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THE MAN OUTSIDE

By CLARENCE BOUTELLE.

CHAPTER XXV.

Picked Up—On the Ocean.

A sunny day, overhead, but with low-lying clouds along the horizon, which promised a rainy night. The Pond Lily (somewhat in advance of the steamer on which Miss Lurline Bannottie took passage from New York for Liverpool, as you may remember,) hurrying toward the east. Another steamer, of another line, a half-dozen miles or so to the north, doing her best to win in the race the two rivals were running.

Or—since it may be true that ocean steamers do not race—I'll restate the matter: The Pond Lily and another steamer were going east at a very rapid rate, some four or six miles apart, and the passengers on each were gathered on the decks, anxiously watching the progress, each of the other. Some seemed a little nervous and fearful, a large number seemed exhilarated, and a few were talking seriously of betting on the result of the—I almost wrote race, but suppose we say trip!

It made a great deal of difference to the actors in this history of the man outside—his friends and his foes—that Lurline Bannottie did not find it convenient to return to Europe on the Pond Lily; that she sailed from New York, at the time she did, instead of from Boston at about the time the Pond Lily took her departure from New York; and that in the—the (if I can't say "race," and if "trial of speed" is improper, let me write something which will pleasantly and not too suggestively cover the case) the comparison of rates of travel, the Pond Lily was at the south and the other steamer at the north of the strip of water which lay between them. For it might have been unpleasant for Captain Dennis to pick up the fruits of his—shall we say indiscretion, or shall we use a harsher term?—out at sea.

The northernmost vessel of the two suddenly stopped. The officers of the Pond Lily looked through their glasses, I doubt not, in a laudable effort to determine why the other steamer had stopped in her course, and more especially if she ran up any signals of danger or distress. If I am correct in this supposition, they failed to find out anything. No appeal for help floated out upon the air. There was no voiceless call for aid. Assistance has not asked. The Pond Lily's captain could scarcely have seen, from the position he occupied, and perhaps would not have understood if he had seen it, the boat which was lowered from the other vessel, and which was pulled away toward the north as fast as strong arms could propel it. He certainly could not have seen the tiny speck below his horizon, for it was on the very rim of the other vessel, on which a dot of white waved and beckoned—mute signal of a desperate need.

And so—the wheels of the ponderous machinery of the Pond Lily did not stop; their speed did not lessen; her course did not change; she went her way; she went below the eastern horizon, and out of sight. Since she and her captain went out of our story, some time since, I am glad she is gone. I hope I shall not soon feel that I owe the reader an apology for letting her even sail in sight of us.

They pulled the boat from the other steamer with a sturdy will. And, though the distance was a great one, the time was not long before they were by the side of the object of which they had gone in search—a pitiful object surely. It was the side of a heavy, rough box, never a part of a vessel, and of such a character that one could not guess what use it had ever been put to on shipboard. Fastened to it, by a ramrod from a rifle, was a piece of white cloth—ragged and tattered—which had been torn from a man's shirt. And on this tiniest of rafts, so small and frail that the waves beat over it constantly, so small that it afforded only the support which life demanded, and none of the protection which its occupant needed, so small that two men must have drowned had they attempted to trust their lives to it, was a man.

They thought him dead, at first, so pale and still was he, and imagined that the belt which fastened him to the raft so rudely extemporized had only served to keep him afloat—a corpse, waiting until the sea should give up its dead before he could tell his story, but kept from the rest which even the bodies of the dead seem to mutely crave, with neither sods upon his breast nor the rolling waves above him.

They were mistaken. The man was not dead. Hunger and thirst had done more against his hopes than they had in the case of Gilbert Senn, notwithstanding the fact that his rescue preceded that of Senn by twelve hours, and that Senn was cast away upon the ocean a half-day longer than he. The oars of the rescuing boat touched the frail raft, and the man looked up at them and smiled.

"You were in a bad fix, friend," said the officer in charge of the boat.

"Yes. In fact, I'm in a bad fix yet. I guess I can't do much to help myself; you'll have to lift me off of this thing, and haul me into the boat."

