

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1892.

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 Light to Pose. STRONG-MINDED FEMALES ABUNDANT.

Colonel, and like the "great Herrmann" the "great Canavough" was transformed into "Canavough 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!"



The Great Little Man.

CONTEMPORARY 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 uncongenial 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 his name were the most important article.



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 "vital reception committees" 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 disipation that is doing it; in the end they leave their homes in a worse condition mentally than when they arrived there the night before.

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 yore," "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 Canavough 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, after having 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:

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



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 hat darn country clean. And I tell you, sir, I hold the papers here, which, if followed out, can do it and you shall see them."

The old carpet bag was thrown open, and poor Canavough gave a long sigh as he saw its contents. No wonder. "My heavens!" said he under his breath as he gave a melancholy look my way. It was simply loaded to the muzzle with documents. The stranger was turning them over like butter cakes, while at the same time muttering half to himself in a low, feverish voice: "You—shall—see them! You shall see them!" This proved to be too much for the

Colonel Canavough walked into the back room, lit a cigar in a manner suggesting great relief, then straggling 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 join him, "but you have got to go back to it, you know, about a matter of so much importance."

"Well now—damn it—that's smart. He ought to be here tending to business. Something must be done to save us."

"Well, you will do all you can for us," said the Colonel, striving as best he could to get rid of him. "Oh, yes. I'll call again." And the old stranger hustled out the place, leaving Colonel Tom relieved. The man turns up every four years with the same old scheme. Now for the curios of the Democratic house. There are many—if anything, more than there are in its rival's quarters. One especially, that I encountered there, was the "man who carries all the ward votes in his vest pocket" and is always running in to assure Chairman Sheehan that he "needs" a seat about his ward, as it is going solid for Grover Cleveland! And giving his reasons for believing that he "carries" the ward in his vest pocket.

"I treat all the boys fine in my district," said he, "and the boys vote as I say."



A Relic of Old Times.

consequence. In fact, a sorter would-be boss who had actually got to thinking he was one. I walked in Sheehan's office, at his invitation, my card having preceded me, and while I was there, heard the Chairman say to the boy:

"Who is this man, Me, who wants to see me?—send him in." Then turning to me he said:

"If this is the man I think it is, he is worth writing up. He's a character. The 'Me' that I had seen before I entered Sheehan's office, now rushed in.

"How are yer, Mr. Chairman? How are yer? Introduce me to yer friend." "But Sheehan put no attention. "What is it, Me?" he said. "What can I do for you. I'm very busy. Must go to Buffalo to-morrow."

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.

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.

The Woman Who Wants to Help Hill. Perhaps the most remarkable political relic of all is "the strong-minded female." To say that she is a frequenter of these political houses would be a falsehood, but still she is seen at both, and is just lucky enough to be on hand when one of them runs in. She was met by one of the reception committee and very politely ushered into the parlor.

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



The Strong-Minded Female.

may think because I am a woman in appearance and costume, that I am a chuck full of woman nonsense; but I am a 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."



WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY W. CLARK RUSSELL. (Copyright, 1892, by the author.)

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.

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 sunset and East. The posthumous yarn of the mate of an English whaler disproves this. He related his extraordinary experience thus: "The mate of an English whaler, the *Egmont*, had filled up with a little grease," as the Yankees term it, round about the Galapagos Islands, but business grew too slack for even a whaler's patience. Eleven months out from Whitby, 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 out way across the Equator we struck in among the Polynesian groups, raising the southern cross slightly 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 star-board 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 8, and as the light brightened out I caught sight of a gleam on the edge of the sea. It was a white with the risen sun upon it as an iceberg. I leveled the glass and made out the topsides 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 no far off; now but a few miles distant, she lay at her anchor—she looked to be going our way; but clearly she was stationary, for the *Swan*, which was the name of our bark, though a seaway on an 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 under way," said the mate. "Make out any color?" said the Captain. "Nothing as yet," said I. "Shift your helm by a spoke or two," said the mate, "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

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