

# CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

Peace Reigns Among Ohio Republicans.

KICKERS WERE SQUELCHED.

Bushnell and Foster Promptly Laid on the Shelf.

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN

Whom Leaders Not In Sympathy With the Administration Succumb to the Power of Hanna-Forker's Meek Demeanor—Magnanimity of Grosvenor—Promotion of Mr. Dick. A Marvelous Platform.

[Special Washington Letter.] "Peace reigns in Warsaw" is one of the most famous messages ever sent out into the world, but it was the peace of death. "Peace reigns in Ohio" among the Republicans, but it is the peace of death to all who are not in rapport with the administration. A few angry protests, a few feeble struggles, a few groans, and the dark waters of Lethe rolled above the heads of Governor Bushnell, "Calico" Charlie Foster et id omne genus. It was tragic, but not unexpected, for Juggernaut is merciful compared with the Ohio Republican machine. "Hanna In Full Control" was the headline in a friendly metropolitan paper in great

jealously carrying around in the tall pocket of his famous Prince Albert coat. They wrestled with the Athens warrior all night, but as Aurora was purpling the east he emerged from the committee room red eyed, but victorious! The pesky kickers never succeeded in changing his handiwork even a little bit. The general not only got his platform, but he goes to the City of Brotherly Love as one of the Big Four. In fact, he is most of the Big Four. Of course the cheerful, handsome Dick goes along to help the general. And as there will be four seats provided in the convention hall for the Buckeye Big Four and as General Grosvenor can't occupy all four without straining himself, and as even Grosvenor and Dick combined cannot occupy all four without danger to their anatomies, they permitted Senator Joseph Benton Forker and Governor Nash to go also. As Grosvenor and Forker walk in side by side, arm in arm, with a smile upon their faces and the rancor of years in their hearts, they ought to be photographed as "the Heavenly Twins," and it ought to be done by the instantaneous process, for no man can tell how soon they will be at each other's throat again. Ambitious and far aspiring statesmen would do well to ponder the history of Joseph Benton Forker and be wise. Only a few years ago he was more in the public eye than any other Republican. Everybody expected him to one day be nominated for the presidency. Now he meekly accepts a position as delegate at large to help renominate the man who gobbled his mess of White House porridge. General Charles Henry Grosvenor is a much maligned man. He is accused of being implacable, and yet now, when at the height of his glory, he permits Forker to have some honors—Forker, who, when he was

major general will be more munificently "allowanced" than a paltry brigadier; but, whatever particular species of general Hon. Charles Dick now is, I suggest to General Grosvenor, the great keynoter, that he go into this campaign with the thrilling battlecry of "Dick and liberty forever!"

**McKinley's Fugleman.**  
I have one poignant regret touching the Philadelphia convention, and that is that for one brief, halcyon moment I cannot control the divers and sundry brass bands which will make the welkin ring on that occasion. If I were in charge, just as General Grosvenor, the real leader of the Ohio Big Four appeared, followed by Senator Forker, once fondly called "Little Breeches" by his admirers and denominated "Fire Alarm" by those who loved him not, I would have all the bands strike up "Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes!"

General Grosvenor's going to Philadelphia as chief fugleman is in keeping with the eternal fitness of things. He helped to rock the cradle of the Republican party, and no one is better entitled to follow its hearse. By long and distinguished service in the cause of McKinleyism he has achieved "the bad eminence" of being chief mourner at its funeral.

The Ohio platform is as remarkable for what it omits as for what it contains—that is, it would be remarkable if it had been made by any other set of men on top of ground except Ohio Republican platform makers. I put in this saving statement because it will be remembered that in 1896 the Ohio Republicans put such an amazing and enigmatical financial plank in their platform that it remains an insoluble marvel to this day.

This time they practically ignore the Porto Rican tariff bill and the principle, "The less said the sooner mended," but if they suppose that by playing the role of ostrich and, hiding their head in the sand, they have shifted discussion as to that question, they are reckoning without their host. They will have to debate that question, never fear, and to explain the president's change of mind and heart and Mr. Chairman Sereno E. Payne's lofty somersault and the mental acrobatic feats of certain other Republican statesmen.

