

HARRISON WORKS LIKE A CLOCK.

Crawford's Pen Picture of the President and Estimate of His Ability.

AN ANTE-CONVENTION TALK

There Will Be No Dust on My Knees if I Am Nominated, He Said.

Blaine's Favorite Story—A Manuscript Which He Burned—His Dinner Opposite Senator Conkling—Editor Medill's Faith in Keely—His Sample Drunkard—Muriel's Husband's Plight—Fight With an Unknown Man—Harrison's Popularity as a Soldier—The Stories About His Coldness—Shooting on a Steamboat—The Maine Man's Love of Dramatic Effects—He's a Born Actor.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

President Harrison, as he approaches the close of his four years' term, has become much better known to the country, although he is so reserved and says so little about himself that it is more from his friends and associates that one obtains a complete knowledge of his character.

His height is medium, height and quite stout. His weight is in the neighborhood of 180 pounds, the shortness of his neck gives him the appearance of not being tall as he really is. His actual height is 5 feet 7 inches.

His head is large; his forehead is silver gray, just beginning to thin, and is combed smoothly and flatly over the forehead; his eyes are gray blue, intensely keen, and some of the politicians say at times intensely cold; his complexion is very fair, having the healthy pink and white of a gentleman of clean living and high health; an iron gray moustache and a long beard hide the lower part of his face.

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The truest stories concerning a man come from those who are in his personal service, from those whom I have heard only stories of his unusual kindness and unusual thoughtfulness to those about him. I wish to avoid everything which can give an entirely false impression of the President's character, and for the purpose of doing this, I have endeavored to see to it that the true and honest characters who are in his personal service should be able to give me the correct impression of his character.

Justly of Mr. Harrison that he has never used the patronage of his place to advance his own personal fortune.

The President possesses one of those rare characters which improve upon acquaintance. He is always animated by a desire to do right. In fact, the environments which surround a President are so overwhelming in their power that it would take a very bad or weak man to go far astray in that office.

What Democrats Say of Harrison. During a recent visit to Washington I asked one of the leading Democratic Senators what would be the line of criticism on the part of Democrats on this administration in the coming campaign.

He said frankly that he would be extremely more than ready to do better than his party, and then he proceeded with great detail and categorical assurance to give me the Democratic list of crimes chargeable to the unfortunate Republican party.

For several hours during the first day of the convention he remained in the general parlors of the hotel, and it was only after the adjournment of the convention that he was seen.

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ion as anyone might imagine who knew Mr. Conkling and his peculiar ways. Mr. Blaine is not what would be called a professional story teller. He is not fond of long stories. He is always pleased with the direct New England humor and prefers a thrust of wit to the broader touch of humor itself.

He has always had a great liking for the newspaper profession. When he was in the Cabinet with President Garfield he was very communicative to the newspapers.

Whenever in those days he had to give anything to the special correspondents, he would write out himself the dispatch. Then the copy was sent to the printer.

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off on a dead run, as if he was thoroughly satisfied with the morning's work. Mr. Halstead was helped to his office, and it was several days before he recovered from the shock.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FLOOD. In the terrible calamity that visited Oil City June 5, hundreds of instances of personal bravery and self-sacrifice are cited.

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THE LAST SIGNAL

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY DORA RUSSELL.

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The Broken Seal," "The Track of the Storm," "A Fatal Past," Etc.

Two lovers, Sir James MacKennon, Bart., and Miss Miriam Clyde, are standing by the sea-shore, and the former is urging her to name the wedding day.

Miriam did not speak. She knew she might as well try to break a granite rock as to name a day for the wedding.

"I will write to Joan to-day, I think, and tell her it is all settled about your marriage," presently said Mrs. Clyde.

"Oh, the Colonel was quite charmed with Sir James, and so pleased that you will so much to make a good match," he said.

