

# Iron County Register.

By K. D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

## TWO HEARTS.

My Love's true heart am I—  
My heart's true Love is she;  
The world may hurry by—  
It shinneth in the sky.  
It singeth in the sea:  
My Love's true heart am I—  
My heart's true Love is she.

The planets may grow old,  
The stars may lose their way;  
Our hearts defy the cold,  
And love can fill the day.  
It thrills the river's cry,  
It carols from the tree:  
My Love's true heart am I—  
My heart's true Love is she.

A million miles would make  
Me love her more and more;  
A million years should break  
And find us as before.  
Let time and distance try,  
Love is a spirit free.  
My Love's true heart am I—  
My heart's true Love is she.

## The Story I Told Scroggs

By Mabel Haughton Brown.

THIS is a story with two heroes and only a hint of a heroine. Perhaps one hero should be called the villain, but the question is still undecided in the mind of the writer and is left to the kind discretion of the reader. When I told the story to Scroggs, my chum and confidant, he said:

"Man alive, no one could believe it. 'That's because it's true,' I said, and Scroggs looked at me long and earnestly.

"Do you believe such rubbish?" he asked with the air of an insanity inspector. "I tell you it happened," I affirmed, "and I'm going to write it down."

Scroggs blinked an eye. "You'll be sent to Agnew's," he said, and that is all the satisfaction I got out of him—no queries—no wonderment—just coolly expressed doubt.

The attitude of Scroggs is not to be considered seriously. He is a "dreamless man," highly unemotional, although high-strung. I like him, but his logic annoys me at times. I have always believed the story myself—that is, it seems entirely plausible, although I am inclined to regard it from two points of view. My opinion, however, may be biased, for I was the intimate friend of one hero and came near knowing the other.

The first man was fair—your true blonde type, with light hair, almost white, against his florid face; of medium height, slightly inclined to stoop—and his name was Walter Kent. He was not a handsome man, but rather a massive, wholesome-looking fellow—the kind of man you would trust if you had to, and stake a good deal on his doing the square thing.

Men liked Kent; he was a rattling good fellow—but no one would have ever taken him for a hero of romance.

He was inclined to be shy. His great clumsy hands usually sought his pockets and stayed there when he talked to men. With women he was different; he tried to appear perfectly at his ease and failed miserably. It was all too bad. He was about the best kind of a friend that a woman could have had under any circumstances, but not one of the fair sex knew him well. Poor Kent, he couldn't stand it to talk to a woman long enough to let her get acquainted with him; and yet I know that in the inner recesses of his soul he treasured a high, idealistic opinion of women in general, and had his day dreams like the rest of us.

If I were a woman, I think I would marry a man like Kent—knowing what I do of men—but to my knowledge, Kent had never proposed to a woman in his life, and not one of the women he had met had ever shown him the slightest favor. Not to my knowledge, you say? Well, Kent told me all about it.

The foothills of a state like Colorado seemed just the place that a man like Kent would go eventually. We all have something of the cowboy spirit in our natures, I think, and in Kent it was more strongly developed than in most of us. He was a child of nature deep down in his sturdy old heart—the fresh fields and green woods were near akin to him, or so it seemed to me when I mused on things sentimental, and I was much given to musing in those days. Perhaps the reader has surmised before this that I was somewhat devoted to Kent. I was, and when he went to the hills, I picked up and went with him. I fancied that we two would get along swimmingly out there. The thought of the free, out-door life held for me all the romance of a quaint old story. I should be enabled to put my knowledge of surveying to practical use, I thought, and, moreover, would be getting in the shape for my coming career. I was just out of college, and my coming career was a sweet hallucination under which I labored at the time.

But I had misinterpreted my own nature, even though I was pretty correct in my estimate of Kent. I soon learned that the cowboy spirit in my nature had spent itself long years before, and a little of green field and open air went a long way with me. In short, I fairly hated the solitude of the great wide place, and the surveying work proved particularly irksome. Hanging over a cliff with a line is not nearly as bracing as it seems to be a ten-foot. But the work was the least of my worries. The roar of the city still lingered in my ears, and I decided that scenery and fresh air could not compose my all in life. As for Kent, he was an ideal camper. With his clay pipe and a blanket roll he was in his element. The memory of a sweet face haunted me sometimes, and with the post office ten miles away, this grew to a serious consideration. At last, I showed the white feather to such a degree that I wanted to go back. I nerved myself and told Kent about it.