**Great Acrobats.**  
It was, however, when they struck the trust question that the Ohio platform builders achieved their greatest success in acrobatics. I don't know whether to give General Grosvenor credit for this, as the press reports say it was "added to the platform brought from Washington." However that may be, I regard it as a gem. Here it is:

The Republican party of Ohio stands committed to legislative and executive opposition to the threatening combinations of capital that seek to restrict competition and stifle independent producers. We invite within our borders the capitalistic investments that are material to the industrial development of the state and the largest employment of labor, but we insist that injurious combinations shall be forbidden and so called trusts shall be regulated from time to time and be so restricted to guarantee immunity from hurtful monopoly and assure fair treatment and protection to all competing industries.

I defy any mortal man to tell what it means. It appears to be an attempt to be all things to all men, thereby hoping to win some. It makes one dizzy to try to fathom it. People not immune to the vertigo and apoplexy will leave it severely alone.

**Self Nominated Boss.**  
There is one thing about the recent Ohio Republican convention to which I wish to particularly call the profound, prolonged and prayerful attention of Hon. William Eaton Chandler, senior senator from New Hampshire, as well as adviser in general to the universe and to the Republican party in particular. It is the miraculous manner in which Hon. Marcus A. Hanna "effaced" himself. It will be remembered that some months ago Senator Chandler informed Senator Hanna by an open letter, public interview or some such document that the best way to insure success for the Republican party was for the former to "efface himself." At that time I pointed out to the Granite Mountain statesman and philosopher that he was "seeking the unattainable" after the manner of Boston transcendentalists; that inventing perpetual motion, extracting moonbeams from green cucumbers, binding its odor to the lily or the a to slumber stilly—all this was dead easy—easy as falling off a log, and a slippery log at that—compared to the job he had undertaken of inducing Senator Hanna to "efface himself." The task of Sisyphus and the labors of Hercules were holiday performances when brought into competition with the work of effacing Mark or of inducing that illustrious patriot to "efface himself." Now, I am in position to say to Senator Chandler, "I told you so." Mark did some "effacing" at Columbus, but by what must appear a strange process to Senator Chandler it was the other fellow Mark "effaced" and not himself. Mark doesn't object to doing political murder, but he draws the line at political suicide. It isn't recorded that Mark's great prototype, the Old Man of the Sea, destroyed himself. Au contraire, as our Gallic friends would say, Sindbad gave him the coup de grace. I guess Senator Chandler has read that entrancing story.

Mark challenges admiration by the open manner in which he practices in the last year of the nineteenth century—if not the first of the twentieth—that some men—most men—are born into this world to be ridden and others—very few—are born, booted and spurred, to ride the many. Mark is the self-nominated boss rider.

*Champ Clark*

**Bainbridge Wharf Collapses.**  
BAINBRIDGE, Ga., May 8.—The Plant system wharf here collapsed Saturday morning. The crash came at an early hour and only an engineer and a negro were on the wharf. They narrowly escaped with their lives. The wharf was heavily laden with freight, which caused the wreck.

## A VISION BY AN EX-CANDIDATE.

Campaign Reflections From Deep Down in the Soul of Guv.

