

HUMOROUS SIDE.

Amusing Incidents of the Campaign in New York City.

BANNERS TO SUIT ALL TASTES.

Why Cart-Tail Oratory is Not Always a Success—A Female Spell-binder—Banners to Suit the Various Natives—How the Candidate's Features Are Changed to Please Their Supporters.

NEW YORK, Oct. 25.—The deadly earnestness of all hands connected with the campaign, on both sides, over here is patent even in the portraiture of the four national candidates as exhibited in the sections given over to the virtually exclusive occupancy of foreign peoples.

Down in Mulberry Bend, for example, where the more or less sunny Sicilians make merry with cochineal chianti that never saw a vine and cut their bread and friends with stilettoes, the banners labeled "Roosevelt" make the vice presidential candidate of the Republican party look like any mellow-eyed, wax-mustached, languishing Italian tenor, with his hair plastered and oiled and combed down his forehead, Italian barber-wise, and his cherry lips half parted, as if he were just about to burst into mellifluous breathings amid the loveliness of his lady's cyebrows.

In the same quarter the banners that are marked "Stevenson" give to the mild, uncharacteristic countenance of the Democratic vice presidential candidate all of the seamed, leonine strength of the countenance of Crispin, the great, if deposed, Italian statesman; indeed, the Stevenson portraits could easily be mistaken for daubs of Crispin. Were one to believe the Italian quarter political banners that portray Mr. McKinley, the President must be a very rakish, brigandish-looking person, indeed, and his annual bills for hair oil must eat a frightful hole in his income. The pictures of Mr. Bryan "down on the bend" make the Nebraska candidate look like nothing so much in life or fiction as a weird series of studies for portraits of Fra Diavolo, and one involuntarily looks for him to leap out of his painted setting, yank a pair of twin derringers out of a lurid sash, and shoot the Italian equivalent for "Hands up—you're covered!"

Irish Candidates.

Stroll down to the Cherry Hill district, which, by the right of might, is still held against all comers by natives of the old sod and their descendants, and you will be amazed to find what a rollicking-looking brood of boys our sedate President is, as depicted on the political banners. Mr. McKinley's facial characteristics are, of course, shrewdly preserved, but he appears to have made a sudden and extraordinary reversion to the physiognomical peculiarities of his mooted Irish ancestry. With a rimless top hat stuck on his head and a duodec hanging precariously in the outside band thereof, and perhaps the simple addition of a set of neck whiskers, Mr. McKinley on these banners would resemble any potheen-joyous celebrant at an Irish fair.

Mr. Bryan is flaunted forth as a brave, proper gossamer, with rosy cheeks, preternaturally blue Irish eyes, and a general expression of almost inconceivable amiability. He is made to look like the lithographs of leading participants in Irish plays, and one expects him to step down, strike an attitude, defy the whole British army, slaughter a few dozens of evictors, and then signaling for the limelight, chant a mellow song with reference to the manifold virtues of his own Kathleen. Mr. Stevenson—well, down in Cherry Hill district the Democratic vice presidential candidate strikingly resembles, on the political banners, no less a garrulous and diverting notable than the renowned Mr. Dooley, of Archway road, while Mr. Roosevelt is made to look like a Hibernian paving contractor in a big way of business.

In the German Quarter.

Step over to those sections of the East Side, wherein the Teutonic races dwell in the greatest numbers, and you will find Mr. McKinley bodied forth on the campaign banners wearing all of the unassuageable gloom of a hero in one of Schiller's dramas. He looks as if no joy in this life or in the life to come could dispel the heavy cloud of woe from his brow; he looks—well, he looks just like that bust of Beethoven with which we are all familiar. A few skillful touches here and there have made his mobile features look essentially German, and if you saw these portraits of President McKinley in a non-political, detached position, and the pictures weren't labeled, you'd quite naturally take the subject to be one of the "leading heavies" attached to the German stock company down in Irving Place.

Mr. Roosevelt, on the contrary, is made to look quite spirit-free and blithe on these German political banners. He is a red-checked youth, with a flowing blonde mustache and pompadour hair and eyes of the alleged hue of the beautiful blue Danube and with the brim on his campaign hat turned up on one side, and a long green feather stuck rakishly therein, he, of course makes a typical Tyrolean warbler, and you expect him to launch forth into an extremely high-tenor nasalism upon "When the moon is high on the mountain-top." Gloom also envelops Mr. Bryan's countenance like a nimbus on these German campaign banners, and he is made to look like the herr pro-

TONSILINE CURES SORE THROAT WE want to so impress upon your mind the above fact that when you or yours have Sore Throat you will find that Tonsiline is the one cure which never fails. Sore Throat, Croup and Quinsy are just as quickly cured by TONSILINE 266 AND 606. ALL DRUGGISTS. THE TONSILINE CO. CANTON, O.

cessor suffering from acute dyspepsia as a result of sedentary habits, while Mr. Stevenson is made to resemble no less eminent a personage than Dinkelspiel, the maker of the conversationings.

