TALMAGE'S SERMON.

TABERNACLE PASTOR PREACHES ON CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP.

More Ante-Election Lessons—Scathing Denunciation of Political Falsehoods—Less Confidence in Platforms and More in God —An Extremely Bold Discourse.

Duty and the Ballot.

In his sermon Sunday forenoon Rev. Dr. Talmage touched on a topic which is just now uppermost, while the agitation in political circles is raging in all parts of the land. The sermon is pertinent and useful, and is based on the text, Acts xix, 32: "Some therefore cried one thing, and some another, for the assembly was confused, and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together." And they drew Alexander out of the multitude, the Jews putting him forward. And Alexander beckoned with the hand, and would have made his defense unto the people. But when they knew that he was a Jew, all with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!' "

Ephesus was upside down. It was about the silver question. A manufacturer of silver boxes for holding heathen images had called his laborers together to discuss the behavior of one Paul, who had been in public places assaulting image worship and consequently very much damaging that particular business. There was great excitement in the city. People stood in knots along the streets, violently gesticulating and calling each other hard names. Some of the people favored the policy of the silversmith. Other people favored the policy of Paul. There were great moral questions involved, but these did not bother them at all.

The only question about which they seemed to be interested was concerning the wages and the salaried positions. The silversmith and his compeers had put up factories at great expense for the making of these silver boxes, and now, if this new policy is to be inaugurated the business will go down, the laborers will be thrown out of employment and the whole city will suffer. Well, what is to be done? "Call a convention," says some one, for in all ages a convention has been a panacea for public evils. The convention is called, and as they want the largest room in the city they take the theater.

Having there assembled, they all want to get the floor, and they all want to talk at once. You know what excitement that always makes in a convention, where a great many people want to talk at once. Some cried one thing, some cried another, some wanted to denounce, some wanted to resolve. After awhile a prominent man gets the floor, and he begins to speak, but they very soon hiss him down, and then the confusion rises into worse uproar, and they begin to shout, all of them together, and they keep on until they are red in the face and hoarse in the throat, for nothing but crying out: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians! Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

The Ins and the Outs.

The whole scene reminds me of the excitement we have almost every autumn at the elections. While the goddess Diana has lost her worshipers and her temples have gone into the dust, our American people want to set up a god in place of her, and they want us all to bow down before it and that god is political party. Considering our superior civilization, I have to declare to you that that the Ephesian idolatry was less offensive in the sight of God than is all this absorbing American partisanship.

While there are honest men, true men, Christian men, who stand in both political parties, and who come into the autumnal elections resolving to serve their city or their State or the nation in the best possible way, I have noticed also that with many it is a mere contest between the ins and the outs—those who are trying to stay in and keep the outs out, and those who are trying to get in and thrust the ins out. And one party cries, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and the other party cries, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" neither of them honest enough to say, "Great is my pocketbook!"

Once or twice a year it is my custom to talk to the people about public affairs from what I call a Christian standpoint, and this morning I have chosen for that duty. I hope to say a practical word. History tells us of a sermon once preached amid the highlands of Scotland—a sermon two hours long—on the sin of luxury, where there were not more than three pairs of shoes in the audience, and during our last war a good man went into a hospital distributing tracts and gave a tract on "The Sin of Dancing" to a man both of whose legs had been amputated! But I hope this morning to present an appropriate and adapted word, as next Tuesday at the ballot box great affairs are to be settled.

The Rev. Dr. Emmons, in the early history of our country, in Massachusetts, preached about the election of Thomas Jefferson to the presidency. The Rev. Dr. Mayhew of Boston, in the early days of our republic, preached about the repeal of the stamp act. There are times when ministers of Christ must look off upon public affairs and discuss them. We need go back to no example. Every man is, before God, responsible for his own duty.

If the Norwegian boasts of his home of rock, and the Siberian is pleased with his land of perpetual snow; if the Bengalese thought that the muddy Tiber was the favored river in the sight of Heaven, and if the Laplander shivers out his eulogy of his native clime, and if the Chinese have pity for anybody born outside of the Flowery Kingdom, shall not we, born under these fair skies standing day by day amid those glorious civil and religious liberties, be public spirited? I propose to tell the people very plainly what I consider to be their Christian duty at the ballot box?