Kent listened to me sadly, with the kindly indulgence of a big brother. "Go back, then," he said, with an odd little twinkle in his eye. "The survey can get on without you—maybe! At any rate, I can find some one to take your place."

In a day or two I went. The alacrity with which I took my departure amuses me when I look back on it now. I went, and left Kent to his romance and to the "other man." Perhaps when you hear the story, you will say, "And do you call that a romance?" Perhaps it is not much of a one, but you must remember it is the only romance Kent ever had. The other man, the man who took my place, brought it with him—the romance I mean, all in a nice little packet, one might say, for so it proved. I had the good fortune to stumble over him on my way back, although I did not know him at the time, but the descriptions tally. He brushed against me at one of the stations—almost knocked me down, in fact, in his rush to get off the train. I seized him by his shoulders and held him back. He shook me off with more than necessary force; then, noting my surprised laugh, he bowed in a genteel fashion and begged my pardon.

I turned to look at him, the same way I had turned to look at everybody after leaving the foothills. He was well dressed and well groomed. His hands were soft-looking and white and his nails highly polished. One would not have taken him for a prospective lineman, but such he proved to be.

It is necessary to take up the story now from Kent's standpoint, for I drop out of the scene here, though slightly against my will. I am rather fond of mixing in things. If I were not I would have told this story in a straightforward fashion and not have beaten about the bush in the way I have. But the reader will please remember that this is the only story I know, or at least the only one I ever attempted to tell in my life.

This man, Jack Cassic (I wonder why it is that when a man chooses an alias he always lights on Jack), appeared at the camp the next morning and asked for Mr. Kent. That in itself should have excited suspicion, for Kent had not sent out "at home" cards, nor introduced himself by name to the natives. But Kent was born to be fooled. Mind, I do not say the man fooled him, but there is a possibility of it. At any rate, he asked for work. Kent promptly handed him out my place and asked no questions.

Kent was not exactly daff on the subject of trusting people, but he came dangerously near being so. He had a cheerful theory tucked away in his soul that the best way to treat every man is to trust him; then if the man is dishonest, he'll give himself away, and if not, it is all right. Kent could afford to take chances, for, from a worldly reckoning he was remarkably well off. His salary on the survey did not amount to a row of pins to him, although he was at the head of the party. Money did not seem to represent to him what it does to most of us. He had a careless way of leaving his wallet around. One day he rushed from his tent with an exclamation akin to an oath.

"I've been robbed!" he swore. "Serves you right," I replied, "for leaving your money around."

"It isn't my money," he said with a snap of his fingers; "it's my collar, and the only clean collar I had."

And that to Kent was a real tragedy. But even Kent had a little suspicion in his make-up, and Jack Cassic aroused it after a few days. Who was he, and where had he come from? It was at this point that Cassic, waking up to the fact that he might be questioned, proceeded to tell Kent the story of his life.

A love affair was connected with his determination to join the survey, he said. He had been engaged to be married to a young woman who had fallen heir to a large sum of money. With her wealth had come a desire to probe into occult sciences, and she proceeded to use her money as a key to the mystical. She began to associate with gypsies, wonder-workers, and all the odd freaks in the place. Cassic pleaded with her in vain; she was wedded to the black arts, and they seemed to have supplanted him in her affections. Finally, she took up the study of hypnotism. This proved too much for even a lover to stand, and he informed her that unless she gave it up, he should feel justified in breaking their engagement. The girl laughed at him. She said that she had made a study of personal magnetism, and that she could win the esteem or love of any man she wished, and she really did not know whether she wished his love or not; she would let him know later.

"You are very narrow-minded," she said, "and could not assist me in my researches, except possibly as a subject. If I wish your love I will retain it."

