The Scranton Tribune

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When space will permit, The Tribune is always glad to print short letters from its friends bearing on current topics, but its rule is that these must be signed, for publication, by the writer's real name; and the condition precedent to acceptance is that all contributions shall be subject to editorial revision.

TEN PAGES.

SCRANTON, OCTOBER 1, 1900.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

National.

President—WILLIAM McKINLEY.
Vice-President—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

State.

Congressman-at-Large — GALUSHA A. GROW,
ROBERT H. FOERDERER.
Auditor General—E. B. HARDENBERGH.

County.

Congress—WILLIAM CONNELL.
Judge—GEORGE M. WATSON.
Sheriff—JOHN H. FELLOWS.
Treasurer—J. A. SCRANTON.
District Attorney—WILLIAM R. LEWIS.
Prothonotary—JOHN COPELAND.
Clerk of Courts—THOMAS P. DANIELS.
Recorder of Deeds—EMIL BONN.
Register of Wills—W. K. BECK.
Jury Commissioner—EDWARD B. STURGES.

Legislature.

First District—THOMAS J. REYNOLDS.
Second District—JOHN SCHEUER, JR.
Third District—EDWARD JAMES, JR.
Fourth District—P. A. PHILBIN.

"If there is any one who believes the gold standard is a good thing, or that it must be maintained, I warn him not to cast his vote for me, because I promise him it will not be maintained in this country longer than I am able to get rid of it."—William Jennings Bryan in a Speech at Knoxville, Tenn., Delivered Sept. 16, 1896.

The Local Campaign.

WITH ONLY five weeks remaining until election and with hopeful prospects that the strike in our mines, which has practically monopolized public attention, may speedily yield to adjustment, it behooves the Republicans of our county to summon their energies for a political rush to victory.

There is abundant cause for aggressiveness on the Republican side. The national ticket is one that appeals to the cordial approval of every Republican voter. The local ticket offers a harmonious grouping of former factional interests, is distributed with geographical fairness, recognizes equitably the claims of various racial elements, is the direct choice of the majority as expressed at open primaries and therefore has an exceptional claim upon party support.

To achieve victory work must be done. The county committee will do its share, but there is also need of volunteers. In the momentous crisis of a presidential contest fraught with immeasurable possibilities of weal or woe for a country now in the sunlight of unexampled prosperity, every Republican should be willing, out of patriotism and party loyalty, to do what he can to advance the prospects of the entire ticket.

If Mark Hanna is helping to get the people of Northeastern Pennsylvania out of their trouble he is doing a good service and meriting gratitude.

The Educational Contest.

AT THE conclusion of The Tribune's successful Educational Contest, we desire both to congratulate the successful contestants and, in their behalf, as well as in our own, to return thanks to a host of friends throughout Northeastern Pennsylvania for friendly interest displayed.

This contest, from beginning to end, has been absolutely fair, straightforward and without a hitch. Its valuable rewards have been won honestly by dint of personal ability and hard work. The winner of the first choice of rewards, Mr. Rodriguez, took hold at the beginning of the contest and worked without let-up, in day time and at night. His success establishes a valuable object lesson. Others in the list worked with corresponding persistence, but some started late, others did not take hold in earnest until the contest had been some time in progress, and yet others were unfortunate in having a limited field of labor or in being handicapped by illness.

To the patrons secured in this novel manner, we hope to serve a paper which will grow steadily in their favor until it shall become a daily necessity.

Up to his neck in trust investments, Boss Croker warns young men to beware of trusts. He is undoubtedly a fine awful example.

An Opinion Carrying Weight.

NO MAN stands higher in the esteem of those who know him or is better reputed for clarity of judgment and absolute candor than former president of Cornell university, Hon. Andrew D. White, our present accomplished ambassador to Germany. Hear his views upon the approaching election:

"I thoroughly believe that in President McKinley's re-election is the only chance for the continuance and increase of prosperity in our country; and that his defeat, and the election of Mr. Bryan, would not only bring confusion and distress upon the business interests of the country, especially including the interests of labor, but that it would disgrace us in the eyes of every lover of liberty in the Old World, and rejoice the hearts of reactionaries of every sort, who see in the sucess of republican institutions a menace to their cherished ideas."

