

Ohio's Next Senator, General Foraker.

Something About the Coming Successor of Calvin S. Brice—A Man of the People.

The result of the last election in Ohio determined the succession in the United States senate on the expiration of the term of Calvin S. Brice; determined it so surely in the minds of all Ohioans that the work of the legislature next January will be merely a matter of form. Before the election it was known throughout Ohio and understood throughout the nation that the successor of a Republican legislator meant the election of Joseph Benson Foraker to the United States senate from Ohio. That is the second thing before the people of Ohio next January, the first being the installation of Asa S. Bushnell in the governor's chair.

Like Lincoln and Grant, Joseph Benson Foraker is from the farm. He was born, according to a Cincinnati letter to the Chicago "Times-Herald," among the picturesque hills and valleys of the interior of the state in a log cabin near Rainboro, in Highland county, Ohio, July 5, 1848. He was a hard working boy, plowing with a span of horses before he was 10 years old. His youth was spent in the humble home of his parents, where he laid the foundation for his future life. The beginning of his education was in a small district school conducted in a log cabin, to attend which he walked, morning and evening, several miles.

In spirit and enthusiasm he was always in advance of his years, and he was but 15 years when on July 11, 1862, he enlisted as a private in Company A of the Eighty-ninth regiment, Ohio volunteer infantry. He was the first man mustered in and the last man mustered out. His only act of positive disobedience of his parents and disregard of their wishes was when he made a bundle of his security wardrobe and left home to go to the front in defense of his country. He served in this regiment until the fall of Atlanta, at which time by successive promotions he had risen to the rank of first lieutenant. After the fall of Atlanta he was detailed for service in the Georgia campaign and was assigned to duty as a signal officer on the staff of Major General Slocum, who was then commanding the left wing of the Army of Georgia. After the march through Georgia he was promoted to brevet captain "for efficient service during the campaigns in North Carolina and Georgia," and was made an aide-de-camp on the staff of General Slocum. This position he filled until mustered out of service at the close of the war, June 15, 1865.

General Sherman's Tribune. One of the most brilliant services was in the battle of Missionary Ridge, on which day he commanded two companies, led them, with his accustomed dash and enthusiasm, beyond the line at which the advance had been ordered to stop, and was among the first to scale the ridge and enter the enemy's works. The finest tribute ever paid him for his brilliant military service was that of General Sherman in a speech at the annual meeting of the Army of the Tennessee in Cincinnati, Sept. 24, 1868. In the midst of his speech General Sherman turned toward General Foraker, and in the presence of nearly 10,000 people, said:

"To you, Governor Foraker, we turn with feelings of love and affection, stronger than any official title you may hold, great as the state of Ohio may be in your estimation and in the estimation of the world, for you are one of us, body and soul. Well I remember you, my young friend, or boy, as you came through the pine woods that day on your horse covered with

Few men have had such tribute from such a source, before such an audience. No wonder his eldest daughter treasures as her most valued personal adornment the sword belt buckle worn by her father during the war, on which she has had inscribed her father's name and the battles in which he wore it.

After the War Ended. Before he was 19 years old the war was over, the union preserved, the slave liberated, and the boy soldier, with a record of three years of gallant service, returned to the farm, the mill and the school. He resumed his studies and after two years at the Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, entered Cornell University, and graduated in the first class in the classified course July 1, 1868. To make up time lost while in the army he studied law while attending Cornell and so well had he been his own tutor, that on Oct. 14, 1869, he was admitted to the Hamilton county bar and at once began practice. On Oct. 4, the next year he was married to Miss Julia Bundy, daughter

wherever they appear. She lives out door life, and takes daily drives. Coming to the Front. The young attorney's first years were trying ones and he worked hard; but his advance was steady and permanent. He had ability and an indomitable spirit, backed by a vitality that thrived on hard work. He could not but be conspicuous among the young men at the bar, and in 1874 was nominated on the Republican ticket for common pleas judge, but was overwhelmed in the Tilden landslide that covered Cincinnati that year. He maintains that his entrance into public life was brought about by seeming accidents and mere circumstances, and not by a personal desire or ambition to get into it.

"My profession," said he, "brought me into a line of study and into contact with men of position, and the instincts of a patriotic citizen led me to avail myself of all available knowledge concerning government. Hence I have always been interested in such matters as appertain to state and nation." In April, 1875, he was elected judge of the superior court of Cincinnati and presided with signal distinction. So thorough was he in his researches before announcing a decision that none he has given has been reversed. But after three years he was obliged to take a year's rest and he resigned, the acceptance being insisted upon by him in the face of most urgent protests from the leading members of the bar. Then he returned to the practice of law, but in 1883 was forced on the Republican State ticket as nominee for governor. The crusade of the hour interest against restrictive legislation defeated the Republican ticket that year, but two years later Foraker was renominated and elected and served four years. In 1889 he was nominated the fourth time for governor, but was defeated by James E. Campbell. Since then he has devoted himself continuously to the practice of his profession, the only interruptions being his participation in the several state campaigns and his canvass for United States senator against Sherman three years ago. In 1884 and again in 1888 he was chairman of the Ohio delegation to the Republican national convention, and both times presented the name of John Sherman.



