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WASHINGTON LETTER.

Washington, September 19, 1899. The panic of the administration over the situation in Ohio daily grows worse, and Mr. McKinley tells the Ohio Republicans who call on him that the state must be carried at all hazards.

Democratic confidence in success in Ohio is even greater than the Republican fright. Mr. McLean says he feels absolutely certain of being elected governor, and he is not the sort of man to say so without believing it himself.

The object of a delegation of Washington negroes, in calling at the White House, was a reminder of reconstruction days. They seem possessed of the idea that Mr. McKinley has power to interfere with the proposed election law in North Carolina, and they wish him to put a clause in his annual message to congress, recommending that the proposed election law be declared illegal because of its violation of the fifteenth amendment.

Ex-Senator Joe Blackburn, who has been resting a little in Washington, preparatory to returning to the stump, did not give the story that Colonel Bryan would not speak in Kentucky, a chance to get fairly started, before he headed it off by saying: "Mr. Bryan wrote to me that he would be glad to speak in Kentucky and would leave the details to me. There was no promise of any number of speeches, nor were any definite arrangements agreed upon."

The naval officials responsible for assigning Admiral Schley to the command of the South Atlantic squadron, the most undesirable flag-command in the navy, evidently felt a little bit ashamed, as they took the trouble to give out statements about the intention of the department to increase the number of vessels in the squadron, the importance of the command in case of war with Central or South America, etc.

Father John P. Chidwick, who was chaplain of the battleship Maine, has accepted the chaplain-generalship of the Spanish War Veterans.

QUAY HAS TROUBLES

The Campaign "A Comedy of Errors."

HIS OWN STATE CHAIRMAN.

Hard and Cruel Fate Continues to Pursue the Boss in His Efforts to Hold the Nose of the Party Up Stream.

(Special Correspondence.)

Philadelphia, Sept. 18.—The Democratic state committee is now more royally housed in Philadelphia than it has been in years. Large airy rooms have been fitted up "with Democratic simplicity" at 1408-10 South Penn square, within the shadow of the city hall, the costliest pile of marble, brick and cement in the world, a colossal monument of Republican extravagance and knavery.

Since our last epistle the political temperature in the state has risen somewhat, but has hardly touched summer heat from the fact that the Republican campaign has "slipped a cog." The loudly heralded intention of the Quay machine to open the campaign with a blare of trumpets, a battery of spellbinders and with Colonel Barnett raising the "blazing cross" aloft with one hand and the flag in the other, has been run on side track.

THE TROUBLE WITH BARNETT.

Colonel Barnett has got psoriasis, or, in plain English, the itch. This means that between the itch and the peppering in store for him and his aids and abettors that he and they will be kept scratching from now until the 4th of October.

Colonel Barnett is now in a sanitarium, and the opening of the campaign has been deferred until Oct. 4, when the Republican State League of Clubs will hold a fandango at Harrisburg, when the shooting of niggers in the Philippines will be glorified and pertinent state issues ignored again as completely as was the case with Quay's state convention. Meanwhile the Quay machine is beset with troubles, and like the ill luck man who begins to slide down hill, every fellow citizen stands ready to give him a kick to expedite his descent.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Quay's appearance before the last legislature in the role of "an old pantaloon," clamoring to be permitted to retain his seat in the senate, was "a comedy of errors," and the Republican campaign this fall promises to exceed it not only as a comedy, but as a farce-comedy as well.

The choice of General Reeder, who was kicked out of the Hastings cabinet for cause, for chairman, has been found to be an error. In the first place he is discredited and smirched with the Independent voters. Then his selection is the foolish flaunting of a red rag before the maddened insurgents. The famous resolutions he wrote for adoption by his Northampton convention, in which he termed anti-Quay members of the legislature and the anti-Quay legislators "cowards and traitors" and declared that "such masqueraders should be debarred from taking part in the deliberations of the party," is regarded as the serving of a formal and insulting writ upon them and their ilk that their votes are neither wanted or required for the Republican state ticket this fall.

