

MEN AT THE FRONT.

Pen and Pencil Sketches of Chairman Carter and His Lieutenants.

THE CHIEF A SURPRISE.

Although From the West He Looks Like a New England Yankee.

A SUCCESS AS A LISTENER.

Quick to Size Up Human Nature and Shrewd in Handling It.

NEW PORTRAITS FROM HEADQUARTERS

(COPIES OF OPINIONS OF THE DISPATCH.)

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.

OW about Carter? Does he possess the qualities of a political strategist of the first order? Is a question that is just now often asked with considerable anxiety by members of both parties.

This is a question that does not as yet admit of a satisfactory answer, as the gentleman to whom it refers is a comparatively new man in National politics and the campaign has not as yet progressed far enough to show his real mettle. Eastern politi-



Thomas Henry Carter.

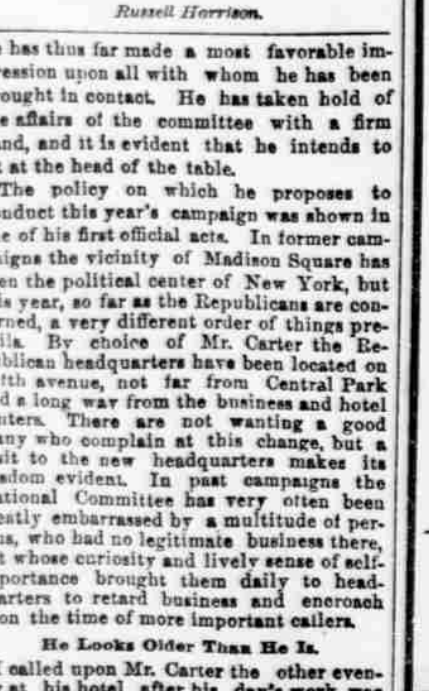
clans, however, have already found him a very different sort of man from those they have been in the habit of associating with in the past.

While a notable representative of the splendid type of public men the newer West is producing, in personal appearance he represents the typical New England Yankee and he has all of the typical Yankee's tact, diplomacy and shrewd good humor.

On meeting Mr. Carter for the first time one is impressed with the suggestion he gives of suppressed mental and physical activity, and of his easily discernible capacity for secrecy. One glance shows you that he is one of those men who will never divulge any more than he cares to divulge; one who does not talk to conceal his thoughts, but when he has nothing to say or has something to conceal keeps silent.

One of the Youngest of Managers.

Mr. Carter is one of the youngest, if not the youngest, men who has ever been made Chairman of a National Committee, and he is the first Western man, although nearly all of the Republican Presidential candidates have been Western men, to be entrusted with the management of a national campaign. His reception by the leaders of his party has been a very cordial one, and



Russell Harrison.

he has thus far made a most favorable impression upon all with whom he has been brought in contact. He has taken hold of the affairs of the committee with a firm hand, and it is evident that he intends to sit at the head of the table.

done and had a long and interesting chat with him. He is short and lean, blonde and fair-faced, and with a demeanor that is



Matthew Stovely Quay.

quiet and retiring. He is now about 37, but seems to have matured early and looks considerably older than his years. His career has been an interesting one. He is the son of an Irish immigrant, who is now a watchman in the Philadelphia mint, and was born in Scioto county, Ohio, about 1855. His parents removed to Peoria, Ill., and lived for several years in Colonel "Bill" Morrison's district. Here the son received a common school education. In 1870 he engaged in business in Burlington, Iowa, and at the same time began the study of law. He was admitted to the bar in Burlington and practiced there until 1882, when he removed to Helena, Mont. His career in Montana was from the outset a most successful one. He made friends all through the territory, one of his intimates being Russell Harrison, son of the President, and in 1888, somewhat against his will, he was chosen Territorial delegate to Congress. After Montana's admission to the Union, in November, 1889, he was elected to Congress, but was defeated in his fight for re-election. His course in Congress illustrates in a measure his clear-cut views on public questions. He voted for Reed for Speaker, and was made Chairman of the Committee on Mines and Mining, in which position he was instrumental in having a protective duty put on the silver lead ores of Mexico. He was an ardent supporter of the silver bill of 1890 and firm in his advocacy of the free coinage of silver.

Filled for Harrison at Minneapolis.