"All right; we'll do that. I'll venture to say you will have a new experience to relate when we get you warm and refreshed."

"I guess not; I've been cast away before."

"Indeed?"

"Oh, yes. I've followed the sea nearly all my life, and I've had several—several narrower escapes than this bids fair to be."

By this time they had him in the boat, well covered up, and his head resting in the lap of the officer who had rescued him.

"Pull away, men," said the officer. And they pulled for the steamer as earnestly, at least, as they had pulled away from her a short time before.

"May I have a drink of water?" asked the rescued man.

"Poor fellow!" said the officer. "I wish I had it for you. You shall have it as soon as we reach the steamer. You are very thirsty?"

"Very. But I've been troubled worse before."

"And you're hungry?"

"Ravenously so. I am starving. But I've suffered more than this."

"Weak, too, terribly weak?"

"Of course, and——"

"And you'd better not talk," said the officer.

"Better not talk? I tell you I will talk. Do you know how long I've been floating around here without a soul to speak to?"

"No. How long is it?"

"I don't know myself. I think I have somehow lost my reckoning. But it's been a good while. I am going to talk now. I don't think it would bore me now to have——"

"Well?" suggested the officer, when the pause had lasted for some time.

"Never mind," said the rescued man; "I was thinking of an inquisitive old fellow who was coming to visit me. I ran away from him."

"Ran away from him."

"Yes, in my yacht."

"In a yacht? And at this time of year? You got tipped over in a storm, I suppose?"

"No, sir, I didn't. I'm no fool in the management of a vessel, I can tell you. I felt as safe, and I was as safe, too, as far as anything of that sort was concerned, as I would have been on land."

"Well, what did happen?"

"We got cut down in the night. Some one ran an ocean steamer squarely over us. I think the yacht was cut clean in two and went straight to the bottom. I never saw one of the crew after we were struck, and I suppose they went straight to the bottom, too."

"You were the only one who escaped, then?"

"I think so. The man I was training came to me, and——"

"The man you were training? What do you mean?"

"My private secretary, I called him, though the name was given in sport instead of in earnest. He was a young fellow I'd taken a fancy to, though he was under a cloud and hadn't many friends; and thinking I'd test the stuff that was in him, before I made him the friend and companion I intended he should be, I took him with me on this voyage, and——"

"And you may tell the rest another time," said the officer; "here we are at the vessel's side, and you need food and drink and rest before you try to talk any more."

It was an hour later. The steamer was again upon her way. The new passenger was installed in comfortable quarters, and had been given food and drink in plenty. He had been made a hero of by the other passengers, although most of them were compelled to indulge in their hero-worship at a distance, as the captain promptly forbade his being disturbed and annoyed in his weak and suffering condition. But, at the end of an hour after the rescue, the waif of ocean asked for the young officer who had been in personal charge of the party to whom his rescue was due. The officer came. The man he had served held out his hand.

"My name is Jasper Jahnway," he said, "and I have sent to ask for you for three reasons: first, I want to thank you for the part you had in my rescue; second, I want to know the name of the man who took me into the boat; and third, since you seemed interested in my story, I want to tell you the remainder of it—that is, the remainder of the story of my being shipwrecked."

"My name is Bolton," said the young officer, taking the extended hand; "there is no necessity for thanks, as I was only doing my duty; but your story was interesting, and, if you will promise to lie still and not overexert yourself, and to stop if I see it is wearying you, I shall be glad to hear the rest of it. You were speaking of the gentleman you called your private secretary. I think you expressed a hope that he had been saved?"

"No. I dare not have such a hope. I only said he came to me, after the stroke which destroyed our vessel. I will tell you all about it."

"Yes, please do."

"I was in the cabin when the disaster occurred. I was cleaning a rifle; an ammunition-belt was buckled about my waist, and I had a ramrod in my hand; I suppose it isn't necessary to tell you, after the part you took in saving me, that without the one to use in fastening myself to the raft on which I escaped, or without the other on which to raise the signal you saw and answered, my story would be very different from what it is."