GOVERNOR FORAKER. (By the Courtesy of H. H. Kohlhaas.)

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The Proposal.
John (sheepishly)—I s'pose you'll be gittin' married some time.
Betty (with a frightened air)—Oh, I-I guess not.
John—Mebby I'll get married some time.
Betty—Mebby we might both get married at the same time.
John—Wouldn't it be awful, John, if the minister should make a mistake an' marry us to each other?
Betty—I shouldn't mind.
John—No—neither should I.—New York Weekly.

Terrors of the Situation.
"John, is your revolver loaded?"
"I don't think it is."
"What in the world would you do, then, if a burglar should break into the house?"
"Why, I'd point the revolver at him and tell him I didn't know it was loaded."—Chicago Record.

DREAMING.
For the Scranton Tribune.
Ah! once, when the magic of night Had its spell upon me thrown,
With a dreamer's strange delight,
I sweetly came unto my own.
Love's friend, I joy to meet thee,
Crisp, yonder the home of mine;
Can the angels above, devotion
More sweet than our child-love know?
Keep close to my side, dear friend;
Crisp, yonder the home of mine;
Strange shadows flit and I tremble
Lest your hand be loosed from mine.
Ah, my dear I know I was dreaming,
With my head I have wandered afar;
Farewell, dear, vanishing presence,
Called home by the morning star.
—Olive M. Pearl,
Moosic, Nov. 24, 1895.

Seen and Heard in Old London Town.

Miss Kaiser Writes of Her Voyage Over and of Subsequent Experiences.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

London, Nov. 29.—Well, here we are again, as they say in the Christmas pantomime, every year. "Me and my trunk," to use the expression of a quaint Yankee neighbor of mine on the ship coming over, he got here at last, after a pretty rough, highly interesting voyage. To begin at the beginning, we sailed from New York on that splendid ocean greyhound, the Lucania, on the 8th of November and arrived at Liverpool on the 16th, a long voyage for that boat, which is supposed to be the fastest ship afloat and has made one or two very fine record-breaking voyages, although in fine weather, however; so I do not suppose that I should complain. We had one or two fine days at first, but as soon as we reached the high seas, we rolled and tossed about so terribly that the passengers collapsed, almost to a man, and we all fell sick and did not see much of each other until nearly the end of the voyage, when up from our state-rooms we came, limp, white, blue and tired of life, and lay about the decks in our stateroom chairs conversing in monosyllabic sentences as we began to make each other's acquaintance. We soon recovered, however, and got on with our neighbors quite amiably, some, indeed, becoming fast friends. I began to get bored, and exceedingly amusing it was, too, to watch the little incontinent flirtations, started during the first two days of the voyage, but almost as cruelly interrupted by the all-prevailing mal de mer, and then resumed again, and set them blossom into the short-lived little engagements that are never heard of again, after the poor dear contracting parties leave the boat.

Washington Post two-step or something of the sort. We had "Come Back to Erin," and "The Christening" and "Monte Carlo." I was an enraptured listener.

The Lucania being a Cunarder, lands her passengers at Queenstown and at Liverpool, and I sailed on it in order to get acquainted with the Liverpool route as I am familiar with the Southampton route already, and wanted to learn a bit about the other way. I am sadder, and what I wished for, wiser too, and shall not go that way again, unless I cannot help it, as I consider it very inconvenient, indeed, when one's destination is London, to come round by Liverpool instead of taking the much shorter and infinitely more convenient journey from Southampton to London. I saw Ireland, of course, this time, and it is indeed a green tale, down to the very water, and as beautiful a bit to see, from the ship, as I have ever seen. Queenstown, too, was quite interesting, though but seen from the side of the ship, and explored by means of a field glass only. As for the Irish Channel I have no words in which to describe it; it was so rough. Nearly everybody got sick again, but I just wouldn't be, so I went down in the dining saloon, where the servants were setting the tea tables, and had my steward sit me in a corner chair, and I put my head against the side of the ship and managed to keep well by writing a letter home, though the pitches and rolling was dreadful, especially in its effects upon the dishes. I was often compelled to stop writing and indulge in a hearty laugh at the dance, which those dishes would lead the poor steward, who tried to keep them from sliding off the tables. The railings and dividing boxes were all on the tables, but that made not a particle of difference; dishes would first toboggan up the side of the table in one big confused, breaking pile, and then while the poor steward was there trying to save them the Irish Channel would suddenly undergo another change of heart, and down they would skate to the other end, jump the railing, silver, china, teapots, milk and everything.

Back in Dear Old London.
Back in just as smoky, and foggy, and grimy, just as dazzling and bewildering and incomprehensible as ever. I felt quite at home as soon as I reached here. My two guardian angels were expecting me, and were out at the curb, somehow, even before I had got out of the carriage. They were glad to see me again, and so were all the girls, who every once in awhile laugh something I say, and then tell me that I have brought back with me such a very broad American accent. I brought with me also, besides the accent, a most beautiful pair of black silk knitted mittens, and they go into fits of laughter every time I wear them, calling them "baby gloves," as they say no one but infants wear mittens. They have fingers to all the woolsen hand covering, and never saw a mitten. But I get even by asking them if they know what it is to "get the mittens," and upon their negative, I explain by telling them that America gave King George the mitten in 1776.