In March, 1890, Mr. Carter was made Commissioner of the General Land Office, and held that office until a few weeks ago. He was one of President Harrison's most prominent and faithful supporters at the Minneapolis Convention and did much to bring about his re-nomination. Mr. Carter is a pleasing public speaker and is counted one of the ablest lawyers in the Northwest. He tells me that he takes great delight both in the theory and practice of law, and aside from the fascination that politics always has for ambitious men of keen intellect, would be glad if he could give his entire time to his profession. He is happily married and a father. One of his sisters is the wife of "Tom" Crane, a millionaire banker and mine owner of Helena, and an Irishman noted for his eccentricities.

So much for Mr. Carter's past career and

private environment. In the conduct of his present office he never becomes abashed, disconcerted or confused. Like his predecessor, Senator Quay, he is a patient and thoughtful listener and always seems to be waiting for his visitor to tell all he knows. He weighs all the features of a case before deciding, but this does not mean that he follows promptly upon decision. He is also a shrewd judge of human nature, and can generally detect at a glance the chronic and useless bore and the man who has a private ax to grind. Members of this class find him an exceedingly polite man, but a hard one to approach. Newspaper men whose duty brings them in contact with Mr. Carter already hold him in warm regard.

He Believes in Party Machinery.

He is credited with many witty sayings and apt remarks that hit some nail squarely on the head. He is a hard and systematic worker, and can turn out a huge volume of business in a day. In the evening, after the day's work is done, he takes pleasure in a quiet chat with a friend, and is not adverse to a mild stimulant and a good cigar. Were I to attempt to describe Chairman Carter in a single sentence, I would say that he is a practical politician in the best sense of the term. He does not believe that one should take a brass band with him when one starts out fishing, but is rather of the opinion that the campaign of quiet, persistent effort is the one that wins. He is a firm believer in the value of organization and discipline, and of the legitimate use of money in politics. Party fealty, to his way of thinking, carries with it the obligation to give freely of one's time and labor to the party's advancement, and he regards it as most important of all that every voter should be brought into direct contact with and made to feel the influence and force of the party machinery.

Thus it will be seen that there is nothing of the sentimentalist about Mr. Carter, and



Stephen Benton Elkins.

man of the old school. His influence in his party is great and deserved, and as a raiser of campaign funds he is generally most successful. Last year he could have been the Republican candidate for Governor of New York, but declined the honor. The Secretary of the committee, whose main business is to act as a buffer between the Chairman and the general public, is ex-Congressman Louis E. McComas. Mr. McComas is a diplomat, has an abundance of tact and humor, and possesses the rare gift of being able to refuse a request and at the same time send the applicant away good natured and happy.

The Executive Committee of Ten comprises some of the ripest political experience and some of the best political talent in the Republican party. It is headed by J. S. Clarkson, of Iowa, and its other members are Garret A. Hobart, of New Jersey; Joseph H. Manley, of Maine; Samuel Fessenden, of Connecticut; Henry C. Payne, of Wisconsin; Richard C. Kerens, of Missouri; William O. Bradley, of Kentucky; William A. Sutherland, of New York, and John R. Tanner and William J. Campbell, of Illinois.

The Fighting Man From Iowa.

Mr. Clarkson is one of the best-known members of his party and a political strategist of the first order. He is a roly-poly, good-natured gentleman, whose manners are always pleasing and inviting. He was a successful editor before he became a politician, and is still one of the owners of the Des Moines Register. Mr. Clarkson's qualities are those that attract the fighting element of his side. He performed magnificent service during the campaign of 1888, when he was Senator Quay's chief lieutenant as he is now Mr. Carter's, and later as First Assistant Postmaster General following a policy that made him the idol of all stout and unbending partisans. He opposed President Harrison at Minneapolis, but his opposition ended with the President's re-nomination and he is now earnestly striving to secure his re-election.

"The Republican party," said he the other day, "is the homestead of the Blaine men as well as the Harrison men, and the

Mr. de Young is bald-headed and suave, and never fails to take advantage of an opportunity, no matter how slight the surface indications of its presence may be. The Treasurer of the committee is Corraline N. Bliss. He is about 60 years of age, one of New York's merchant princes and a gentle-



James Sullivan Clarkson.

President having a fairly re-nominated must be re-elected."

Mr. Clarkson is a firm believer in young men, and nothing delights him more than to see them taking an active and earnest interest in political affairs. The campaign club he regards as a most effective political instrument, and he is just now devoting much time and thought to increasing their number and effectiveness.

A Man Who Cannot Be Rattled.