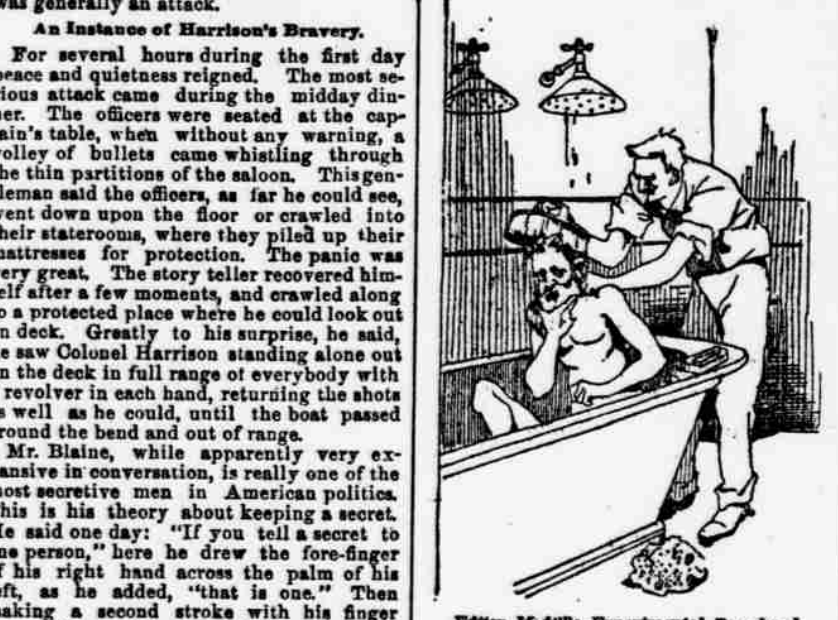
"It would be an insult to Sir James if I were to name a day for the wedding," she said.

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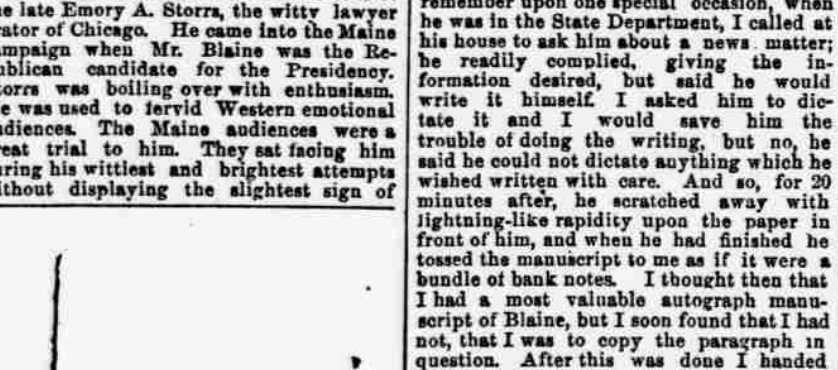
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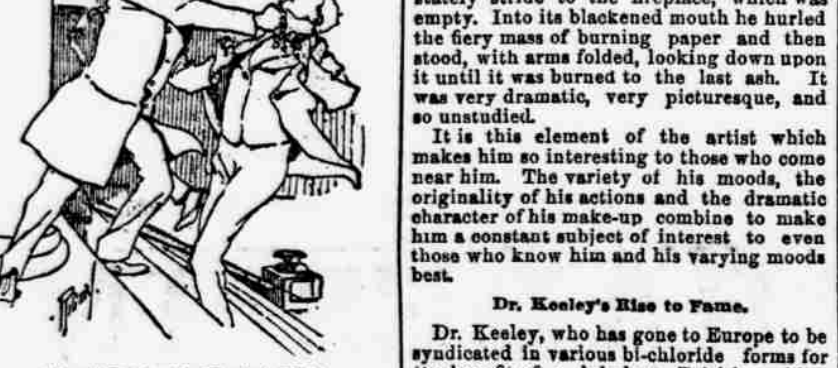
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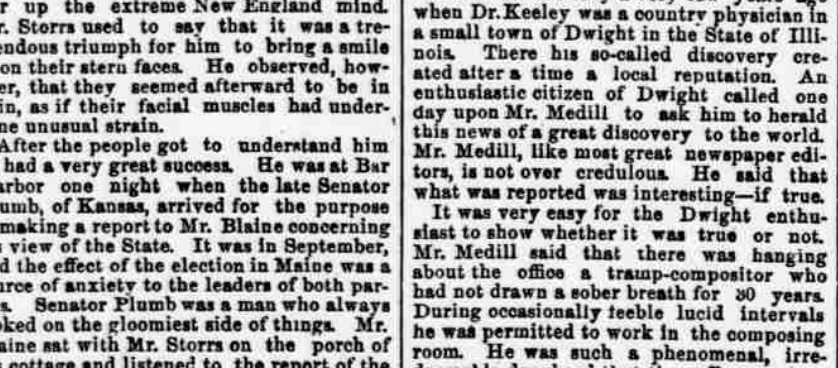
Blaine's Favorite Story—A Manuscript Which He Burned.



