

**PILATE'S QUESTION.**

"What Shall I Do Then With Jesus?"

Each One of You Will Have to Ask and Answer for Himself This Question—Sermon by Rev. S. De Witt Talmage, D. D.

Among the sermons preached by Rev. Dr. Talmage in England, the one selected for publication this week is from the text: Matthew xxvii. 22, "What shall I do with Jesus?"

Pilate was an unprincipled politician. He had sympathies, convictions of right and desires to be honest; but all these were submerged by a wish to be popular and to please the people. Two distinguished prisoners were in the grasp of government, and the proposition was made to free one of them. There stands Barabbas, the murderer; there stands Christ, the Saviour of the world. At the demand of the people the renegade is set free, but Jesus is held. As the hard-fisted and cruel-eyed Barabbas goes among his sympathizers, receiving their coarse congratulations, Pilate turns to his other distinguished prisoner—mild, meek, inoffensive, loving, self-sacrificing—and he is confounded as to what course he had better take, so he impels the mob as a jury to decide, saying to them: "What shall I do, then, with Jesus?"

Oh, it is no dried or withered question, but one that throbs with warm and quick pulse in the heart of every man and woman here. We must do something with Jesus. He is here. You and I are not so certainly here as He is, for He fills all this place—the loving, living, dying Christ—and each one of us will have to ask and answer for himself the question, "What shall I do, then, with Jesus?" Well, my friends, there are three or four things you can do with Him.

You can, in the first place, let Him stand without a word of recognition; but I do not think your sense of common courtesy will allow that. He comes walking on such a long journey, you will certainly give Him a chair on which He may sit. He is so weary, you would not let Him stand without some recognition. If a beggar comes to your door, you recognize him and say: "What do you want?" If you meet a stranger faint in the street, you say: "What is the matter with you?" and your common humanity, and your common sympathy, and your common sense of propriety will not allow you to let Him stand without recognition—the wounded One of the hills. You will ask: "What makes Him weep? where was He hurt? who wounded Him? whence came He? whither goes He?" I know there have been men who have with outrageous indifference hated Christ, but I know very well that that is not what you will do with Jesus.

Another thing you can do with Him—you can thrust Him back from your heart and tell him to stand aside. If an inoffensive person comes and persists in standing close up to you, and you have in various ways given him to understand that you do not want his presence or his society, then you ask the reason of his impertinence and bid him away. Well, that is what we can do with Jesus.

He has stood close by us a great while—ten, twenty, thirty, forty years. He has stood close by you three times a day, breaking bread for your household, all night watching by your pillow; He has been in the nursery among your children; He has been in the store among your goods; He has been in the factory amid the flying wheels, and now if you do not like His society you can bid Him away; aye, if He will not go you can take Him by the throat and tell Him you do not want His interference; that you do not want His breath on your cheek; that you do not want His eye on your behavior. You can bid Him away, or if He will not go in that way, then you can stamp your foot, as you would at a dog, and cry, "Begone!"

Yet I know you will not treat Jesus that way. When Pilate could not do that, you could not. Desperadoes and outlaws might do so, but I know that is not the way you will treat him, that that is not what you will do with Jesus. There is another thing you can do with Him—you can look on him merely as an optician to cure blind eyes, or an artist to tune deaf ears, a friend, a good friend, a helpful companion, a cheerful passenger on shipboard; but that will amount to nothing. You can look upon him as a God and be abashed while he rouses the storm, or blasts a fig tree, or heaves a rock down the mountain side. That will not do you any good; no more save your soul than the admiration you have for John Milton or William Shakespeare.

I can think of only one more thing you can do with Jesus, and that is to take Him into your hearts. That is the best thing you can do with Him; that is the only safe thing you can do with Him, and may the Lord omnipotent by spirit help me to persuade you to do that. A minister of Christ was speaking to some children and said, "I will point you to Christ." A little child rose in the audience and came and put her hand in the hand of the pastor and said: "Please, sir, take me to Jesus now. I want to go now." Oh, that it might be now with such simplicity of experience that you and I join hands and seek after Christ and get an expression of His beneficence and his mercy!

