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 -Murat Halstead's Fist-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. I saw him the other day in Washington, and I am sure both his friends and his enemies would have respected his attitude regarding the Minneapolis nomination. He appeared to occupy a very dispassionate position. He said that he had no mortgage himself upon the place. He was thankful for the confidence of the people, and was willing to abide by their decision. I shall quote only one sentence of the President's conversation; "If the nomination comes to me," said he, there will be no dust on my knees."

I will simply give a picture of the President as he sat at his desk, going through his morning mail. He bears lightly his 59 years. He will have reached the limit of three score with the close of his four years' term. He is of 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 as tall as he really is. His actual height is 5 feet 7.



Blaine Watched the Manuscript Burn, His head is large; his forehead is very full, especially over the eyes; his hair is a silver gray, just beginning to thin, and is combed smoothly and flatly over the full brow; his eyes are a 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 mustache and a long beard hide the lower part of his face. His hands are very plump and white. He was dressed in a neat nourning suit of black with gray trousers, a black cravat, snowy white linen, and carefully polished boots completed his personal

equipment Harrison is a Rapid Talker.

His voice is deep and rapid; he talks with the rush of the rapid thinker. Even Mr. Blaine himself does not talk as rapidly as the President in private conversation. In this conversation he showed no reserve. He either talks freely or does not talk at all. He is not a man of half confidences; he is at his best when he is with his friends and the element of business is eliminated. When he is surrounded by his children and family no one would think of calling him a cold man.
I noticed in one of the Democratic pa-

pers the other day a comment that the President of the United States as a platform speaker from the rear of a train was genial, graceful, original, and that he always made a kindly impression; it aided, what a pity it was that he could not make as kindly an impression upon those who called upon him at the White House. It must be remembered in this connection that the President when he is out before the public is in the sight and eyes of every one, and that no one can be deceived concerning his real kindness and genislity of temperament, but when he is in the White House the politicians who call upon him are the reporters, and it is to them that must be credited the stories of his coldness. The President is not a cold or unkind man. Whatever one may think of him, a close study of his character and his life will show that he is exceptionally kind and sympathetic. Those who saw him working with his own hands over the fallen form of the Secretary of the Navy at the time of the terrible tragedy at the latter's house would not think of calling him a man of feeble sympathies. Tears rained down his cheeks as he labored with the surgeons to restore the unconscious Sec-

A Rule to Conceal His Feelings. The truest stories concerning a man come from those who are in his personal service, and from them I have heard only stories of his unusual kindness and unusual thoughtfulness to those about him. I wish to avoid everything which can savor of eulogy. A study, however, of the President's character, of the work he has done, forces one to the point of esteem, high respect and admiration. It will count for nothing in the history of the various administrations whether the President shook hands well or whether he was able to impress strangers pleasantly during a first in-terview. I think that the first impression produced by the President upon a stranger is not an agreeable one. He belongs to the

type of reserved characters who apparently have made it the rule of their life to conceal their feelings.

The President upon the ordinary occasions of life shows but little emotion. He sits in his chair as President as he would if he were judge upon the bench. He has refused many times to make concessions in the way of appointments because he did not think they were right, whereby he might have made strong political alliances for the future. I think it can be said truly and followed no sign of feeling injured on account of the intentional reflection upon his asked the service all this was speedily changed. The regiment soon found that the Colonel never asked them to go anywhere where he did not lead, and his personal devotion to the

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 improves upon acquaint-ance. He is always animated by a desire to do right. In fact, the environments which aurround a President are so overwhelming in their power it would take a very bad or weak man to go far astray in that office. It has been said of the executive office that its responsibilities and requirements would lift a bad man to the plane of the good; then, to what an extent must its surroundings support and strengthen a man who came to it with such high notions as the President?