Garret A. Hobart, the second member of the committee, is a typical Jerseyman. He was born and has always lived there. He is a lawyer by profession, and a very good one, too; has served as Speaker of the State Assembly and as member of the State Senate, and in 1884 was the Republican caucus candidate for United States Senator. From 1880 until 1891 he was Chairman of the Republican State Committee, and since 1884 has been one of the most efficient members of the National Committee. He is an ardent and clear-sighted politician and always goes into a fight with a determination to win. He is a man of great energy, and possesses a temperament which nothing can ruffle. Joseph H. Manley, of Maine, has been for many years the most trusted lieutenant of James G. Blaine, and it can be truthfully said that never had brilliant chief of a more devoted and faithful follower. As Mr. Blaine's friend and as Chairman of the Republican State Committee of Maine, Mr. Manley has gained national repute, and while he is a many-sided and successful man of business he likes best to be known as a practical, common-sense politician. Personally he is a man of singular charm. His manners are frank and pleasing, he looks you squarely in the eye when he talks to you, and he is an easy and always interesting talker. His bearing is always modest, quiet and unassuming. He is a very busy man, he is fond of the amenities of life, and his home life in Augusta is a most delightful one. As a political fighter he believes in giving and taking hard knocks, but, as he is always open and honest in his methods, his enemies respect as well as fear him, and in private life he is most popular. Like Mr. Clarkson, Mr. Manley is a friend and admirer of young men, and much of his success in Maine politics has been due to his habit of availing himself of the abilities and energies of the younger element of his party.

HARDSHIPS FOR VETERANS.

EITHER HAVE TO SLEEP OUT OR PAY DOUBLE PRICES.

Quarters Engaged for 11,000 Pennsylvanians—The Barracks to Be a Seat of Disease—Skin Gains on Lodging—A Chance for Cholera.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 3.—[Special.]—In the long list of posts of the Grand Army of the Republic there are quarters engaged for upwards of 11,000 Pennsylvanians, from nearly 300 posts, all of whom are pretty well provided for, as those who had the matter in hand took good care to be early on the ground. Comparatively few of the Pennsylvanians are to be quartered in the Pimney temporary barracks in the parks, where the sanitary arrangements are as bad as they could well be. These barracks will be a horrible lodging place in the event of the coming cold rains which almost invariably reach Washington about the time of the autumn equinox, and which, if they come, will render the vicinity a sea of mud on account of the porous nature of the soil, and the recent grading.

Within 24 hours applications for free quarters for more than a thousand veterans have been received, though the committee informed all posts by circular-letter some time ago that it would be impossible to furnish free lodgings for more than had already been promised. Those who are forced to pay will in all probability find it very difficult to get the comfortable price of from a dollar to \$2 a day, and some have sold every available inch of space for cots upon the floor at from \$4 to \$5 a day.

If the cholera should step in, and spoil this pretty skin game, Washington will contain more aching hearts than ever before in its history.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE NOTES.

SECRETARY DOUGHERTY, of St. Thomas, is improving.

Rev. President LAMING was in Pittsburgh Thursday. He is about to issue a tract that will command attention.

St. Thomas, of Braddock, took 1,008 excommunicants to Idlewild. It will clear about \$500. This is a result of earnest work.

An effort is to be made to change the time of meeting of the Tourist Club from the fourth to the first Sunday in the month.

Tax Braddock convention endorsed the establishment of the "Total Abstinence Trust Bureau," and 3,000 tracts monthly were subscribed for.

Tax union meeting advises the formation of more ladies' societies. One is being organized at Mansfield and another is expected in the Lawrenceville district.

Now that cooler evenings are coming an effort should be made to organize pioneer corps as an attraction to young men. H. Wentzel, of the Sacred Heart, is forming a company.

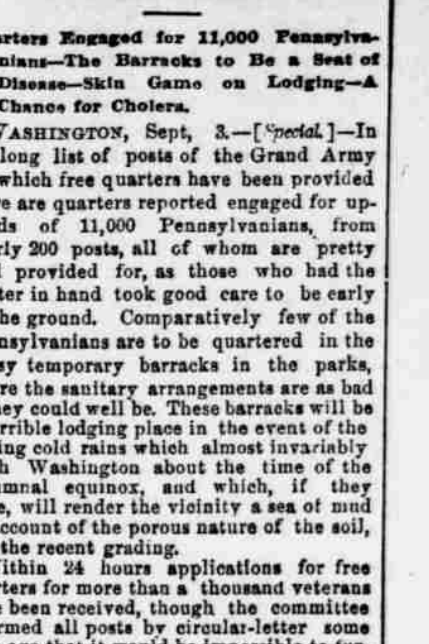
This meeting of the union at Braddock last Sunday was interesting and well attended. Addresses were made by Messrs. Wentzel, Joyce, Brown, Kelly and McLaughlin; also by Messrs. McIntire and Dougherty. The twenty meeting will be at the Cathedral on the fourth Sunday in September.