To Americans of German birth or descent, who are now being loudly claimed as recruits for Braynism, Mr. White writes:

For many years past, during the most severe and dangerous crises through which our republic has passed, our fellow citizens of German descent have been, by overwhelming majorities, steadily on the side of rational liberty, good government, sound currency, and, at all times and places, for the maintenance of the national honor. During the storm period before the Civil war they were, in overwhelming numbers, on the side of freedom against slavery; during the Civil war they stood manfully by Abraham Lincoln on the battlefield and at the polls; and in the contest after the war for a sound and honest currency, first against Greenbackers and next against silver maniacs, their straightforward common sense and patriotism again came out nobly for the rescue of the country.

Remembering all this, I cannot believe that the boasts of the organization now representing those same false and ruinous ideas—that they have won over great number of American citizens of German birth—can be true. I believe it a calumny to state that citizens of German origin who remember vividly the great military establishments of the Old World; vast standing armies of hundreds of thousands of soldiers raised by the conscription of all able-bodied young men, can be scared from their allegiance to Republican principles by the fact that the United States finds it necessary, for a brief space of time, to add to its gallant regular army a body of forty or fifty thousand volunteers. And I also believe it a calumny to assert that German Republicans are likely to turn their backs upon the old party, which they have so long and vigorously supported, simply because the United States is protecting a great population of men, women and children whom the fortune of war has placed under our protection from murder and pillage by an infamous banditti.

The American people have yet to decide what their relations shall be to the territories obtained in the recent war. I believe that they will decide carefully and justly, in view of the true interests of all concerned; and, in the meantime, I feel that the whole question is infinitely safer in the hands of William McKinley and his advisers, with the great Republican party at his back, than in the hand of the opposing candidate, obedient to the dictates of the mixed array of Silverites, Populists and harum-scarum camp followers of every description, who form the main body of his supporters. I am convinced that the great mass of our fellow citizens of German birth and descent, recognizing in this contest really the same vital issues as in that of four years ago, will continue their noble traditions; will not vote to bring in confusion and distress, but will stand firm as they have done heretofore with that party organization which, from its beginning, has represented constitutional freedom against slavery, prosperity against adversity, and honor against dishonor.

Unquestionably, Mr. White's faith is to be justified by the November vote.

In announcing his intention to vote for McKinley and expansion, the Rev. Dr. J. A. Milburn, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church of Indianapolis, and a Democrat, thus politely and gently states an incontrovertible truth: "Mr. Bryan, I think, is a good man, but he is the incarnation of economic heresies, and, what is more, he fails to understand the temperament and the genius of a growing world."

Plan of Strike Settlement.

WHETHER the United Mine Workers of America shall be recognized officially and directly in the adjustment of the miners' grievances or rest content with viewing in an advisory capacity the removal of hardships among the workers in our mines is a point so largely technical as to be of minor importance to the onlooking public.

The essential thing is that improved conditions of mine labor may be secured and the industrial peace and prosperity of the whole community be re-established in the quickest and fairest manner possible. An immediate increase of pay, with arbitration of other points at issue, presents a short-cut settlement; and its prompt acceptance will facilitate the resumption of mine activity and the early recovery of lost ground. This would benefit miners and public alike and it is absolutely fair.

The strike has been a costly experience, but if settled quickly, with restoration of good feeling, its ill effects will soon disappear and out of them will rapidly develop far-reaching benefits for all concerned.

John G. Carlisle has just been elected president of an anti-Bryan lawyers' club. Olney's somersault has not caused a stampede.

Bryanism's Credentials.

(William M. Ivins, in the Sun.)

WHEN A MAN asks for place, particularly for great place, we are justified in asking for his credentials. Mr. Bryan had none when he first ran for the presidency, and he has ever fewer now. They are the credentials of the agitator, of the man without practical experience, either in business or in government; the credentials of fanaticism, of disregard for all of our great national traditions, and of the great determining factors of our national history; of exceptional unfamiliarity with the real conditions of international trade, of the real conditions of national prosperity; the credentials supplied by a frantic and fanatical desire to secure possession of office, in order that he may carry into practice ideas, one-half reactionary, and the other half revolutionary, and all dangerous in the last degree.