"Very different indeed," said Mr. Bolton.

Mr. Jahnway winced a little at the tone in which Mr. Bolton had spoken.

"I don't mean that I should have died," he said; "I only mean that the manner of my rescue would have been different."

"I understand you. You are not willing to admit that you might not have been saved?"

"I—don't—know—exactly. At any rate, I was saved, and, as I'm not in a philosophical mood today, I'll go back to my story."

"Yes. Let me hear the story."

"The steamer struck us amidships, cutting our vessel in two. I was thrown into the sea, falling out at one side of the cabin, where it was cut entirely open, and fortunately falling clear of the splintered wreckage which was, I fear, the cause of the death of more than one of my brave crew. I went down, of course, and I think without making a sound, though of that I am not sure. And if any one of the crew, any one of all those with me, except my private secretary, made a sound or gave a sign of life, it must have been when I was down in that first wild plunge in the sea."

"That was the end for them, then?"

"It seems so. I suppose most of them were dragged down, without a chance to make a manly struggle for life—drowned like rats in a trap."

"And you? What happened to you when you came to the surface?"

"It was a night of pitchy blackness. I could see nothing. I could hear nothing but the sound of the tempest and the work it was doing with the waters. But, full of that instinct which prompts a man to try to save his life, no matter how great his danger may be, I struck out and tried to swim. Almost as soon as I began my hand came in contact with something; I found it would support me, and I clung to it without making any examination of it until after I had rested a little and recovered my breath and some of my courage. Then I felt it carefully all over; it was the substitute for a raft on which you found me today, the side of a box in which I had taken certain supplies for my yacht voyage, and which had, fortunately for me, been broken up by the same blow which destroyed the Homeward Bound. This side of the box was, so I found, still strong and uninjured. The boards which formed it were strongly cleated together with thick pieces placed crosswise. In two places the boards were far enough apart, the cracks wide enough, to allow the passage of the belt I wore. I passed the belt through the cracks, and attached it to my clothing. I had the ramrod still in my hand when I came to the surface, and I had discovered a number of nail-holes in the boards, and had thought of the use I could make of one of them and the ramrod and a strip torn from my shirt, when the wind was not too strong, as a signal of distress. So I had carefully kept the ramrod while I fastened myself to my raft, and I found a string in one of my pockets with which I secured it beyond the possibility of losing it."

"I see. You were fortunate. That all done, I suppose you felt reasonably safe?"

"I am not well enough acquainted with you, Mr. Bolton, to know whether that is intended to be sarcastic or not. But I assure you I did feel reasonably safe."

"And knew yourself to be fortunate?"

"Yes, fairly so; relatively speaking, very much so."

"You are plucky."

"I hope so. My training in the school of experience has taught me to be. Of course I was not as fortunate as I might have been—if I had had my boat, for instance."

"You had a good boat?"

"An excellent one, and we always kept a small supply of food and water aboard her, as well as blankets and extra clothing. This was for the purpose of being ready for an emergency."

"And when the emergency came—"

Mr. Jahnway laughed. Now, he could afford to.

"When the emergency came, matters shaped themselves as they usually do. I was glad enough to let the boat go with the blankets and clothing, the food and drink, and be glad and happy and thankful that life was left me."

"The boat was lost, then?"

"I suppose so. I have never seen it since."

"And your private secretary? What of him? You have not forgotten your promise to tell me of him?"

Jahnway sighed. The tears came into his eyes.

"I have not forgotten," he replied; "I have not forgotten. But, somehow, it is harder work to speak of it than I thought it would be. I had fastened myself to my raft; I had secured my ramrod; I was beginning, in the darkness and silence, to plan for the future, for the new day which was coming, when a ripple stirred the waters near me, a ripple which I knew was not made by the forces of nature and night, having their way with the sea. I strained my eyes in that direction, but I could see nothing. I did not speak, for I did not think of the sound as being made by a swimmer. And then—without warning—a hand was laid upon the edge of my light support, almost on my own hand.