We note the candidates are stringing out and getting ready for business, and we'll notify 'em that the voters are organized and are ready for business. Come out and come on ye afflicted bretheren, afflicted with what the doctors might term scabies mamilla, which is a biennial epidemic that regularly attacks the community, more or less severely, and is simply an itching desire to quit plowing and to suck at the public pap. The candidate stage of this affection is quite serious, tho' never fatal. The most serious and trying stage is after you are completely cured. (Those patients who are permitted ever to get a taste of the pap are never cured.) The cure consists in wading into a stream called Primary creek. There are three of these creeks. Most of you afflicted bretheren will receive your cure in the very aidge of the first stream, and, for your consolation, we'll state that you'll be the most thoroughly cured and will not probably ever contract that type of scabies any more during your natural lives—and be safe after death. Others will wade in more or less deep before they are healed and restored to their right mind. A few may be able to cross over, and this only aggravates the symptoms for a little while, and until they reach second Primary creek and still fewer, may be, will have to paddle a little in the rill called 3d Primary, but most of you will be prone to stand on the windward banks and sing, "On Primary's stormy banks I stand and cast a wistful eye. Oh, how wistful!" Well, we don't blame you, for that pap is mighty sweet diet—we sucked at it once, in the long ago, and still say "You may break, you may ruin our hopes if you will, but the flavor of that pap will hang around still." Well, you are a mighty sweet set, a mighty promising (?) job lot of suckers, you are, and you'll find a mighty promising (?) assortment of voters just "a laying for suckers." Mind what we tell you. You remind us much of a pack at a fox hunt, only you are of all breeds and qualities. Some of you have already broke cover and given tongue to that resonant "(a)-n-o-u-n-c-e!" and are spread over the field, some after big meat and some only "smell a rat" of an office somewhere, others are still in the woods trying to strik some more or less hot little trail and then they'll also break cover and "(a)-n-o-u-n-c-e!" Then soon we'll blow you all up and the timbre of your voice will change to that shrill yelp, "ability, ability, ability." Some of you, perchance, will want to be sent to the state house when that other institution across town might be more appropriate and more beneficial to you—and to us (We think this last suggestion will apply to a large portion of the recent occupants of the state house. Bill Arp says "the Georgia legislature is composed of 240 members—mostly fools"—and there are others. Others of you will offer for Bro Nash's place, and itch to sign yourself C. C. C. P. and G. S., and haply don't know what it signifies, and possibly your conception of the duties is some undefined idea that they will consist in furnish ing Bro Bradwell with plenty of ink and stub pens and your own portion will be only to pose your osbum cum and dignity in front of the judge's bench and learn to say "You will well and truly try and true deliverance make," and so forth. Well, Bro Nash might not be selected as a model for a statue of Apollo, but his osbum and dignity and suavitu in mode has passed satisfactorily and compensatorily thus far. Some of you may possess more physiognomical pulchritude, but then do you know the difference between a vinyri fashus and addimus protestatim, or words to that effect? Others of you will want to be sheriff, and we bet you don't know how to handle a double back action brass rifle bowitzer can non if Simon Cooper was to rise again. Some more of you would like to draw Bro Rembert's sup salary and lick pot luck among the patrons. Yes, and there'll be some more of you wanting Bro Ad Moses' eboes (and sox, too, we reckon) and be quite anxious about killed people, and heart failure and congestion of the gizzard and sich, and you'll promise "to the best of my ability," et cetra, and wouldn't know how to proceed to hold an inquest over a dead letter—perhaps. And, Oh yes, there'll be some more of your pack that'll be yelping on the trail of county supervisor, which you opine you'll (a) Dorn better than Marion, and you'll be making us git edge promises, like the voters are going to make to you, and assure us that we'll all have "a hard road to travel" if you are allowed to grade and work 'em. Well, we are going to tote fair and give you a hard road to travel," too—the day after the primary. But, Oh, you'll have a daisy time 'twixt now and then, for you'll find the whole community affected with an epidemic, too, an epidemic of broad gauge smile, and they'll feed your critter on the most succulent corn tops and feed you on chicken pie and water melon and other beverages and much taffy, and all