His letter of acceptance is not the letter of the statesman, but the letter of the agitator. In every line it is apparent that the man is misled by lack of experience, of training, of accurate information, of well-founded convictions; but eager and willing to play on any string which shall inflame the minds of his followers, and excite the envy, hatred and malice of the discontented. His followers say he is a man of character. His letter does not betray it. That he is, above all things, honest. Again, his letter does not betray it. The man who wrote that letter is politically insincere, and intellectually dishonest, although his life may be clean and all his bills paid.

And this strikes the keynote of the whole campaign. It is not expansion, for the expanding has been done. It is honesty. Honesty in treating the question of currency, honesty in the treatment of aggregates of capital as instruments of our economical progress; honesty in carrying out national policies which are imposed upon us by the necessary laws of economic evolution; honesty in the treatment of international questions, honesty in the application of the principles of liberty. Everywhere, universally, Bryanism stands for dishonesty—and this it is that confirms us in the cheerful confidence of the inevitability of Mr. Bryan's defeat.

Colonel Roosevelt is consoled by the reflection that the brickbat type of campaign rebuttal never yet made votes except for its victim.

THRILLING ACCOUNT OF PEKIN SIEGE

[Concluded from Page 2.]

entery and had to have a quiet place. Out doors is really the pleasantest, when a good cover is obtainable. Every available foot of space is crowded, as we have nearly 900 people (servants included) living where about 150 have lived.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

Well, that night the horrors of war began. I will not attempt to follow it day by day. By fair means or foul they, the Chinese, were bound to get in to murder us. Not content with rifle and cannon, they have tried over and over again to set fire to our buildings from the outside. After several exciting experiences of this kind, fighting a fire behind which were hundreds of soldiers and Boxers ready to shoot any man who showed his head to throw water, we put a stop to it by burning and tearing down all buildings bordering on our north and west sides. We had thought ourselves safe on the north from fire, as we adjourned there the Han Lin Yuan, where reposed the empire's most valuable books, including the 25,000 volume encyclopedia, all in writing, not print, of which there are not more than three or four copies in the world, thousands of blocks for printing, the winning essays of ages of examinations for high degrees, etc. One morning the fiends set fire to buildings in that compound, and threatened thereby everything in the legation. We fought the fire and the fiends, and then destroyed a number of the buildings. Three-fourths of the blocks and books, I suppose, are destroyed by fire or water, and the pride of China's scholars is sadly wounded. We now hold a large piece of that compound and have fortified it. The people of the legations have every reason to be thankful to us for saving the hundreds of converts, for we never could have created all our fortifications without the help of their labor. We have spent our days in superintending them in all sorts of work, and they have faced the shot and shell with much courage, not a few of them having lost their lives for the general safety. While I have built barricades, made loop-holes, dug ditches, and dodged bullets, my chief work has been in connection with one of the things in which God's loving kindness has been most clearly manifest—I have been the "miller."

DESTRUCTION OF LEGATIONS.

