

CRANKS SAFE THERE.

They Seem to Have the Run of the Headquarters of Both Parties.

PATIENT MEN ARE HIRED

To Listen to Their Tales of Woe and Schemes of Conquest.

SOME ARE FOOLED BY FLATTERY,

While Others Seem Satisfied With Having the Right to Pose.

STRONG-MINDED FEMALES ABUNDANT

CONSPIRACY OF THE DISPATCH. NEW YORK, Oct. 1.—The poor crank is wanted nowhere. Yet there are two places, now keeping open house in this city, where he reigns supreme. For, even though he is stamped with that unbecoming mark of nature, his vote is valued on a par with a Major's, and both the Republican and Democratic headquarters are at his service.

If you chance to encounter one, and he bunks you into conversation, he will tell you how he is running the campaign and of the valuable schemes he daily proposes at headquarters. He is respected in either of those houses and allowed to run in and out as if he had the most important affairs.

If you ask any one of the committee men if these sorts of individuals do not bother them, they will tell you that it is a thing no one can do. The cranks talk by the hours, and to supply the want the parties



Carries the Vote of His District in His Vest Pocket.

charter a number of politicians, whom they have on hand in the reception rooms, to do nothing else but receive these would-be important political lions.

The Duty of Listening to Cranks. Many of the members of the "ideal reception committee" are in a constant state of semi-paralysis and are given to a loathsome desire, upon rising in the morning, to visit a mirror and "see themselves as others see them." Their wives tell them they are getting gray, and that it is disposition that is doing it; in the end they leave their homes in a worse condition mentally than when they arrived there the night before. And when they get downtown to headquarters they have to look pleasant and chaff with the man who makes their lives miserable from early morn till late at night.

It is comical to note the names these poor cranks receive. There is "the man who carries all the ward votes in his vest pocket," "the relic of the olden time," "the great little man," "the gentleman with a great scheme," and last but not least, "the strong-minded female." When I was talking with Colonel Tom Canavauagh at the Republican headquarters, the other day, a tall, slim, gray-haired and white-mustached gentleman rushed in as if the entire success of the campaign depended upon him, and secretly called Colonel Tom aside. I heard a great mumbling of words and then the visitor seemed to get excited and dropping his carpet bag on one side and an umbrella on the other, I could hear him argue in a low but dramatic voice:

Must See Chairman Carter. —but you see—it is—must—where is he—oh let me see him before it is too late.

"I know! I know!" answered the Colonel, at the same time taking a long



The Man With a Scheme.

breath and bracing himself up in front of the stranger. By means of placing his hands on the gentleman's shoulders, in a derisive-like fashion, he succeeded in checking his wild career.

"Don't detain me, sir, I must see Colonel Carter. I have a scheme that alone can carry New York for the Republican party, which needs his immediate attention. Oh, it is my greatest desire to see the grand old party wipe the dirt from country clean. And I tell you, sir, I hold the papers here, which, if followed out, can do it and you shall see them."

Colonel, and like the "great Herrmann" the "great Canavauagh" was transformed into "Canavauagh the Great." But one of the documents was now thrust into his face with the long slender finger of its holder pointing out a certain paragraph.

"See! Read! Observe! how Harrison was elected last Presidential campaign!"

"Getting rid of a Crank."

"Oh this is great," remarked Tom with a wink at me, "I am indeed a great man, a real genius, and I am so pleased that you are a Republican and are willing to lend us your aid. You must see Colonel Carter, and see him at once. I know he will be delighted to see you. Now just sit right down here while I tell you who he is."

"I'll go right up with you."

"No, you had better not, as he will want to talk on such an important matter with you alone, and I will see that no one is there."

This just suited the old gentleman, and with a beautiful smile lighting up his features, he seated himself in a velvet-upholstered armchair in a very pompous manner.

Colonel Canavauagh walked into the back room, lit a cigar in a manner suggesting great relief, then strutting his shoulders as much as to say "well, I've got to go back to it," walked out into the reception room where the stranger was awaiting his return.