What Democrats fay 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 have to criticise more the party which the President represented than the President himself. He said that he would be willing to concede his honor, his up-rightness and his good intentions, that he did not believe any man would be permitted to be better than his party, and then he proceeded with great detail and categorical proceeded with great detail and detail list of clearness to give me the Democratic list of crimes chargeable to the unfortunate Re-publican party. I give this illustration



merely to show that the President's Demo cratic opponents at Washington concede all that is necessary to be said concerning the President; they charge, however, in com-mon with some of the residents at Washington, that the President is cold in his man-

A distinguished official, who has lived many years in Washington, in discussing this seeming trait in the President's character, said that much of the dissatisfaction felt with recent Presidents by those who came in contact with them could be traced to a very small cause. He thought that the Presidents should receive their visitors sit-ting. Mr. Lincoln always sat; he took a position at the head of his table and had a chair at his right for a visitor. General Grant observed the same rule. The visitor felt always more at his ease in this position, and the strain upon the physical strength of the President was not so great. It would take no more time, because the President always has the right to close an interview when he pleases, but in later years the Presidents always receive their visitors standing, and this is such an uncomfortable attitude for most people. It sets up at once such a barrier of formality that no one ever goes away pleased. You can never boast of intimacy with a man who has only a stand-ing acquaintance with you. Mr. Stanton, the famous Secretary of War, inaugurated this custom of standing to receive the many people who crowded upon him during the war. But Mr. Lincoln, who received equally as many people, never followed Mr. Stanton's example.

Barrison's Magnificent Equipment. The ready utterance of President Har-rison and his easy flow of language comes from his great reading and his great powers of observation. His equipment is unusual-ly good. Few Presidents have been so well prepared to administer any part of the Gov-ernment. His military experience was a very thorough one, so that he has the tech-nical knowledge required for the administration of the army and the navy. In his six years in the Senate he made such a special study of the financial question that he soon mastered the details of the Treasury Department following Mr. Windom's sudden death. Mr. Foster, when he was appointed Secretary went to the President pointed Secretary, went to the President for his instructions and for his preliminary training. Mr. Harrison has the legal re-quirements for filling any of the other Cabi-net offices, and this same legal knowledge, combined with his powers of observation, his logical mind and his enormous industry, would make him a good Chief Justice. These acquirements of the President are plain and patent to everyone who knows

him in Washington.

He has very decided literary tastes; he is a wide reader of light literature as a means of relaxation. He is very precise in his habits and is always on time. He regulates his duties with the accuracy of a machine. He is fond of eating, sleeping and working at mathematically regular intervals. He has order and system to a great degree in his methods. He is a constant student, and it is this wide reading and faculty of observation which give him. vation which give him such readiness when called upon to undertake unexpected duties. When he made his trip to the Southwest and West his speeches were not prepared in advance. He did not know the exact route of his journey until 7 o'clock the night before he started. He took with him, as a basis of his speeches, census reports of the localities which he visited.

Prepared for All Emergencies This readiness and versatility of the President's skill to rapidly master a case and to prepare himself in a short time for an unnsual intellectual effort was shown in his argument before the Indiana Supreme Court in the case of the celebrated Republican Lieutenant Governor of that State whose election was contested by his opponents. Mr. Harrison had only one day on that case. His argument was said to have been the best that was ever made before that court. Although the court was Democratic in its make-up, it gave Mr. Harrison the verdict

I know that it is fatiguing in these latter days to talk about anybody's war record. It is universally conceded that physical courage is a common quality and to speak merely of a man's bravery who served dur-ing the war is to pay him no special com-pliment. I have heard just two points of view concerning the President's military view concerning the President's military service which were enough out of the common to merit a passing notice. I asked an officer who served with him in the Seventieth Indiana Regiment to give me an idea of Mr. Harrison as a soldier. His reply was at first what I did not expect; he said that he was perhaps the most unpopular Colonel who ever went out of Indiana He knew nothing about military aftern He knew nothing about military affairs, but devoted his entire time to studying them so at the end of two months he was as competent to drill the regiment as any officer in it. He was too strict a disciplinarian to be popular. There was a Lieutenant Colonel in the regiment who had the love of the men. He was a good politician and was fond of sitting down with his soldier boys as one of them. He was very careless in his observation of military etiquette and so for a time he was the most popular officer in the regiment. The soldiers, to affirm his popularity and emphasize their dislike for their Colonel, presented a beautiful sword to the Lieutenant Colonel and asked the Colonel to make the speech of presentation.

fortunes of his regiment—which through his care and drill was one of the most effective in the service—made for him a warm place in his men's hearts. The full tide of place in his men's hearta. The full tide of his popularity, however, was not reached until the day that he charged the battery at the battle of Resaca. There he went in at the head of 600 odd men and out of that charge less than 300 returned. The President lead from the first and was one of the first to enter the battle.