Then, the machine's place holders are demurring at Chairman Reeder's assessment for campaign boodle on the ground that while he was in the luxurious enjoyment of the \$20,000 job of secretary of the commonwealth he refused to chip in a single penny to the state committee's treasury. Then, liberal contributors are declining to remit for the reason that they have no confidence in the committee's management, which is a most serious thing, since there is a debt of \$30,000 which will have to be liquidated, as the creditors are tired and urgent. But the troubles do not cease here. General Gobin, who is permitted to roam about without a check rein or a muzzle, and whom no politician will insure against committing blunders in a speech to the Grangers at Williams Grove, threw another handful of salt and pepper on the raw flesh of the insurgents by coarsely reminding them of their sins and that there are no seats checked for them in the Quay band wagon.

Then in the Quay privy council the Jealousies, the trace kicking and cow punching of the tin lieutenant, which have been so notorious, have broken out afresh, compelling the "old man," in sheer self defense, to send the "prince boys to bed and take the direction of matters in his own hands. "BULL" ANDREWS' MISTAKE.

The old Crawford rooster, Bill Andrews, who was deprived of his tail feathers while the "prince boys were amusing mankind with their "comedy of errors" during the legislature, has again been restored to the boss to power and favor on the basis of Captain Cuttle and old Sol Gills—that if "anybody kin, he kin." The bluff that the senate will seat Quay on Governor Stone's ready made and unconstitutional credentials having failed because McKinley and Hanna are again it, the machine's creatures have been secretly at work for some time in clearing the decks for a special session of the legislature, setting traps and snares, dyke nets and eel pots all over the state for the capture of insurgent members and "indooing 'em,"

as Artemus Ward would say, "to line the Young Men's Christian association" and to consent to vote for Quay. Uncle Bill Andrews being again in the saddle, started up toward the headquarters for big game and got as far as Washington county, but not being a "keerful injun," he neglected to destroy his trail. He is reported to have made a "proposition" to an insurgent member who was still sprung in the faith and who made report to the insurgent chiefs. But at all events Uncle Bill, whether he smelt "a plain clothes man" or not, hastily chucked his Bible and night shirt into a grip and departed for the far away land of the bear ezumas, where he is the proprietor of a gin-mine—the real thing, not the kind producing the gold bricks of politics.

ANNOUNCED BY RILLING'S PERSISTENCY.

But the troubles of the machine do not end with this by a darned sight. State Chairman Rilling some time ago sent a challenge to General Reeder proposing a joint debate between the state candidates, but the communication evidently found its way to the dead letter office. Chairman Rilling has hung on to General Reeder's ear, however, like a tickle on a coon's shin, and has again proposed a series of joint debates on state issues. In the last communication he says: "That all the matters at issue in this campaign, the election of a state treasurer, as well as judges of the supreme and superior courts, may be properly discussed, we respectfully suggest that we have throughout the state a number of joint debates, the details of the same to be mutually agreed upon by us. Let the speakers of both sides address the same audience from the same platform. Let each side present its case to the voters for their benefit. These matters ought to and can be discussed in a fair and proper spirit. You will please let us hear from you regarding this subject at an early date."

This challenge has been in the possession of General Reeder for some days, and he is treating it like the "man with an elephant on his hands." That he will turn its picture to the wall is about as foregone a conclusion as that the ascendancy of the Republican party means higher taxes and maldistribution. He will fall back on the defense that the Republican platform advocates shootin' niggers in the Philippines and that a Democrat has no right to live; that it is silent as to state issues, and that he has therefore no authority to raise and discuss issues that are not included in that "fearful and wonderful party" delirium.

His position reminds me of the Jersey justice of the peace who remarked to the young legal sprig who was quoting him the supreme court in the course of a case that "he wanted it understood that this court don't propose to go outside of the state of New Jersey for its law." Death and taxation are always with us, and so are troubles with the Quay machine.

STONE'S FOOT IN IT.

