

ROSCOE CONKLING
A BORN FIGHTER
HIDE LIGHTS ON A FAMOUS CAREER.

The Giant Struggles of a Giant Republican Sketched in Entertaining Fashion by a Well Known York State Democrat—How Conkling Rose and How He Fell.

Hon. Milton H. Northrup, in the Syracuse Post-Standard.

Few characters in American history are more interesting than Roscoe Conkling, the whilom "Great Senator" of New York. Born October 30, 1829, the 70th day of October last passed would have witnessed had he lived, the completion of his threescore years and ten. He died in March, 1888, a victim to the memorable blizzard of that spring. He was of proud stock. His father, Alfred Conkling, was in his day a judge of the United States District court, and later United States minister to Mexico—the former by the grace of President John Quincy Adams, the latter through President Millard Fillmore.

The haughty old gentleman was once upon a time introduced to an audience—his son having become famous—as the "father of Roscoe Conkling." The form of introduction roused the old gentleman's ire. Proudly straightening himself up he hurled back this indignant protest: "He it comes to this, that I, who have sat upon the bench of the United States court—that I, who have been United States minister abroad—should rest my chief title to fame on the fact that I am the father of Roscoe Conkling!" It was the truth, nevertheless.

Conkling's proximity in politics is shown in the fact that he was district attorney of his county at twenty-one, the year he was admitted to the bar. At twenty-nine he was mayor of Utica, the city of his residence. He had gained an enviable reputation as a lawyer long before. In 1858 he made his first canvass for a seat in congress. It was successful. Indeed, Conkling's only defeat thereafter came in 1862, when Francis Kernan was elected over him—Kernan, with whom he had studied law and who many years afterward was his colleague in the United States senate—and in 1881, when, having with Thomas C. Platt, resigned his seat in the senate, he failed to secure the endorsement of a re-election from the New York legislature.

In early life Conkling married the youngest sister of Horatio Seymour. The illustrious Democrat's statesman strenuously opposed the match, but, of course, without success. In later years only did the two great statesmen of opposite political schools become mutually reconciled. When President Grant was Conkling's guest at his home in Utica, at the dinner given by Conkling to his distinguished guest, Horatio Seymour sat the same table with Grant, his successful rival in the then recent presidential election. And Seymour, whose home was in a suburb of Utica, passed his last illness and died at the Conkling residence. He was followed two years later by Conkling himself. It was always understood, notwithstanding the apparent reconciliation, that there was no love lost between the two celebrated brothers-in-law. Seymour was too simple and unaffected to like the lordly ways, the turkey "strut," as Blaine called it, of Conkling. In more ways than one they were antipodes.

WAS A BORN FIGHTER.

Roscoe Conkling was a born fighter. Had he not been a statesman he might have been a pugilist. One of his daily diversions was to punch a bag in his attic. He was a tremendous hitter and those who received the brunt of his blows, however given, had good cause to remember them. Nature gave him a splendid physique. In the modern college he would have been foremost in athletics—captain, probably, of the foot ball eleven. He was most in his element when he was hardest opposed. In conventions of his party he towered above his fellows like a viking. He was cast in heroic mold. The first man who in congress had the temerity to

throw down the gauntlet to Conkling, was James G. Blaine. It was in the spring of 1866, when Provost Marshal Fry, of Blaine's state of Maine, was under fire. The consensus of opinion at the time was that Blaine got decidedly the better of the scrimmage, but granting that it was a victory dearly won—unquestionably it cost Blaine the presidency. It cost him the nomination in 1876, when that nomination meant election; and it cost him the election in 1884. Cleveland's slender majority, only 100, in the state of New York, was beyond question due to the aid of Roscoe Conkling. Never was a drubbing more significantly revenged. Conkling and Blaine, although for years serving together in one or the other branch of congress, never were reconciled—never again spoke as they passed.

The most signal triumph won by Roscoe Conkling was in the subduing of opposition and tramping out revolt within the ranks of his own party. Enjoying to the full the confidence of President Grant and backed by all the federal patronage falling to the share of the Empire state, Conkling was a relentless boss. One of his most notable victories was the driving of his senatorial colleague, ex-Governor Reuben E. Fenton, out of the Republican state formation a rump meeting held in September, 1871. It left Conkling's supremacy in the party councils absolute for years. In the chair of the convention sat Andrew D. White, then president of Cornell university and now ambassador to Berlin. Conkling occupied an end seat next to the aisle in about the middle of the hall and personally directed every movement against the enemy. In the end Fenton and his crowd, having been routed, foot, horse and dragoon, retreated from the hall and, going elsewhere, formed a rump meeting, which proved the nucleus of the "Liberal Republican" movement and the nomination of Horace Greeley for president in 1872.

TRiumPH IN ROCHESTER.