His love of fighting and his absence of fear was illustrated in a story given me by a gentleman in London, a Democrat, who, when the news of the President's first nomination was published there, said: "The Republicans have nominated a good fighter."

publicans have nominated a good fighter."
In explanation of this remark he said that he saw Mr. Harrison once during the war, out under such circumstances as to give him

but under such circumstances as to give him an unusual idea of his pugnacity and courage. The story teller was a contractor on his way North with cotton. The boat chartered by him, upon reaching a certain point upon the Ohio river, was stopped to take on a number of Union officers on their way home to the North. Colonel Harrison, who was going home on a short leave, was with them. The journey of this steamer down the river was not wholly without danger. Every now and then an ambush of guerrillas would fire at the boat. The pilot kept the boat as far away from the Kentucky shore as possible, and every now and then neighborhood of Kentucky, and the result was generally an attack. was generally an attack.

An instance of Harrison's Bravery.

For several hours during the first day peace and quietness reigned. The most serious attack came during the midday dinner. The officers were seated at the captain's table, when without any warning, a volley of bullets came whistling through the thin partitions of the saloon. This gentleman said the officers, as far he could see, went down upon the floor or crawled into their staterooms, where they piled up their mattresses for protection. The panic was very great, The story teller recovered himself after a few moments, and crawled along to a protected place where he could look out on deck. Greatly to his surprise, he said, he saw Colonel Harrison standing alone out on the deck in full range of everybody with An Instance of Harrison's Bravery.

he saw Colonel Harrison standing alone out on the deck in full range of everybody with a revolver in each hand, returning the shots as well as he could, until the boat passed around the bend and out of range.

Mr. Blaine, while apparently very expansive in conversation, is really one of the most secretive men in American politics. This is his theory about keeping a secret. He said one day: "If you tell a secret to one person," here he drew the fore-finger of his right hand across the palm of his left, as he added, "that is one." Then making a second stroke with his finger across his palm, he said: "Tell the secret to two and that makes 11."

Storrs Talking to Maine Andiences.

Storrs Talking to Maine Audiences. One of Mr. Blaine's favorite stories is of the late Emory A. Storra, the witty lawyer orator of Chicago. He came into the Maine campaign when Mr. Blaine was the Republican candidate for the Presidency. Storrs was boiling over with enthusiasm. He was used to fervid Western emotional audiences. The Maine audiences were a great trial to him. They sat facing him during his wittlest and brightest attempts without displaying the slightest sign of



Murat Holstead's Hardest Flaht pleasure or displeasure. It took Mr. Storrs several days to discover just the right depth of saturnine humor best adapted to up the extreme New England mind. Mr. Storrs used to say that it was a tre-mendous triumph for him to bring a smile upon their stern faces. He observed, how-ever, that they seemed afterward to be in pain, as if their facial muscles had under-

pain, as if their facial muscles had undergone unusual strain.

After the people got to understand him
he had a very great success. He was at Bar
Harbor one night when the late Senator
Plumb, of Kaneas, arrived for the purpose
of making a report to Mr. Blaine concerning
his view of the State. It was in September,
and the effect of the election in Maine was a source of anxiety to the leaders of both par-ties. Senator Plumb was a man who always looked on the gloomiest side of things. Mr. Blaine sat with Mr. Storrs on the porch of his cottage and listened to the report of the Senator. Mr. Plumb said that he feared for the result in the State.
"Why?" asked Mr. Blaine.

"The people are cold, dull and apathetic; there is a lack of enthusiasm in every direc-

The irascible and impatient Storrs here broke in with this question: "Plumb, have you seen anybody but your audience?" and that ended the Senator's report on the con-dition of affairs and the State campaign. Blaine Is Not Revengeful.