"'Thank God!' said a fervent voice.

"It was the voice of my private secretary.

"Then the raft, unable to bear a double weight, went under. He let go. We came to the surface again, I on my raft, he, so I judged by the sound, floating on his back, and holding on to the raft enough to prevent the waves from drifting us apart, while he did not use it in the least to assist in supporting his weight.

"'Who is it?' he asked.

"I told him.

"'God bless you,' he said, 'and keep you; if I live, I shall never forget when you took me in and trusted me when all the world was against me.'

"'I only did what was right and honest,' said I, 'and I relied greatly on the recommendation you brought me.'

"'I—I know; but you did much, so much. You made life bright again; you made a future possible. If I die, and you escape, tell them all—all—that I was innocent. And now, this raft—big enough and strong enough to save one—cannot save two; and so, good-by.'

"'Hold on!' I cried. 'You shall not leave me so. We will both remain here by the raft, and take turns in resting by its aid.'

"'No,' he replied, 'I will not do it. I would not condemn you to death, even if it would save myself. There may be something floating near us, in the darkness, by which I can save myself.'

"He held out his hand to me, feeling gropingly in the darkness for mine. I could not see him, but I can feel that warm pressure on my fingers yet.

"'Good-by,' he said, suddenly; 'good-by, and God bless and keep you.'

"He swam away from my side, the long, vigorous sweep of his arms giving audible evidence of his earnestness of purpose and the quiet determination of his self-renunciation. I did not speak. I could not."

"And you heard no more?" asked Bolton.

"And I heard no more. Not a cry from those lips of truth and kindness; not a stroke from those vigorous arms, after the time they swam out of my hearing."

"And you saw nothing of him in the morning?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"Nor of the wreck?"

"No."

"Well, I think you never will."

"I fear it."

"And your private secretary stood his test nobly."

"Grandly; perfectly."

"He was a noble man."

"Was? Oh, my God, can it be? Was? I fear you are right. And the world can ill afford to spare such men as he."

"You are right. But what of his trouble? You spoke of a shadow on his life; what was it?"

"He was accused of a terrible crime."

"Yes."

"And arraigned and tried for it."

"I see. And condemned, I suppose?"

"No, he was acquitted—by the jury. The world pronounced him guilty, and made him an outcast."

"And you, his friend, still trusted him, and took him into your service, and cared for him, and made a fair test of his character, full of faith as to what the result would be?"

"No, I had never seen nor heard of him until after his trial."

"But your goodness of heart went out toward him in his trouble. I suppose the one who had been most instrumental in bringing him to trial followed and persecuted him to the full extent of his powers?"

"No; on the contrary, he gave him a letter of recommendation. I should never have hired him if it had not been for that. The man who brought him to trial was his second best friend in all the world, if I—who gave him home and employment—may modestly call myself his best one."

"And what was his crime?"

"Well, there was a woman—"

"Yes," said Mr. Bolton, dryly; "there usually is."

"And he was accused of—"

Mr. Bolton shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't think we need waste our time over that," he said; "it is one variety of the same old story as has been acted out, over and over again, ever since God put men and women upon earth and dared trust them with one another and one another's happiness."

"Not quite, Mr. Bolton; he had never known her."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive. He had not even seen her. And she was killed, and——"

"Killed? Murdered?"

"Exactly."

"And he was tried for it?"

"He was."

"Mr. Jahnway, if your story is true, he never, never did it."

"My story is true, and you are right; he never did it. But it wrecked his happiness, and has cost him his life!"

Picked up at sea! Saved from a terrible fate! Seen when the chance was slightest—when a difference of a single mile would have turned the scale against you, perhaps for ever—when a less painstaking man on the lookout, or a man with less acute eyes, would have passed your signal by, thinking it the foamy crest of a wave, or the glint of the sunshine on the white slant of some seabird's wing—saved, when a less vigorous constitution might have left your eager rescuers nothing to find but an unavailing signal floating above the deed.

Saved, Jasper Jahnway; are you saved?