First, set yourself against all political falsehood. The most monstrous lies ever told in this country are during the elections. I stop at this meeting and that political meeting and listen and hear that the Republicans are liars. I stop at the door of a Republican meeting and listen and hear that the Democrats are scoundrels. Our public men microscopized, and the truth distorted. Who believes a tenth part of what he reads or hears in the autumnal elections? Men who at other seasons of the year are very careful in their speech become peddlers of scandal.

Categorical Lies.

In the far East there is a place where once a year they let the people do as they please and say what they please, and the place is full of uproar, misrule, and wickedness, and they call it the "devil's day." The nearest approximation to that in this country has been the first Tuesday in November. The community at such times seems to say, "Go to, now, let us have a good time at lying." Prominent candidates for office are denounced as unprincipled and renegade. A smart lie will start in the corner of a country newspaper, and keep on running until it has captured the printing presses of the whole continent. What garbling of speeches! What misinterpretation of motives! What misrepresentation of individual antecedents!

The trouble is that we have in this country two great manufactories—manufactories of lies—the Republican manufactory of lies and the Democratic manufactory of lies—and they are run day and night, and they turn out half a dozen a day all equipped and ready for full sailing. Large lies and small lies. Lies private and lies public and prurient. Lies cut bias and lies cut diagonal. Long limbed lies and lies short and chubby. Lies scalloped and paneled and stewed. Crawling lies and jumping lies and soaring lies. Lies with attachment screws and rufflers and braiders and ready wound bobbins. Lies by Christian people, who never lie except during elections, and lies by people who always lie, but beat themselves in a political campaign.

I confess I am ashamed to have a foreigner visit this country in these times. I should think he would stand dazed and dared not go out nights! What will hundreds of thousands of foreigners who have come here to live think of us? What a disgust they must have for the land of their adoption! The only good thing about it is that many of them cannot understand the English language. But I suppose the German and Italian and Swedish and French papers translate it all, and peddle out the infernal stuff to their subscribers.

Nothing but Christianity will ever stop such a flood of indecency. The Christian religion will speak after awhile. The billingsgate and low scandal through which we wade almost every autumn must be rebuked by that religion which speaks from its two great mountains, from the one mountains intoning the command, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," and from the other mount making plea for kindness and love and blessing rather than cursing.

O Christian men, frown upon political falsehood. Remember that a political lie is as black as any other kind of a lie. God has recorded all the falsehoods that have been told at the city, State, or National elections since the foundation of this government, and though the perpetrators and their victims may have gone into the dust, in the last day judgment will be awarded.

The falsehoods that Aaron Burr breathed into the ear of Blennerhasset, the slanders that Lieutenant Gage proclaimed about George Washington, the misrepresentations in regard to James Monroe, are as fresh in God's book to-day as the lies that were printed last week about our local candidates. "And all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."

The Crime of Bribery.

Again, I counsel you as Christian men to set yourselves against the misuse of money in political campaigns. Of the thousands of dollars already spent this autumn, how much of the amount do you suppose has been properly used? You have a right to spend money for the publishing of political tracts, for the establishment of organizations for the carrryiny out of what you consider to be best; you have a right to appeal to the reason of men by argument and statistics and by facts. Printing and renting of public halls and political meetings cost money, but he who puts a bribe into the hand of a voter or into the hand of a mercenary and corrupt motives commits a sin against God and the nation.

Bribery is one of the most appalling sins of this country. God says, "Fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery." Have nothing to do with such a sin, O Christian man! Fling it from the ballot box. Hand over to the police the man who attempts to tamper with your vote, and remember that elections that cannot be caried without bribes ought never to be carried at all. Again I ask you as Christian men to set yourseves against the dissipations that hover over the ballot box. Let me say that no man can afford to go into political life who is not a teetotaler. Hot political discussion somehow creates an unnatural thirst, and hundreds of thousands of men have gone down into drunkenness through political life.

After an exciting canvass through the evening you must "take something," and rising in the morning with less animation than usual you must "take something," and going off among your comrades through the forenoon you meet political friends, and you must "take something," and in the afternoon you meet other political friends and you must "take something," and before night has come something has taken you. There are but few cases where men have been able to stand long against the dissipations of political life.