You may take Christ into your confidence. If you can not trust Him, whom can you trust? I do not trust you a dry, theological technicality. I simply ask you to come and put both feet on the "Rock of Ages." Take hold of Christ's hand and draw Him to your soul with perfect abandonment and hurl yourself into the deep sea of His mercy. He comes and says, "I will save you." If you do not think He is a hypocrite and a liar when He says that, believe Him and say: "Lord Jesus, I believe; here is my heart. Wash it. Save it. Do it now. Aye, it is done; for I obey thy promise and come. I can do no more. That is all Thou hast asked. I come. Christ is mine. Pardon is mine. Heaven is mine."

Why, my friends, you put more trust in everybody than you do in Christ, and in everything; more trust in the bridge crossing the stream; in the ladder up to the loft; more trust in the stove that confines the fire; more trust in the cook that prepares your food; more trust in the clerk that writes your books; in the druggist that makes the medicine; in the bargain maker with whom you trade; more trust in all these things than in Christ, although he stands this moment offering without limit, and without mistake, and without exception, universal pardon to all who want it. Now, is not that cheap enough—all things for nothing?

This is the whole of the Gospel as I understand it—that if you believe that Christ died to save you you are saved. When? Now. No more doubt about it than that you sit there. No more doubt about it than that you have a right hand. No more doubt about it than that there is a God. If you had committed five hundred thousand transgressions, Christ would forgive you just as freely as if you had never committed but one; though you had gone through the whole catalogue of crimes—arson, blasphemy and murder—Christ would pardon you just as freely, you coming to Him, as though you had committed only the slightest sin of the tongue. Why, when Christ comes to pardon a soul He stops for nothing. Height is nothing. Depth is nothing. Enormity is nothing. Protractedness is nothing.

Over sins like mountains for their size, The seas of sovereign grace expand. The seas of sovereign grace arise. Lord Jesus, I give up all other props, give up all other expectations. Ruined and undone, I lay hold Thee. I plead Thy promises. I fly to Thy arms. "Lord save me, I perish." When the Christian commission went into the army during the war there were a great multitude of hungry men and only a few loaves of bread and the delegate of the commission was cutting the bread and giving it out to wounded and dying men. Some one came up and said: "Cut those slices thinner or there will not be enough to go around." And then the delegate cut the slices very thin and handed the bread around until they all had some, but not much. But, blessed be God, there is no need of economy in this Gospel. Bread for all, bread enough and to spare. Why perish with hunger?

Again, I advise you, as one of the best things you can do with Christ, to take Him into your love. Now there are two things which make us love any one inherent attractiveness and then what he does in the way of kindness toward us. Now Christ is in both these positions. Inherent attractiveness—fairer than the children of men, the luster of the morning in his eye, the glow of the setting sun in his cheek, myrrh and frankincense in the breath of his lip. In a Heaven of holy beings, the best. In a Heaven of mighty ones, the strongest. In a Heaven of great hearts, the tenderest and the most sympathetic. Why, scripture has never yet been able to chisel his form, nor painting to present the flush of his cheek, nor music to strike his chords; and the greatest surprise of eternity will be the first moment when we rush into his presence and with uplifted hands and streaming eyes and heart bounding with rapture, we cry out, "This is Jesus!"

All over glorious is my Lord, He must be loved and yet adored: His worth, if all the nations knew. Sure, the whole earth would love him too. Has He not done enough to win our affections? Peter the Great, laying aside royal authority, went down among the ship carpenters to help them, but Russia got the chief advantage of that condescension. John Howard turned his back upon the refinements and went around prisons to spy out their sorrows and relieve their wrongs, but English criminals got the chief advantage of that ministry. But when Christ comes, it is for you and me. The sacrifice for you and me. The tears for you and me. The crucifixion for you and me.

If I were hopelessly in debt, and some one came and paid my debts and gave me a receipt in full, and called off the pack of hounding creditors; if I were on a foundering ship, and you came in a life-boat and took me off, could I ever forget your kindness? Would I ever allow an opportunity to pass without rendering you a service or attesting my gratitude and love? Oh, how ought we feel toward Christ, who plunged into the depth of our sin and plucked us out?