There is apparently no malice in Mr. Blaine's disposition. He has a high tem-per and is a good vigorous enemy when his blood is warmed, but he never yet has pursued a policy of revenge. He says that it is one of the cruclest wastes of a man's mental and spiritual force to devote man's meutal and spiritual force to devote any time or thought in following out a pelicy of retaliation. Life is altogether too short, said he once, for any kind of revenge. So, this being his spirit, he was always ready to make up the Conkling quarrel which occurred when Mr. Conkling and he were young members of the House of Representatives. He would have accepted at any time the extended hand of Mr. Conkling and would have gone any time during the great New tended hand of Mr. Conkling and would have gone any time during the great New Yorker's life half the way to the point of reconciliation. But Mr. Conkling never would make one step. Mr. Blaine always regarded more of a bore than otherwise, the fact that they were not on speaking terms. One of the most delightful stories that Mr. Blaine tells is where he gives an account of a dinner given by a well-meaning idiot in Washington, who thought he could carve out a national reputation for himself by being the means of bringing these two stateamen together. His manner of doing so was very original. He devised a dinner party as the meeting place for the proposed reconciliation. He notified neither gentleman of his noble intentions. He first invited Mr. and Mrs. Blaine to come to dinner vited Mr. and Mrs. Blaine to come to dinner without indicating in his invitation who they would be expected to meet. After he had their acceptance, he sent out an invitation to Mr. and Mrs. Conkling. He made the number of the invited very small so that of necessity they would be forced into close neighborhood, and what the genial host hoped would prove to be a mellowing atmosphere, He extried his ingenuity and originality to the farther extent of sending Mrs. Blaine out to dinner on the arm of Mr. without indicating in his invitation who hoped would prove to be a mellowing atmosphere. He earried his ingenuity and originality to the farther extent of sending Mrs. Blaine out to dinner on the arm of Mr. Conkling and Mrs. Conkling on the arm of Mr. Blaine. The two gentlemen were placed opposite each other.

He was evidently brought up in a vigorous school, judging by some of the stories I have heard him tell of early editorial experiences in Cincinnati. This town has always been noted for its newspaper fights. Mr. Halstend says that in the early days it appeared to be the fashion of someone in

Reconciled to Each Other's Wives.

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 dry New England humor and prefers a thrust of wit to the broader touch of humor itself. What he has to tell is done in a

dramatic and striking way, so that the full value of the story is obtained. Mr. Blaine is a natural born actor. By this I mean that he has the artistic and dramatic quality in excess. Even the most simple acts with him have, at times, a faint suspicion of theatrical touch.

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. There was no one in public life who understood better the value of newspaper publica-tion, or who knew better the proper time to make such publication. When he has had anything of importance to give out he has always selected the press agencies. Those who notice the dates of these will observe

Writing for the Correspondents. Whenever in those days he used to give snything to the special correspondents, he would write out himself the dispatch. Then

that they are nearly always sent out Sun-day nights so as to appear in the morning

papers when there is generally less printed to distract the attention of the public.



manuscript of the paragraph in question. I remember upon one special occasion, when he was in the State Department, I called at his house to ask him about a news matter; he readily complied, giving the information desired, but said he would write it himself. I asked him to dictate it and I would save him the trouble of doing the writing, but no, he said he could not dictate anything which he wished written with care. And so for 20 wished written with care. And so, for 20 minutes after, he scratched away with lightning-like rapidity upon the paper in front of him, and when he had finished he tossed the manuscript to me as if it were a bundle of bank notes. I thought then that I had a most valuable autograph manu-script of Blaine, but I soon found that I had script of Blaine, but I soon found that I had not, that I was to copy the paragraph in question. After this was done I handed the manuscript to Mr. Blaine. He advanced with it in his hand to a gas jet over his table; he lighted the paper and then, carrying it as a torch, he walked with a stately stride to the fireplace, which was empty. Into its blackened mouth he hurled the fiery mass of burning paper and then stood, with arms folded, looking down upon it until it was burned to the last ash. It was very dramatic, very picturesous, and was very dramatic, very picturesque, and

so unstudied.

It is this element of the artist which makes him so interesting to those who come near him. The variety of his moods, the originality of his actions and the dramatic character of his make-up combine to make him a constant subject of interest to even those who know him and his varying moods best.

Dr. Keeley, who has gone to Europe to be syndicated in various bi-chloride forms for the benefit of a bibulous British public, owes nearly all of his prominence and financial success to the friendship and support of Joseph Medill, the editor of the Chicago Tribuna. It was only a very few years ago when Dr. Keeley was a country physician in a small town of Dwight in the State of Illinois. There his so-called discovery crea small town of Dwight in the State of Illinois. There his so-called discovery created after a time a local reputation. An enthusiastic citizen of Dwight called one day upon Mr. Medill to ask him to herald this news of a great discovery to the world. Mr. Medill, like most great newspaper editors, is not over credulous. He said that what was reported was interesting—if true. It was very easy for the Dwight enthusiast to show whether it was true or not. Mr. Medill said that there was hanging about the office a tramp-compositor who had not drawn a sober breath for 30 years. During occasionally feeble lucid intervals he was permitted to work in the composing room. He was such a phenomenal, irredeemable drunkard that the office took a pride in him and oberished him as the most frightful example of that period and region. The Dwight enthusiast said that even such a man as that could be cured. such a man as that could be cured.
"Well," said Mr. Medill, "if that can be done, I will give Mr. Keeley full credit.
But," he added grimly, "it will have to be
done first." In order to insure both sides
fair play Mr. Medill detailed two reporters
to take charge of the awful drunkard and to
get him into condition for transportation
and civilized handling.