"I am so sorry," Colonel Carter went out to meet you, and I am so glad to see you. I am told by a friend and prominent politician, that he had seen this man at this same place four years ago, and also at Washington and Chicago. To me this looked suspicious. Was he a special detective, employed for some campaign purposes?"

No One Seemed to Know Him.

"Who is he?" I asked of one of the committee men.

"No one knows better than yourself," he answered, shrugging his shoulders.

"What does he do here?"

"No one knows."

"But he is in and out a dozen or more times a day, and is always busy at something."

"Well, no one knows anything about him, so it's useless to ask questions."

I observed that, although no one would give me the least information of him he had full swing at the headquarters; no one attempted to oppose him and he never seemed to mingle with them.

Suddenly I was struck with the idea that he might be a secret messenger. One time observing him preparing to rush out I determined to go after and see if I could see where he went to. He jured on me and said:

"Do you want to see me?"

"Yes," I replied, and he looked pleased that I did.

"To decide a bet between myself and another inside I wish you would be kind

enough to inform me who you are and what you do in politics?"

"It's none of your business, is it? I can't be bothered. Good day."

I made an inquiry of another committee man inside the headquarters.

"What, that old fool?" said he—"But don't tell him I said so. Well, he's merely a crank and a crank of the first water. He thinks he runs the campaign. But, by the way, I oughtn't to speak disrespectfully of him, as he has been a great man in the party. Now one of the has been. Yet, who knows, I may follow his footsteps."

A Man Who Wants to See Harrison.

Then here is the "great little man, who is most frequently seen about the Republican camp, and who, in other words, knows it all and is satisfied with nothing. He most generally seats himself down in a prominent part of the reception room and complains of everything the committee does."

"Why don't you see the chairman and tell him what you think," I suggested.

"Well, tell the truth, I did."

"And didn't he give you any satisfaction?"

as soon as he possibly could," and if anyone called, to keep them till he returned.

I asked the boy if anyone ever called to see him, and was informed that to his knowledge no one had, but that many who came there knew him. He had heard Chairman Sheehan say that he was an "old war horse," of the Jeffersonian days.



The Great Little Man.

I was told by a friend and prominent politician, that he had seen this man at this same place four years ago, and also at Washington and Chicago. To me this looked suspicious. Was he a special detective, employed for some campaign purposes?"

No One Seemed to Know Him.

"Who is he?" I asked of one of the committee men.

"No one knows better than yourself," he answered, shrugging his shoulders.

"What does he do here?"

"No one knows."

"But he is in and out a dozen or more times a day, and is always busy at something."

"Well, no one knows anything about him, so it's useless to ask questions."

I observed that, although no one would give me the least information of him he had full swing at the headquarters; no one attempted to oppose him and he never seemed to mingle with them.

Suddenly I was struck with the idea that he might be a secret messenger. One time observing him preparing to rush out I determined to go after and see if I could see where he went to. He jured on me and said:

"Do you want to see me?"

"Yes," I replied, and he looked pleased that I did.

"To decide a bet between myself and another inside I wish you would be kind

enough to inform me who you are and what you do in politics?"

"It's none of your business, is it? I can't be bothered. Good day."

I made an inquiry of another committee man inside the headquarters.

"What, that old fool?" said he—"But don't tell him I said so. Well, he's merely a crank and a crank of the first water. He thinks he runs the campaign. But, by the way, I oughtn't to speak disrespectfully of him, as he has been a great man in the party. Now one of the has been. Yet, who knows, I may follow his footsteps."

A Man Who Wants to See Harrison.

Then here is the "great little man, who is most frequently seen about the Republican camp, and who, in other words, knows it all and is satisfied with nothing. He most generally seats himself down in a prominent part of the reception room and complains of everything the committee does."

"Why don't you see the chairman and tell him what you think," I suggested.

"Well, tell the truth, I did."

"And didn't he give you any satisfaction?"

"Oh, yes, Carter's all right, he always thinks the same as I do and he tried his best to get the President on here. I saw him yesterday and we talked matters over a little. He told me that Mr. Harrison would be here next week, sure. I have a great desire to see the President. There are many pointers I can give him."