Joseph was a politician, but he maintained his integrity. Daniel was a politician, but he was a teetotaler to the last. Abraham was a politician, but he was always characterized as the father of the faithful. Moses was a politician, the grandest of statesmen he honored God more than he did the Pharaohs, and there are hundreds of Christian men now in the political parties maintaining their integrity, even when they are obliged to stand amid the blasted, lecherous, and loathsome crew that sometimes surrounds the ballot box. Every Christian man doing their political duty and then coming back to the prayer meetings and Christian circles as pure as when they went out. But that is not the ordinary circumstance—that is the exception.

How often you see men coming back from the political conflict, and their eye is glazed, and their cheeks in an unnatural flush, and they talk louder than they usually do, and at the least provocation they will bet, and you say they are convivial, or they are exceedingly vivacious, or you apply some other sweet name to them, but God knows they are drunk! Some of you, a month or six weeks ago, had no more religion than you ought to have, and after the elections are over to calculate how much religion you have left will be a sum in vulgar fractions. Oh, the pressure is tremendous!

Politz Disaljations.

How many mighty intellects have gone down under the dissipation of politics! I think of one who came from the West. He was able to stand out against the whole American Senate. God had given him faculties enough to govern a kingdom, or to frame a constitution. His voice was terrible to his country's enemies and a mighty inspiration in the day of national peril. But twenty glasses of strong drink a day were his usual allowance, and he went down into the habits of a confirmed inebriate.

Alas for him! Though a costly monument has been reared over his resting place, the young men of this country shall not be denied the awful lesson that the agency by which the world was robbed of one of its mightiest intellects, and our country of one of its ablest constitutional defenders, was the dissipation of political life. You want to know who I mean? Young man, ask your father when you get home. The adverse tide is fearful, and I warn you against it.

You need not go far off to find the wornout politician. Here he is, stumbling along the highway, his bleary eyes hardly able to look into Bedlam over and pale with exhausting sickness. Surely to anybody who accosts him. His last decent article of apparel pawned for strong drink. Glad if, when going by a grocery, some low acquaintance invites him in to take a sip of ale and then whipping his lip with his greasy sleeve. Kicked off the steps by men who to-day stood to be his constituents. Manhood obliterated. Lip blistered with a curse. Scars of brutal assault on cheek and brow. Foul mouthed. A crouching, staggering, wheezing wretch. No friends. No God. No hope. No heaven.

That is your wornout politician. That is what sooner or you will become unless by this morning's warning and the mercy of God your steps are arrested. Oh, there are no words enough potent, enough damning, to describe the horrible drunkenness that has rolled over this land, and that has bent down the necks of some of the mightiest intellects, until they have been compelled to drink of the trough of our bestiality and abomination! I warn young men against political life, unless they are teetotalers and consecrated Christian men.

Again, I counsel you that when you go to the ballot box at the city, or the state, or the national elections, you recognize God and appeal to him for his blessing. A prayer is better than the ballot box, than the gubernatorial chair, than the presidential White House. It is high time that we put less confidence in political platforms and more confidence in God. See what a weak thing is human foresight! How little our wise men seem to know! See how, every autumn, thousands of men who are slumbering up for higher positions are turned under! God upsets them. Every man, every party, every nation, has a mission to perform. Failing to perform it, down he goes.

The Gospel in Politics.

God said to the house of Bourbon, "Remodel France and establish equity." House of Bourbon would not do it. Down it went. God said to the house of Stuart, "Make the English people free, God fearing, and happy." House of Stuart would not do it. Down it went. God says to the political parties in this day, "by the principles of Christianity, remodel, govern, educate, save the people." Failing to do that, down they go, burying in their ruins their disciples and advocates. God can spare all the political intriguers of this day and can raise up another generation who shall do justice and love mercy.

If God could spare Luther before the reformation was done, and if He could spare Washington before free government had been fully tested, and if He could spare Howard before more than one of a thousand dungeons have been alleviated, and if He could spare Robert McCheyne just as his mercenary and corrupt motives commits a sin against God and the nation.

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BLOWN INTO THE SEA.

AWFUL EXPLOSION OF DYNAMITE ON A VESSEL.

The Spanish Town of Santander Wrecked by the Disaster and Over 500 Persons Killed—Ship Carried Contraband Explosives—Murderer Stone Sentenced.

Hundreds Are Dead.