The latest vexation is due to the stupidity of Governor Stone the First. Certain long range politicians set a trap for Stone, which he unconsciously walked into. He was an easy mark. It was deemed desirable that an expression of trust should be obtained from some conspicuous member, some "shining light," of the Quay household, since the Quay platform is as silent on the subject as "the tomb of the Capulets."

It was believed that Quay himself was too old and experienced a fox to even smell at the bait, so the trap was set for Stone. The editor of the New York World was induced to invite Governor Stone to write that Democratic paper a screed on the question of trusts, which is now banking up like a storm cloud on the political horizon. To the general surprise the Keystone executive complied with a rough hewn defense of the trusts and of the promoters of trusts. He gave his opinion on trusts, although undigested blessings to mankind, are not a political issue, nor are they likely to become such. No fee-forgotten attorney of John D. Rockefeller or Phil. Armour could have defended or apologized with more zeal and boldness or less skill and ingenuity these criminal aggregations of capital, that are making the consumer squirm like skinned eels and are handing the nation over to a soulless money feudal oligarchy.

PENROSE AND ANDREWS TRAPPED.

The trap was again baited and Senator Penrose and Bill Andrews, the recognized lieutenants of the Quay machine, were interviewed by the Philadelphia North American, and they practically indorsed the trust position taken by Governor Stone, and so by this roundabout way the trust has been made an issue in this fall's campaign, and is so rated.

FUSION IN CHESTER.

The experiment of fusion on county offices between the Democrats and the good government and anti-machine forces in Chester has attracted wide attention. It is regarded by the machine leaders much as the people of the southern communities look upon an outbreak of yellow fever or the authorities of continental Europe the bubonic plague. It must be stamped out and quarantined against, lest it become epidemic.

A few days ago the question of fusion was submitted to the Democratic geomancers of Chester, the independents having already agreed to it. The machine leaders ordered the half a score of Cleveland holdover Democrats who are allowed to hold their jobs in the federal departments of Philadelphia and are used by them to attempt to defeat the proposition at the primaries, supplying them with handfuls of cash to buy and corrupt the electors. But this was one of the times that money didn't count, and fusion swept the beautiful county. Then these Democratic Judas' were ordered to buy some of the delegates to the county convention and join them in a bolt which had been planned by the Republican leaders for a Democratic convention. But this, too, miserably failed through the lynx-eyed watchfulness of Chairman Cavanaugh, although a Jim Crow bolt did occur, seven alleged Democrats walking out and solemnly taking steps to conceive

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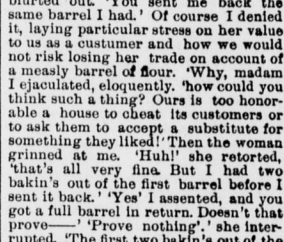
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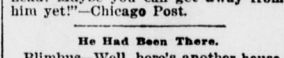
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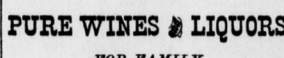
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FALL... Announcement. The fall season is again upon us; how fast the seasons come and go. It seems but a few days since we were advertising our spring and summer goods and now it is time to talk winter wear. Before the rush and hurry of fall business commences we want to say a word or two to our friends, and we take this method of so doing. First—For favors of the past we wish to thank our patrons, one and all; never has a store tried harder to please its customers, and we realize that our efforts have been appreciated; no pains have been spared and nothing has been left undone to give our patrons the best goods obtainable for the lowest prices possible; that we always have what we advertise, and that we always do as we advertise, every customer of this store knows full well. Second—We believe we have earned your confidence by deserving it, and we trust that our store shall ever have an abiding place in your mind when thinking of Hats, Shoes and Men's and Boys' Furnishings. Now, at the opening of the fall season, we extend to every person in Freeland and vicinity an invitation to call, and, if pleased with our goods, our prices and our business methods, to favor us with his or her patronage. Third—Our guarantee is nothing less than perfect satisfaction or your money refunded. Let us occupy the first place in your thoughts when you think of buying anything in our line.

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