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Prayer meeting Wednesday night.
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Champ Clark's Letter

Illinois Democrats Uniting For an Assault on the Enemy -- Republican Factions Wrangling -:- :-:

[Special Washington Letter.]

RECENTLY I have been in Illinois, lecturing a good deal. At the old Salem Chautauqua, near Petersburg, close to where Abraham Lincoln once conducted a country grocery store, General Charles Henry Grosvenor of Ohio and myself engaged in a joint lecture on the general politics of the day.

By close inquiry I discovered that the Democrats of Illinois are getting together and girding up their loins for a united and triumphant assault upon the enemy's works, while the Republican factions are clawing each other in such a Kilkenny cattish way that it augurs well for the Democrats. Governor Richard Yates, his appears to be a misfit in the gubernatorial chair, and there are curses not only deep, but loud, against the capers cut by his machinists. It is supposed that his excellency desires another term, though the signs indicate that if he forces himself upon his party as the nominee there will be an open revolt by the antimachine Republicans. Private Joe Fifer, the ex-governor whom the late John Peter Altgeld knocked into a comatose condition, is manifesting signs of resuscitation and is having himself numerously mentioned for governor, but if Joseph is really aware of which is the buttered side of his bread he will freeze on to the office which he now holds, that of interstate commerce commissioner at a salary of $7,500 per. He had his day in court, and a generation has grown up that knows not Joseph.

Colonel Vespasian Warner, congressman for Clinton, is also mentioned for governor. Warner—"Pash," as his familiars call him—is a fine gentleman and would do honor to the place. He and his most estimable family would grace the gubernatorial mansion at Springfield.

Benjamin F. Caldwell.

Unless, however, the Republicans cease wrangling neither Yates nor Fife nor Warner nor any other Republican will be elected governor of Illinois. That honor will go to Benjamin F. Caldwell, the able and indefatigable Democrat who now represents the Springfield district. Caldwell is not an orator he is a worker. He believes in conducting the government as he conducts his own affairs—on strictly business principles. He has made an eminent success of his own affairs, and he would make an eminent success in the gubernatorial office, just as he makes an eminent success of his position as congressman. The only question appears to be whether Caldwell—Ben, as he is universally called all over central Illinois—can be induced to give up his place in the house of representatives, which he likes and which he can hold as long as he pleases, for four years as governor. It is difficult to discover whether Caldwell is really ambitious or not, even after serving with him six years in the house. He is modest, unassuming and close mouthed. He appears to believe the old proverb, "Speech is silvern; silence is golden." For that reason, if no other, he would make an ideal candidate for governor. If he will accept the nomination he can call to his assistance the best stump speakers in congress, who will give the Sucker State a great shaking up from Cairo to Chicago. One thing, if he is ambitious, ought to induce Brother Caldwell's run for governor, and that is this: If a Democrat is elected governor in 1904 he would at once become a possible, if not a probable, Democratic presidential nominee in 1908, and Benjamin F. Caldwell would look well seated in the chair of Washington, wearing the mantle of Jefferson. What's more and better, were he in the White House people would know that as good a Democrat as ever trod shoe leather was at the helm of the ship of state.

Human Nature Paramount.

Governor Durbin of Indiana may issue all the sonorous addresses that he pleases against lynching and President Roosevelt may write him congratulatory epistles until he suffers from pen paralysis, but they will not thereby stop lynching. There is only one way to stop it, and that is for all men, white or black, to stop making felonious assaults upon women. Rape and lynching go together as surely as water seeks its level. Of course lynching is contagious, and, being started in a community by reason of rape, it spreads to malefactors guilty of other crimes. To once more quote Mark Twain, "Human nature is very strong, and we all have a heap of it in us." For some time it was popular up north to abuse the southern people as barbarians because, under great provocation, they sometimes pulled off a lynching, but now that lynching bees have become popular in the north and colored people are fleeing for their lives from the Republican states of Illinois and Indiana into the Democratic states of Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, Republican Pharisees up north no longer get a hearing when shooting off their mouths about southern lynchings. The old saying, "Let him that is guiltless throw the first stone," seems to be of universal application in this country just now. Of course no defense of lynching is herein made. I am discussing what is and not what ought to be. Everybody ought to live up to the Golden Rule, but such is not the case. It is as true today as it was nineteen hundred years ago that "it must needs be that offense will come, but woe unto him by whom it cometh." The latter is the one who gets his neck stretched. There is an agitating method by which a man can prevent the violent elongation of his neck, and that is to observe the law, common, statutory and moral. Otherwise he is liable to be elevated to an inconvenient height, with nothing to stand on.

