

QUAY'S RATIFICATION. Secrets of the Late Republican Ratification Meeting. WHY J. HAY BROWN WAS SLATED

A Racy Description of Political Events Connected With the Late Republican State Convention at Harrisburg. Flinn's Vigorous Kick.

(Special Correspondence.) Philadelphia, Sept. 13.—There is more real downright interest taken in an ordinary hog killin' in the country than was displayed by the Republicans in Boss Quay's late ratification meetin', as Bill Connell, the Lackawanna king, who has strikes in his coal mines, angrily termed the state convention that met at the state capital.

The city and county machines, in obedience to Quay's orders, had ground out as grist the full quota of putty figures that go by the name of delegates. The startling falling off in the alleged vote returned for Colonel Stone for governor in 1898, and upon which the delegate representation was based, cut the ratification meetin' in point of delegates down to low water mark. It was the leanest in the history of the boss ridden party. Yet this was not unpleasing to Pasha Quay, since it was easier to manipulate and less costly to get together. The insurgents in only a county here and there, like General Koontz in Somerset and General Hastings in Centre, had seriously disputed with the machine for the delegates.

In Philadelphia the insurgents having lost the mayor, which is the key to the control of that great centre of population and election rascality, and which had wounded their leader, Dave Martin, in the wing, he was powerless to put up a fight. Ashbridge, the new Quay mayor, was instructed by his proprietor, Dave Lane, to make kindling wood of every Martin man bold enough to stand for delegate outside of the few Martin Gibralters wherein the delegates were conceded to the man upon whose forehead Quay had tattooed the dollar mark. In the districts where contests were made there was the devil to pay. The hospitals were crowded with cracked heads and victims of murderous assaults, decent Republicans were afraid to approach the primary polls, which were in possession of thugs and man eaters, legal election officers were tossed out of the precinct houses, gangs of repeaters were organized to roam from Quay into Martin wards, and vote buying and free liquor giving were shamelessly carried on. Each side went the limit to cheat and gouge. The party of God and morality thus beat anything that Tammany Hall in the heyday of Tweed ever conceived or attempted.

In Allegheny county Magee was ill. His partner, Insurgent Chief Flinn, was rambling in Europe. Neither lost an hour's good sleep over the delegates. John Wasmaker, the real leader of the anti-Quay mutiny, was traveling in the "land of the midnight sun," and had decreed that the fight against Quay should not be made this year, but next year. Pasha Quay thus had the white light signal for a clear and unobstructed road and a boss' freedom to paint the name of any candidate that suited his interest best upon the ticket. Still the slate was not made without family friction. A number of political judges had the audacity to come forward with claims to soil the ermine of the supreme court and were encouraged in their ambitions by certain of Quay's 'prentice boys, who, like the Kentucky mule that went crazy and imagined himself a race horse, thought they were powerful enough to dictate to the "old man."

But the old man had another fish for the pan. There lived in Lancaster a lawyer of some eminence on the legal staff of the Standard Oil company, as of other corporations, who had long enjoyed the confidence not only of Quay, but of the house of Cameron. His name was J. Hay Brown. In 1896, after McKinley had been nominated at St. Louis, his political promoter, Mark Hanna, beating the state boss' combination, which included Quay and Platt, he was dickered at Canton with these defeated bosses for their aid in his election, Quay made a journey to the home of the presidential candidate. McKinley wanted Quay's experience in carrying New York with boodles, while Quay wanted his share of the pork if McKinley should be elected. When one politician deals with another in a matter of business there is always a certain amount of distrust on either side.

Therefore, it came to pass that Quay took along with him to Canton a witness, J. Hay Brown was this witness, and he was present when the bargain was discussed between the candidate and the boss and the terms agreed to. Quay was to take a department at the national committee's headquarters and try and repeat his success in buying votes in New York, as he had done for Harrison, the pious, and was to give the McKinley administration a loyal support in the senate. McKinley on his part obligated himself to pitchfork the federal patronage of Pennsylvania over to Quay. Had not J. Hay Brown been long underwritten or elevated to the supreme bench he would have appeared as one of the eminent counsel for Quay's defense when his enemies were trying in the Philadelphia court to send him to the penitentiary for stock gambling with the money of the state treasury. It was feared that if he had so appeared that people would have said that Quay was paying him his fee by putting him in the supreme court. The 'prentice boys were told to go chase themselves, and the political judges ordered to replace their ambitions in cold storage. J. Hay Brown's name was written on the slate for supreme judge, while the corporations exclaimed, as with one voice, "Amen." Quay had the making of another judge whose nomination was not equivalent to an election, like that of Brown's.