Striking Resemblances. Drift over to that section where the Turks and Syrians and other similar people abide in hordes, and you will be astonished to note the startling resemblance borne by the present President of the United States to the sun of the heavens, the present sultan of the Turkish empire. Really, it is extraordinary that one had never traced this resemblance before. But here it is on the banners, just as plain as day or plainer. With the simple addition of the fez, Mr. McKinley would be Abdul Hamid, and none other. Mr. Bryan looks like those apocryphal portraits of Haroun-Al-Raschid, that were published a few years ago, except that Bryan's countenance is given a certain sinister twist that Haroun does not seem to have possessed. Mr. Roosevelt, with the usual "snowy burnous," would pass as a chieftain with unlimited camel trains at his beck and call, while Mr. Stevenson is made to look like one of those comic opera grand viziers who is perpetually getting himself into trouble with his satanic majesty, and always dodging such punitive measures as burning oil and molten lead by the merest miracles.

In Thompson Street. Then, to complete your little jaunt, betake yourself to Thompson street and study your candidates' features from the point of view supposed to be the most appealing to the imagination of the dark-hued man and brother. First of all, you will be surprised to observe how closely in general poise and lineament Mr. Stevenson resembles the late colored leader, Frederick Douglass. Then you will notice that the sharp aquiline outline of the noses of both Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan has given away to a peculiar spreading flatness as to those facial projections, and that both presidential candidates appear to

Just at that point he got the contents of a full bucket of water that was



FOR LITTLE MAID OF TEN.

Blue and tan camel's hair dress for school wear. The reverses and cuffs are of blue cloth with white braid trimming. The gimples is blue taffeta, tucked to shape a deep yoke and released to form a blouse front.

wear a very healthy-looking tan, due, no doubt, as you reflect, to their summer vacations. The outdoor life of Mr. Roosevelt seems to have printed a veritably Moorish swarthiness upon his face. While all four of the candidates have very straight hair—well, Mr. Stevenson's was straight—in real life, the Thompson street banners would seem to convey the impression that the four eminent gentlemen must use curling irons.

Cart-Tail Oratory.

The humors of the campaign over here are multitudinous. Something diverting nearly always happens when a cart-tail speech is in progress. A cart-tail speech is an incongruous sort of an affair. The cart, containing one man whose face is pretty well known from its appearance in the illustrated newspapers, and about a dozen other men whom nobody seems to have ever seen or heard of before, pulls up at a corner, and a little knot of idlers begins to assemble around it. Then the main spell-binder steps to the rear end of the cart and begins to shout and saw the air, with the clatter of wagons and cars, and, as often as not, the L. trains overhead, compelling him to exert himself tremendously in a pantomimic way, it being out of the question for his auditors to hear more than a phrase here and there, owing to the racket. For five or ten minutes the cart-tail orator bawls at the mere handful of listeners, but gradually the crowd increases, and it seems to be inevitably composed of a huge majority on the other side of the political fence from the declaimer. Then there are grunts and whistles and cat-calls and "funny cracks" from the belabored chaps in the circle—and it all seems so little profitable, so little worth while. If the orator is unwise in his generation he becomes heated and angry over the weird noises and interruptions of these in the circle who are not in sympathy with him, and exhibits his wrath. This, of course, has just the effect the wits of the pave have been striving for, and they proceed to yell alleged soothing remarks at the unwise speaker, as if they were endeavoring to cool down a fractious, excited horse, such as "Whoa, there, Bill!" and "Hey, loosen up that martingale!" and "Give him air!" and "He don't need no hot air!" and "Back up, you're losing your load!" and jeers of that general character. A cart-tail orator cannot, of course, expect to ad-

heaved from the fire escape of one of the tenement houses. It had been a good shot, and the spellbinder stood dripping from his head to his heels, and too much surprised for utterance. His lips moved, but he couldn't get out anything intelligible. The expression on his face was indescribably funny in its utter vacuity. He pulled out his handkerchief and wiped off his face, and threw both of his arms out as if he were about to launch a frightful denunciation at the unseen water thrower.

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dress on a public street only such pedestrians as are in sympathy with the tenets of the political party with which he is allied, but some of the hot-tempered spell-binders seem to forget this fact and begin to lecture the crowd, with the result that they are made to appear so foolish that they soon have to give the order to the drivers to "geep-up."

A Democrat's Discomfiture.

A Democratic cart-tail orator, who during the last presidential campaign utilized his eloquence on the other side, was bawling at the top of his lungs from the rear end of a truck that had been pulled up on Rivington street, on the East Side, the other evening.

"Feller citizens," he was saying, "wot kin' of a game is this yere that 'accursed Raypublican party is puttin' up on us at this writtin', hey? They're a-tryin' t' teln us into slaves, ain't they, hey? How many years does youse fellers 'tink it'll be before they'll be billionaires in this country, 'stead of millionaires? D'ye 'tink them trusts is a-join' to give a poor man a chance

Just at that point he got the contents of a full bucket of water that was

What courage that man possesses to dig up such a skeleton. Our nation is nearing a wonderful crisis, and we have scores of young voters who are to cast their first vote this year. May God help them to vote straight, mark honest tickets, with the conviction that their vote may be the one that may mark the turning point for the continuance of this administration. Think what it would mean for us to have free trade opening our ports for foreign commerce and throwing thousands and thousands of our men out of employment. I will admit the Democrats tell the truth when they say the trust could not exist if we had free trade. But I will just add, neither could we.