Exit Miles.

The administration for some inexplicable reason kept up its persecution of Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles down to the very moment of his retirement from the army. [Wherefore? Because somebody has all along been afraid that the greatest Indian fighter that ever wore the American uniform might develop into a large presidential quantity. There is no doubt that that ever present fear was the reason why General Miles was given no opportunity to display his martial genius in the Spanish and Philippine wars, and that is the reason why he has been snubbed, ignored, and humiliated for years. American citizens will not enjoy comparing the glowing eulogy which President Grover Cleveland—a man by no means in the habit of slopping over—passed on General John M. Schofield in the order retiring that illustrious soldier and the curt manner in which Mr. Secretary of War Elihu Root and Adjutant General H. C. Corbin dispose of General Miles.

The retirement of General Miles provokes apropos Dr. Samuel Johnson's famous lines on Charles XII. of Sweden, one of the greatest soldiers that ever lived:

On what foundation stand the warrior's pride;
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide:
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.
No joys to him pacific sceptre yield;
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their power combine,
And one capitulate and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain.
"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast
And winter barricades the realms of frost.
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day.
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemned a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

V. P.

It is queer how differently things turn out in this world from the fashion in which they are planned. Some time ago it was given out that President Roosevelt had declared that "the nomination of a vice presidential candidate must be left to the convention." For the self abnegation manifested therein and thereby by the president great praise was bestowed upon him. But he seems to have repented of his generosity toward the convention. Having selected the presidential candidate in his own person and having dictated the remarkable Iowa platform as a forerunner of the national platform of 1904, Colonel Roosevelt has practically named Governor Durbin of Indiana as the antilynch Republican vice presidential candidate by the famous letter addressed to his excellency. Durbin's sudden prominence shows how easy it is for a man to jump into the center of the stage provided he is located right geographically. A week ago Durbin was a name unfamiliar to the American ear; now well advised persons see in him Colonel Roosevelt's running mate. A year hence in all probability Republicans will be spitting their throats and straining their vocal chords yelling for Roosevelt and Durbin. While nobody has appointed me to act as the spiritual, legal or political adviser of the Republicans, I make bold to propound to them this question: If they are searching for an antilynch candidate why overlook the sheriff of Vermilion county, Ill., who with his trusty Winchester stood off the mob and in heroic manner discharged his sworn duty? Durbin did nothing except issue a turgid ex post facto address to his militia at a safe distance from the scene of danger. The sheriff of Danville is clearly entitled to precedence over the Hoosier governor.

Better Grab It.

There is a rumor to the effect that Governor Benjamin B. Odell of New York has been offered the presidency of the Union Pacific railroad and has declined it. To a mere looker on in Vienna it appears that Benjamin would be exercising a great deal of wisdom by accepting. Many well informed New Yorkers believe that he was defeated for governor last fall and that Hon. Bird S. Coler, the Democratic candidate, was counted out by that gang who are forever posing in public places of virtue, intelligence, patriotism and political purity and who have never yet failed to steal any office within their reach, from the presidency down to constable. But even granting that the official returns, which gave Odell a paltry 8,000 majority, were correct, still the smallness of the majority causes all persons who know anything about it to regard New York as safe for the Democrats in 1904. So that after January, 1905, Governor Odell is quite likely to be what the late vitriolic orator from Kansas, Senator John James Ingalls, would denominate "a statesman out of a job." When Czolgosz murdered President McKinley he changed the current of the lives of several ambitious gentlemen. Among them was Governor Odell. Until that time he seemed to be much nearer the presidency than Colonel Roosevelt, but the bullet which ended President McKinley's life also blasted Governor Odell's presidential prospects, if not his presidential aspirations, and sent Colonel Roosevelt's presidential stock soaring skyward. Of course Czolgosz had no idea that he was doing all that, but he was. Governor Odell is young and ambitious. Hope springs eternal in the human breast—especially in the breasts of those who are afflicted with the presidential fever, the most virulent disease known to allopathy—but he certainly does not hope that New York, which has never furnished a Republican presidential nominee, will now furnish two hand running.

Hearst.