Dispatches from Santander confirm the report of the terrible disaster which wrecked the port, destroyed hundreds of lives, and sent a thrill of horror throughout the whole of Spain. The vessel which was blown up was the Cabo Machicaco. She was discharging 2,000 tons of iron and many barrels of petroleum and flour and several wine casks. The Captain had declared only twenty cases of dynamite, otherwise he had not been allowed to use the dock. The fire started at 3 o'clock in the afternoon in the coal-bunkers. The customs officers and police hastened to remove the twenty cases of dynamite, which soon were landed at a safe distance from the vessel. A tug was then chartered to tow the Cabo Machicaco seaward. Meanwhile desperate efforts had been made to quench the flames. The captain and crew of the steamer Alfonzo XII. boarded the burning vessel to help fight the flames. They worked for an hour and a half without success. At the end of that time the fire reached the petroleum. Then came a series of awful explosions as the flames went from barrel of petroleum until they reached the contraband dynamite. The tug had just been moored alongside the vessel and many townspeople had gone aboard either to satisfy their curiosity or to help to extinguish the fire.

Then came the explosion of the dynamite. All on board the Cabo Machicaco and many on the dock were blown to atoms. The tug vanished. The quay, with its enormous crowd of spectators, rose slowly in the air. The people were scattered in every direction, into the sea, upon the land. Fire-brands fell in showers over every land for a radius of a mile and a half. The Cabo Machicaco's anchor was hurled 800 yards and fell on the balcony of a house, which it completely wrecked. Houses rocked on their foundations and more than a hundred were set on fire by falling firebrands.

The destruction in the harbor was equally appalling. The hands of the steamer Alphonzo XII. was lying alongside, and contained all the crew not aboard the Machicaco. It vanished with the others. The survivors ashore fled shrieking, leaving the promenade adjoining the quay strewn with dead and dying and mangled remnants of human bodies. Wherever the terrified fugitives turned they met only frightful destruction. Horror was added to horror in the wrecked and burning buildings, from which came piteous cries for help. Many of the fugitives were thrown down and trampled upon. Numbers are said to have lost their reason. The people were too panic-stricken to think of anything but saving their own or their relatives' lives, and ignored their burning property.

When at last a few persons with some presence of mind collected, it was at once resolved to telegraph an appeal for help to the Government and to the municipal authorities of other cities. Every available surgeon was summoned to the scene. When night fell the sky luridly reflected the fires burning fiercely in various parts of the city. The fire went on unchecked throughout the night. Block after block were in ruins. The people were terror-stricken. Thousands abandoned their homes and fled to the fields or outlying villages. Others remained and searched frantically among the heaps of ruins and half-bared bodies for their lost friends or relatives

Santander was lately among the most prosperous towns in Spain, but it will take years to repair the disaster which has overtaken it. The whole country is indignant at the criminal conduct of the captain and crew of the Cabo Machicaco, as well as the criminality of those who shipped the contraband 480 cases of dynamite, the general opinion being that the government must take immediate steps to punish the shippers. The death of the captain and crew of the dynamite steamer is but poor compensation to the thousand victims. The explosion of the dynamite lifted the sea up into the air like a water spout, mingling enormous quantities of mud and stones with the wreckage and hurling them for a great distance on every side. Reports differ as to the number killed. The most conservative estimate places the number at 500 while others say that fully 1,000 have been killed or injured. The disaster is one of the most appalling that has occurred in Europe in a generation.

ISSUE A SILVER ADDRESS.

Populist Congressmen Urge the Public to Study the Financial Question.

The Populist members of Congress, including Senators and members of the House, have issued an address appealing to the people to take up the silver cause. The address begins with a statement of the aggregate debts of the world and of the gold and silver in existence, calls attention to the fact that the arts require almost the total gold production, and says the decrease of the volume of this metal caused by hoarding has caused its raise in value 40 or 50 per cent.

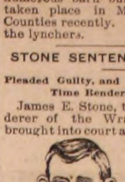
The address continues: "The repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act destroys silver as money of ultimate redemption, and reduces that metal to credit money to float only by redemption in gold. The $1,100,000,000 of paper and silver now in circulation must rest upon less than $100,000,000 of gold in the treasury as available for redemption. The only reason for demonetizing silver was to enhance the value of gold and obligations payable in money. It is further proposed to sell bonds of the United States and buy gold to strengthen the reserves in the treasury. National banks will use the bonds for banking and issue their notes, upon which the people must pay interest as well as on the bonds." The document ends with an appeal to the people to study the question. Gen. A. J. Warner, President of the American Bimetallic League, also issued an address.