After the destruction by the Chinese of the Austrian, Italian, Belgian and Dutch legations, the customs, postoffice and other places, there still remained within our borders several grain shops, and three foreign stores. These have, thus far, furnished abundant food for our almost 3,000 people. The rice supply was not as abundant as the wheat, one shop having just received thousands of bushels of new wheat from Honan. Had it been two or three weeks earlier we should have had none. In this shop there were eleven Chinese mills for grinding wheat. After carrying away some of the wheat to the legation, lest we lose it all, we set the mills going, and day after day, worked by mules, they ground out for us far more than we could use at the time of graham flour and cracked wheat. Later on as those quarters seemed dangerous we moved away seven of the mills and set them up in safe places. From the beginning, as a member of the food supply committee, I have had chief charge of this work. We should have been in need of bread by now had it not been for those mills. The original shop and mill were at the corner of a bridge, which I will show you in the plan I mean to draw for you. Bullets whistled by all day long, and we had to "dodge" them always in going and returning. Gilbert Reid was wounded in the leg there, and I saw two Chinese Roman Catholic children shot through, one killed, the other shot through the two shoulders, in front of the door. Shell and shrapnel exploded over us and fell about us. I had a fine view from the mill of the portion of the city wall held from the beginning by our American marines, with some help from others. It has been the most exposed position of all, and seven of the original fifty-three have been killed, nine others seriously wounded. It was on that wall that I received my own wound, happily, a very slight one, on my heavy pith hat. I had already spent one night directing ten men and helping them to face the sand bag barricade with huge bricks from the wall itself, while the rifle balls screamed within a foot or two of our heads, and an occasional brilliant rocket from the Imperial City exposed us to the direct fire of the enemy from the east. Several days later I took ten men up to work for two hours on the western barricade, which had been but recently taken from the enemy by a brave charge in the night, when two Americans were killed and Captain Myers wounded, while they killed thirty or forty Chinese and took their barricade. Peering through the rifle loop-holes I could see dead Chinese soldiers lying in and out of their deserted tents, and the odors from their bodies were simply awful. There had been no cannonading for some days' time on the wall, and only an occasional rifle ball whistled past. When we were almost done with our work suddenly I was knocked flat, my pith hat flew off, and I knew that I had been struck in the head. I put up my handkerchief and found the blood flowing, though not excessively. A shell had been fired from the west, struck our barricade, burst, and knocked down the top of the wall on my head, as I happened to be just behind the spot. I think two bricks must have struck me, one mashing a portion of my three-quarter-inch pith hat to the thinness of a postal card, the other cutting my head slightly. The Chinese laborers made tracks for the foot of the wall, but I stayed while two shells passed over me and one more struck, and our men on the wall and the Russians from below so volleyed the gunners that they fired no more. Then I went down and had the cut washed and was none the worse for it except that I had to wear my hat on one side for a few days. Mr. Reid and I, and a Mr. Norris (English) are the only missionaries who have been hurt at all, and none of our wounds were serious, though Reid's laid him up for two weeks. Fifty-six marines of all nations have been killed, and 120 wounded (No, the fifty-six includes four or five civilians). In referring to the wall, I started to tell you of one blue day, when I saw the American barricade attacked with shell, one after another bursting either in or against it. The men could not stay, as their barricade was much weaker then than now, and they came running down the vamp of the wall, the captain last. My heart went down, down. As I expected, the word was soon passed along by the guards that it would be unsafe for me to stay at the mill, so, unhitching the animals, we took all the wheat we had ground and carried it as quickly as possible to the legation. I had not finished this work, however, before I saw our marines stealing back to the barricade, which the Chinese had not dared to occupy. They were re-inforced by some Russians and British, and have not only held the place ever since, but have enlarged their holding five-fold. Both my experiences on the wall were after this.

THE SAND BAGS.

Another of the most remarkable Providences in connection with this siege is the never-ending supply of material for sand-bags. These bags have saved many a life on the tops of barricades. There was very little to make them of at first, but what we had was used. We "looted" the shop of a Chinese tailor and got two hand-power sewing machines, and Miss Dorno had one with a treadle. The foreign stores furnished considerable cloth. A large number of native shops, dwellings, a temple, etc., within our borders, provided dozens of rolls of cloth, silk, brocade embroideries (worth several dollars a yard some of them); the legations offered curtains, table linen, etc., so that day after day our ladies have been able to turn out hundreds and thousands of sand-bags, which, filled with dirt, have made the best possible barricades. We have been specially favored also in the presence of Mr. Gamewell, of the Methodist Episcopal mission, who was on the point of going home. He has slaved on the work of fortification, and has been one of the chief human instruments in our defense. Messrs. Hobart, Killie, Stelle, Galt, Venty and Tewksbury have also done noble work. The missionaries have been leaders in almost every department, yet have not lost a man. This matter of losses is a marvelous thing. The Chinese have made terrific attacks, sometimes of hours in duration, with some firing all day and night, and have fired about a million rounds, actually, as well as almost 3,000 shells, shrapnel and five to seven pound solid shot; yet, but a comparatively few men have been disabled, and, though the heavy shot and shell have broken through walls and roofs, they have caused but two deaths and two or three wounds. It has been a happy thing for us that the Chinese do not know how to use their weapons effectively. We had nothing larger than the Italian one-pounder until one day in overhauling a Chinese junk shop some of the natives found an old rusty cannon, dated 1864, of British origin. We mounted it and tried it. It sent a three-pound shell through three brick walls, so we turned it on the Chinese and scared them by the unexpectedness of it, as well as by its effectiveness. It has been dubbed "Betsy." The Russians had shells, but no gun, so "Betsy" has fired the shells. In lieu of anything better she will take nails or scrap iron and carry terror among the Chinese. Three men also found many pewter vessels, out of which we have made cannon balls and shot for the one-pounder and for rifles. Of bricks and timbers we had no lack, tearing up brick walls and demolishing Chinese buildings. The formerly prosperous business section about us is a waste of ruins, the Chinese having destroyed millions of dollars' worth of property in their effort to reach and exterminate us.