The name of William Randolph Hearst as a presidential possibility bobs up serenely and with increasing frequency these days. The chief reliance of his friends is on the vote and influence of organized labor. That vote and that influence will elect him if he is nominated, and it will not be at all a surprise to careful observers if that vote and that influence nominate him. Quite recently the National Building Trades Council, in session at Denver, indorsed Mr. Hearst for the presidential nomination. Hearst has, ever since he reached manhood's status, stood the friend of organized labor, and it appears now that his bread cast upon the waters is returning after many days. He is now a representative in congress, which position will enable him still further to advocate his theories, not only for the betterment of the condition of the wage earners of the country, but for the amelioration of the condition of the vast masses of the American people. It is a 10 to 1 shot that his services in the house will improve his presidential prospects. His father, Senator George Hearst, left behind him a fine record as a national legislator. He was one of the leading Democrats of his day—the leading one on the Pacific coast—and the son seems to be following in the footsteps of his honored sire and to be worthy of him. Indeed the position of Hearst fils is more advantageous than that of Hearst pere, because the son has three great metropolitan dailies in which to exploit his views—a power possessed by no other man in the land. From that colign of vantage he commands a view of the whole political field and wields a tremendous influence.

Filipino Troubles.

Whatever else we annexed by the treaty of Paris, we undoubtedly annexed "a sea of troubles," to borrow an expression from the Bard of Avon. Some of these troubles have been in full view from the beginning, while others are just beginning to unfold themselves. For instance, it has grown to be a custom for American officers to bring in Filipino and Japanese servants on government transports. It had grown to be such a nuisance that it had to be checked by the quartermaster's department. Many of us have contended patriotically from the beginning that the Philippines would be made the breeding ground for the pauper labor not of Europe, but, what is far worse, for the cheaper pauper labor of Asia. The foregoing facts indicate that we were right in our contention. It's high time that American laborers were waking up to the imminent deadly peril in which our possession of the Philippines places them.

That Tired Feeling.

When James J. Jeffries gave James J. Corbett those two awful wallops in the stomach the pompadour must have experienced the same tired feeling which afflicted Senator Marcus Alonzo Hanna at the late Ohio Republican convention when "Fire Alarm" Senator Joseph Benson Foraker, as leader of the Roosevelt cohorts, knocked him clear over the ropes in the first round. That was the occasion when Senator Hanna exclaimed, "For God's sake, keep on letting well enough alone!" Corbett and Hanna can sympathize with each other.

Champ Clark

Hasty Mrs.

Mrs. Newlwed—I got hold of a recipe for a fruit cake today, dear, that will keep for a week.

Mr. Newlwed—Oh, you ought to keep it longer than that.

Mrs. Newlwed—What! A fruit cake that—

Mr. Newlwed—No, the recipe. Put it away somewhere.—Philadelphia Press.

It All Depends.

Mrs. Bore—This paper advertises foolish powders for women. Don't you think they are bad things to take?

Mr. Crusty—Which, the powders or the women?—Chelsea (Mass.) Gazette.

The Old Standard
Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic
has stood the test 25 years. Average annual sales over One and a Half Million bottles. Does this record of merit appeal to you? No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

LETTER FROM THE OLD COUNTRY.

Mr. J. P. Watson, a brother of our townsman, T. W. Watson, Esq., is the representative of the American Tobacco Company, in India. A few weeks ago he wrote to his mother in Warren county, and the Times is permitted to print a portion of it, which will no doubt prove very interesting to quite a number of our readers:

BRINDISI, June 14, 1903.

My Dear Mama:—As you already know we left London on the afternoon of the 5th, and traveled through without stop to Milan—25 hours ride. We reached Lucerne at 9 o'clock in the morning and then went over the St. Gothard route through the most magnificent scenery in the world which we enjoyed at its best, for the day was gloriously and beautifully clear so that the snow-covered mountain tops sometimes seemed almost near enough to touch. Our hotel in Milan was on the same square with the world famed Milan Cathedral which is regarded by the Milanese [and justly too] as the eighth wonder of the world. It is the third largest church in the world built entirely roof and all of marble. To give you some idea of its size, I give the following figures: It covers 14,000 square yards and will hold about 40,000 people. The interior is 163 yards long, 93 yards wide and 157 feet high. The dome is 220 feet high from the floor and tower 360 feet above the street. On the roof are upwards of 2000 statues in marble one of them being the statue of the great Napoleon. The stained glass windows are the largest in the world and viewed from the inside present a sight gorgeously rich in color and the light effect on the many pictures being truly wonderful, one of which representing Christ praying in the garden is so real that you almost imagine you see the figures in the pale flicker of real moon light. The view from the top of tower is most imposing and well repaid the laborious climb of 494 steps. Milan is a very interesting city but the Cathedral so far eclipses everything else there that the rest is not worth writing about. The city generally, is the most modern in Italy.