Twenty Jumping Toadstools Rolled Into One.

Fall far short of inflammatory rheumatism into which its incipient form, unchecked, is prone to develop. Besides, rheumatism if unrelieved is always liable, in one of its early stages, to begeth the most terrible of all life. Checkmate that the start with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is also an infallible remedy for neural and liver complaints, inactivity of the kidneys, dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness.

Look for James M. Wilkinson's property advertisement.

THE MARSHAL OF LEYDEN.



WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY DAVID LOWRY.

[Continued from last week.]

CHAPTER IV.

A CHANCE MEETING IN A LANE.

The Marshal's voice rose again; he stood outside the door now.

"You'll murder me, won't you? As Marshal it is my duty to apprehend the guilty. Concealment will go hard with you all."

"Softly to you, now, Marshal," said my father. "Dare to hint that me or mine have concealed a crime, and you will pay for it in one way or another. You know well that I scorned the office you occupy. Now, then, perform your duty. Where is your warrant?"

The Marshal produced a large, square paper, which my father opened very deliberately, glanced at, and handed back, saying: "It is not in order—there is no date, but I will not take advantage of your stupidity. We will go with you."

"It is not your privilege," the Marshal began, when my father shut him off. "To the devil with your privileges! I tell you we will all go. If you do not want our company, go back and say Philip Gray brings his daughter; nor would I follow you to exercise your office unless we are allowed to accompany her. Move on before I will take Hannah to the Justice—aye, to Boston if need be."

My father and Hannah followed close on the Marshal's heels; my mother was so confused she was going without her bonnet. She turned back, tied it quickly, and taking me by the hand we walked along the road silently to Leyden. As we were passing the inn I lifted my eyes from the ground and beheld a man standing at a window. Although his back was to me, there was something about this man's thick neck and bushy hair that made me shiver. He turned around slowly as I looked and my heart stood still. I was petrified with fear.

It was the face of the man who threatened me in the clump of trees!

I was walking behind my mother. When the man looked out of the window, staring across the road, I stood stock still. My mother turned and spoke sharply:

"What has all this, Allan? What makes thee white—and so fearful looking, child?"

I could not answer her; my tongue froze to the roof of my mouth in my terror. My heart seemed to rise in my throat.

"Allan, lad, what is it?"

"I dare not—must not tell," I stammered. Then my mother stopped on the

instant, and casting a swift look about her, said sternly: "Speak. What is it?" I stood looking up at her in a cold sweat. She looked at me curiously; her face went deathly white, but her voice was calm as she said: "Come on—we are losing time."

"When we came up with my father my mother whispered to him; he turned a strange look upon me; I shrank under his gaze. Then he took my hand in his, and we walked on to the church where the Justice stood talking to the minister. A great crowd was gathered in front of the door.

The minister came forward and shook hands with my mother and father. The Justice gave notice that the hearing would take place in half an hour in the church that all might be present who desired, and the minister walked beside my mother and Hannah to his house a little way off, while my father led me past the church down a lane.

"Now, then, Allan, what is it?"

"Must I tell?" I asked, looking up at him piteously. His face was set. He stared at me stonily.

"Yes, everything."

I was oppressed, crushed. Not because I thought Hannah knew aught of the murder, but because she lied. When my father looked at me I burst into tears. "Must I tell against Hannah, too?"

My father caught his breath quickly; he seemed to be reeling, but he steadied himself quickly. "Yes—tell me—remember, only me, Allan. Not even to your mother—until I give you permission—must you breathe a word. Now, boy, what is this dreadful thing?"

Then I told him all. How I was threatened in the woods; how I saw Hannah walking away from it. My father was silent a long time.

"So poor Hannah coaxed you to be silent," he said bitterly.

"Hannah does not know I know. That's what makes all the world seem wrong."

"How!" exclaimed my father. "What's that. Tell me all. You must speak out—keep nothing back, Allan."

Then I told him all. How we went to the tool-house, how Hannah's manner changed there, how my father's face brightened as I went on. Then he made me repeat again and again where I met Hannah on the grass, and how she looked when I saw her going in another direction from the clump of trees. He pondered deeply over it. Then his mood changed again.

"This man, Allan—you are sure you saw

Advertisement for Keech Furniture featuring 'A GREAT SAVING IN PARLOR FURNITURE', 'OUR IMMENSE ESTABLISHMENT', and 'OUR CARPET STOCK IS SIMPLY IMMENSE'. Includes 'VISITORS TO THE EXPOSITION!' and 'OUR SEPTEMBER TERMS'.