatic effect—could doubt the determination of the American people never to abandon the Republic for an Empire.

After eighteen minutes of tumult the chairman, assisted by the entire body of guards and sergeants-at-arms, succeeded in restoring comparative order. Senator Tillman raised his hand and shook the white pages of the platform above his head.

"If Mark Hanna were here," he shouted, "he would think h—l had broke loose in Missouri!"

There was another prolonged cry of approval when the Chicago platform was reaffirmed and the free silver issue was restated. The demonstration lasted for seven minutes. The loudest voice in the whole hall, and the most enthusiastic at this time, was that of Doctor John H. Girdner of New York, the old-time friend and supporter of Mr. Bryan.

But the lack of real enthusiasm for free silver was shown when an attempt was made to form a procession of the standards. Only five standards were borne to the front—Missouri, Alabama, Colorado, Michigan and Indian Territory. New York and many other close States remained silent.

The plank providing for the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people was vigorously applauded. Government by injunction was ignored by the audience. Direct legislation, or the initiative and referendum, as it is commonly known, seemed to attract little atention.

But the denunciation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was madly cheered, and when finally the reading was done and, upon motion of Senator Jones, the platform was adopted by acclamation, there was still another outburst.

Webster Davis's Appearance.

And now came a surprise. Webster Davis, the Assistant Secretary of the Interior under the McKinley administration, was introduced to the audience. It was Mr. Davis who created such a sensation by going to the Boer Capital in South Africa during the war and afterward resigning his office. He had been a staunch Republican.

When Mr. Davis was introduced to the audience the delegates became frantic with excitement. The flags began to flutter and the audience began to roar. Mr. Davis is a powerfully built man, with a fine, penetrating voice. He told the audience that he had served in the administration of another party, but that he had given service equal to the honor conferred upon him. The account was balanced now. Life was too short to sacrifice principles for honor or for money. Mr. Davis declared that he had never heard a platform more intensely American that that which had just been read.

"And when a party is too cowardly to take a stand for liberty against British wealth and aristocracy, I must leave it," he cried. Again the terrific shouting began.

"I stand upon this platform," Mr. Davis said. There was a rush of the leaders, who shook his hand, embraced him and the Missouri standard was raised above his head and he was borne through the tumult, carried almost around the hall like a hero.

Doctor Girdner wrote on a piece of paper, "God is having a day in court to-day," and sent it to a Republican friend. The band played "Maryland, My Maryland," and the Maryland standard was waved sympathetically.

Next came the roll call of States for nominations for President of the United States.

When Alabama was called her delegates yielded, as everybody knew they would, to Nebraska.

Mr. Oldham of Nebraska ascended the platform to nominate Mr. Bryan. Ruth Bryan could be seen clapping her hands, and then she watched the orator closely. The convention grew suddenly silent. Everybody strained to hear the nominating speech.

Bryan Ovation.

The truth is that Mr. Oldham made a rather dull thing of it, but when he finally uttered the name of Bryan, the convention turned itself again into a boiling whirlpool of colored radiance.

That continuous shriek baffles words. The huge banner, bearing a painted portrait of Mr. Bryan, was borne to the stage. Processions of commercial travelers, whirling red, white and blue umbrellas above their heads, marched into the hall. At times the sound was like the constant roar of artillery and the shouting of armies. Men struggled with each other for the honor of carrying the standards of their States. Sometimes four or five men and occasionally a woman would grasp the pole of one standard.

The Bryan Home Guards and the Continental Guard men of Lincoln moved slowly through the aisles like a great winding caterpillar of scarlet and blue and buff and gold. Each procession had a band of its own. The audience sang the "Red, White and Blue." They sang the "Stars and Stripes Forever." Men and women ran about wildly. Several women fainted. The shrill exclamations of the women could be sometimes heard above the hoarse voices of the men. Every part of the building seemed to be covered with waving flags. Then the audience sang "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night." It was worth while coming to Kansas City to hear 18,000 people sing that song in the maddest frenzy of their enthusiasm.