From Milan we went to Florence, the treasure house of art of all kinds, most notably paintings and sculpture of the old masters. The city lies beautifully between high hills, location adds an indescribable charm to its quaint buildings. As we remained there only one day, we only had time for hurried glimpses at two or three of the principal art galleries, and have not the time to attempt a description of what we saw in our hasty glance.

We arrived in "Imperial" Rome, "The eternal city" on the 10th, and spent two days there that we just spent driving over the city. What we saw in Rome will have to be written about in another letter, will only say now that no words can express the feelings one comes over one, as he gazes with awe on the ruins of the Coliseum, the Forum and the Palaces Caesars, or on visiting of the magnificent splendors of St Peter's church and the Vatican. The Roman church rolls in untold wealth, while on entering its very portals, one has to veritably run the gauntlet through a horde of miserable beggars.

From Rome we went to Naples, a large, noisy city, and very dirty. But nature has smiled on its surroundings, for there is no more lovely spot than the Bay of Naples, with smoking Vesuvius mirrored in its beautiful blue waters. We went to the ruins of Pompeii, and saw the streets and houses as they were two thousand years ago. Then we ascended Vesuvius to the very top and looked over into its smoking crater. All of these wonders I promise to write more about later. Now we are in Brindisi, away down in the south of Italy. The country is beautiful, being decorated with lovely palms and other tropical growths. To night we sail for Port Said, where, as I've already written you, we join the P. & O. steamer, Persia, for Bombay.

We are both in fine health and tanned as brown as Indians.

The Pleasure of Eating.

Human rakes scrape very little together.

His Life Saved by Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy.

R. M. Ryan's well known sample of this news says he believes Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy saved his life last October. He had been sick for a month with what the doctors called bloody dysentery and could get nothing that would do him any good until he tried this remedy. It is now recommended and used by the entire Barnhart Harvest Mc. Drug Co.

ART OF PLEASING.

In Whatever State I am, First of all I Look Up To Heaven.

The art of pleasing consists in making our duty from agreeable to others as well as to ourselves, says the Christian Manner. To throw a grain of the idea and of poetry into our surrounding is to make them look more pleasant and more congenial. He who has had the knack of making others comfortable then she is endowed with the gift, of making life happy. The greatest wisdom comes through a collection of beautiful qualities. The soul only pleases the eye. In her outward life of freshness and health but she charms the mind by a characteristic worth. The cultivation of the physical or the body, produces the bloom of health, but great is necessary to making a woman beautiful as is the cultivation of the intellect, which gives her the inestimable attraction of knowledge. Then there is the cultivation of the heart which gives those gentle graces which are to her what the perfume is to the flower.

A certain great thinker struggled through sore difficulties without repining or manifesting impatience. A friend inquired how he could be so cheerful under such circumstances. "My sister," replied the sick thinker, "counsels in reading more than making weight use of my eyes." His friends asked him to explain, and the thinker did so as follows: "In whatever state I am, first of all I look up to Heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get there; I then look down upon the earth and call to mind how small a place I occupy in it, when I am dead and buried. I then look around into the world and observe what multitudes there are who are in all respects more happy than myself. Then I learned where true happiness is placed where all cares must end, and what little reason I have to repine or complain."

For a severe attack of Diarrhoea Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Tablets are a quick cure is certain. For sale by Aycock Drug Co.

Fortunate is the man whose friends are all good and his enemies all bad.

Young Plants

Every farmer knows that some plants grow better than others. Soil may be the same and seed may seem the same but some plants are weak and others strong.

And that's the way with children. They are like young plants. Same food, same home, same care but some grow big and strong while others stay small and weak.

Scott's Emulsion offers an easy way out of the difficulty. Child weaklings often suffer starvation, not because of lack of food, but because the food does not feed.

Scott's Emulsion really feeds and gives the child growing strength.

Whatever the cause of weakness and failure to grow—Scott's Emulsion seems to find it and set the matter right.

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Scott & Bowne, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., New York
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The Land of the Sky
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ASHEVILLE, N. C., AND HOT SPRINGS, N. C.
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Ask any Southern Railway Agent for Summer Tourist Publications descriptive of the above resorts, issued by Southern Railway.

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W. H. Bobbitt, Agent.

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Small savings given equally as proper in the Citizens Bank of Henderson, where they are compounded twice each year. The following table illustrates how rapidly small sums have been made to grow by the people of some very humble incomes in comfortable surplus.

Weekly Savings	Sum of Interest.	For 1 Year.	For 10 Years.	For 20 Years.	For 40 Years.
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3.00	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
2.00	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
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