"What do you think about McKinley?"

"Who is he?" I asked of one of the committee men.

enough to inform me who you are and what you do in politics?"

"It's none of your business, is it? I can't be bothered. Good day."

I made an inquiry of another committee man inside the headquarters.

"What, that old fool?" said he—"But don't tell him I said so. Well, he's merely a crank and a crank of the first water. He thinks he runs the campaign. But, by the way, I oughtn't to speak disrespectfully of him, as he has been a great man in the party. Now one of the has been. Yet, who knows, I may follow his footsteps."

A Man Who Wants to See Harrison.

Then here is the "great little man, who is most frequently seen about the Republican camp, and who, in other words, knows it all and is satisfied with nothing. He most generally seats himself down in a prominent part of the reception room and complains of everything the committee does."

"Why don't you see the chairman and tell him what you think," I suggested.

"Well, tell the truth, I did."

"And didn't he give you any satisfaction?"

"Oh, yes, Carter's all right, he always thinks the same as I do and he tried his best to get the President on here. I saw him yesterday and we talked matters over a little. He told me that Mr. Harrison would be here next week, sure. I have a great desire to see the President. There are many pointers I can give him."

"What do you think about McKinley?"

"Who is he?" I asked of one of the committee men.

"No one knows better than yourself," he answered, shrugging his shoulders.

"What does he do here?"

"No one knows."

"But he is in and out a dozen or more times a day, and is always busy at something."

"Well, no one knows anything about him, so it's useless to ask questions."

I observed that, although no one would give me the least information of him he had full swing at the headquarters; no one attempted to oppose him and he never seemed to mingle with them.

Suddenly I was struck with the idea that he might be a secret messenger. One time observing him preparing to rush out I determined to go after and see if I could see where he went to. He jured on me and said:

"Do you want to see me?"

"Yes," I replied, and he looked pleased that I did.

"To decide a bet between myself and another inside I wish you would be kind

enough to inform me who you are and what you do in politics?"

"It's none of your business, is it? I can't be bothered. Good day."

I made an inquiry of another committee man inside the headquarters.

"What, that old fool?" said he—"But don't tell him I said so. Well, he's merely a crank and a crank of the first water. He thinks he runs the campaign. But, by the way, I oughtn't to speak disrespectfully of him, as he has been a great man in the party. Now one of the has been. Yet, who knows, I may follow his footsteps."

A Man Who Wants to See Harrison.

Then here is the "great little man, who is most frequently seen about the Republican camp, and who, in other words, knows it all and is satisfied with nothing. He most generally seats himself down in a prominent part of the reception room and complains of everything the committee does."

"Why don't you see the chairman and tell him what you think," I suggested.

"Well, tell the truth, I did."

"And didn't he give you any satisfaction?"

and just as determined to see my party win as Dave is."

"But, madame, what can you do? I assure you that I am a Democrat, and am determined to see my party win."

"That's very kind of you, I'm sure—any refreshments be acceptable to your ladyship? Here James!"

"You miserable man; is this the way you receive ladies here?"

The poor committee man was almost beside himself. The female was a puzzle, and that was all he knew. To everything he said or did she found fault.

"I want to see Dave," she said. "I would be willing to make speeches like he does, with him, and we could boom up the campaign, so that there would be no fear. You

establishments was terrible; the labor that was exacted heart-breaking. The character of the punishment was well known, and every felon sentenced to transportation from the colonial convict settlements very well understood the fate that was before him."

The Cyprus sailed from Hobart Town in August, 1833. In addition to the 32 convicts, she carried a crew of 8 men and a guard of 12 soldiers, under the command of Lieutenant Carew, who was accompanied by his wife and children. The prisoners, as was always customary in convict ships, were under the care of a medical man named Williams.