LOOKING FOR M'CALLA.

When we left the Methodist Episcopal compound, we were still expecting the two or three thousand troops under Captain McCalla, who had started out to repair the railroad and come to our relief. Had we thought of being here for six weeks, we should have given up in despair, I think; but God has wonderfully cared for us. It is but a few days ago we learned what we had guessed, that Captain McCalla had returned to Tien Tsin, either because opposed by too great a force of Chinese, or because needed for fighting in Tien Tsin. The one messenger who has succeeded in making his way to Tien Tsin and back brings us word that 33,000 troops are now certainly on the way to our relief, and the rumors of their victorious progress are now coming to us from the outside Chinese, who are on most peculiar terms with us. Ten days ago there came back to us a messenger who had tried to go to Tien Tsin, had been captured by the Chinese, beaten almost to death, taken to the "state department," given a message and sent back to us. The state department said it was glad the foreign ministers were well and sorry the Boxers had treated them so badly!! They were anxious to protect us, and requested that we stop firing!!! They also suggested that all the ministers and their families go, in small companies, unescorted, to the state department for protection!!!! The reply was made that we were willing to cease firing when the Chinese ceased, but could not accept the invitation of the yamen (state department). The next day came another gracious message, accompanied by a cipher telegram from the state department at Washington, "Communicate Tidings Bearer." On questioning as to the source of this telegram (it had no signature or date), a copy of the telegram from Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister in Washington, was sent, and the transmission of Minister Conger's reply was promised. The next day firing practically ceased, and there has been but little of it since. There also came, in the name of the emperor, a large number of watermelons, squashes, egg plants and cucumbers! I am very sorry that the ministers accepted the present, for it will make the final punishment of the Chinese less dignified. To have men try to kill you, and then, while still keeping you besieged, to send in watermelons and squashes, is about to ludicrous a performance as I have heard of. Surely it will stand unique in the world's history. The purpose is manifest. Taku and Tien Tsin have been taken, and the foreign troops are on their way to Pekin. The state department first tried to coax the ministers to a place where they could be held as hostages. Now it is trying to placate them with presents, so as to keep the foreign troops from entering Pekin. More recently they have been again urging the ministers to go to Tien Tsin, and again today (the 27th) they have sent in melons and eggs and flour and rice. "For ways that are dark and tracks that are vain," there is no doubt about the pre-eminence of the Chinese.

TROOPS ON THE WAY.

July 28th—And now our hearts go down again, as a youngster who went out as a beggar boy bearing a message to Tien Tsin comes back with a single letter of about half a dozen sentences from the British consul, the quintessence of ambiguous uncertainty, dated July 22, and leading us to think (while not saying so) that no troops have yet left Tien Tsin for our relief! He writes: "There are plenty of troops on the way if you can keep yourselves in food," but the rest of the letter indicates that "on the way" may mean anywhere on the face of the earth. Well, in our patience we still have to possess our souls. We may have food enough to last another month; and if the Chinese will leave us alone, our ammunition will hold out; but this letter is a grievous disappointment. We have had much singing of late in the evenings, the national songs of all nations and others. Some of the Russian songs have been particularly applauded. Mr. and Mrs. Woodward, of Chicago, guests of the Congers, are leading spirits in the singing. I have written a parody on "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching," which is quite popular. You shall see it some day if we get out of this. Another most remarkable thing about our experience has been the weather. In June we had none of the very hot weather of last year, and in July we have had, as yet, no heavy rains. It seems hardly possible, save as a miracle, that these rains can hold off much longer for our troops to travel, yet the roads will be almost impassable if the heavy rains come.

August 2nd.—Still the rains hold off, but our relief does not come. For the past week we have lived on news purchased daily from a Chinese soldier and other outsiders, which, though accepted with much suspicion, came to be somewhat believed. These several men were evidently in collusion. They told us step by step of the victorious progress of our troops until they had brought them so near that we should begin to hear the cannon, when they reported a retreat. This aroused more suspicion, which was confirmed last evening by a letter of July 26th from Tien Tsin, stating that the troops were to start in two or three days. We begin to think that if we see them by Sept. 1 we shall do well. They have found it difficult to secure transport. The Tsin Tsin consuls sends us no word of news from the outside world.