Towering above it all was a pole bearing gleaming black ox horns and under them the words: "Texas, 50,000 majority."

For a full half hour the clamor rose and fell like a storm sweeping an ocean. Then it died away gradually until finally nothing could be heard but the regular beat of the flagsticks on the seats. At last there was order again.

Then Mr. Perkins of Texas made a seconding speech, but little of it could be heard.

Ex-Senator Stephen White of California then took the platform and stirred the crowd deeply by a speech seconding Mr. Bryan's nomination by the State of California.

Hill's Speech.

Mr. Hill ascended the stage, Connecticut yielding her privilege. Mr. Hill was pale. His hands trembled. His eyes burned in his head with excitement. It was one of the great moments of his life, and he knew it. There was a sudden hush. Everybody was anxious to hear what would be said by the man who four years ago led the fight against free silver in the Chicago convention.

Mr. Hill caught the fancy of the crowd when he said that Mr. Bryan did not belong to Nebraska alone, but to the East as well as the West, to the North as well as the South. He swung his hands above his head and raised himself on tip-toe, crying: "Nebraska is proud of him, but New York is proud of him also."

And when he referred to the platform and the united party the whole convention rose to its feet and swirled its myriads of flags. He declared that he had ideas of his own about the platform, but the convention had laid down a line of policy and that he had acquiesced. The platform was such that every man who called himself a Democrat could support it.

Those who did not like some things in the platform could talk about other things in it.

"I want to say," he said, "that the nominee of this convention and its platform will reach the approval of the people of the East."

The convention danced and shrieked and tossed its hands in the air and the band played and Mr. Hill had to fight his way back to his seat. And so the roll call went on, and when Hawaii seconded Mr. Bryan's nomination there was a thunder of applause.

The Nomination.

Finally, Chairman Richardson announced that Mr. Bryan had received 536 votes and was the unanimous nominee of the Democratic party for President. Once more the mighty voice of the convention was raised and the waving of flags resumed, but the crowd had exhausted itself and the sounds soon died away.

I should say that the calmest person in the whole building was Ruth Bryan, as calm almost as her father in distant Nebraska.

The convention adjourned until to-morrow, when the Vice President will be chosen.

If this convention is in any way representative of the temper of the Democratic masses throughout the country, Mr. Bryan's election is absolutely certain. All the money and all the cunning and all the splendid strategic skill which Mr. Hanna can bring to bear will be impotent against such an avalanche of patriotic emotion. After the spiritless convention at Philadelphia, this day's work is a revelation.

The Boxers

We have been selling Ayer's Malaria and Ague Cure for half a century, but never were our sales so large and

Never were our Boxers so busy Boxing.

This old "true and tried" cure for chills is not "tasteless"—there's too much power in it for that! It has just that agreeable snap and tart which will give you a good appetite and will aid greatly in the digestion of your food.

It is the best remedy in the world for chills and fever and for all kinds of malarial affections.

If you are suffering with the old-fashioned fever and ague, Ayer's Malaria and Ague Cure will completely cure you within twenty-four hours. It is a perfect specific for all forms of malarial poisoning, quickly removing every particle of malaria from the system.

If you are living in a malarial country, all you have to do is to take one or two doses of this grand medicine every day, and not a single malarial germ will enter your system.

50 cents a bottle 50 doses

"Your Malaria and Ague Cure has been the means of saving my life. I have never found any remedy like it for fever and ague."—ROBERT SMITH, Park Rapids, Minn., Jan. 2, 1900.

"I have used Ayer's Malaria and Ague Cure with very satisfactory results for chills and malaria, even after all other remedies have failed."—W. L. WILLIAMS, P. M., Belknap, Ill., Nov. 11, 1899.

For sale by all druggists.