Six years later, in 1877, when Grant had been succeeded by Hayes and he had no longer the backing of the federal administration, Roscoe Conkling repeated in Rochester the role he had enacted in Syracuse. This time it was not Fenton, but George William Curtis whom he pounded to a jelly. His triumph was the greater because it was won, not by the aid of, but in spite of, the federal administration. A past grand master in invective and satire, never shone he more brilliantly than on that occasion. Conkling had indirectly been the cause of Hayes' elevation to the presidency, first in the Republican national convention, where Conkling's opposition to Blaine had made Hayes a possibility, and again in congress, where Conkling, by helping to frame the electoral commission law paved the way to the seating of Hayes. The reward Conkling asked of Hayes was a seat in the cabinet for Thomas C. Platt. Hayes treated the New York senator with scorn. Hence these years, which was the greater, Conkling's hatred for Blaine, or his contempt for Hayes because of his willingness to accept a seat to which another had been elected, would be a nice question for the historian. President Hayes' rejection of Platt was coupled with his acceptance, as member of his cabinet, of two of Conkling's opponents, William M. Everts and Carl Schurz. Lord Roscoe's cup of wrath was full not only to the brim, but running over. He spent the first summer of the Hayes administration in Europe, in search of health. His arrival home was the signal for the rally of the anti-administration forces, the objective point being the capture of the Republican state convention, then about to be held in Rochester. Conkling went to the convention with his war paint on, tomahawk in hand, and placed himself at the head of his followers.

HOW PLATT BECAME CHAIRMAN.

Alonzo B. Cornell, later governor, who owed all he was, politically, to Conkling, but who in the days of his power forgot his creator, was chairman of the state committee. As the reddest rag he could flaunt in the face of the Hayes administration, Conkling had selected Thomas C. Platt for the convention's temporary chairman. Platt's speech, on taking the chair, was, for the administration, gall and wormwood. It abounded in flings at

Everts and Schurz. New York's representatives in the cabinet, and held up Hayes' civil service policy to ridicule and contempt. The office seekers, Chairman Platt declared, shouted the shibboleth of civil service reform till they were hoarse and the press, infuriated in the face of a nauseated public, Platt, in fact, showed no little ingenuity in heaping insults upon the Hayes administration. Feeling was intense. Chauncey M. Depew, as chairman of the committee on permanent organization, reported Roscoe Conkling for permanent chairman of the convention, the scheme being to put Conkling hors de combat. But it didn't work. Conkling rose in his place and, with all the suavity at his command, said that the position of chairman had been so well filled by the temporary presiding officer (Mr. Platt) that he would move to continue him in the chair permanently. From that moment the fight was on! From every side from the administration's friends were hurled anathemas at Platt and his cohorts. Conkling, by their energetic protests had no effect except to intensify his determination to ram the obnoxious chairman down the unwilling throats of his enemies. When the roll was called Conkling was found to have nearly three to one in the convention, his motion to elect Platt permanent chairman prevailing by 311 to 110. Conkling's mastery was overwhelming.

The battle was renewed when the platform was reported by Conkling, as chairman of the committee in charge. Conkling called to the aid a member of the committee as being more familiar with the handwriting. "To read the platform to the convention," the junior member was "Charles" Smith of Albany, editor of the Albany Journal, once Thruway West's paper. He is today the Hon. Charles Emory Smith, postmaster general in the cabinet of President McKinley. Smith was an unctuous fellow, with a good flow of language, and a devoted follower of Conkling. He was especially nimble in the framing of party platforms, and almost invariably headed the platform committee in the state conventions of the Republicans. Mr. Smith's wonderful versatility was illustrated a little later when, on transferring his talents from Albany to Philadelphia, he became the editor of a Blaine paper, and at the same time served the pained knight with the same ardor that had characterized his service to Conkling while a resident of New York. The platform, as reported, studiously ignored Hayes and his administration. Silent disdain was Conkling's way.

REPLIED TO CURTIS.