MESSENGER ARRIVES.

Just after writing on August 2 in came a third messenger from Tien Tsin, bearing six letters, including one from Mr. Edward Lowry to his wife. All were on tiny bits of paper and most were in cipher. They were stitched in between two bands of straw in his old hat. He had interesting experiences on the way, sleeping once with the Chinese soldiers. From his letters we learned that an advance guard has already left Tien Tsin for Pekin, that the relief column was to number 10,000, while 40,000 more were to follow speedily. The notes were written July 30, and are hoping daily for indications of their arrival, but have so often been disappointed that we are allowing them until the 15th to get here. The time of quiet is over and we are fired at more or less during the day and heavily at night. Yet the "state department" still sends peaceful messages! The milk is gone, save a little for the babies; the butter and sugar are already gone; the white rice (a small remainder) is kept for invalids and wounded, and our usual bill of fare is horse meat, old musty rice, coarse brown bread without butter. We still have tea and coffee; and for breakfast have either corn meal or cracked wheat. By still further cutting we can keep on until Sept. 1, I think, but some of us will be hungry. It is very hard not to find anything for the babies, as we cannot get eggs or any broth except the rather strong horse-meat broth. Fortunately, we had many horses and mules here; but they are fast going. Of course, we are all losing in weight, some as much as thirty pounds. The other day we took possession of the buildings next us on the southwest, finding much good furniture, clothing, food and four dead bodies, dead for five or six weeks, with a tin of opium lying by three of them, indicating self-poisoning at the time of the fearful first attacks on us. They were a fearful sight. Another foreign baby has died, two more seem unlikely to live, while in the last two weeks at least twenty-five Protestant Chinese (almost all of them children) and many more Roman Catholics, have been laid away. The sanitary conditions are awful, especially, of course among the Chinese.

THE LOSSES.

Speaking of losses, we try not to think of all we have lost, except to make a list for the indemnity demands. We have a fair supply of summer clothing, inner and outer, our solid silver, two watches, my account book and the last five years of my diary. Everything else, the work and treasures of our lives, all our books, save one Bible, all photographs, souvenirs, writings (except six sermons), Alice's letters to me and mine to her, your letters to me, copies of many of mine to you, graphophone, typewriter, etc., are all gone, those of intrinsic value into the hands of the Chinese, the rest into smoke. Some others are worse off than we, but we are all practically where we were as children, as far as worldly possessions go. I have no doubt that we shall secure a good indemnity for the replaceable things, in the course of two or three years of diplomatic haggling; but the unreplaceable are really the most valuable. I have no doubt that our board will make some arrangement for the loan of money for partial restoration of outfits in anticipation of the indemnity. To restore all the burned mission property, houses, schools, chapels, hospitals, will be the work of years. It is possible that something may be done toward co-operation, or division of the field, so that expensive establishments may not be needlessly duplicated. What is of more immediate concern to me is that the countries participating in the chastisement of China shall make a satisfactory settlement of affairs of the empire. It is to be feared that another Chinese government will never make possible the full and free development of Christ's kingdom here. Joint control by the powers, I fear, will never succeed; while the partitioning of China is likely to throw us under the dominion of Russia, which would render the revival of our work almost, if not quite, impossible. On the whole, while I believe partition is probably the best settlement, I am very glad the disposal of the whole matter is in the Lord's hands, not mine. I was not cut out for a diplomat or a judge.

August 15th—We are saved! Yesterday morning at 2 o'clock we began to hear the sound of cannon and machine guns, and our soldiers got in in the afternoon. Will write all about it, but must send this at once. God has been good, indeed.

Courtenay H. Fenn.

THE ANTICS OF CROKER.

From the New York Sun.

One of the great causes of Mr. Croker's strength as it was developed has been his reticence of speech and the sagacity of the few words he uttered. He has been hitherto a worker rather than a talker; but in this campaign he vies with Bryan himself in the turbulence and volume of language. He is bragging like a ward politician and dissembling like the cheapest demagogue catering for the lowest of voters. This man of repose and reserve has become transformed for the moment into a blatant agitator. His letter to the young men reads like the composition of some callow Tammany novice. Is not this a harrowing part for Richard Croker to play? Does not his playing it indicate that the Bryan campaign is in desperate straits?