CONGRESSMAN CUMMINGS DESCRIBES THE CONVENTION.

Proposed Contest Over the Silver Plank Gives Way to Complete Satisfaction With the Platform.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Kansas City, Mo., July 5.—Congressman Amos J. Cummings telegraphs to the New York Herald the following account of the day's proceedings:

There was every indication this morning that the convention had gathered itself for fight. After an all-night struggle unparalleled in fierceness and intensity the Committee on Resolutions had finally accepted Bryan's platform by the slender margin of two votes.

The news spread over the city at sunrise like wildfire, although the Kansas City newspapers had reported the result the other way.

It was apparent that the fight was now almost certain to be transferred to the floor of the convention. All eyes were promptly turned toward Tammany Hall. It was predominant in the New York delegation, and if the result in the Committee on Resolutions was a criterion upon which to base a prediction, it was sure to hold the balance of power when the struggle came.

There was no uncertainty as to the attitude of Mr. Croker. He stood by his guns. He had doubtless loaded them with Bryan ammunition, and he evinced no disposition to withdraw the charge. He plainly expressed the opinion that it is the bounden duty of the delegation to stand by the majority of the Committee on Resolutions. This was in the face of the fact that Judge Van Wyck voted for the minority. The braves, like well-drilled troops, stood behind him in solid column.

The situation was extremely unpalatable, to say the least, to the Hill men. Instructed to act as a unit, they would be forced to accept the majority report. Even Hill himself would be compelled to either leave the delegation or have his vote cast for Bryan's specific plank for the free coinage of silver with the ratio at 16 to 1.

But the former Governor was not entirely scotched. He could use his mouth, if not his vote, and he prided his intellectual loins for a great struggle on the floor, expressing himself as confident of winning. Conferences were held with prominent leaders in sympathetic State delegations, and a plan of battle is said to have been outlined.

New York Caucus.

Meantime the New York men were not idle. They determined to gather in the fruits of the victory if the result proved them a decisive factor in the struggle. A meeting was held in the rooms of Thomas F. Grady, and it was resolved to make a determined effort to secure the nomination of John W. Keller for Vice President.

Prominent representatives of Tammany were detailed to do missionary work. Among them were Lewis Nixon, Doctor Crosby, Perry Belmont, Maurice F. Holahan, Thomas J. Creamer, James W. Boyle, George B. McClellan, Fred Teigl, Bernard F. Martin and Patrick H. McCarren. Scores of henchmen not member of the State delegation scattered throughout the city and got to work immediately. The most of their work, however, was done in convention. The other State delegations had held their meeting at their hotels, and were on their way to the hall.

The main line of argument on the part of the New Yorkers was the importance of the election this fall to the State of New York. The vital interests of its Democracy were involved. They were to elect not only a President and Vice President of the United States, but also a Governor and a Legislature. The Legislature would have in its power, with the aid of a Republican Governor, to make a new charter for the city of New York and deprive its citizens of their home government.

It was argued that with the name of John W. Keller upon the national ticket, and a candidate for Governor, the position of the Democracy would be greatly strengthened and they could enter the campaign with a fair prospect of victory.

These arguments had some effect, but the situation was befogged by persistent attempts to keep Adlai E. Stevenson and Benjamin F. Shively in the field.

Pennsylvania's Decision.

The situation as to the platform in the New York delegation was further strengthened by the attitude of the delegation from Pennsylvania. They had held a meeting and had resolved to support the majority by a vote of 33 to 29.

The motion had been made for former Representative Sowden of Allentown and was supported by former Representatives Kerr and Muehler and others. Former Governor Pattison, Colonel Guffey and Representatives Folk and Green were among those who voted against it. It was agreed, however, that the unit rule should be disregarded, and that the delegates should vote in accordance with their individual opinions.