Now, be it known of all men that the new mayor of Philadelphia is anxious to get into the game. He holds a royal flush, in that he controls through the city employes and public contractors the Republican machine organization of Quakerdom. He has both a lightning rod up and a hen up. He is afflicted with the gubernatorial microbe. This mayor is necessary to Quay in his business. He needs him every hour. Thereupon he allowed himself to be "held up." The Quaker mayor had a lawyer friend who had delivered the oily speech to the delegates who had nominated him for mayor. It mattered not that this man was accused of gutting estates, that unfortunate depositors and stockholders protested against the court giving their affairs into his hands, or that he had nursed fat receiverships for years, while the undertakers were planning the disgusted and defrauded creditors.

Mayor Ashbridge demanded this lawyer's nomination as the price of the Philadelphia delegation to the state convention for the delivery of other delegates in the future and the throwing of the town wide open on election day. In order to oblige this mayor and carry out the agreement Judge Beeber, who had been appointed by Governor Hastings to please the president of a powerful corporation, and who has since died, had to be elbowed off the bench. Beeber brought immense pressure to bear on Quay in order to save his hide and tallow, but what did this weigh in the scales with the mayor of Philadelphia and his ability to deliver and produce to the Quay machine? Therefore the name of Beeber was sponged from the slate for superior court judge and that of Adams substituted. The slate was then complete, save for one more name—the candidate for state treasurer.

Quay had recognized that the indignant people were only waiting for the polls to open to smash him and his inequities of the last legislature and the high handed conduct of Governor Stone. But he had an inspiration. He would imitate Tom Platt's Roosevelt game in New York and gull the people with a Spanish-Philippine war hero, and this would enable him to ignore state issues, and by shoving McKinley's colonial expansion and imperial policy to the fring line in the campaign he would pull the leg of the national administration. Thus Matthew would be able to kill two birds, as it were, with one stone. But he required a real hero. Nothing in the sawdust or hay foot, straw foot line for him. He wanted Colonel Hawkins. It appeared that the Poo Bahing Elkin, who was disposed to hang out a political shingle of his own, had a choice in Lieutenant Colonel Barnett, who had ran barefoot with him when a lad among the hills of Indiana county. The 'prentice boys sided with Elkin and a row was imminent in the jealous family when the distressing intelligence was received that Colonel Hawkins, the hero, had died on shipboard en route from the jungles of Luzon.

And so Quay was forced to take what was left and to ignore Congressman Acheson and the Washington county organization, who complained that Barnett was a constitutional and nickel plated kicker and had been trying for years to make ticket ripping and caucus bolting popular in the politics of his county. And thus was the slate made. In the entire Quay menagerie but the growl of a single animal was heard. Boss Connell, of Lackawanna, was swishing his tail in anger, pawing the earth and throwing the dirt in clouds on his back because of the sidetracking of the political Judge Archbald, whom he was chaperoning for the supreme court. Connell, who is impulsive, threatened to enter the arena of the convention and raise the roof off the state by exposing the corporation influences that was dictating the nomination of Brown. Connell was mollified, however, by being taken behind the door and promised the next nomination for governor fresh from the gold brick factory. Thus the Quay machine, as the outgrowth of the state convention of '99, has already hung the promise of the next governorship in two stockings—that of Mayor Ashbridge and that of Magnate Connell.

The state convention ratified the program of Pasha Quay, who oversaw the job in person in every particular. The only kick that marred the harmony that prevailed came from Insurgent Chief Flinn, who was brave enough to beard the lion in his den, and who protested against the fearful and wonderful platform that included the universe in its scope, except the issues in which the people of Pennsylvania are vitally interested in.