You know, Mr. Croker, you cannot elect Bryan even by pretending to be a fool; and the game is not worth the candle. Why, then, are you sacrificing your reputation as a man of common sense, which really you are, first of all?

ABOUT PERSONS.

Mme. Richter, the daughter of Meyerbeer, the composer, has just presented her father's piano to the Royal Museum of Berlin.

Both the Prince of Wales and the King of Italy have a nervous affection of the muscles of the face which makes the left eye constantly blink.

Charles Warren, the story-writer is a Harvard man and was, before taking up literature, private secretary to the late Governor Russell, of Massachusetts.

Ex-Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, is threatened with the same misfortune as Governor Roosevelt, whom he severely censured some time ago. The physicians say he cannot make many more speeches without temporarily losing his voice.

Mrs. Richard Harding Davis has brought from abroad the toughest-looking English brindle bulldog that has ever stepped upon American soil. His forelegs almost form a complete circle, and his face, it is said, would give a stone image a nightmare.

Alfred Beit is said to have made millions more rapidly than any other man. He is supposed to be the richest man in the world, owns several South African diamond mines and is only 46 years old. His whole fortune of £200,000,000 was made in twenty-five years and his income is enough to make ten new millionaires every year.

The French are trying to surpass the Germans as lexicographers. They are doing painstaking work along that line. Mr. Adolph Hatzfeld has just completed his big dictionary of the French language, after nearly thirty years' labor. When he began it, in 1871, he calculated that it would be finished in four years.

John Morley reads nearly all the time. He has a book before him when he dines alone and when he drives, and very often is seen reading while he walks about some of the most crowded portions of London. This reading as you walked along the crowded street was an "accomplishment" which Macaulay was in the habit of practicing.

Charles B. Stuever, a millionaire banker and brewer of St. Louis, does not propose to have lawyers fighting over his estate after he dies. Mr. Stuever has just distributed his fortune among his six children, reserving $60,000, which he intends to give away by will. He came to this country in 1849, being then twenty years old, and began life as a farmer.

Young Queen Wilhelmina's joy knew no bounds, not long ago, when the Kaiser appointed her colonel of the Fifteenth Prussian Hussars, though it is not her first command. To be honorary colonel of a regiment of soldiers is one of the great ambitions of royal princesses. The lady colonels number about sixteen, and these appointments are confined to Germany and Russia.

Max O'Rell, the famous French humorist, who had been seriously ill at Rhurso, is gaining strength, and will soon be able to return to France. It is greatly feared, though, that he will never be quite himself again. One peculiarity about this writer is that he composes with unexampled speed and correctness. When he makes his last letter his copy is ready for the compositor.

While Hans Von Bulow was leading the orchestra at Hanover a peculiar noise pervaded the theater. At first he thought it resembled the flutter of wings, but soon he discovered an elegant lady fanning herself in one of the boxes close by. Bulow fixed his eyes on the offender in a manner which meant reproof. The lady, not heeding this, was suddenly surprised by the leader dropping his stick and turning toward her. "Madam," he cried, "if fan you must, please, at least keep time with your infernal nuisance."

"I would rather have my advertisement in one paper reaching the home, than in forty sold on the street."
Marshall Field.

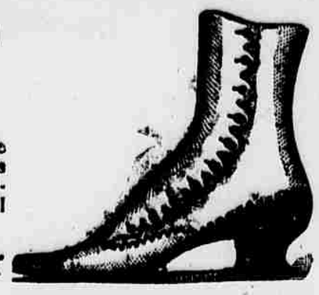
Over 85 per cent. of the circulation of the SCRANTON TRIBUNE is delivered directly into the homes.

IS YOUR HOUSE VACANT? IF SO, TRY A "FOR RENT" AD. IN THE TRIBUNE. ONE CENT A WORD.

Lewis & Reilly.
STAMPED ON A SHOE
Means It's O. K.