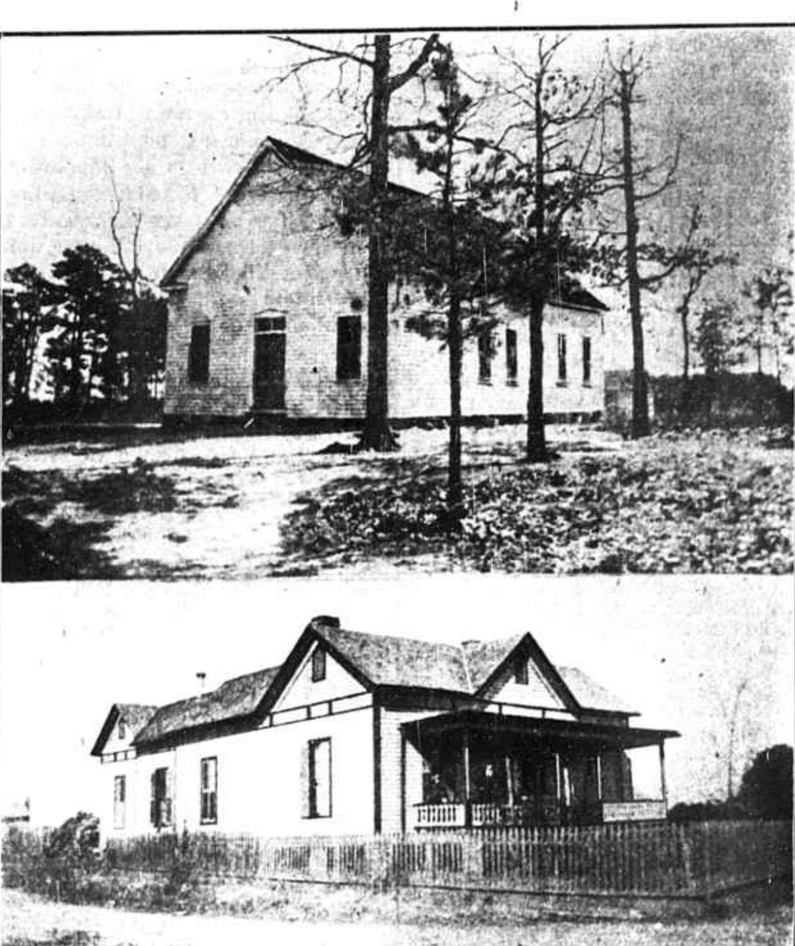
Shall you thank God for what He has done for you, or is it better to pray that He will do more wonderfully yet?

Saved! There is that coming into your life which may make it a charity to write no harsher word against it than lost. Be prudent; be watchful; be vigilant. It would be so terrible, O man who has braved the horrors of shipwreck not once only—nor twice—nor thrice—to have to sit down in the darkness some night, with a lost soul, despairingly regretting that you were picked up at sea.

To be Continued.

THE NEW NEELY'S CREEK ASSOCIATE REFORMED CHURCH.