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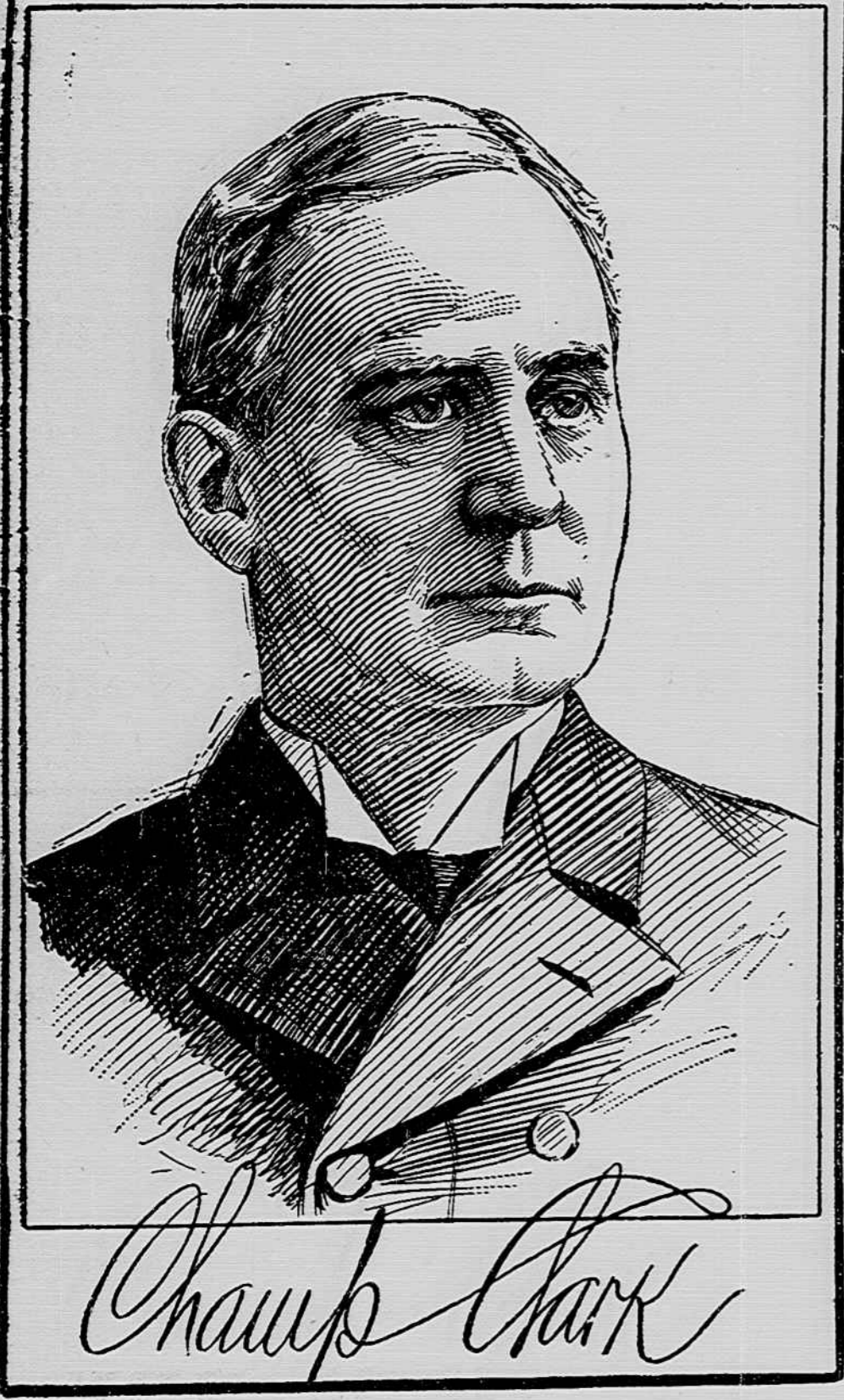
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black letters, as though there was something startling or novel about that. We might as well be surprised by a telegram from the bottomless pit announcing that "satan is running things down here!"

Tempora mutantur! Times change. Indeed they do. Some years ago Charlie Foster was a congressman of renown, then thrice governor of Buckeye, then secretary of the treasury—always in the elder day a prime favorite with Ohio Republicans; not without presidential aspirations. At least he was one of the Warwick who pushed John Sherman off his presidential stool on a memorable occasion at Chicago and set James A. Garfield up in his stead. How John must snicker in his sleeve as he sees Mark insert his poisoned dagger under Charlie's fifth rib and turn it around! Byron was a great philosopher. "Sweet is revenge!"

How are the mighty fallen! This same ex-Congressman, ex-Governor, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, ex-Warwick, ex-Aspirant to the White House Charles Foster could not even procure himself to be elected a delegate to the Philadelphia convention and gave forth a feeble but ironical squeak about not desiring to interfere with "the most excellent state prepared in Washington." Alas and alack, that so amiable a statesman should be disposed of so unceremoniously!

**Harmony and Hanna.**  
It was Harmony and Hanna or Hanna and Harmony with a big, big H. And some poor half lunny Bushnellites, with a timidity that is astounding, tried to put a spider into the dumpling of my revered and gentle friend from Athens, General Charles Henry Grosvenor! Too bad! They even endeavored—impudently, as I believe—to alter or amend or curtail or augment the platform which the general had kindly and self abnegatingly concocted in Washington and was laboriously and governor, took from him vi et armis a nice, juicy, little piece of pie—I say vi et armis, for I am certain that the

general would never relinquish any piece of pie, great or small, in any other way. Now he heaps coals of fire on Forker's head by permitting him to be one of the Big Four.

**Rank of General Dick.**  
Another thing on which I congratulate General Grosvenor and Field Marshal Hanna is the deftness and ease with which they promoted Hon. Charles Dick from the comparative obscurity of a political colonelcy to the rank of "general." I hail "General" Dick! I am always pleased to see any fellow representative climb the ladder of fame. Particularly am I gratified to see Hon. Charles Dick mounting high. One of my most agreeable recollections is of another Mr. Dick; not an Ohio Republican Dick, but Mr. Charles Dickens' Dick. I formed his delightful acquaintance in the pages of "David Copperfield" of immortal memory. He is an old friend; he lingers with one; he was not a prominent statesman, as is Hanna and Grosvenor's Dick. Indeed his whole stock of philosophy appeared to be to recommend people to take a bath—to be washed clean—a performance which Mr. Charles Dick could recommend with profit and good conscience to his Republican bretheren in Ohio and, truth to tell, everywhere else.