I am right at home already, and have been here only three days. My room is as cozy and pretty as I could wish, if I do say it as shouldn't. The piano is a little beauty and no one knows what can be done with bare walls until one sees the home photos on them. I seem to have succeeded beyond my most artistic longings, and

have a small Wilkes-Barre right here in London, besides a part of Scranton. The Niagara Ice Palace. That beautiful ice palace, Niagara, of which I wrote last winter, is open again, and in full swing. They skate there just as they did before, and it is a great stamping ground for all the beaux and belles. Among the rest, Lady Randolph Churchill comes there to skate every morning, and was pointed out to me yesterday. If she is that great beauty they are always talking about, I failed to see it. She is big and coarse-looking and puffy now, whatever she was when younger. Of course, I suppose she sticks to the old photographs of herself, and then too, the cold light of day is no cosmetic, either, and I suppose she is prettier to look at by gaslight. But much as I dislike to look in the glass, I believe I would rather do it than look at such a wretched sepulchre of a beauty. It must be a great thing to get a reputation for beauty. It seems to stick longer than the beauty.

Last night one of the Indies took us to see dear, lonely George Alexander, in "Liberty Hall," one of the sweetest actors I ever saw. In Alexander there is a player who always takes a star part, and acts the good, noble, handsome, manly, young man. Sole lessee and manager of the St. James' theatre, he has his choice of plays, of course, and always takes good ones, not nasty ones, suggestive ones, but plays to which the critics and general public. The family, one and all, and be sure that they would see most artistic and beautiful acting; hear a wholesome and charming, and explored by means of a field glass only. As for the Irish Channel I have no words in which to describe it; it was so rough. Nearly everybody got sick again, but I just wouldn't be, so I went down in the dining saloon, where the servants were setting the tea tables, and had my steward sit me in a corner chair, and I put my head against the side of the ship and managed to keep well by writing a letter home, though the pitches and rolling was dreadful, especially in its effects upon the dishes. I was often compelled to stop writing and indulge in a hearty laugh at the dance, which those dishes would lead the poor steward, who tried to keep them from sliding off the tables. The railings and dividing boxes were all on the tables, but that made not a particle of difference; dishes would first toboggan up the side of the table in one big confused, breaking pile, and then while the poor steward was there trying to save them the Irish Channel would suddenly undergo another change of heart, and down they would skate to the other end, jump the railing, silver, china, teapots, milk and everything.

George Alexander, Reformer.
He it was who, last season, accepted and produced Henry James' play "Guy Domville," which had to be withdrawn after a run of only two months on account of the coldness of its reception by the critics and general public. The critics, indeed, drove it from the boards by their harsh criticism. But when I saw it, I thought it was singularly wholesome and interesting as well, though a bit slow in parts. It is true, and if it had only had some pruning, would have been a success, I should think. "Liberty Hall" was a revival, and a perfectly lovely thing, too. I could see it again tonight. I doubt if it has ever been produced in New York, as it is in his hands entirely and is not at all an old play, having had a life of only a couple of years, I think. How I did enjoy it! Such a good plot, such sparkling and refined comedy and such wholesome situations of thrilling interest—things which seldom go hand in hand with each other—rarely seen all in one play.

"Trilby" is running at full blast at the Haymarket, and seats cannot be got for love or money. Everything is booked up months ahead, and if one wishes to get into the unreserved pit or gallery, one must take one's money and go there and stand at the doors three or four hours ahead of opening time, in order to get a chance at all. The effort is too great an one for me to make just yet, so "Trilby" must wait for me, or rather, I must wait for "Trilby."—Sadie E. Kaiser.

If the Baby Is Cutting Teeth.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been produced for thirty years by Millions of Mothers for their children while Teething, with Perfect Success. It Soothes the Child, Softens the Gums, Allays all Pains, Cures Wind Colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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GENTLEMEN'S WATCHES Solid gold, solid silver, but 15 and 20 year gold filled sell the fastest. A

Keystone case with Elgin movement looks as beautiful as solid gold, and what a saving. \$12.

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Lamps at \$5, \$7, \$10, complete with shades. If any one is selling cheaper tell us and we mark lower.

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as they should be and sold same way.

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Pictures at \$5.
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SILVERWARE More silverware comes in our back door and is carried out the front door than any two

jewelry stores in the city. Often we run into a good thing and this is one.

ROGER'S Tea spoons, the make 1847 you know, a price you don't know, only 50 sets, sorry they won't go around, 95c. for 6.

KNIVES Forty sets of triple-plated Knives, just the same as you often see or use, but instead of \$2 we can say 75c. the set. 'Nough said.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS So many are coming in and selecting now. Why don't you? You don't need to pay for or take the goods till later. On sale now are special lots of lovely gifts that surely are not here later, say nothing of the pushing and crowding that is coming after a bit.

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