We herewith present a cut of the handsome new church building that was dedicated last Sunday by the Neely's Creek congregation, a full account of which was published in The Enquirer of Tuesday. The Neely's Creek congregation was organized in 1790 and this is the fourth church building that has been erected on practically the same spot. The first pastor was William Blackstock, who at the same time occupied the same relation to Steel Creek in North Carolina and Ebenezer. Other ministers were Revs. William Dickson, Abraham Anderson, D. D., Thomas Ketchin, John Mushat, A White and supplies sent from the north. These last named ministers served during the period from 1804 to 1847, when the congregation was connected with the Associate Presbytery. In 1847 the congregation left the Associate Presbytery and became an Associate Reformed church again, the reason of the change being because of the insistence of the northern end of the Associate Presbytery that the brethren of the south were committing a great sin in sanctioning slavery. The first Associate Reformed pastor after the reorganization was Rev. R. F. Taylor. He served until 1851 and was succeeded in 1853 by Rev. L. McDonald, who continued in charge until the fall of 1870. Rev. C. B. Betts was installed pastor in 1871, and ministered to the congregation until the fall of 1889. There was a vacancy of three years after which Rev. D. G. Caldwell was installed. He served until 1891, and was succeeded in 1894 by Rev. Oliver Johnson, who resigned a few months ago to accept a call to Winnsboro. He is succeeded by Rev. W. H. Stevenson, just graduated from the Erskine Theological seminary and who accepted a call put in his hands at the meeting of presbytery in Yorkville last Tuesday. The first elders of Neely's Creek were Alexander Harberson, Samuel Lusk and Thomas Spencer. They were succeeded by Thomas Wylie, John Campbell, William Campbell and Jackson Spencer. In 1847 ruling elders have been inducted into office as follows: In 1847, Thos. Boyd, John Roddey, William Wylie, Samuel Wylie. In 1849, A. Templeton Black, David Roddey, Jonathan McFadden. In 1857, Matthew S. Lynn. In 1861, David C. Roddey. In 1868, D. T. Lesslie, John T. Boyd. In 1874, J. R. Patton, W. W. White and A. J. Walker. The elders' bench at this time consists of W. W. White, A. J. Walker, T. M. Allen, G. A. Gettys, W. S. Lesslie, W. S. Boyd, D. F. Lesslie, D. P. Lesslie, J. W. Simpson, T. E. Patton. The deasons are: J. S. Glasscock, J. T. Spencer, J. Wylie Roddey, J. R. Gettys, T. F. Lesslie, N. B. Williams, W. H. Spencer, E. B. Patton. The new building cost something over $7,000. It is complete in all of its appointments, has stained glass windows, handsome hardwood pews, rich carpeting, necessary desks, book cases and tables, session rooms, Sunday school room, vestibules, etc. There is a beautiful and costly chandelier, a spacious choir loft, and in fact all the conveniences that are supposed to belong to a modern city church.



THE OLD CHURCH AND PARSONAGE.

Sharpshooters of the Revolution.

As soon as a pioneer boy was big enough to level a rifle he was given powder and ball to shoot squirrels. After a little practice he was required to bring in as many squirrels as he had received charges under penalty of a severe lecture or even of having his jacket "tanned." At the age of twelve the boy became a fort soldier, with loophole assigned him from which to fight when the settlers rallied against an Indian foray. Growing older, he became a hunter of deer, elk, buffalo and bear, skilled in trailing and in utilizing cover, capable of enduring long marches through trackless mountain forests. At night he was content to curl up in a single blanket beside a small fire and sleep under the roof of heaven. If it rained, in a few minutes he built him a lodge of bark or boughs with no implement but his one pound tomahawk. Incessant war with the Indians taught him to be his own general, to be ever on the alert, to keep his head and shoot straight under fire. Pitted against an enemy who gave no quarter, but tortured the living and scalped the dead, he became himself a stanch fighter who never surrendered. The wilderness bred men of iron.

PICKING THE PRESIDENT.

How the Two Great Parties Select Their Nominees.

A LESSON IN NATIONAL POLITICS.

Party Government and How It Works to Make the Big Men Kill Each Other Off For the Benefit of Men of Less Capacity.

The constitution of the United States provides that any person, to be eligible for the office of president, shall have the following qualifications:

He must be a citizen born, and not a naturalized citizen.

He must be at least thirty-five years of age.

He must have resided in the United States during fourteen years prior to the day of inauguration as president.

Technically and in theory, women are eligible to the presidency. Judge Bradley, of the New York court of appeals, in the case of Wainwright versus Low, wrote a decision in 1890, containing this declaration: "An alien woman, by marriage to a citizen, becomes herself a citizen."

This is a recognition of woman's citizenship by the state of New York. In political practice her eligibility to the presidency is very remote, but not inconceivable. Belva Ann Bennett Lockwood, a woman lawyer, born at Royalton, New York, in 1830, was nominated by the Equal Rights party in 1884 and 1888 for president. She was not an appreciable factor in either contest, for she received only a handful of votes.