But, while the Associated Press dispatches make it clear that Hanna and General Grosvenor promoted Hon. Charles Dick, as aforesaid, by some such formula as "Kneel, Colonel Dick; rise up, General Dick!" they leave one point in mystery, and that is whether Hon. Charles Dick is Brigadier General Dick, Major General Dick, Lieutenant General Dick or full General Dick. I wish General Grosvenor, who is fertile in resources, would vouchsafe us a bill of particulars as to General Dick's exact rank. It would save trouble and would enable a seeker after truth to estimate somewhat approximately, for in this day of liberal "allowances" to generals it truly must be that a full general or a Lieutenant general or even a

wool, yard wide, promises. You'll receive something less than half million of the very best quality of these, free of cost, only we can't warrant 'em not to shrink. This is owing to the dog gone managers of the primary, who always did have a bull headed way of insisting that the promises must be christalized into solid votes before they'd handle 'em, and a half million promises some times most generally always most pan out more'n about half a gross of votes. But you'll enjoy the "precious promises" and melons and taffy and free board and wipin' the baby's nose and lie'n to the women that that's the way you always do at home, and spillin' the men's breath with fues X pop skull out of a five X bottle. Yes, and you'll begin to think that the consolation of a camp meet'n aint nothing longside the bleesful bliss of a campaign—until primary day,—that direful day, when you'll be reminded of that verse in scripture which reads, "I said in my haste all men are liars," and you won't be in any hurry when you say it and add some stressful language not used for Sunday school purposes. And you'll think, too, of "This world is all a fleeting show," and "I would not live always," and you'll "Ask not to stay" any longer, but run your hands down knee deep into your racoons pockets and head for home and pull out that rusty sweep and viciously knock it off and elap on a turn plow, and cuss at your critter as tho' it had been wastin' time runnin' for office, and dig the plow in deep, and sorrowfully start to breaking grass roots and covering hay, while you dolorously ponder if you are any kin, now, to yourself a few days ago. Well, may the Lord help you and bless you, and, by some miracle of grace, save you, if possible.

Guv.  
Wee Nee, May 7, 1900.

**The Work of a Newspaper.**  
In a sermon in the First Baptist church of Wilmington, N. C., last Sunday night, from the text: "The making of many books there is no end," Rev Calvin S. Blackwell discussed newspapers as well as books. Among other things, he declared that "the printing office is school, college and university for the brightest intellects of every age," and said:

"A newspaper office is a school of unselfishness. No other class serves a community so well and too often for so little pay either in cash or appreciation. Every day and night the newspaper is doing free work for the general betterment of the community. If a lawyer was called upon by the city authorities to do for the city the same amount and no more valuable writing than that which every newspaper does free every day the charge would be \$50 or more. If the newspapers were to cease for a week it would be as dark and lonesome as if the pall of an eclipse covered us, and Wilmington would be to the outside world practically as though she were not."

It is refreshing to hear a man stand up in the pulpit occasionally with a practical view of the great work that is done by the newspapers. For the most part, preachers think they are doing their full duty toward the press of the country when they inveigh against sensationalism and Sunday newspapers; but this is barely touching the hem of the garment of the work of a newspaper, and Mr. Blackwell has spoken truly in what he had to say concerning the continuous work that is done for the town in which a newspaper is published, and gratuitously, but frequently without the slightest evidence of appreciation on the part of the community—Augusta Chronicle

**Special Rates on the Southern**

Democratic State Convention, Columbia, S. C., May 16th 1900—Round trip tickets will be sold May 15th and 16th, with final limit May 19th. Rate for round trip from Sumter, S. C. \$2.25.

Grand Lodge Meeting Knights of Pythias of South Carolina, Charleston, S. C., May 15th, 1900—Round trip tickets will be sold May 14th and 15th, with final limit, May 19th. Rate for round trip from Sumter, S. C. \$1.45.

Firemen's Tournament, Greenville, S. C., May 15th-16th, 1900—For individuals a rate of one first class fare for the round trip. For firemen in parties of ten or more on one ticket, in uniform, rate from Sumter, S. C., will be \$3.30 for the round trip. Tickets will be sold May 15th, with final limit May 18th.

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