Cassic left her abruptly. He had grave apprehensions regarding her sanity, and decided that the marriage should never take place. But the break was not to be brought about as easily as he had anticipated. She was a remarkably handsome woman, with natural charm enough to satisfy most men. He did not sever all connection with her at once and therein lay his folly. She began to play with him much as a cat does with a mouse. She was evidently of the opinion that he would make an excellent subject. Cassic fought against the power which she seemed to exert over him, but his efforts were unavailing. In his calm moments he was of the opinion that he hated her as cordially as he had once loved her, but she was evidently of a different opinion. One day she turned to him and riveting his eyes with her own, said, authoritatively:

"You love me."

Cassic's head swam for an instant; then a wild exhilaration filled his veins. He strove to go toward her, but found himself rooted to the spot.

"Bah, I command you to hate me," she exclaimed.

Instantly his mood changed, and a deadly passion imbued his soul. A few passages of her hands, and he was his normal self again, standing sheepishly before her.

"Did you think you loved me?" she asked.

"I thought so," he answered weakly.

"There is the keynote," she said, "I controlled your thought!"

He tried to exert his own will, but in vain. "Do you believe in my science now?" she asked. "Do you see that so-called love is merely an emotion that a person may incite or subdue at will? Do you realize that you are my slave if I so will it?" She laughed and told him to go.

He was dazed—but he left her a firm believer in hypnotism or whatever it was that gave her her power over him. Once in the open air he tried to recover himself, but failed. Shortly afterwards he learned that even in absence her power was strong enough to draw him back to her. He fought against it with all his force, but in vain. It was not exactly love he felt, but an overwhelming desire to do her will. In his saner moments he realized that he was growing into a nonentity—a mere puppet in her hands. He strove then with all the strength of his manhood to stay away, but without avail. His business went to rack and ruin for want of attention, and the intense mental strain caused his health to fail.

In the meantime, the woman had evidently made up her mind to marry him in spite of himself, and this thought caused him more alarm than had the loss of his health and fortune. Finally, he consulted a physician.

The man was a practical practitioner, who gave little or no credence to Cassic's rather garbled story. He told him that he was the victim of a nervous ailment, and advised outdoor treatment with plenty of hard work. Finally, he was induced to take some stock in Cassic's representations, and advised him to get as far away from the woman as possible; hence his desire to join the survey.

The story was a revelation to Kent. He expressed his opinion of the woman in rather strong terms. I dare say it was the only occasion upon which Kent had ever made a harsh remark about any woman. However, he did not have a blind faith in the story; he agreed with the physician that Cassic's nervous system needed building up, and decided to watch him.

Cassic affirmed that the influence still came over him at intervals, and pleaded with Kent to confine him if he ever showed any intention of returning. Kent promised, and then asked for a description of the woman. Cassic gave it in glowing terms. She was dark, he said, and superbly beautiful. Her eyes he thought her chief charm, and in them lay her power. As he spoke, he drew her picture from his pocket and handed it to Kent. Kent took it and looked intently at the most beautiful face he had ever seen, and as he looked, the face seemed to ally alive. He felt dazed—the ground was slipping from him—his head swam, and he sank back in a swoon.

When he came to, a scrap of paper lay in his hand. On it was scribbled: "Why did I keep the picture?" The ordeal has proven too much for me. I am compelled to return. You see the influence which the mere sight of the picture has had over you? I am out of funds, and have borrowed your wallet. I will return—Here the note rambled.

Kent's wallet contained all the money with which he intended to pay off the men. It has never been returned.

Query: Has Cassic suffered a lapse of memory, or was he a villain?—Overland Monthly.

Convincing the Barometer.

Sir Archibald Geikie tells a story in his book, "Scottish Reminiscences," which he says is characteristic of the simplicity of some of the Scots. It concerns a farmer in the Cheviot Hills who had been told that it would be useful to have a barometer in the house, for it would let him know whether the weather would be good or bad. After he had been persuaded to buy an aneroid barometer, which has a large round dial, he hung it up in his hall, and duly consulted it each day, but without much edification. At last there came a spell of wet weather. The barometer continued to record, "set fair." The rain continued to fall heavily, and still the dial made no sign of truth. Then the farmer's temper rose. He took the instrument from the wall and marched with it to the bottom of the garden, where a brook swollen with the drainage from the upper slopes, was rushing along, brown and muddy. He plunged the barometer into the flood. "Will you believe your ain sen now, then!" he cried angrily.—Youth's Companion.