The best definition of a "citizen" in American jurisprudence is found in the fourteenth amendment to the constitution, which declares: "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the state wherein they reside."

A citizen is not necessarily a voter. A man might be elected president and serve, though he might never have had the right to vote. Each state makes its own franchise qualifications. A man who kept on moving from state to state might never attain a "voting residence," though always eligible to the presidency.

In our public schools the teacher truthfully says to the small boy: "You can become president." At some time in the life of every normal American-born boy and man the desire to be president takes possession of him, and with it the definite hope that he will some day sit in the chair at Washington. What are the chances of the young American?

The census of 1900 counted thirty-nine million males in the United States. Of these, approximately six million were foreign born and could not be considered for the presidency. Of the remainder, eleven million had reached the age of thirty-five years and were actually eligible. There were nine million males between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five years who were prospectively eligible, and thirteen million under twenty-one years who were remotely eligible. The number ineligible by reason of residence out of the country for fourteen years was comparatively insignificant.

For those who estimate chances by what is colloquially called the "form system," the following table of states that have produced presidents and vice-presidents is of value:

Presidents.

Virginia	7
Ohio	5
New York	3
North Carolina	3
Massachusetts	2
New Jersey	1
New Hampshire	1
Pennsylvania	1
Kentucky	1
Vermont	1

Vice-Presidents.

New York	4
Kentucky	3
New Jersey	2
Ohio	2
Massachusetts	1
South Carolina	1
North Carolina	1
New Hampshire	1
Vermont	1
Maine	1
Pennsylvania	1

When elected, eighteen of the presidents were practising lawyers; two were statesmen; two soldiers; two planters or farmers; and one, Theodore Roosevelt, was a public official.

Of these, four had been teachers in early life; two tailors (Fillmore and Johnson), and one a farm-hand (Abraham Lincoln).

Washington, Jackson, Van Buren, Taylor, Fillmore, Lincoln, Cleveland, and McKinley received only common school educations; the rest were all college graduates, having received their degrees from the following institutions:

William and Mary college, 3; Harvard, 2; Princeton, 1; Williams, 1; University of North Carolina, 1; Bowdoin, 1; Dickinson, 1; West Point, 1; Union, 1; Miami University, 1; Hampden-Sydney, 1; Kenyon College, 1.

Buchanan was the only president who never married.

Champ Clark, of Missouri, one of the Democratic leaders of the nation, said in a published interview recently: "There are one thousand men in the United States who would make good presidents. I could name a couple of dozen in the house; and although I am not so well acquainted in the senate, I might pick out a few there."

Under our party system, as developed up to the present time, no man can be elected president until he has been nominated.

To be nominated for president, a man must, as a rule, be a member of one of the great political parties, and such membership must be known to the majority of the voters of that party.

There have been exceptions to this rule. General Grant was not a Republican when he was nominated by the Republicans in 1868. It is even said by competent historians that he never voted the Republican ticket until after he had been eight years president. It is well known that the Democrats wished to make him their candidate in 1868.

Admiral Dewey was seriously considered by many leaders of the Democratic party in 1900 for the nomination, though he had never been openly identified with any party, and few knew whether he had voted the Republican or Democratic ticket.

The first regular national convention to nominate a candidate for the presidency was held at Baltimore, in 1831. Prior to that year the candidates were nominated in several ways.

The following are summaries of presidential nominations and elections prior to 1831. The candidates who were elected president are indicated by a star:

1789 and 1793—*George Washington, chosen by common consent; no nominations.

1796—*John Adams, Federalist candidate, nominated by informal caucus of congressmen. Thomas Jefferson, Democratic-Republican candidate, also nominated by caucus of congressmen.

1800—John Adams, Federalist, renominated by congressional caucus. Charles E. Pinckney, also Federalist, named with the understanding he should be candidate for vice-president. Democratic-Republicans shortened the name to "Republican," and nominated *Thomas Jefferson by congressional caucus. Republicans also named Aaron Burr. Jefferson and Burr each received seventy-three electoral votes, Adams sixty-five, and Pinckney sixty-four. The contest had to be decided by the house of representatives. As a result Jefferson was victorious. Burr, who was second, became vice-president.