Four Lynched by a Mob.

On the farm of Jack Daniels, near Lynchburg, Tenn., Ned Waggoner, his son Will and daughter Mary, and his son-in-law Motlow, were found hanging to one tree. All are colored and the only cause at present assigned for their fate is that they were implicated in the numerous barn burnings which have taken place in Moore and Lincoln Counties recently. There is no clew to the lynchers.

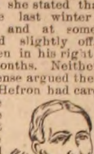
STONE SENTENCED TO HANG.

Pleaded Guilty, and the Jury in a Short Time Rendered a Verdict.



JAMES E STONE

James E. Stone, the confessed murderer of the Wratten family, was brought into court at Washington, Ind., by Sheriff Leming at 8:30 the other morning. The prisoner seemed as unconcerned as if nothing was going on at all. When the indictment of murder in the first degree was read to him he answered in a low murmuring voice that could scarcely be heard: "I am guilty." He was asked a few questions to determine whether he was sane. He answered in an intelligent and unconcerned manner. His wife, Cecelia, was examined and she stated that he fell on some ice last winter and hurt his head and at some periods he seemed slightly off, but that he had been in his right mind the last three months. Neither the State nor the defense argued the case, and after Judge Hefron had carefully instructed the jury they were given the case at 10:42. At 11:00 the jury returned and handed the following verdict to the Judge: "We, the jury, find the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree and assess



ELIZABETH WRATTEN.

as his punishment that he shall suffer death." Judge Hefron sentenced Stone to be hanged at Jeffersonville Feb. 16, 1894.

Stone said to the Court that he guessed the jury did about as well as he expected. As he parted from his wife and children he besought them to promise to meet him in heaven. The persons implicated by Stone's confessions were released on their own recognizances to appear at the January term of court.

Nearly every circumstance strengthens the belief that Stone proceeded to the Wratten home unaccompanied by any one and alone slew the entire family. There is no positive proof that robbery was the motive, although this theory was advanced by the knowledge that the woman had considerable

THE WRATTEN HOME.

money hid away in her house. Over $600 in coin was in plain view of the murderer and could easily have been secured.

ALMOST FOUND SAFETY.

Nine Men Drowned in New York Bay Within 400 Feet of Shore.

Nine lives were lost by the capsizing of a yawl in the lower bay of New York. Twenty-two mechanics and laborers employed by the contractors who are working on the new buildings on Hoffman island embarked in a thirty-foot yawl shortly after noon to return to their homes. The sea in the bay was running very high, but the yawl, with a double-reefed sail, successfully battled with the waves until within 400 feet of the long dock at South Beach, where the men were to disembark. Just as it had just been reached when a sudden squall struck the boat. By quick work the yawl was kept from overturning, but the sea washed completely over the craft several times. For a few minutes they were successful in keeping the yawl afloat, but a large wave struck the boat and filled her completely. The yawl sank, leaving the twenty-two men struggling in the water.

The catastrophe was witnessed by people on the shore at South Beach. Small boats were hurriedly manned and sent out to rescue the workmen. Almost at the same time a naphtha launch was sent out from Hoffman Island on the same mission. Before the rescuers could reach the spot where the men were struggling in the water nine of the men had gone down for the last time. The other men were picked up by the small boats and the launch and were landed at South Beach.

DERAILED BY DESIGN.

Illinois Central New Orleans Limited Wrecked at Ullin.

Train robbers wrecked the Chicago and New Orleans limited express on the Illinois Central Road at 1:30 o'clock Sunday morning near Ullin, a little station about 325 miles south of Chicago and twenty miles north of Cairo. A stolen signal lamp was opened switch threw the train from the main track upon a "spur" or siding open at the end. Engine, tender and baggage car were overturned, while three coaches and the first truck of the head sleeper were derailed. Fireman Harmon jumped from the cab just as the engine struck the switch, but was caught by the falling tender and crushed to death. Two tramps, one a negro, who were stealing a ride in front of the "blind baggage," were buried beneath the falling car and killed. Their names are unknown. Just after the shock passengers and trainmen heard shots fired at a short distance from the train. The remains of Fireman Harmon were taken from under the wrecked tank and removed to Ullin. He leaves a wife and two children, who reside at that place. The wrecked train carried one of the heaviest and most important express details on the road. A reward of $1,000 has been offered for the arrest and conviction or information leading to the capture of the person or persons who opened the switch.