Corporal's Compliments.

Gen. Wood says that while in London a year or so ago an officer of the British army related to him a tale of the difficulties experienced by the commanding colonel of the Connaught rangers in his efforts to suppress drunkenness and disorder in the regiment. Now, the colonel had made up his mind that this disorder must cease. He decided that at the first opportunity he would make an example of the offender next found out. So, shortly afterward, a corporal who had been on an unholy tear was compelled to march across his regiment's front, in his muddy and torn uniform, just as he had returned to barracks. This was done as an awful warning, and was calculated to appeal to the esprit du corps. But, sad to relate, when the corporal arrived at the left flank he turned to his colonel, saluted and, just as if he had been some swell officer inspecting them, remarked: "Colonel, I thank ye; 'tis the finest regiment I've seen this many a day. Ye may dismiss them!"—N. Y. Press.

Hard on the Doctor.

The good old minister had been waiting patiently for an opportunity of paying the doctor out for his recent defeat on the bowling green, and one Sunday the opportunity came. The sermon had commenced and the occupant of the pulpit had got as far as "thirly" when the door of the kirk opened quietly, and a young man walked on tiptoe to the pew occupied by Dr. Graham and whispered a few words in his ear. There was a slight stir as the medico, reaching under the seat for his hat, followed the messenger out of the building; and the minister improved the occasion by solemnly remarking: "My dear brethren, let us spend a few minutes in prayer of some poor person who is evidently in great danger. Dr. Graham has been called to see him."—Tit-Bits.

## THE MANNERS OF CHILDREN

World Travelers Declare Those of This Country to Be the Worst They Have Seen.

"An English lady and gentleman, who visited me recently, after a six months' tour of the United States, extending from San Francisco, Seattle and Los Angeles to the east, were the most enthusiastic foreigners with regard to the United States and the American people that I ever met," remarked a Washington woman, reports the Star. "During the four days they spent with my husband and me their praises for what they had seen here were unceasing. But they had one criticism, and only one. That criticism had to do with the public conduct of American children. They frankly declared that nowhere in the world—and they are globe trotters of years standing—had they seen such utterly rude and unmannerly children of both sexes, as they found all over the United States—most particularly, they specified, the children of well-to-do parents."

"They narrated many stories concerning the roughness of manner, contumacious, flat disobedience, crankiness, disrespect to elders and pig-headed stubbornness of children with whom they had come in contact in their leisurely travels over the United States. I am bound to say that their stories perfectly agreed with observations of my own."

"The thing that appeared to surprise these English folk the most was that American mothers rarely or never corrected their young children for rude or even vicious conduct in public. They told of, at a Chicago hotel, a little six-year-old girl, in a bad humor in the dining hall, deliberately knocked over the sugar bowl so that the loaf sugar was scattered all over the floor. The little girl's mother hadn't a single word of reproof for the vixen, it seemed."

"Dawling, how could you?" was all she said, whereupon the dear little girl promptly told her mother to "shut up," an injunction which the mother immediately obeyed.

"The Englishman and his wife positively declared that in all of their wanderings from the Pacific coast eastward they had never once seen a misbehaving child corrected or even severely reprovved."

"I am, as my husband says, a mighty 'sudden woman' when I hear any criticism of the United States, and I believe I am somewhat quicker even than some of my most intensely patriotic neighbors to resent criticism from the tongues of foreigners."