This fearful and wonderful platform, which is strung out to such length that a man would have to take a day off if he had the curiosity to read it, fell upon the state like a pebble in a pond, producing hardly a ripple. The people saw in it a cowardly evasion of the home issues that have been raised by the Democrats. They resent the self assertion that the Quayites are the only patriots in Pennsylvania, and they laugh at the theatrical spectacle of draping the machine's candidates with the American flag and decorating them with the streamers on which is printed "Mark Hanna and McKinley must be saved."

The insurgents, following the ganfalon of Chief Flinn, objected strenuously to the platform as a whole, because it wilfully antagonized the anti-Quay element by venerating Quay with a coat of soft soap and patting Governor Stone for a good boy in violating the constitution by appointing Quay to a seat in the senate after he had failed to get there by the regularly chartered route. Indeed, the policy of the machine was to stir up the bile of the legislature, and to provide them with additional grievances to keep in the middle of the road and continue the process of crushing Quay. Flinn and Martin were able to muster fewer than 50 hostile votes on the roll call for the adoption of this "fearful and wonderful" platform, which treats of almost everything in politics and history save the good honest management of the state treasury and reform in the legislature. It is a part of the secret history of the convention that Pasha Quay, who fled from his seat in the

convention rather than remain and see Senator Flinn shoot the platform full of holes, did not desire the taffy or words of commendation of himself incorporated in the platform, but his 'prentice boys compelled him to swallow it. But he might have been in the frame of the mutiny who after signing the pledge remarked to the good down: "If anything should happen and I should require whisky, make me take it—make me take it."

POLITICAL NOTES.

Josiah Adams, whom Quay, in order to truckle to Mayor Ashbridge, of Philadelphia, has nominated for the superior court can well afford the luxury of an ocean going yacht and to substitute champagne for water for drinking purposes when he has been accused in the courts of robbing estates and as the receiver for the gutted Penn Trust and Safe Deposit company he has nursed the job for eight years and in that time collected \$80,000, out of which he has paid in fees and expenses \$24,000 to himself and colleagues. Is this the stripe of man the people of Pennsylvania want to elevate to the second highest court of the state?

Since the notorious People's bank, of Philadelphia, which was founded by Bill Kemble, of "addition, division and silence" fame, and who was convicted of bribing Harrisburg statesmen to vote for the Pittsburg riot bill, was wrecked by its cashier, who blew out his brains, and which dragged down into the vortex with it the Guarantee Trust, another rotten financial and political concern that was managed by the Quay gang, the Quaker City bank, of the state metropolis, has become Quay's pet bank. It is kept stuffed with state treasury money, while the school authorities in the various counties are clamoring for the funds due them with which to pay the salaries of poor teachers. Whenever Quay honors Philadelphia with a visit he hastens to the Quaker City bank as straight as the crow flies to fix up his financial affairs with its president, who made a fortune out of politics before he became a banker. Quay and his lieutenants and 'prentice boys are loaded down with the stock of the National Electric company, which was organized to blackmail the Electric Trust of Philadelphia, and which scheme is a great public scandal. Of course the state's money is put up as "margin" to carry this stock, individual notes being given, as was proven in the Quay trial. The state treasury being without money the poor school teacher must wait for his meager salary.

If "Farmer" Creasy is elected state treasurer this gambling with the state's money and this gorging of favorite banks with state deposits will cease. Every school teacher in the state who has a vote should cast that vote for "Farmer" Creasy, since he would be casting it for the protection of his own pocket.

Governor Stone, who is a man of all work for Boss Quay, stands as a break-water between the people who demand, but are denied, honest elections and the thugs, repeaters, ballot box stuffers, paddlers of the voting lists, professional vouchers of bogus voters, the midnight alterer of election returns, the plug ugly, the pimp, the colonization dive keeper, the policy and gambling shark who thrive through police protection in return for his crooked work at the polls, the unnaturalized scamp who has the freedom of the franchise, the speak easy proprietor who exchanges his vote for his immunity, and the grand chorus of unhung and unjalled rascals that debauch the ballot and make voting a farce in Philadelphia, Pittsburg and the other big cities of the state. Is it any wonder that Governor Stone said to himself, "To hell with the constitution," and then vetoed the legislative resolutions favoring the personal registration of voters in cities and the introduction of voting machines? Stone knows well what a valuable and indispensable ally the repeater, the falso counter and the ballot thief generally is to the Republican party, as he himself received not less than 60,000 fraudulent and illegal votes for governor. Neither he nor the Quay gang want any honest elections in their.