STATE ELECTIONS.

All Seemed to Go Pretty Much One Way.

THE REPUBLICANS WIN

M'KINLEY CLAIMS OHIO BY FIFTY THOUSAND.

Iowa, Massachusetts, and New York Lost to the Democrats—Populists Claim One Supreme Court Judge in South Dakota —McKinley's Contest Ignored State Issues and Was Conducted on the Tariff—Iowa Republicans Claim a Clean Sweep —Returns from Many States.

McKinley Wins.

With a plurality claimed to be 75,000 and two-thirds of both branches of the Legislature McKinley has won the most decisive victory recorded in Ohio since the civil war. It has been won on national issues. Although McKinley was running for re-election as Governor he made State affairs secondary to protection and honest money in all his speeches, numbering 110. It would not have been a surprise two weeks ago, but after the action of Congress there seemed to have been such a reaction that the overwhelming vote is a surprise. The Democrats did not allow the contest to go by default, but made a most vigorous fight with harmonious working forces. The voters were out all over the State, and McKinley has a majority over all, with Democratic, Prohibition and Populist tickets opposed to him. This is the first majority over all any State candidate has had since Foster's election, just after Garfield's death in 1881. Blaine had a majority in 1884, but the Republican State ticket then had only a plurality. Last year the Democrats elected one Presidential elector, and the Republican plurality was then 1,072. McKinley's plurality in 1891 was 21,511. In 1889 the Republicans had 10,000 plurality, and in 1889 the Democrats elected Gov. Campbell by 10,872, when there was a small vote.

Jackson in Iowa.

A Des Moines dispatch says: The election of the entire Republican ticket is beyond any hope of recall. The Republican gains that have been made over last year's vote for Harrison averaged six to the precinct. There are 2,000 precincts in the State. The Republican plurality last year was 21,000, so at this rate Jackson will have 35,000 to 40,000 plurality, and the rest of the Republican ticket will run ahead a few thousand. How much cannot be stated with any degree of exactness yet. The reports are very slow to come in, and have been incomplete on everything below Jackson and Boies. But the general report is that the Prohibition vote has been far below what was expected, even by the Republicans. National issues and the calamity cry raised by the Republicans were strongly fought to pull all the Republicans into support on State and local platforms. The Republican Prohibitionists have voted the Republican ticket, too, as they promised to do. The populist vote has fallen somewhat below what was expected. The Legislature will be strongly Republican in both branches, insuring the election of a Republican United States Senator. The first precinct in Massachusetts cannot yet be accounted a Democratic State on national issues. The city of Boston has given the Democracy only 9,700 plurality, against 13,000 last year, while in the country the Republicans have made gains proportionate to this loss. The entire Republican State ticket is elected by substantially the same figures as Mr. Greenhalge. A conservative estimate founded upon the returns from small cities and towns gives the following result: For Governor, Greenhalge (Rep.) over Russell (Dem.) 18,000; for Lieutenant Governor, Walcott (Rep.) over Carroll (Dem.) 23,000; for Secretary of State, Olin (Rep.) over McDonald (Dem.) 26,000; for Treasurer, Kimball (Rep.) over Hall (Dem.) 24,000; for Attorney General, Knowlton (Rep.) over Lilley (Dem.) 17,000. The Senate and House will both be Republican by slightly increased majorities.

New York Not Democratic.

A year ago the Democrats made a clean sweep in New York. Tuesday the Republicans had their day and it was another runaway race. Richard Croker said: "It looks as if the Republicans had carried the entire State ticket, including the Legislature." In the contest for the most important office, Judge of the Court of Appeals, Bartlett, is elected over Maynard, the Democratic candidate, by at least 30,000. Maynard was cut all over the State. He ran behind Bartlett in King's County by 12,000. In Brooklyn, for the first time in years, the Republicans elected their mayor.

Kansas Returns.

Returns from Kansas admit a great falling off in the Populist vote. Cherokee County, which gave 1,700 majority for the Populists in 1892, and Sumner County, another Populist stronghold, have been carried by the Republicans. Crowley County, in which the vote was very close in 1892, has also gone Republican. The Republicans will probably have a plurality of the votes cast. They have carried Miami, Harvey and Montgomery Counties. The Democrats carried Leavenworth County.