Long before 10 o'clock, the hall of the convention was packed. By half past 10 o'clock nearly every delegate was in his seat, but the assemblage was in a state of utter confusion. Outsiders had reached many of the delegates in their chairs, and the space reserved for the press in many cases was without seats.

In the Convention.

A mob roamed through the avenue separating the delegates from the platform and the entrances to it were besieged by eager men and women. The confusion was increased by delegates and reporters seeking lost seats. Crowds were struggling in every part of the building, and, to add to the noise, the band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner."

Cheers rang through the hall whenever a prominent delegate put in an appearance. The uproar was unbounded when somebody brought in a pair of horns on a pole, labeled "Texas."

Meantime, Chairman Richardson, tall and stately, stood at his desk pounding incessantly for order. After sucking a lemon and fanning himself furiously, he introduced a clergyman, the Right Reverend John J. Glennon of the Catholic Church, who raised his hands in invocation.

The Lord's Prayer had been partly repeated when the confusion again became unbounded. The delegates on the right protested furiously against the noisy crowds in the avenues.

Then Pennsylvania, Indiana, Missouri and other delegations who were crowded almost against the platform shouted: "Get out of the aisle! Get right away!"

Officers were summoned, but the aisle was no sooner cleared than it filled up again by the crowd following the officers. Repeatedly it was thus cleared until it became impossible for delegates on the right of the chair to hear a word of the prayer.

When order was restored, as the Committee on Resolutions was not ready to report, the convention was turned into a red-hot Bryan mass meeting, with free silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

Morning Speakers.

The first speaker was former Governor Hogg of Texas. He is a man weighing nearly 400 pounds, with a voice that would have created a sensation in Bashan. After mopping his face with his handkerchief he opened his speech volubly and energetically. The confusion was soon afterwards renewed, and it was almost impossible to hear him in the right of the hall. He had his left hand behind him, and emphasized his words with his right.

There was no doubt about the trend of his remarks. They meant 16 to 1, and were at times received with cheers that would have done credit to a crowd of cowboys. The horns on the Texas guidon danced up and down as if in glee whenever an adroit hit was made. Before he concluded, the police were again brought into play to clear the avenue fronting the delegates on the right.

Alexander M. Dockery, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Missouri, followed Governor Hogg. His voice was clear and resonant. He made a speech replete with facts, closing with a strong arraignment of the Republican party.

It was the best speech made during the day, but it aroused very little enthusiasm until at the last word he paid a tribute to the dying "South African Republic," and spoke of the attitude of the United States Government toward it. There was a roar of delight which almost lifted the roof.

The Governor-to-be asked every Democrat to support the platform, whatever it might be. This appeal was received with renewed cheers, which were redoubled when the Governor-to-be closed with an encomium on William J. Bryan. He said the centennial of Jefferson's inauguration would be appropriately celebrated by the inauguration of William J. Bryan on the Fourth of March next.

As he left the platform Hill tried to create another demonstration. It was counteracted by loud shouts for Governor Pattison.

Chairman Richardson, however, introduced William S. Rose, Mayor of Milwaukee. His address was refreshing. In a voice as clear as a clarion trumpet, he detailed the Democratic municipal triumph in Wisconsin and predicted a victory in the great presidential campaign.

"We have been carrying around meat axes under our coat tails," he shouted, "and to-day we are sharpening our meat axes."

After paying a tribute to the Germans of Wisconsin he appealed to the delegates for harmony and a strong support of the ticket and whatever platform might be adopted.

Calls for Hill.

As Mayor Rose left the platform the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." As the last strains filled the hall cries for Hill were again heard, but they were drowned by the strains of "Dixie." Again they were renewed, and were accompanied by a storm of hisses. The band renewed its harmony, but the cries for Hill were persistent and were not checked until counter cries for Pattison overwhelmed them.

In the meantime Chairman Richardson quieted the multitude by waving his fan toward the different parts of the hall. He then introduced James E. McCullough of Indiana, a large, fine-looking gentleman, with the voice of an orphicleide. His speech was short and incisive and awoke the enthusiasm of the crowd.