"I am prepared to meet every issue my friend Creasy raised here yesterday by facts and figures," shouted the triple expansion office grabber, General Gobin, to the farmers at William's Grove, and then he discovered that he was not really prepared, since he sheered off from Creasy's facts and figures and began to fire holes in the insurgents. Quay, Elkin, Reeder, Gobin, Barnett and in fact Quay's entire stock company are afraid of Creasy's facts and figures. They ran away from them at Quay's state convention faster than the Spanish from the Rough Riders at El Caney, and they will run away from them on the stump and in their machine press during the campaign. But yelling for McKinley, shootin' niggers in the Philippines and calling it expansion and cracking the thorax over the flag won't save their hide and tallow this "load of poles."

Colonel Barnett returned home with his soul on fire to mount the hustings and set the state aflame with his eloquence as to national issues. He wanted to immediately open a lurid campaign, the American flag for a ganfalon, and to lead a regiment of orators in a charge against the Democrats and insurgents. But Colonel Barnett was quickly called down by the boss, who probably sent him a message similar to the one he transmitted to a distinguished but voluble candidate a few years ago, and which read: "Dear Beaver, don't talk." Colonel Barnett has suddenly discovered that his liver is disordered, that he is filled with malaria germs, and that he requires a course of treatment at a sanitarium. The opening of the lurid campaign has been indefinitely postponed. Colonel Barnett will not accept "Farmer" Creasy's challenge to a jointly debate state issues. The army of spellbinders who were to arouse and to entuse the state have been directed "to lay on their oars." The campaign, so far as the Republican state committee is concerned, is to be a tame and commonplace affair, after all.

John M'Govern Dead. The Well Known Public Works Contractor Expires at Lancaster.

John McGovern, a retired railroad contractor, died last Friday at Lancaster, aged seventy-six years. The firm of which he was a member built the North Penn railroad and Jeddo tunnel, the Chestnut street, Philadelphia, bridge, a large portion of the Pennsylvania railroad between Lancaster and Philadelphia, and the bridge over the Delaware river at Easton for the Lehigh Valley railroad. He retired from business thirty years ago, and lived at Towanda until ten years ago, when he removed to Lancaster. He was a brother of the late Bishop Thomas McGovern, of the Harrisburg diocese. Bernard McGovern of Easton, a retired contractor, is a brother.

Ease and Disease. A Short Lesson on the Meaning of a Familiar Word.

Disease is the opposite of ease. Webster defines disease as "lack of ease, uneasiness trouble, vexation, disquiet." It is a condition due to some derangement of the physical organism. A vast majority of the "dis ease" from which people suffer is due to impure blood. Disease of this kind is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla which purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures scrofula, salt rheum, pimples and all eruptions. It tones the stomach and creates a good appetite, and it gives vigor and vitality to the whole body. It reverses the condition of things, giving health, comfort and "ease" in place of "disease."

Killed All the Chickens.

The wife of a Centre county farmer dropped an earring while feeding her chickens last week, and the jewel was quickly gobbled up by one of the fowls. Unable to pick out the particular chicken, she killed them all, one by one—twenty-seven in number—but failed to recover the earring. Then she began to look around, and found it in the grass where the old hen had dropped it.

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"Did your father bring you?" asked a teacher in a West Virginia mountain Sunday school of a small new pupil. "Me what?" "Your father." "None." "Did you come alone?" "None." "Who came with you?" "Me pap."—Harper's Bazar.

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The Man Who Lost Hope. Mr. H. N. Warner, of Minden, Neb., said: "In 1894 I was attacked with paralysis in my left side. You might stick a pin to the head into my left hip and I would not feel it. I was unable to do any kind of work and had to be turned in bed. I made up my mind that I could not be cured as I had used all kinds of medicine and had tried many doctors. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and commenced their use last September. Before I had finished my first box I felt better, and by the time I had used six boxes the disease had entirely disappeared, and I have not been so free from pain since I was a boy. The paralysis also disappeared, and although two months have passed since I finished my last box, there has been no recurrence of the disease."—From the Gazette, Minden, Neb.

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