"Yet, in all fairness, I was and am bound to confess that there was a very great deal of truth in these remarks of the Englishman and his wife respecting our children. American children are rough and rude and willful and disobedient, and whosoever falls to perceive that they are becoming more so every year is simply blind. There is altogether too much mothers' congress maudlinism employed in the rearing of children in this country—too much of the so-called 'moral sun' business. There may be children in the world somewhere who are amenable to treatment by the moral suasion method, but I have never happened to run across any of them myself, and I have reared and married off a brood of six of them myself, quite aside from the fact that I used to be a child myself. Too many women are deriving their ideas of how to raise children from the more or less mawkish periodical literature penned on that subject, and the corrective rod, together with the eminently effective slipper and hair brush, have been made obsolete for the purposes for which they used to be employed. Take a look around you and count how many nice, well-mannered, respectful, obedient young children you know, and you will be surprised at the conclusion you are bound to arrive at. Nor is it at all necessary to suppose that children have got to be priggish to be well behaved. I hate to have to own it, as an American woman and mother, but it is a simple fact that has come under my observation in the course of several visits to England that English children are far and away the best mannered children in the world. The boys are manly, rugged little chaps, not 'sissies' by any manner of means, but of respectful demeanor and inflexible good conduct when in the presence of their elders. They are strictly taught, too, to be fair and square with each other when at play with their boy mates. The little girls are lively and even hoydenish, but they are extremely sweet and amiable, to the point of being 'old-fashioned' in their manner toward their parents and all older persons. English children, in brief, are perfectly and entirely lovable. And the fact is not to be overlooked that, with regard to English boys, as at the rate the institution known as the 'brich' is still a prominent article of furniture in English households."

"There is entirely too much sentimentality in the upbringing of American children; and too much sentimentality and patience and indulgence in making rowdy, leering youths of our boys and self-willed, impetuous and wholly selfish young women of our girls."

"I didn't admit as much to my English friends, but I thought it."

Moral of the Lesson.

One Sunday a teacher was trying to illustrate to her small scholars the lesson: "Return good for evil." To make it practical, she said: "Suppose, children, one of your schoolmates should strike you and the next day you should bring him an apple, that would be one way of returning good for evil." To her dismay one little girl spoke up quickly: "Then he would strike you again to get another apple."—Youth's Companion.

Earrings Show Nativity.

The earrings worn by Italian organ-grinding women indicate the part of Italy the wearers came from. The longer the earrings the farther south the original homes of the women. In the far north the ornaments are quite short.

Never Give Up Hoping.

Clara—I wish I hadn't been invited to the reception, because now I shall have to give her a wedding present.

Maud—Never mind. You may get married yourself some day.—Stray Stories.

## MOTHER HAD A GOOD TIME

But the Example She Set Her Daughters Was Not of the Best.

There is a clubwoman with two pretty daughters who deserted her family one Sunday night recently to go to take tea with a couple of girls whom she knew. Now, having these giddy daughters, she has sort of grown to be regarded as "mother," but she is really uncommonly attractive, and the girls whom she went to see and the young man who was also taking tea with them had no idea of relegating their guest to any background of matronhood. So they laughed at her intention of going to "meeting" after supper, and a jolly evening sped all too quickly, relates the Baltimore Sun.

Meanwhile "mother" was being missed at home. The girls, going dutifully to church with their beaux, were amazed not to see their revered parent occupying her usual place in the pew. The boys came home with them after church and stayed until 11 o'clock, and still no sign of the feminine head of the house. At 11:30 their father descended from the library to inquire where on earth their mother was, and a council of anxiety was held as to what could possibly have become of the vanished lady. The father's proposition to make inquiries at the residence where his wife had taken tea was vetoed by his daughters, who said the young ladies must be asleep in their beds and his sanity would be questioned should he arrive on such an errand.

At 11:45—of a Sunday night—"mother's" light footfall was heard on the steps, and she bustled cheerfully in.

"Why, where are all the boys who are usually here Sunday night?" she inquired. "Didn't any of them call?" She was assured that they had called.

"Well, was there any trouble? Did any of them get mad that they left so early?" she continued, with a glance at her husband, who was not prone to honor the Sunday evening gatherings with his presence.

"Early?" her aghast family exclaimed in chorus, "do you call ten minutes to 12 o'clock early?"

And "mother" who had had a real good time and thought it was about 9:45 o'clock, has not recovered yet.

## SLEEP BEFORE MIDNIGHT.

Three Good Hours at That Time Helps Wonderfully to Brighten Young Faces.

How many a young man and woman idle away the hours before midnight, caring and thinking naught of the morning, which they will enter about eight or nine o'clock with hunched senses, listless eyes, and gray-whiskered features, says Medical Talk for the Home.

On the other hand, a few of our young folks deem it absolutely necessary to have at least three hours of good, sound sleep before the clock strikes the hour of midnight, in order to continue their daily vocations in an earnest and thoroughly capable manner.