Joseph Medill's Specimen Drunkard. The example was fished out of some neigh-boring gutter and carted off to a Turkish bathroom. After asyard here boring gutter and carted off to a Turkish bathroom. After several hours of work he was brought to semi-consciousness and was clothed in clean garments bought from various shops nearby. A barber completed the work of restoration and then the reporters, with their victim in charge, who reporters, with their victim in charge, who hadn't the slightest idea where he was going was carried off to Dwight, III.

Mra Medill informed me that the awful example was positively cured inside of four weeks' treatment and has never had a relapse since, although this occurred some three years ago. He is to-day one of the regular printers in the Tribuns office. Mr. Medill was so impressed by this that he gave great prominence to Dr. Keeley, and through this prominence given by Mr. Medill has come the great financial success of the Keeley business. It is said that Mr. Medili has come the great manoral success of the Keeley business. It is said that Mr. Medill every time he sees this compositor come into the office has an article written. At any rate, Mr. Medill has been most generous, and has given up columns of space to what he profoundly believes to be a great and honest discovery for the benefit

Murat Halstesi is a breezy, vigorous, out-door looking man. He has the fresh color of a man who spends his life in the open air. His eyes glow to-day with a fire that it would be hard to find in the eyes of

appeared to be the fashion of someone in the town to lick an editor at least once a the town to lick an editor at least once a week. A reporter who had not been thrashed half a dozen times within an inch of his life was either a milk-and-water amateur or a beginner in the vigorous field of Cincinnati journalism. An editor in those days was often called upon without any preliminary notice to detend himself. Mr. Halstead says that the fiercest fight he ever had in his life he once had with a stranger, and to this day he does not know what the

fight was about; neither did he ever learn "This eventful fight," he said, 'took place a number of years ago." He was walking up the steps of the Cincinnati postoffice, and was alone. Going up he saw coming down a tall, powerful man, accom-panied by a small under-sized chap. Mr. Haistead said that as he advanced toward

them he saw that they were very much interested in his personal appearance. The tall and more powerful of the two men coming toward him was making insulting remarks. As he passed Mr. Halstead on the way down his criticisms were of such a personal nature, that the editor who had the way down his criticisms were of such a personal nature that the editor, who had tried to keep his self-control, concluded that it was easier to fight than to try and contain his rage. So he swung around on one heel in the good old Cincinnati style and struck the Ohio citizen who did not like his appearance back of the ear. Coming down with the full weight of his powerful figure upon the descending body of his enemy, the weight sent the fallen one clear out over the curb into the middle of the street where his head bounded over a few cobble stones before he came to a rest.

An Expert in Bunning Backwards.

An Expert in Running Backwards. He was knocked far enough away for a moment for Mr. Halstead to turn to the smaller man. He found him with his hands in his pockets coming toward him. He knew that this was not a good sign in a fight, and so he made a rush for the little man before he would have a chance to draw a weapon. As the gigantic editor came toward him aflame with wrath and boiling over with the sense of muscular power, the little man performed a feat which I have never heard recorded in any known history of athletic feats. He ran at top speed backwards up the steps without stumbling, ever keeping his eyes upon his advancing friend. Mr. Halstead says that he ran backwards up these steps so much faster than he could forwards that he gave him up and turned to meet the citizen whom he had knocked below, and who was now coming up the steps in good courage and good pluck, ready to destroy Mr. Halstead.

"Then," said Mr. Halstead, "a fight began, the equal of which I have never per-sonally known. I had the advantage of being on the upper side. We exchanged some terrific blows. He hit me a cumber of times on my arms. Each blow was so powerful that it temporarily removed the flesh, and the blow went through clear to the bone. You have no idea how it hurts to be struck on the bone of your arm in that way. These blows were delivered according to the best scientific methods known at that time."