1804—Charles C. Pinckney, Federalist, was nominated by congressional caucus. *Thomas Jefferson, renominated by Republican congressmen.

1808—Charles C. Pinckney, Federalist, nominated by congressmen. *James Madison, Republican, nominated by congressional caucus.

1812—George Clinton, Federalist, nominated at New York by caucus of seventy delegates from eleven states. *James Madison, renominated by caucus of Republican congressmen.

1816—Rufus King, Federalist, nominated by congressional caucus. *James Monroe, Republican, nominated by congressional caucus.

1820—No formal nominations. The period is called in our history the "era of good feeling." Of the two hundred and thirty-five electoral votes, *President Monroe received all but one, which was cast for John Quincy Adams.

1824—Political parties had all gone to pieces and there was no regular party nomination. A few congressmen got together in caucus and nominated William H. Crawford. In various ways, through state legislatures, mass-meetings, and informal conferences, Henry Clay, *John Quincy Adams, and Andrew Jackson were named and voted for. The campaign was a personal contest among four candidates. The result in electoral votes was: Jackson, 99, Adams, 84; Crawford, 41; Clay, 37. No candidate having a majority, the contest was referred to the house of representatives at Washington, and John Quincy Adams won.

1828—The Jacksonian Republicans adopted the party name "Democrat," and by state legislature and common consent nominated *Andrew Jackson. The John Quincy Adams administration party called itself "National Republican," and, by resolutions of state legislatures and mass-meetings, renominated President Adams.

Henry Clay and James G. Blaine believed that the presidency could be won only through luck, chance, fate, and providence. Clay was beaten for the nomination in 1839, and the nominee, William Henry Harrison, was elected. Clay won the nomination in 1844, but was beaten at the election. Again in 1848, he was beaten for the nomination, and the nominee, Zachary Taylor, was elected.

Blaine was the leading candidate for the Republican nomination in 1876. His friends were sure that he would be nominated. He got two hundred and eighty-five votes on the first ballot; Rutherford B. Hayes got sixty-one votes. For seven ballots the seventh ballot he got three hundred and fifty one votes—only twenty-eight short of the nomination. But Hayes received three hundred and eighty-four votes on the seventh ballot, five more than the necessary majority, and was declared the nominee and afterward elected.

In 1880 Blaine was beaten for the nomination by Garfield, and Garfield won the election. In 1884 Blaine easily won the nomination, but was beaten by Grover Cleveland.

After the Cincinnati convention of 1876 Blaine said: "I am the Henry Clay of the Republican party. I can never be president!" He was a fatalist.

For twenty years Daniel Webster sought the nomination and failed. The legislature of Massachusetts presented his name in 1836. That was the beginning and end of his first "boom." He had "booms" in 1840, 1844, 1848, and the final one in 1852. He could have been nominated for vice-president in 1848. He refused. He was too proud to take second place. Had he accepted the nomination for vice-president, he would, in all probability, have become president, for President Taylor died fifteen months after inauguration.

Republicans call the national convention of 1880 the "greatest" in the history of the party. They mean it was the most dramatic.

Ex-President Grant, who had served from 1869 to 1877, was again a candidate in 1880. The leader of his supporters was Senator Roscoe Conkling, of New York. On the first ballot Grant received 304 votes; James G. Blaine, 284; John Sherman, 93; Elihu B. Washburne, 31; George F. Edmunds, 34; William Windom, 10. James A. Garfield did not receive a vote.

Garfield's Dramatic Victory.

Garfield was at the head of the Ohio delegation, which was instructed for Sherman. He made the speech nominating Sherman. For twenty-eight ballots the friends of each of the six candidates grimly voted as on the first ballot with slight changes. On the thirty-fifth ballot Garfield received fifty votes. The Blaine and Sherman strength had begun to break. On the thirty-sixth ballot Garfield received 399; Grant, 306; Blaine, 42. The nominee required only 378 votes.

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