MRS. ETHEL LOCKARD, Bridgeport, O., Oct. 24.

Prophecy Unfulfilled.

Colorado Springs Gazette: Four years ago yesterday, October 12, 1896, Mr. W. J. Bryan addressed the people of Minneapolis, Minn. In the course of his remarks he said:

"The gold standard means dearer money; dear money means cheaper property means harder times; harder times means more people out of work; more people out of work means more people destitute."

Somewhat more than three years later, Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, at the convention of that organization held in Detroit, December 11, 1899, said:

"The revival of industry which we have witnessed within the past year is one for general congratulation, and it should be our purpose to endeavor to prolong this era of more general employment and industrial activity. It is beyond question that the wages of organized workers have been increased, and in many instances the hours of labor have either been reduced or at least maintained."

Anyone can make predictions, but having them come true seems to be Mr. Bryan's weak point.

HERE AT HOME

Wheeling Citizens Gladly Testify. It is testimony like the following that has placed the "Little Conqueror" so far above competitors. When people right here at home raise their voices in praise there is no room left for doubt. Read the public statement of a Wheeling citizen.

Mrs. C. Munzweiler, of Fourteenth street, says: "It is the same old story; severe pains through the small of the back, just over the kidneys, and distressing and annoying urinary weakness. My back was so sore at times that I could scarcely get around to do my work, and were I to sit in one position for a time it was very painful to straighten. I tried different things, but did not get any better, when I was recommended to use Doan's Kidney Pills. I got them at the Logan Drug Company, and began to use them. I never had anything act so quickly and satisfactorily. I took a few doses, when I felt decidedly better. In time my trouble disappeared."

For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. "Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cured in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by R. H. List, 1016 Main street, Chas. Menkemeller, corner Market and Twenty-second streets, druggists. mw&t

If Baby is Cutting Teeth

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gum, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. mw&t

FAMILY WASHING.

Rough Dry Washed, Starched and Dried 5 cents per pound. Flat Work, Washed and Ironed, 5 cents per pound. All hand work finished 10 cents per pound. At LUTZ BROS., Home Steam Laundry.

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DEAD ISSUE

Is Free Silver, According to a Democrat's Statement—Dug Up a Skeleton Buried Years Ago.

To the Editor of the Intelligencer. SIR:—I heard a Democrat say last night that the free silver question was a dead issue. Then why in the name of common sense don't Bryan bury it? I thought it died four years ago and I believe it did. For you can hear the rattling of its dry bones as Bryan parades it before the public. It is a ghastly subject, in its winding sheet of free trade. Well, if the poor thing has a spark of life left, it won't be enough to last it through another campaign. The Democrats don't notice the stench of this one corpse, for they have so many in their closet that one more don't matter much.

Mr. Bryan had better do what a man did in Otterville, Mo. He closed his store and left this notice stuck on the door: "Gone to the street fair at Sedalia; will be back when I get sober." Bryan says: "If we have had four years of hard times we want four more just like them." But now the government is partially out of the tangle that it got into during Cleveland's term of office, and I am sure we will find out the next four years a great improvement on the last. If people did not have a full dinner pail, (as has been implied), it must have been their own fault, for they have had money for the theatres and elaborate toilets. Surely, if the people have had a poor dinner pail, it must have been the fault of the cook.

Talk about dead issues. Why the whole Democrat issue of this campaign was born in 1857 or thereabouts, and suffered and died during President Buchanan's term of office. You will find on its headstone this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of the Democratic issue, which starved to death during the year of 1857, in the autumn of which a sudden money panic over-spread the country and eventually extended in some degree to the principal commercial cities of Europe." On the 26th of September the banks of Philadelphia suspended specie payments; New York banks October 13, and Boston banks on the 14th of the same month. So the poor sufferer gave up the ghost and has been quietly sleeping for forty-three years until Bryan got into the field.

What courage that man possesses to dig up such a skeleton. Our nation is nearing a wonderful crisis, and we have scores of young voters who are to cast their first vote this year. May God help them to vote straight, mark honest tickets, with the conviction that their vote may be the one that may mark the turning point for the continuance of this administration. Think what it would mean for us to have free trade opening our ports for foreign commerce and throwing thousands and thousands of our men out of employment. I will admit the Democrats tell the truth when they say the trust could not exist if we had free trade. But I will just add, neither could we.

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FINANCIAL STATEMENT Of Ohio County

For the Fiscal Year Ending May 31, 1900.

Table with columns for ASSETS, LIABILITIES, REVENUES, EXPENDITURES, and BALANCE. Includes items like Ohio River Railroad stock, Ohio County Bonds, Taxes, etc.

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