Ought it not to set the very best emotions of our heart into the warmest—aye, a red hot glow? The story is so old that people almost get asleep while they are hearing. And yet there he hangs—Jesus the man, Jesus the God. Was there anything before or since, anything to be compared to this spectacle of generosity and woe? Did heart-strings ever snap with a worse torture? Were tears ever charged with a heavier grief? Did blood ever gush, in each globe the price of a soul? The wave of earthly malice dashed its bloody foam against one foot, the wave of infernal malice dashed against his other foot, while the storm of God's wrath against sin beat on his thorn-pierced brow, and all the hosts of darkness with gleaming lances rampaged through His holy soul.

Oh, see the dethronement of Heaven's King! the Conqueror fallen from the white horse! the massacre of a God! Weep, ye who have tears, over the loneliness of His exile and the horrors of His darkness. Christ sacrificed on the funeral pyre of a world's transgression; the good for the bad, the great for the mean, the infinite for the finite, the God for the man. Oh, if there be in all this audience one person untouched by this story of the Saviour's love, show me where he is, that I may mark the monster of ingratitude and of crime. If you could see Christ as He is you would rise from your seat and fling yourselves down at his feet, crying: "My Lord, my light, my love, my joy, my peace, my strength, my expectation, my heaven, my all Jesus! Jesus!"

Oh, you can not love Him? Do you want more of his tears? Why, he has shed them all for you. He has no more. Do you want more of his blood? His arteries were emptied dry, and the iron hand of agony could press out nothing more. Would you put him to worse ex-

erciation? Then drive another nail into his hand, and plunge another spear into his side, and twist another thorn into his crown, and lash him with another flame of infernal torture. "No," says some one; "stop! stop! he shall not be smitten again. Enough the tears. Enough the blood. Enough the torture. Enough the agony." "Enough," cries earth. "Enough," cries Heaven. Aye, "Enough," cries hell. At last enough.

Oh, look at him, thy butchered Lord, unshrouded and ghastly as they flung Him from the tree, his wounds gaping for a bandage. Are there no hands to close these eyes? Then let the sun go out and there be midnight. Howl, ye winds, and howl, ye seas, for your Lord is dead! Oh, what more could he have done for you and for me than he has done? Could he pay a bigger price? Could he drink a more bitter cup? Could he plunge into a worse catastrophe? And can you not love him? Groan again. O blessed Jesus, that they may feel thy sacrifice! Groan again. Put the four fingers and the thumb of thy wounded hand upon them that the gash in the palm may strike their soul and thy warm life may bleed into them. Groan again, O Jesus, and see if they will not feel.

Oh, what will you do with such a Christ as that? You have got to do something with Him this morning. What will you do with Jesus? Will you slap Him again by your sin? Will you spit upon Him again? Will you crucify Him again? What will you do with Him who has loved you more than a brother's love, more than a father's love, yes, more than a mother's love, through all these years? Oh, is it not enough to make the hard heart of the rock break? Jesus! Jesus! What shall we do with thee?

I have to say that the question will after awhile change, and it will not be what shall we do with Christ, but what will Christ do with us? Ring all the bells of eternity at the burning of a world. In that day what do you think Christ will do with us? Why, Christ will say: "There is that man whom I called. There is that woman whose soul I impure. But they would not any of my ways. I gave them innumerable opportunities of salvation. They rejected them all. Depart, I never knew you." Blessed be God, that day has not come. Halt, ye destinies of eternity, and give us one more chance. One more chance, and this is it.

Some travelers in the wilderness of Australia a few years ago found the skeleton of a man and some of his garments, and a rusty kettle on which the man had written or scratched with his finger nail these words: "O God, I am dying of thirst. My brain is on fire. My tongue is hot. God help me in the wilderness." Oh, how suggestive of the condition of those who die in the wilderness of sin through thirst. We take hold of them today. We try to bring the cool water of the rock to their lips. We say, "Ho, every one that thirsteth!" God, thy father, awaits thee. Ministering spirits who watch the ways of the soul bend now this moment over this immortal auditor to see what we will do with Jesus.

**A CURIOUS PIG.**

It Climbs Trees and Has Other Remarkable Attributes.

An account of a curious pig comes from Australia. A Mr. Le Mortemore, living at Serrianna creek, Queensland, has lately shot an animal which he describes as a sort of tree-climbing pig. For a number of years wild pigs have been numerous in that locality, and his theory is that the original or common pig has been changed, partly by the necessities of his wild life, into the variety he has discovered.