When the morning comes, and the sun peeps his glowing and ruddy visage over the horizon, he comes face to face with nature's own creatures, as bright-faced as his own sunny countenance. Eyes are bright and flashing with the true sparkle of health, cheeks are glowing like full-blown roses, and, to cap all these desirable features, a mind of unparalleled clearness and ability.

I have always retired at nine, unless something of a very urgent nature presented itself and compelled my remaining up until a later hour. And, meanwhile, many of my numerous acquaintances laughingly chide me for the unheard-of proposition of retiring at nine.

"Why?" they will exclaim, "what's the use of my going to bed so early? I never think of doing so until nearly 11 or 12?"

The answer is simple enough; when next morning comes, I am dressed and ready an hour before breakfast time. I devote this extra hour to some good instructive book, while my chiding friends will rise languidly from their beds, just as the breakfast bell is ringing, bemoaning the fates because they are obliged to rise so early.

I shall conclude my sermon on sleep by my favorite maxim: "Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." "Early to bed and early to rise."

## Cream of Green Pea Soup.

Soak one cupful of green peas over night in one quart of cold water. In the morning pour off the water and put the peas in a pan, pouring over them one quart of boiling water. Cover the pan and let them cook slowly until the peas are tender, rub through a strainer and return the pulp and the water in which the peas were cooked. Add salt and pepper. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, cream it with two tablespoonfuls of flour and stir it into the boiling soup until the mixture is creamy. Before serving add one cupful of cream.—Washington Star.

## Blackberry or Raspberry Vinegar.

Cover one quart berries with strong vinegar. Let stand two weeks. Then mash the berries and strain the whole over one quart fresh berries. Let stand a week, then mash and strain again. To each quart of vinegar, add one pound sugar, bring to the boiling point, skim, and bottle while hot, using sodium acid on hot days, diluted with water and poured over cracked ice. It also makes a refreshing beverage for the sick.—Good Housekeeping.

## Pineapple Tapioca.

Soak three tablespoonfuls of tapioca in water over night; in the morning add more water and cook until clear; then add one can of pineapple which has been chopped fine and three-fourths cupful of sugar; boil about two minutes and set aside until cold; serve with whipped cream.—Boston Globe.

## Invalids' Teacup.

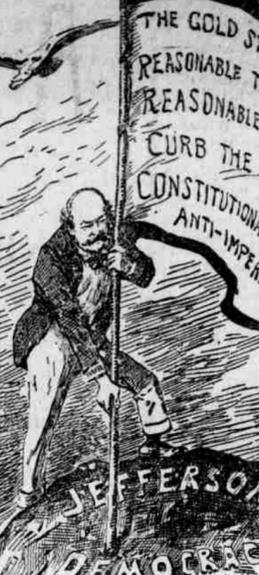
An invalid's teacup has a depression in the saucer in which a small cube of lighted charcoal may be placed. By this means the contents of the cup can be kept warm for some time. The cup is raised on feet to secure a circulation of air.

## Table Mustard.

For table use a highly recommended way of preparing mustard is to mix a teaspoonful of the condiment with 1½ teaspoonfuls of sugar and a little salt. Pour on boiling water and blend to a smooth paste.—Detroit Free Press.

## PLANTING THE STANDARD.

THE GOLD STANDARD ESTABLISHED. REASONABLE TARIFF REFORM. CURB THE TRUSTS. CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT. ANTI-IMPERIALISM. SECOND TERM.



## PROSPECTS FULL OF CHEER

Democrats Have Better Than an Even Chance to Carry the Country in November.

New York's removal from the doubtful column to a secure position in the democratic file of states narrows calculations greatly. Heretofore the narrowest republican estimate of the relative strength of the parties has conceded only the solid south with its total of 151 electoral vote, to democracy; and has placed New York in the doubtful column together with Delaware, Maryland and Nevada.

New York adds 39 votes to this conceded total of democracy, making 190 out of the 239 votes necessary to a victory, while the democratic acquisition of New York has a vital effect on several other states. In view of the reasonable certainty that New York will go for Parker by a safe majority; it is reasonable to add New Jersey, Connecticut and West Virginia to the doubtful column.