Mr. Halstead obtained the second knock-down, although before arriving at this clorious result he received four or five body blows; had one side of his back scratched well up and had generally disarranged his aress. As his opponent went down the second time, the little man who had been dodging around behind them again ran up the stairs backwards.

Knocked Out by a New Epithet, As the man who had been sent to the gut-ter twice arose deliberately to come up for another bout, Mr. Halstead's partner came around the corner. He was an absent-minded individual who walked the streets in those days twirling a penknife in his hands. He came running with his knife in his hand, but before he got close enough to come to the rescue Mr. Halstead's opponent was back in 'front of him. The Field Marshal said he was nearly spent at this stage of the game. He said he had just a quarter of one lung left to breathe with. The perspiration ran down his body in streams, and at times there were scute pains in his spine that he nearly screamed. His partner cried out as he came down, coining a word which Mr. Halstead had never heard before or since, exclaiming, "Get out, you scurt."

Whether it was the sound of this unusual epithet or not, the opponent was taken off his guard and Mr. Halstead's huge fist struck him under the nose. The thumb of the fist went by into his right eye and the knuckle of the left finger went into the other eye. He again fell into the street. Then he arose, shook himself, and started

off on a dead run, as if he was thoroughly

AN INCIDENT OF THE PLOOD.

Mother Who Lay Dying. In the terrible calamity that visited Oil City June 5, hundreds of instances of personal bravery and self-sacrifice are cited. John O. Leary, an express messenger, the only child and sole support of his widowed nother, was found kneeling beside his mother's bed, both burned almost beyond recognition. She had been an invalid for some time, and could not be moved. Her son, though implored by the rescuers to save himself while there was yet time, pre-ferred death to leaving his mother die alone.

Christian characters. The following verses entitled "Filial Love in Oil City," are from Mrs. M. E. Thropp-Cone:

But flood and flame are round us now; I cannot move, my son,
But thou must live, for thou art young; farewell, my only one.

He kissed with tenderest love her lips, caressed her silver hair,
Then knelt beside his mother's bed and yielded life in prayer.

Whilst other men, heroic souls, fought Death for lives that morn,
Reientless Death, who rode o'er all, triumphant through the storm.

Oh, they have shown, for others' lives what men will dare and do; en will dare and do; men will dare and do; We kneel in reverence round their biers, the tender, brave and true.

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Besides the regular work of the convention a mass meeting will be held in the evening. Some of the best men in Western Pennsylvania will speak. Arrangements for a special rate to Scottdale have been made. A special train will be run, leaving Scottdale at 10 P. M.

The eminent lecturer, Rev. Father Kittell, of Lovetto, will deliver a free address at the Sacred Heart Church this evening. His subject will be "Intemperance as It Betards the Progress of the American Citizen."

DIAMONDS, rubies, sapphires, opals, etc., set and unset. The largest stock and lowest prices in the city at M. G. Cohen's, 36 Fifth

CHAMPLAIN AWNINGS, latest out, at Mamaux & Son's, 539 Penn avenue.

Mr. O. Leary was to have been married about the last of June. It is needless to say that mother and son were devoted to each other, and both were most exemplary

FOR TOTAL ABSTINENCE,

The yearly convention of the C. T. A. U. of the diocese of Pittsburg will be held at Scottdale next Tuesday, June 14. An elaborate programme has been arranged, and the day will be made as enjoyable as gratifying to the friends of total abstifavorable sentiment toward the cause the actual membership has advanced from 825 to 1,275, with a few societies yet to hear

possible. The reports of the work secomplished in the eight months since the last convention will be interesting as well as nence. Without considering an increased from. At the different public meetings more than 3,000 pledges were administered. Notwithstanding the short time the parochial school children's pledge cards have been in circulation, 1,740 have been dis-

Buging kills roaches, bedbugs, stantly. 25 cents at all dealers.

satisfied with the morning's work. Mr. Halstead was helped to his office, and it was several days before he recovered from the shock. But he never had the satisfaction of knowing what the row was about.