The captured animal weighs about a hundredweight, and is pretty fat, with bristly brown fur, small black spots, snout and ears like a pig; but the jaw is furnished with front teeth like a rodent, and has also large canine and powerful back grinders.

"The fore feet are furnished with hook-like claws, but the hind ones with only two hooks on each hoof. The tail is thick, about a foot long, and highly prehensile, and in a state of rest it is usually carried by the animal in what is known as a 'Flemish coil.' A Flemish coil, I believe, somewhat resembles the figure 8.

This last item about the new Australian pig is impressive. It shows that this pig's ideas about the proper arrangement for a tail are novel and striking, and that he must have devoted some attention to the subject.

This Australian animal has other peculiarities. It is furnished with a pouch, which it appears to use for carrying a supply of food while traveling or migrating to fresh pastures. "In drought the animal climbs trees, and hangs by its tail while it gathers its food by its hook claws."

Mr. Le Mortemore intends ensnaring more of these pigs. He declares that the flesh is excellent, "resembling veal and ham pie."

A pig that climbs trees, carries his tail in a Flemish coil, and his dinner in a bag, and whose flesh furnishes veal and ham pie, is certainly a novelty, even in Australia, the land of novelties. —Harper's Young People.

—The battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775, marked the beginning of the American revolution. The British, 800 strong, marched to Lexington and Concord during the night of April 18, for the purpose of destroying the stores of the patriots. They were met at Lexington by 70 patriots, whom they fired upon and dispersed. The patriots from the region round about speedily gathered under arms, and successfully opposed the British at Concord, compelling their retreat and severely harassing them on the march. British loss, 273; American, 103.

—The Boy Felt Safe.—Father to youthful son—Now, look here, my ladie, if you ever do that again I'll make you smart for it. Son—You can't do it. Teacher says I was born stupid and no power on earth can make me smart. —Detroit Free Press.

**LEADERS SELECTED.**

The People's Party Convention Names Its Candidates.

Gen. John B. Weaver for President and James G. Field, of Virginia, for Vice President.—The Platform—Second Day's Proceedings.

OMAHA, Neb., July 5.—The committee on permanent organization announced its readiness to report as soon as the people's party convention met yesterday morning and submitted the following:

"Your committee on permanent organization beg leave to submit the following report: For permanent chairman, H. L. Loucks, South Dakota. [Prolonged applause.] For permanent secretary, J. W. Hayes, New Jersey. [Applause.] For assistant secretaries, S. S. King, of Kansas; George Wilson, of Michigan; G. W. Denmark, of South Carolina, and D. W. Monroe." Follow-



GEN. J. B. WEAVER.

ing this was also a long list of vice chairmen, each state being represented in the distribution of this honor. The report was unanimously adopted amid applause and Temporary Chairman Ellington at once introduced his successor.

It was a picturesque spectacle when Permanent Chairman Loucks standing firmly on his one leg and swinging a crutch at arm's length waved the great assemblage to order. His speech as it progressed was a surprise to a majority of the convention, but its impetuosity and fire if not its hints for and against candidates elicited cheers at every few words. Mr. Loucks said:

Gentlemen of the Convention: The time has arrived when we must begin the serious business of this convention. I believe that we have had a sufficient amount of oratory as a preliminary to our work and we can dispense with it until we finish our business. Therefore, I have no speech to make to you this morning, but I want to leave the human if I may extend to you my sincere thanks for the honor conferred upon me of presiding over this, the grandest and largest convention that has ever been held in the United States or anywhere in the civilized world. [Applause.] I cannot resist the temptation of saying a very few words to congratulate you on the success of this magnificent convention. It is a grand tribute to the civilization of the present century. In the past ages when great revolutions were in progress they have been brought about as a rule by the sword, by the bullet. This is the greatest of all revolutions, as being propelled by that silent power of education the ballot. [Applause.]