Cries for Hill were again drowned by the strains of "The Georgia Camp Meeting." The Pattison men, however, were alive to the situation, and counter cries for Pennsylvania's last Democratic Governor were prevalent.

The eloquent George Fred Williams of Massachusetts appeared upon the platform. He moved the appointment of the committee to confer with the Free Silver Republicans. The chairman promptly put the motion to a vote, and it was adopted, although there seemed to be as many noes as there were yeas.

James R. Williams of Illinois appeared on the platform. He was no longer a candidate for the vice presidency, but has been busily nursing the boom of Stevenson. This angular, hatchet-faced and muscular, he bent himself and inflated his lungs between drives at the facts into the hearts of his hearers. His voice sounded like a trumpet, but it was a great effort that he kept at its pitch, and aroused a new streak of enthusiasm. You could hear every word he uttered in every part of the hall.

As he bent himself preparatory to giving force to each successive sentence his Adam's apple rose and fell like the piston rod of an engine. His speech was a bugle call to all Democrats, South, North, East and West.

Beckham's Ovation.

Then followed the sensation of the morning session. Governor Beckham of Kentucky stood before the audience. He was received with multitudinous applause. All the delegates arose to their feet and shouted until they were hoarse. The band increased the uproar, but the enthusiasm was so great that its music could hardly be heard.

Governor Beckham is extremely boyish in appearance. His voice is shrill and clear, and his physique straight and slender. He spoke very few words, but these words were terse and pointed. He retired amid loud shouts of protest, "Go on! Go on!"

He closed by predicting that the Democratic majority in Kentucky this fall would be 100,000. As he picked his way back to his seat in the Kentucky delegation a deep bass voice under one of the galleries sang the words: "Old Kentucky Home, Far Away."

Then former Representative Miles of Maryland electrified the convention. He is a magnificent speaker, governed apparently by the inspiration of the conventions. His gestures were sweeping and impressive, and at times it seemed as if he would finally shake himself out of his coat. It was an appeal for harmony, and it contained the suggestion of the names of William J. Bryan and John W. Daniel.

Platform Warmly Received.

Chairman Richardson then said that he had received information that the Committee on Platform had come to an agreement, and no minority report was to be made. A majority had agreed to make imperialism the paramount issue in the platform, subordinating all other planks to this one. The special plank favoring free silver at a ratio of 16 to 1 was retained as written by Mr. Bryan.

This action gave rise to an era of good feeling. The Pennsylvania delegation and others revised their action of the morning. The Pennsylvanians agreed to support the platform as reported unanimously, and the delegation resolved to vote as a unit.

Similar action was taken in other States, and the era of good feeling cut the turbulent feet of Governor Hill. He still proposed to offer an amendment when the platform was reported, and he is said to have sent for Harry Smith, an old clerk of the House of Representatives, to ascertain how this could be done in a parliamentary way. The convention was working under the rules of the last Democratic House of Representatives. The information received was hardly satisfactory to Hill.

The convention reassembled at 3:20 o'clock and the platform was promptly reported by Senator Jones of Arkansas, chairman of the Committee on Resolutions. The Senator turned the roll of manuscript over to Senator Tillman of South Carolina, and asked him to read it to the convention.

Reading the Platform.

Tillman took the roll, tucked it under his left arm, adjusted his spectacles and began to read it in a tone of voice that could be heard in every part of the hall.

Each sentence of the leading plank on imperialism and punctuated with terrific applause. The convention seemed breathless with excitement. With the words making imperialism the paramount issue the audience rose and rent the air with cheers. They waved their hats and flags, and the delegates roared like a furnace. There was uneasiness among the guidons. Indiana's was borne to the front, and that of Wisconsin followed. Other guidons remained stationary, and the excitement began to die away.