Devotion of an Express Messenger to

Escape, my son, my precious son, oh haste, thou must away;
Thy mother's useless life is spent, with her thou can'st not stay.
Oh, I had thought in death's dark hour to know that thou wert night
To cheer me on the dreaded road that leadeth to the sky.
But flood and finme are round us now; I cannot move my son.

nnual Convention at Scottdale Talk by Father Kittell,

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.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS,

Two lovers, Sir James MacKennon, Bart., and Miss Miriam Clyde, are standing by the seashore, and the former is urging her to name the wedding day. She pleads for delay. In the meantime an accident occurs, a soldier being wounded by a firing party. Miriam binds up his wound and saves his life. Glancing at each other's face a mutual recognition takes place. On arriving home the doctor who was summoned to the wounded man gave her a note which the soldier had hastily scribbled. It contains the words "For God's sake keep my secret." Miriam, by means of Dr. Reed, sends to her soldier-patient a brief message, "Do not be afraid!" which he receives as he is lying in the hospital. In the meantime Miriam's mother, Mrs. Clyde, makes up her mind that her daughter shall be married to Sir James in a month, and tells her so. But Miriam, thinking of a life dearer than her own, hanging in the balance, pleads earnestly for more time.

CHAPTER V.

JOAN. Mrs. Clyde coldly withdrew her hand from her daughter's impassioned clasp. "Do not be absurd and theatrical, Miriam," she said, repressively. "Keep faith with Sir James, indeed! What a ridiculous

speech from your lips!" "You know what I mean, mother: Sir James is, I believe, a great deal too good for me, but I meant I would not willingly

make him unhappy." "Make him unhappy? May I ask what ou mean?"

"I think it would make him unhappy if our engagement were broken off," said Miriam, with some courage.
"Your engagement broken off!" re-

peated Mrs. Clyde, in strong indignation, and for once the even tones of her voice were raised. "You must be mad, Miriam, even to name such a thing." "Yet, engagements sometimes are broken

off. mother," said Miriam, and as she spoke she raised her dark eyes to her mother's face, and for the first time in her life as she did so Mrs. Clyde realized that she had to deal with a different and stronger nature than her daughter Joan's. Hitherto Miriam had always been very obedient and submissive to her mother's wishes; therefore, to Mrs. Clyde's mind her refusal to be married on the day Mrs. Clyde had fixed on, seemed something very like rank rebellion, which must be quelled and ignored accord-She was silent for a moment or two, and

in that moment or two she made up her mind how to act.

"My dear," she said, resuming her usual placid but firm manner when anything serious was under discussion, "it seems to me that this conversation is a very unnecessary and unprofitable one. Do you imagine for a moment that either your father or myself would allow an honorable father or myself would allow an honorable man like Sir James MacKennon to be treated with discourtesy and disrespect? You accepted him willingly as your future husband, and the day of your marriage has been decided on by your father and mother and your future husband, and to alter it, or postpone it, is impossible, as it would be an insult to Sir I think now as our little chat is over I

James to do so. You will be married, my dear, on the day I have named; and it now only remains to discuss the arrangement of your trousseau. Your father, as I told you, will give me £100, and I suggest as Sir James is a rich man, that we should not buy many things, but that what we do buy should be very good. Do you think this too, Miriam?"

Mixing did not speak. She know the

Miriam did not speak. She knew she might as well try to bend a granite rock as her mother's will, but all the same she determined not to be married in a month.
"I will ask Sir James to put it off," she
thought, and she had great faith in Sir
James. She indeed respected his character—she might, perhaps, have loved him—but

"We must arrange to go up town to spend our £100," continued Mrs. Clyde, pleasantly. "It is not so much, but you will not want much; I expect Sir James will be very generous about pin money, etc."
"I think his nature is generous," said

"I am sure it is; you are a lucky girl, indeed, to have won such a man! He is not only all one can wish as to character, but his position and fortune are both so desirable. Well, we must invite Joan and her husband to the wedding in time. Joan made a good match also, but not equal to vours.

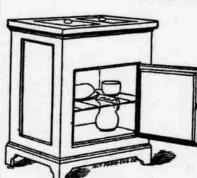
Again Miriam was silent. No one knew better than she did the result of "Joan's good match;" no one knew better the secrets of her brother-in-law's household. There was a skeleton hidden away under General Conray's roof—a skeleton hidden, yet ever present to the heart of the young wife. To do Mrs. Clyde justice she did not know this; she merely thought Joan was a foolish young woman not to look perfectly happy and content with the fate she had provided

for her. "I will write to Joan to-day, I think, and tell her it is all settled about your mar-riage," presently said Mrs. Clyde. "I was so pleased Colonel Lowrey liked Sir James so much. Colonel Lowrey is a shrewd man —acute and shrewd—and I am glad he at

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