It is a grand tribute to the present civilization of the world, for many of our friends think the republic is in danger. I am one of those who believe that when the people of this nation, the great mass of wealth producers, have come up to that high standard of changing this system of government by the ballot, that this nation is saved. I am sure that by this means we can certainly congratulate ourselves. [Applause.] We can congratulate ourselves that we are progressing all along the line. Why? I have not heard of a single election in Omaha where the voters have not been educated by the word, by the bullet. [Loud applause.] That, I think, was not true of some other convention cities or some other conventions in the past. We can congratulate ourselves on that.

I want to congratulate you on the harmony that has prevailed all through. There are a great many delegates from all parts of the country and they did not know who their candidate was to be. States have not been fixed up by this convention and we are all at sea, but I need not underline that. The choice of the people will be nominated by this convention [applause], and not the choice of machine elements of the nation. You hear talk in the other conventions about nominating certain men because they carry certain states. We do not hear of that in this convention by the delegates at least. The question is, who represents our principles. More than that, there is a spirit abroad here that the man who is nominated by this convention must not only stand squarely upon our platform of principles, but he must have burned the bridges behind him. [Applause.]

We are at a critical period and we cannot afford to have any doubts. We want no doubtful men to head this movement. We don't want to have to inquire how any man stands on our platform of principles. We must know that he has been with us long enough to have been found true or he will find no place here. I have heard one thing that has discouraged me a little—that we must not nominate one of the old guard who have been in the front of this movement all the time. Did you ever hear in a democratic convention or in a republican convention that the convention made any man a man was active in propagating republican doctrine or democratic doctrine that he must be included on the head and sent to the rear? [Cries of never.] Why, I have been told that the convention made any man a man was active in propagating republican doctrine or democratic doctrine that he must be included on the head and sent to the rear? [Cries of never.] Why, I have been told that the convention made any man a man was active in propagating republican doctrine or democratic doctrine that he must be included on the head and sent to the rear? [Cries of never.]

California was the next state to respond, and an enthusiastic delegate from that state said his state was divided over the presidency, but he would vote for Weaver if no other man from that state did. [Applause.] The place of Colorado was yielded to Col. S. F. Norton, of Illinois, who placed Senator Kyle, of South Dakota in nomination. Stephen H. Bashor, of Illinois, pastor of the Progressive church, nominated ex-Senator Van Wyck, of Nebraska. This nomination later was withdrawn. A stampede soon followed to Weaver. From the very beginning of the roll call Weaver led all his competitors, and so overwhelming was the vote cast for him that his nomination was practically assured before the ballot was half completed. The Weaver infection seemed to spread, and as state after state cast its vote almost unanimously for Weaver the people grew wildly enthusiastic, cheering being loud and long continued.

Norton, of Illinois, moved to make the nomination unanimous and Schilling, of Wisconsin; Washburne, of Massachusetts, and the delegates from South Dakota, Montana and Massachusetts, seconded the motion. It was carried amid a hurrah and loud cheering, ending with calls for "Weaver." The general was not present and a committee was appointed to escort him to the hall. It was now after 1 a. m. With little delay a roll call of states for nominations for vice-president was begun. George F. Gaitzer, of Alabama, presented the name of Mr. Ben Terrell, of Texas, for the honor. Delegate Beverly, of Arkansas, nominated ex-Confederate Gen. James G. Field, of Virginia, who had previ-

ously received one vote on the presidential ballot. A delegate from Colorado seconded the nomination, as did Delaware.

A Florida delegate named Ben Terrell, of Texas.

James G. Field was nominated on the first ballot.

**The National Committee.**

OMAHA, Neb., July 5.—The following is the national committee as reported to the convention:

- Alabama—J. D. Waco, C. H. Manning and George F. Gaitzer.
- Arkansas—J. W. Dollison, J. M. Pittman and E. H. Hays.
- California—James Poundstone, George B. Johnson and E. M. Hamilton.
- Colorado—G. W. Berry, J. A. Wayland and A. Coleman.
- Connecticut—Robert Pyna, A. S. Houghton and Henry C. Baldwin.
- Florida—S. S. Harvey, P. L. Jenkins and A. H. Lytle.
- Georgia—J. H. Turner, J. F. Brown and C. H. Ellington.
- Idaho—A. T. Lank, J. E. Anderson and D. R. Moore.
- Illinois—H. E. Taubensee, Eugene Smith and W. H. Hoss.
- Indiana—M. C. Rankin, G. A. Robinson and Frank Thomas.
- Iowa—W. H. Calhoun; W. S. Scott and A. J. Woolfall.
- Kansas—S. H. Snyder, W. D. Vinson and J. W. Lybourn.
- Kentucky—A. P. Garden, J. G. Blair and W. J. Scott.
- Louisiana—G. W. Bruno, B. P. Hardy and J. W. Hurt.
- Maine—H. S. Hobbs, Henry Betts and E. Beattie.
- Massachusetts—W. G. Brown, G. F. Washburn and Peter Gardner.
- Michigan—John O. Seal, H. L. Allen and E. Green.
- Minnesota—Ignatius Donnelly, K. Halvorson and H. S. Martin.
- Mississippi—G. W. Dyer, L. S. Millars and N. W. Bradford.
- Missouri—C. V. Carroll, A. Roselle and G. M. Gowen.
- Montana—M. Hanson, W. Allen and J. H. Bashor.
- New Hampshire—L. B. Porter.
- New Jersey—H. D. Opdyke, John Wilcox and J. H. Hookman.
- New York—L. J. McArthur, Henry A. Hicks and L. C. Roberts.
- North Carolina—W. R. Lindsay, Thomas R. Long and S. O. Wilson.
- North Dakota—Walker Blair, W. T. McCulloch and Herman Mickelson.
- Ohio—Hugh Price, G. H. Cobb and M. W. Wilkins.
- Oregon—Joseph Waldrop, J. W. Markberry and Charles E. Fink.
- Pennsylvania—V. A. Lotter, J. E. Leslie and J. B. Aldie.
- South Dakota—A. Wardell, A. M. Allen and F. Zipes.
- Tennessee—W. H. Gwynne, L. H. Taylor and W. H. Wilkins.
- Texas—Thomas Gaines, B. W. Coleman and J. H. Davis.
- Virginia—L. Hobson, Marion Pace and Samuel L. Newberry.
- Washington—D. B. Hannah, M. F. Knox and C. W. Young.
- West Virginia—S. H. Peirson, John E. Staley and N. W. Fitzgerald.
- Wisconsin—Robert Schilling, C. M. Butte and Henry Oberlin.

District of Columbia—Lee Crandal, Annie L. Diger and G. A. Hunt.

Delaware—P. O. Cassidy and S. D. Dewar.

The states and territories of Delaware, Maryland, Nebraska, Nevada, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Vermont, Wyoming, Alaska, Arizona, Indian territory, New Mexico and Utah have not yet selected their committees.

**The Nominations.**

OMAHA, Neb., July 5.—Delegates were prompt in arriving for the night session and they were all nervous and expectant, owing to the lack of positive and final information as to the possibility of an acceptance of the nomination by Judge Gresham. The audience was a large one.

The first actual business was the reading by Chairman Branch of the resolutions committee of a supplement to the platform. The immigration plank and anti-Plunkerton plank were loudly cheered.

When the first paragraph, that relating to the elections bill and the Australian ballot system, was read a delegate moved to lay it on the table. They already had the St. Louis platform, he said. His motion got a second, but was beaten most decisively on a vote, nearly the whole convention voting no.

As soon as the reading was finished Branch moved its adoption. The motion was promptly seconded and it was adopted before some protestants could get a hearing. They protested against any "rag" law and moved a reconsideration, but on its being put to a vote it was defeated by a viva voce vote, though delegates from Ohio and Mississippi protested against this method of counting and demanded a call of states on the vote.

Mr. Branch then introduced Hugh Cavanagh, of Ohio, secretary of the resolutions committee, who read the following resolution, unanimously adopted by the committee:

Resolved, That this convention sympathizes with the Knights of Labor in their righteous contest with the tyrannical combine of clothing manufacturers of Rochester and declares it to be the duty of all who have transacted business with the said manufacturers to refuse to purchase the goods made by the said manufacturers or to patronize any merchants who sell such goods.

The resolution was adopted by acclamation.

At last the moment had arrived when all was ready and the roll of states was called for the presentation of candidates for the presidency. The first state, "Alabama," was scarcely shouted by the secretary when J. C. Manning, of Alabama, arose and promptly placed in nomination a man, "the mention of whose name creates such enthusiasm as was never heard in our state. He is an old war horse, but I say he is good for a thousand campaigns yet to come."