Nothing of moment happened until the brig either brought up or was borne to in Research Bay, where Dr. Williams, Lieutenant Carew, the mate of the vessel, a soldier, and a convict named Popjoy went ashore on a fishing excursion. They had not been gone from the ship above half an hour when they heard a noise of firearms. Instantly guessing that the convicts had risen they made a rush for the boat and pulled for the brig. It was as they had feared, the felons had mastered the guard and seized the brig. They suffered no man to come on board save Popjoy, the convict, who, however, later on sprang overboard and swam to the beach. They then sent the crew, soldiers and passengers ashore,

On November 4, 1830, a number of convicts were indicted at the Admiralty Sessions of the Old Bailey for having on the 6th of September in the previous year piratically seized a brig called the Cyprus. A South seaman was innocently and most involuntarily, as shall be discovered presently, involved in this tragic business, to which he is able to add a narrative that is certainly not known to any of the chroniclers of crime. But first as to the piratical seizure.

The Cyprus, a colonial brig, had been chartered to convey a number of convicts from Hobart Town to Macquarie Harbor, on the northern coast of Tasmania and Norfolk Island, distant about a week's sail from Sydney, in those days a penal settlement. There were 32 felons in all. These men had been guilty of certain grave offenses at Hobart Town; they had rendered themselves in consequence liable to no punishment; they were tried before the Supreme Court of Judicature there, and sentenced to be transported to the place above mentioned.

Only the very worst sort of prisoners were sent to Norfolk Island and Macquarie Harbor. The discipline in those penal

may think because I am a woman in appearance and costume, that I am a chuck full of woman nonsense; but I am as strong-minded as any of you. Much more so than you, young man. Take that flower out of your buttonhole and put in a badge. Be true to your party."

Why he did it I don't know, but I noticed that the fellow removed the flower, and possibly if I were to go up there now I would find the badge in its place. Lo, the poor crank—for he is wanted nowhere. Yet either of these headquarters proves to be a real heaven for him.

Like Dave Hill, I am a Democrat,"

James S. Hammond.



WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

On November 4, 1830, a number of convicts were indicted at the Admiralty Sessions of the Old Bailey for having on the 6th of September in the previous year piratically seized a brig called the Cyprus.

A South seaman was innocently and most involuntarily, as shall be discovered presently, involved in this tragic business, to which he is able to add a narrative that is certainly not known to any of the chroniclers of crime. But first as to the piratical seizure.

The Cyprus, a colonial brig, had been chartered to convey a number of convicts from Hobart Town to Macquarie Harbor, on the northern coast of Tasmania and Norfolk Island, distant about a week's sail from Sydney, in those days a penal settlement. There were 32 felons in all. These men had been guilty of certain grave offenses at Hobart Town; they had rendered themselves in consequence liable to no punishment; they were tried before the Supreme Court of Judicature there, and sentenced to be transported to the place above mentioned.

Only the very worst sort of prisoners were sent to Norfolk Island and Macquarie Harbor. The discipline in those penal

establishments was terrible; the labor that was exacted heart-breaking. The character of the punishment was well known, and every felon sentenced to transportation from the colonial convict settlements very well understood the fate that was before him."

The Cyprus sailed from Hobart Town in August, 1833. In addition to the 32 convicts, she carried a crew of 8 men and a guard of 12 soldiers, under the command of Lieutenant Carew, who was accompanied by his wife and children. The prisoners, as was always customary in convict ships, were under the care of a medical man named Williams.

Nothing of moment happened until the brig either brought up or was borne to in Research Bay, where Dr. Williams, Lieutenant Carew, the mate of the vessel, a soldier, and a convict named Popjoy went ashore on a fishing excursion. They had not been gone from the ship above half an hour when they heard a noise of firearms. Instantly guessing that the convicts had risen they made a rush for the boat and pulled for the brig. It was as they had feared, the felons had mastered the guard and seized the brig. They suffered no man to come on board save Popjoy, the convict, who, however, later on sprang overboard and swam to the beach. They then sent the crew, soldiers and passengers ashore,

On November 4, 1830, a number of convicts were indicted at the Admiralty Sessions of the Old Bailey for having on the 6th of September in the previous year piratically seized a brig called the Cyprus.