Maryland should be taken out of the doubtful column and conceded to democracy. Thus the democratic total assured may be placed at 198 votes, while the doubtful column may be revised as follows:

Delaware	3
Nevada	3
New Jersey	12
Connecticut	7
West Virginia	7
Total	32

These are states which are "doubtful" with a democratic leaning. Some republican estimates have placed Nevada in the democratic column. Delaware and West Virginia are extremely likely to go as Maryland goes; and the Democratic chance in Connecticut and New Jersey is space with the lead in New York. It is almost an impossibility for the republicans to carry these two states without carrying New York.

A further doubtful column may be computed of states which are uncertain, but in which the chance is not so favorable to democracy:

Colorado	5
California	10
Idaho	3
Montana	3
Oregon	4
Utah	3
Wisconsin	13
Total	41

Thus the two sets of doubtful states comprise 73 votes. Democracy requires 41 of these doubtful votes in order to win.

Several combinations, easily within reason and the possibilities, make up the required number. Let democracy carry the first set of doubtful states and it needs but nine more votes.

Let democracy carry Wisconsin, in the second set, and it could win without Delaware or Nevada in the first set.

Let democracy carry Wisconsin and Colorado, in the second set, and it could win without Connecticut, or West Virginia, or Delaware and Nevada, in the first set.

A liberal estimate, conceding Illinois and Indiana to the republicans, gives them 265 electoral votes. Thus they require 34 additional votes to win. If the republicans lose the first set of doubtful states, then they cannot afford to lose more than seven votes in the second set of doubtful states. The loss of Colorado and Idaho or Montana or Oregon or Utah would be fatal. The loss of Wisconsin would be fatal.

The St. Louis Republic Says that in order to win, the republicans must hold together the "sure" states, and must carry the entire west with the exception of Nevada.

Upon the whole the democrats may be said to have better than an even chance. The chance would be about even—the republicans having 205 against democracy's 198 "sure" votes—were it not for the fact that as New York goes many of the doubtful states will probably go. New York is the big and powerful asset and its turning is likely to influence either of the big commercial and industrial states. Not even Indiana and Illinois are assured to the republicans in the event of a democratic New York. The loss of either one of them, or of Ohio, would be absolutely fatal to the republican party; where as democracy can win easily without them.

Parker Not Found Wanting.

Ever since Judge Parker's telegram declaring that the presidency must come to him right or he would not have it, his greatest peril has been that of an anti-climax. Could he hold the ear of the country which he had so instantaneously gained? Or would his act of bold initiative be followed by timidities of speech? His highly dramatic first appearance on the national stage made it the harder, yet the more necessary, to fix the eye of the spectators when he stepped forth a second time. But all doubts of his ability fitfully to follow up his great stroke are solved by his speech of acceptance.

It is the utterance of a man who does his own thinking, who has something to say, and who says it with the utmost frankness. The country will pronounce him a man worth listening to, and will gladly hear him further.—N. Y. Post.

## JUDGE PARKER'S ADDRESS.

Democratic Leaders Pronounce Democratic Candidate's Remarks a Powerful Document.

Following are the comments of prominent democrats on the speech of acceptance delivered by Judge Parker:

Champ Clark, chairman of the notification committee—A magnificent speech, and it will make even a better campaign document. It was forceful and true. The republicans will have great difficulty in answering it.

Thomas Taggart, chairman of the democratic national committee—Judge Parker's speech lessens our work in the campaign by 50 per cent., and I believe now he will surely be elected. It was a strong statement of facts put in a judicial and unanswerable form.

Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall—A splendid speech and a great vote-getter. It had the true ring of sincerity.

Senator Patrick McCarren, of Brooklyn—An excellent speech; one of the best and most forceful it has ever been my pleasure to hear. It embodies all the issues which the people will be called upon to decide at the fall elections. It is the best evidence of the wisdom of Judge Parker's nomination. His great courage is shown in the treatment of issues.

David B. Hill—It was a wonderful speech, and treated upon all issues before the people to-day. It was a speech of which any man might be proud—excellent, admirable, grand.

Hugh J. Grant—It was a strong document and a timely one. I believe that his views upon second terms for presidents insures Judge Parker's success at the polls.

John Whalen—The man is a platform in himself. His speech was serious and convincing statement.

Former United States Senator