"Who is he?" shouted a voice.

"Gen. James B. Weaver, of Iowa."

[Prolonged cheers.]

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- North Carolina—W. R. Lindsay, Thomas R. Long and S. O. Wilson.
- North Dakota—Walker Blair, W. T. McCulloch and Herman Mickelson.
- Ohio—Hugh Price, G. H. Cobb and M. W. Wilkins.
- Oregon—Joseph Waldrop, J. W. Markberry and Charles E. Fink.
- Pennsylvania—V. A. Lotter, J. E. Leslie and J. B. Aldie.
- South Dakota—A. Wardell, A. M. Allen and F. Zipes.
- Tennessee—W. H. Gwynne, L. H. Taylor and W. H. Wilkins.
- Texas—Thomas Gaines, B. W. Coleman and J. H. Davis.
- Virginia—L. Hobson, Marion Pace and Samuel L. Newberry.
- Washington—D. B. Hannah, M. F. Knox and C. W. Young.
- West Virginia—S. H. Peirson, John E. Staley and N. W. Fitzgerald.
- Wisconsin—Robert Schilling, C. M. Butte and Henry Oberlin.

District of Columbia—Lee Crandal, Annie L. Diger and G. A. Hunt.

Delaware—P. O. Cassidy and S. D. Dewar.

The states and territories of Delaware, Maryland, Nebraska, Nevada, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Vermont, Wyoming, Alaska, Arizona, Indian territory, New Mexico and Utah have not yet selected their committees.

**Mr. Donnelly's Speech.**

Following is the substance of Mr. Donnelly's speech while awaiting the report of the committee:

My friends, Mr. Donnelly said: I am of the opinion that bodies like this are intended rather for action than for speech and I hate to trespass upon your time and attention save at the request of the executive committee. They assure me that, pending the report of the committee, nothing will be done and they are inclined to think a speech by me may be a good substitute for nothing. [Laughter.] That being the case I will trespass a few minutes, I do not mean to indulge in any words of idle complicity or independence. It is in many respects the most astonishing gathering this country has ever seen—a convention without a single tool or instrument of monopoly in its midst, a convention whose every man has paid the expenses of his journey hither and his return, or which has been paid by a man as poor as himself. [Cheers.] There is no in this gathering a single president of a railroad company. [Cheers.] There is not a single representative of any of the rings which are robbing and sucking the life blood out of this American people. [Cheers.] I can not help but think of the astounding contrast the body presents to the conventions which have recently met in Minneapolis and Chicago. One little point emphasizes the difference and should be sufficient in itself to show the American people who are its friends. There are in this convention delegates from the distant state of California and they could not obtain the same railroad concessions that are granted to the national conventions. They are here at a cost, as I am informed, of \$150 to each of them.

I am told that there are delegates from Wyoming who traveled 300 miles in farmers' wagons to reach the nearest depot where they could take the train for Omaha. [Cheers and cries of "Hurrah for Wyoming."] I see a banner, the balance of the great state of Massachusetts, and we might say in the words of Webster, "There is Massachusetts; she speaks for herself." [Cheers.] On your banner I see the words, Spirit of 1775. This is the spirit that animates this august gathering. We are the legal representatives of those men in homespun and deerskin, those hunters, fishers and farmers who founded the nation—a nation without a millionaire and without a pauper. [Loud cheers.] One hundred and sixteen years of national life under the management of two great parties have given us according to the different estimates from 8,000 to 10,000 millionaires and 1,500,000 tramps, while the whole land is blighted with mortuaries and the whole people are steeped to the lips in poverty. My friends, every great fight that was ever made in the past for right and liberty dominates in this present gathering. Every battle of the past fought to make men free, more happy and more prosperous has shed the fruits of victory upon this great assemblage. [Cheers.] What a contrast to the Minneapolis convention. The leading man of that body, the man most petted and dined and wined, was Chas. M. Depew, the twenty times millionaire, president of two railroad companies and representative of the Vanderbilt's 300,000,000. The members of that convention wriggled upon his vest buttons. [Cheers.] Why, he could not sneeze but that the republicans had pictures of him in every point of the press. [La