Thereupon Mr. Tillman read the words making imperialism the paramount issue a second time. The delegates then appreciated its full force, and a scene that ensued baffles description. It was far more bewildering than the demonstration that followed the panegyric on W. J. Bryan made by Chairman Richardson last night. All the guidons noisily jumped to the front with an uproar as deafening as that made by the people when Dewey sailed up the harbor of New York.

The Flag Demonstration.

But this accustomed scene was quickly followed by one far more striking. Five thousand American flags appeared as if by enchantment, and fluttered from floor, platform and gallery, each man waving his banner as though inspired by the deepest feeling of patriotism. The roaring of the multitudes was like the roaring of the ocean's storm. Page boys ran up and down the aisles with their arms filled with flags, and distributed them among the delegates and the spectators until the number waving at one time must have reached nearly ten thousand.

The scene was intensified by flash lights and the hoarse tones of megaphones. Several bands added to the indescribable tumult.

Then, under the waving of the sea of starry banners, everybody joined in the chorus of the "Red, White and Blue."

Each flag bore the inscription, "The Constitution, One and Indivisible, Now and Forever. The Flag of the Republic Forever, of An Empire Never."

For twenty minutes this uproar continued. Banners and gonfalons from different clubs were brought into the hall, and a procession of guidons followed them around the delegations, accompanied by a band playing the air of "Dixie."

The cattle horns of Texas were in the procession. Former Representative Miles of Maryland bore the guidon of his State. Other Representatives and prominent statesmen appeared in the line. It was a scene almost unparalleled in the history of national political assemblages.

Chairman Richardson finally calmed the excitement with his fan, and the guidons drifted back to their original positions.

Senator Tillman blew the embers of excitement again in a blaze by speaking of Carolina and adding that if the citizens of his State were here to-day they would think that "All hell had broke loose in Missouri." The applause was again deafening.

When it subsided, however, an indignant delegate on the right of the chair, in a tone of thunder, shouted: "Mr. Chairman, this convention is entitled to hear its platform read, and I demand that it shall be read."

Adopted by Acclamation.

Senator Tillman instantly recovered his composure and resumed the reading. When the Bryan free silver plank was reached the enthusiasm was again renewed. Flags were waved, women shook their pocket handkerchiefs, men threw their hats in the air and the band essayed triumphal marches, but the uproar was not so great as that which greeted the paramount issue, imperialism. The only banners brought to the front were those of Colorado, Indian Territory, Missouri, Michigan, Alabama and Mississippi.

Senator Tillman continued the reading of the platform, and a resolution expressing the feeling of the convention toward the Boers brought out a short, sharp and quick effusion of feeling. It lasted three minutes.

After this Senator Jones took the floor and moved that the platform just read be adopted by acclamation. In an instant Chairman Richardson put the motion. In that instant, however, the last opportunity for the protest from Senator Hill or any other man passed away. There was one universal shout of aye, and the whole matter was settled.

Webster Davis Speaks.

James E. Kerr of Pennsylvania then took the platform and moved that Webster Davis be invited to address the multitude. It was carried and Mr. Davis appeared, to the evident astonishment of hundreds of Kansas City Democrats and Jerry Simpson, who sat in the press section.

Simpson had not forgotten that Davis had formerly posed here as a rabid Republican. He recalled the fact that while Davis was running for Mayor of Kansas City on a Republican nomination, he accused the Democracy of trying to assassinate him and showed his hat punctured with a bullet as evidence confirmatory of his statement. At that time he was accused by the Democratic editors of making the hole with his own pistol with the object of making political capital.

Davis is a handsome fellow, athletic and well dressed. He spoke in clarion notes, and made a magnificent effort on behalf of the Boers. He has a voice equal in power and melody to that of William J. Bryan.

His allusions to the Boers were received with thundering applause. He began by saying that no other platform was ever so intensely American as the one just read, and concluded by declaring that he was a Democrat and that he would support the platform and the candidates.