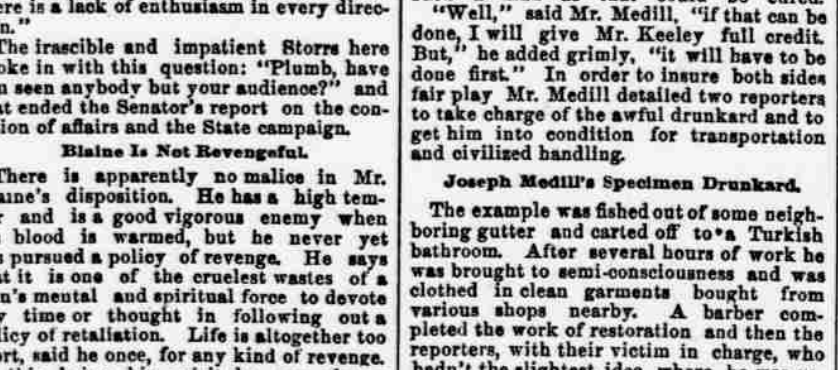
Muriel's Husband's Plight.



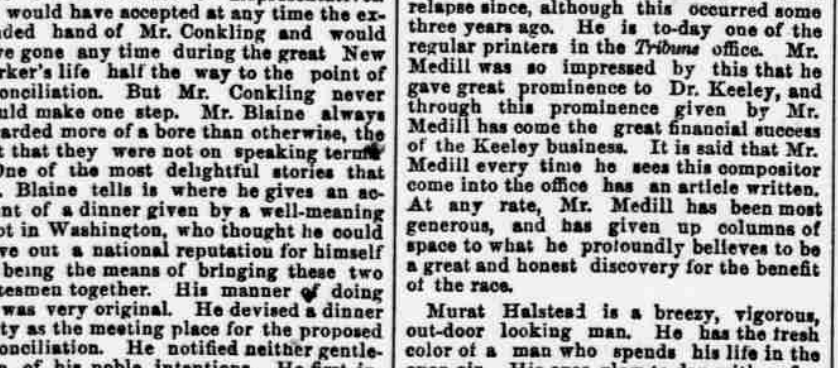
Joseph Medill's Specimen Drunkard.



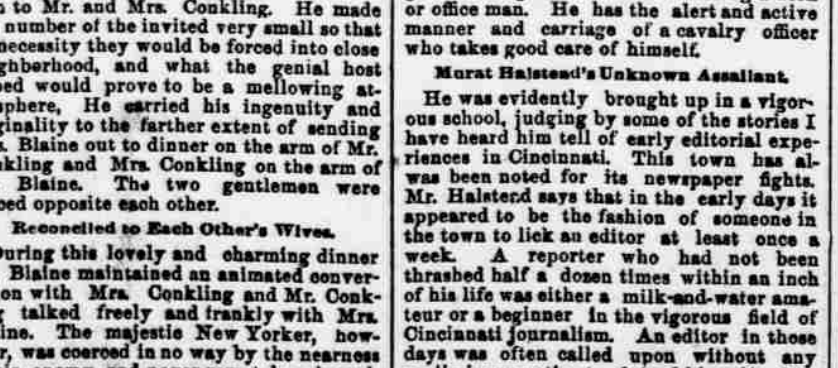
Dr. Keely's Rise to Fame.



Blaine's Magnificent Equipment.



Blaine Watched the Manuscript Burn.



Harrison Returned the Fire With His Revolver.

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