A South seaman was innocently and most involuntarily, as shall be discovered presently, involved in this tragic business, to which he is able to add a narrative that is certainly not known to any of the chroniclers of crime. But first as to the piratical seizure.

The Cyprus, a colonial brig, had been chartered to convey a number of convicts from Hobart Town to Macquarie Harbor, on the northern coast of Tasmania and Norfolk Island, distant about a week's sail from Sydney, in those days a penal settlement. There were 32 felons in all. These men had been guilty of certain grave offenses at Hobart Town; they had rendered themselves in consequence liable to no punishment; they were tried before the Supreme Court of Judicature there, and sentenced to be transported to the place above mentioned.

Only the very worst sort of prisoners were sent to Norfolk Island and Macquarie Harbor. The discipline in those penal

establishments was terrible; the labor that was exacted heart-breaking. The character of the punishment was well known, and every felon sentenced to transportation from the colonial convict settlements very well understood the fate that was before him."

The Cyprus sailed from Hobart Town in August, 1833. In addition to the 32 convicts, she carried a crew of 8 men and a guard of 12 soldiers, under the command of Lieutenant Carew, who was accompanied by his wife and children. The prisoners, as was always customary in convict ships, were under the care of a medical man named Williams.

Nothing of moment happened until the brig either brought up or was borne to in Research Bay, where Dr. Williams, Lieutenant Carew, the mate of the vessel, a soldier, and a convict named Popjoy went ashore on a fishing excursion. They had not been gone from the ship above half an hour when they heard a noise of firearms. Instantly guessing that the convicts had risen they made a rush for the boat and pulled for the brig. It was as they had feared, the felons had mastered the guard and seized the brig. They suffered no man to come on board save Popjoy, the convict, who, however, later on sprang overboard and swam to the beach. They then sent the crew, soldiers and passengers ashore,

On November 4, 1830, a number of convicts were indicted at the Admiralty Sessions of the Old Bailey for having on the 6th of September in the previous year piratically seized a brig called the Cyprus.

A South seaman was innocently and most involuntarily, as shall be discovered presently, involved in this tragic business, to which he is able to add a narrative that is certainly not known to any of the chroniclers of crime. But first as to the piratical seizure.

The Cyprus, a colonial brig, had been chartered to convey a number of convicts from Hobart Town to Macquarie Harbor, on the northern coast of Tasmania and Norfolk Island, distant about a week's sail from Sydney, in those days a penal settlement. There were 32 felons in all. These men had been guilty of certain grave offenses at Hobart Town; they had rendered themselves in consequence liable to no punishment; they were tried before the Supreme Court of Judicature there, and sentenced to be transported to the place above mentioned.

Only the very worst sort of prisoners were sent to Norfolk Island and Macquarie Harbor. The discipline in those penal

establishments was terrible; the labor that was exacted heart-breaking. The character of the punishment was well known, and every felon sentenced to transportation from the colonial convict settlements very well understood the fate that was before him."

The Cyprus sailed from Hobart Town in August, 1833. In addition to the 32 convicts, she carried a crew of 8 men and a guard of 12 soldiers, under the command of Lieutenant Carew, who was accompanied by his wife and children. The prisoners, as was always customary in convict ships, were under the care of a medical man named Williams.

Nothing of moment happened until the brig either brought up or was borne to in Research Bay, where Dr. Williams, Lieutenant Carew, the mate of the vessel, a soldier, and a convict named Popjoy went ashore on a fishing excursion. They had not been gone from the ship above half an hour when they heard a noise of firearms. Instantly guessing that the convicts had risen they made a rush for the boat and pulled for the brig. It was as they had feared, the felons had mastered the guard and seized the brig. They suffered no man to come on board save Popjoy, the convict, who, however, later on sprang overboard and swam to the beach. They then sent the crew, soldiers and passengers ashore,

On November 4, 1830, a number of convicts were indicted at the Admiralty Sessions of the Old Bailey for having on the 6th of September in the previous year piratically seized a brig called the Cyprus.

A South seaman was innocently and most involuntarily, as shall be discovered presently, involved in this tragic business, to which he is able to add a narrative that is certainly not known to any of the chroniclers of crime. But first as to the piratical seizure.