At the close of his address there was another paroxysm of excitement. Former Governor Stone of Missouri, Governor McMillin of Tennessee and many prominent Democrats, including Senator Jones of Arkansas, grasped him by the hand and gave him the grip of brotherhood.

Jerry Simpson remarked: "They are initiating him on the platform and are breaking him in now."

The band added fuel to the excitement by playing "Hail to the Chief" and Davis was escorted to his seat by a procession that embowered him in red, white and blue.

Naming the Candidate.

The convention then proceeded to nominate a candidate for President. Mr. Oldham of Lincoln, the Deputy Attorney General of the State, took the platform and made the opening speech for Bryan. This was at 6 o'clock. A scene followed that equaled if it did not surpass the extraordinary display when the plank making imperialism the paramount issue was read.

Connecticut yielded her privilege to New York, and for the first time since the opening of the convention former Governor Hill took the dais. There were screams and yells of satisfaction.

By the time he had finished, the delegates were becoming weary, and, in words sharp and decisive, they shouted for a vote.

B. G. Palmer of Florida mounted a chair and moved that the nomination be made by acclamation. It was seconded by a delegate from Utah. But the chair recognized G. V. Menzies of Indiana, who filled the atmosphere with intellectual electricity until the weary delegates began to yawn.

John W. Atwood of Kansas followed. His friends shouted that he was a hot member; that he would take the hose at all times. He proceeded without eliciting much enthusiasm until he said that the people were not to be impressed by "an owl like McKinley, by the clatter of a prairie dog like that of his running mate or the howling of a wolf like Mark Hanna."

This expression awoke everybody, and Mr. Atwood quitted the platform in a halo of glory.

John H. Wise of the Hawaiian delegation made the final speech. The roll was then called by States, each chairman arising and plumping the vote of his State for William J. Bryan as its candidate for the nomination for President. Mr. Bryan was declared the unanimous nominee of the convention for President and the vast multitude resumed its hysterical action.

CANTON EXPECTS VISITORS.

Preparing to Receive the Republican Notification Committee.

Canton, O., July 5.—The coming of the committee of the National Convention to formally notify President McKinley of his nomination, Thursday, July 12, is being looked forward to with a great deal of interest. It will undoubtedly be one of the most notable gatherings ever assembled in Canton.

National Chairman Hanna, Secretary Dick and many members of the National Committee will come on the special train from Cleveland about 11 o'clock Thursday morning.

Among others who talk of coming on that day—and the indications are that there will be many—are the survivors of the President's regiment in the Civil War, the Twenty-third Ohio, the headquarters of which is in Cleveland. Some time ago the President was asked if he would meet his old comrades during his summer vacation in Canton. He replied that he would be delighted to have them call in a social way.

Since then notification day has been talked of as the probable date. It is thought the plans will not differ materially from those in 1896. Then the committee was met at the station and escorted to the house by the local committees and a band, and after the notification and the eloquent address of the most conspicuous leaders, a lunch was served the committees in a tent erected upon the lawn. Thousands heard the addresses then, and it is believed a larger crowd will be here this year.

Large numbers of callers poured into the McKinley house all day. Some were greeted on the porch and many personal acquaintances visited in the house.

Just a chance meeting in the rain and so many things to talk about. That means wet feet and a neglected cold. Then comes the hacking, lingering cough, and the doctor looks serious and talks of pine woods or mountain air.

That is the time when Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery proves its value. It has cured hundreds of cases of "weak lungs," obstinate, lingering cough, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and other forms of disease, which if neglected or unskillfully treated lead to consumption.

"About eight years ago I had a dreadful cough and hoarseness," writes Mrs. Ida F. Edwards, of Sterling, Sanpete Co., Utah. "I tried several kinds of medicine but without any effect; at last I tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, of which I have taken four bottles, and my cough is entirely cured."

Sick people are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.