Many people ask, What's in a name? Shakespeare says that a rose would smell as sweet by any other name. But in trade a name means very much. We claim and there are thousands who will say the same thing, that our name stamped on a shoe means that the shoe is the best of its kind. The best at the price. Why? Because our name represents a life work in the shoe business. Our constant study, Our constant labor. And to it we have given our best thought and our best efforts, and you have helped us. New Fall Styles for Men and Women.

Our Melba Shoes
For Ladies.
In twenty-five different styles to suit everybody and fit all feet.
$3 per pair



Our Lewis & Reilly Shoes
For Gentlemen. Twenty-five different styles. 8 kinds of Leather.
3.50 per pr

LEWIS & REILLY, ALWAYS BUSY. 114-116 Wyoming Ave. ESTABLISHED 1888.

Mercereau & Connell
JEWELERS
Temporarily at
139 PENN AVE.

CONTINUED
FIRE SALE
And Bargains in
Jewelry, Silverwear, Etc
Not Damaged

Our full force of workmen at work again, as usual.

Watch Repairing and all kinds Jewelry Repairing and Engraving done promptly.

FINLEY'S
Black and Colored
Silk Petticoats

Your special attention is directed to our elegant and exclusive line of Petticoats which have just been opened. The cut and fit of this season's goods conform to the modern ideas of dress; and are different in many ways from other seasons styles. We make particular mention of three numbers in an entirely new French Pattern Skirt, in Black only, at

$12, $14 and $20

the entire body of which is made of a Pure Jersey Silk, pliable as a Silk Glove, with one plain and one accordeon plaited, graduated flounce of fine Taffeta. "They are exceedingly handsome and exclusive."

Other styles and numbers, in both black and colors, from

$3.75 up.

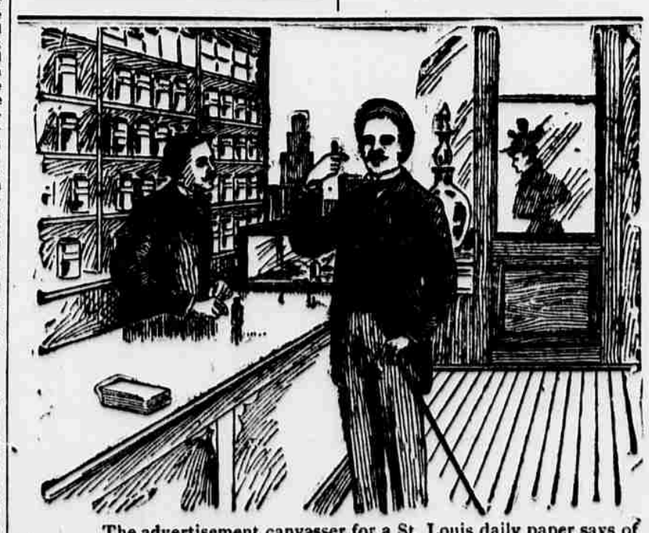
Two specials in black mercerized, of an elegant quality, and handsomely made at

$1.98 and $2.50.

on which we challenge competition.

We make a specialty of Moreen and Mercerized Short Length Petticoats to be worn with Rainy Day Skirts.

510-512
LACKAWANNA AVENUE



The advertisement canvasser for a St. Louis daily paper says of Ripans Tabules: "Ever since I can remember I have been troubled with constipation in its severest form. So acute, in fact, at times, as to produce dreadful headaches that, notwithstanding all the outdoor work afforded me by my vocation, and the latitude it allowed me to test my pedestrian abilities—which is supposed to be a successful manner of displacing constipation—I was very often compelled to forego my pursuit of 'business.' Constipation with me seemed to be hereditary rather than due to accidental causes, therefore much harder to relieve. In my extremity I often resorted to most drastic measures, but found no cure to be permanent. In 1892, while connected with the *Times* of El Paso, Tex., Ripans Tabules were brought to my notice, and I used them with marked success. Nowadays I never suffer from such severe cases of constipation, and the violent headaches I formerly experienced never worry me in the least. Sometimes, though, when I allow myself to lapse for a period into irregular habits, I become slightly constipated, but by taking the Tabules according to directions, my bowels again perform their functions in a highly pleasing manner."

"Don't Swear"

If you haven't the proper office supplies. Come in and give us a trial. We have the largest and most complete line of office supplies in Northeastern Pennsylvania.

If it's a good thing, we have it. We make a specialty of visiting cards and monogram stationery.

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