The Cyprus, a colonial brig, had been chartered to convey a number of convicts from Hobart Town to Macquarie Harbor, on the northern coast of Tasmania and Norfolk Island, distant about a week's sail from Sydney, in those days a penal settlement. There were 32 felons in all. These men had been guilty of certain grave offenses at Hobart Town; they had rendered themselves in consequence liable to no punishment; they were tried before the Supreme Court of Judicature there, and sentenced to be transported to the place above mentioned.

Only the very worst sort of prisoners were sent to Norfolk Island and Macquarie Harbor. The discipline in those penal

but without provisions or the m. porting life. Then, among them, prisoners lifted the anchor and sail, and the little brig slipped away Research Bay.

The chroniclers state that the vessel never afterward heard of, though some of the convicts were apprehended separately in various parts of Sumatra and Java. The posthumous yarn of the mate of an English whaler disproves this. He related his extraordinary experience thus: "The vessel, as the Yankees term it, round about the Galapagos Islands, but business grew too slow for even a whaler's patience. Eleven months out from Whity, and, if my memory fails me not, less than a score of full barrels in our hold! So the captain made up his mind to try south, and working our way across the Equator we struck in among the Polynesian groups, raising the southern cross nightly higher and higher, till we were somewhere about latitude 30° and longitude 75° east."

"I came on deck to the relief at 4 o'clock one morning, the weather was quiet, a pleasant breeze was blowing to the starboard beam; our vessel was bark-rigged, with short topgallant masts, Cape Horn fashion, she was thrusting through it leisurely under topgallant sail, and the wide Pacific hove so cradled her, as she went that she seemed to sleep as she sailed."

"Day broke soon after 5, and as the light brightened out I caught sight of a gleam on the edge of the sea. It was as white with the risen sun upon it as an iceberg. I leveled the glass and made out the topmast canvas of a small vessel. There was nothing to excite me in the spectacle of a distant sail. The bark's work went on; the decks were washed down, the lookout aloft hailed and nothing reported; and at seven bells the crew went to breakfast, at which hour we had risen the distant sail with a rapidity that somewhat puzzled the captain and me. For, first of all, she was not so far off now but that we could distinguish the lay of her head—she looked to be going our way; but clearly she was stationary, for the Swan, which was the name of our bark, though a seaworthy old tub, was absolutely without legs; nothing more sluggish was ever afloat; for her then to have overhauled anything that was actually under way would have been marvellous."

"Something wrong out there Granger," said the Captain.

"Looks to me to be all in the wind with her, sir," said I.

"Make out any color?" said the Captain.

"Nothing as yet," said I.

"Shift your helm by a spoke or two," said I, "while I'll go to breakfast."

"He was not long below. By the time he returned we had risen the distant vessel to the line of her rail. I got some breakfast in the cabin; on passing again through the hatch I found the Captain looking at the sail through the telescope."

"She is a small brig," said he, "and she

THE PRICE TELLS. KEETCH. THE PRICE WINS.

GOOD JUDGES OF STYLES AND QUALITY. Say that our Fall stock of CARPETS. Is the largest, finest, best selected and lowest priced in the city. As a matter of fact we show three times the number of styles that can be seen at any other house, and present prices on them cannot be equaled anywhere. And the styles are all new; no back numbers. JUST A MENTION. Of the fact that carpets are going up. The longer you wait the more you will have to pay. Manufacturers have already begun to advance prices; retailers will have to follow soon. BUY NOW.

WE ARE SOLE AGENTS. For MARKS' RECLINING CHAIR and the GUNN FOLDING BED, both of which articles of Furniture have great merit and numberless points of advantage over all others of their class. Both are on exhibition, and we shall be pleased to show you their good points.

COMPETITION NOT IN THE FIELD WITH US.

FURNITURE FOR THE HALL, FOR THE PARLOR, FOR THE DINING ROOM, FOR THE LIBRARY, FOR THE KITCHEN, FURNITURE. NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

KEETCH. 923,