George William Curtis, the elegant and polished editor of Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly and Harper's Bazaar, was quickly on his feet with an amendment which proved to be a firebrand. It began thus: "Resolved, That the lawful title of Rutherford B. Hayes to the presidency is as clear as that of George Washington." This was followed by emphatic commendation of that administration. "The great deliberation Curtis began his speech: 'A Republican, in a Republican convention, offers a resolution of party commendation for the Republican president of the United States—a job at Conkling's hand. Conkling's reply was a string of satire, sneers, scorn, irony and withering contempt. "It was a woman, a thoughtful woman," he started off, "who said that she always noticed that if she did not die in February she lived all the year through. I have noticed that when the Republican party makes no mistakes in convention it is apt to go safe through a canvass. "Who are these men," roared Conkling, after he had warmed up, "who in the newspapers and elsewhere are cracking the whip over the Republican party and playing school-master to the Republican party and its conscience and convictions? Some of them are the men-milliners, dilettants and carpet knights of politics; men whose efforts have been expended in denouncing and ridiculing and accusing honest men who, in storm and sunshine, in war and peace, have clung to the Republican flag and defended it against those who have tried to trail and trample it in the dust." The reference to "men-milliners" was of a fashion periodical. "Some of them," proceeded Conkling, "are men, when they could work themselves into conventions, have attempted to belittle and befoul Republican administrations" (referring to Curtis' warfare on Grant), "and to parade their own thin veneering of purity. Some of these worthies masquerade as reformers. Their vocation and ministry is to lament the sins of other people. Their stock in trade is rancid and flat self-righteousness. They are wolves in sheep's clothing. Their real object is office and plunder. When Dr. Johnson defined patriotism as the last refuge of a scoundrel, he was unconscious of the then undeveloped capabilities and uses of the word "reform." Curtis and his "disgraces in the battles of the past, they leap forward to the front with scorn, "that parties are not built up by department or lady magazines, or gush." Recalling how the "man-milliner" and his ilk reviled the Grant administration, Conkling added: "For extreme license in the criticism of administrations and of everybody connected with them, broad arguments can no doubt be found. Many might be found in the files of the Journal made famous by the pencil of Nast." As if the fame of Harper's Weekly hinged on Tom Nast, the caricaturist, rather than on George William Curtis, his polished editor! Referring to the Cincinnati convention and the circumstances that led up to Hayes' nomination, in which the New York delegation finally joined, Conkling said: "Even the member from Richmond (Curtis) was, I believe, in the end prevailed upon, after much difficulty, to confer his unique and delicate vote, also." Again: "The new president has been surrounded and courted by men who have long purged about every new administration, for more years than many of you have lived. Some of these disinterested patriots and reformers have been, since the days of Pierce, the friends and saviors of all administrations, and the betrayers of all."

NEVER RECOGNIZED HAYES.

These are only specimen blocks. Never once did Conkling recognize Hayes by his title of president—it was always "Mr." Hayes. The tight grip he had on the convention was again shown in the vote on Curtis' amendment affirming Hayes' title and endorsing his administration—the vote being ayes 100, noes 295. Conkling had the administration at his feet. It was perhaps the crowning triumph of his illustrious career. Three years later Conkling led to Chicago a delegation consisting of himself by a convention presided over by his man Friday, Charles Emory Smith to vote for the hero who "came from

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Though the store is now a staid and settled institution, it is yet a novelty to those who make their initial visits here, and a source of constant pleasure to the thousand of folk who find renewed enjoyment in frequent calls.

While endeavoring to reflect the ideal, there are still many steps to climb. We aim to be the perfect store—perfect in construction, in organization and in every detail. It improves daily and the business grows apace. Measured by the dollars that come in and the goods that go out, the gain is cumulative, enthusiastically so.

To the credit of our public be it said that no single month has ever shown a retrograde in comparison with a corresponding previous record. Every foot of ground has been gained by persistency and a general tendency to the betterment of your interests.

No record of the store life is as pleasant to record as this one—a responsive public is the keynote to honest effort. We feel sure that continued growth confronts us, and that another year will give basis for even stronger statement.

The store has developed into a necessity. It moulds public opinion of goods and prices and values. It establishes a base of comparison. It converges mercantile problems into simple examples—and you profit by the transformation. The store is large, and light, and cheerful; it is your store. Our pride in the celebration of our second anniversary commingles with yours. All we can say is: "Thank you."

Today, Monday, and for one week, in celebration of the event, we inaugurate our Second Anniversary Sale, with merchandise at prices that will serve as souvenirs of the occasion. We have chosen the most seasonable articles so as to conform to your present requirements, and promise a week of great opportunities, because

"Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasures sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude."

Pocketbooks—all sorts,

10 cents. Not one in the lot worth less than a quarter.

Strong statement to make—but we stake our reputation on its truth. Women's pocketbooks—about 300 of them—all seal and morocco, nicely made and finished in many different styles. Some perfectly plain, others with silver trimmings. A pretty good souvenir of our second anniversary, we think.

WYOMING AVENUE.

Cashmere Gloves.

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Fast black, fleeced lined and in all sizes. This is duplicate to a lot we sold a few weeks since on a Friday. That was a one day chance and none were left when night came. Enough of them are here now to make all comers happy for a week. Woolen mittens at 10c. Price suggests cheapness, though the quality is far from it.

MAIN AISLE.

Jonas Long's Sons.

Appomattox and the famous apple tree," but there his flag went down in the dust.

DEWEY'S STRAWBERRIES.

Every graduating class at Annapolis leaves behind it the fame of certain heroes in the line of physical prowess or mental endeavor. One of these heroes was Dewey. Dewey, a fine, manly athletic youth, the pride of the boxing and fencing masters, and the terror of all bullies.

DEWEY'S CLASS.

In Dewey's class was a youth of an excellent bent for mathematics, but so tender of physique that he often suffered from nervous prostration. He was the son of his elders. Dewey took this boy under his protection and the two became fast friends. They swung their hammocks in the same watch on their graduation cruise, and when the ship touched at Liverpool obtained permission to run up to London on a day's leave. By right recovery the two had scraped together a little more than £2 apiece, and they landed in the English capital arrayed in spick and span new uniforms, with the air of financial magnates. A round of sight-seeing had reduced their combined capital to two sovereigns and their return tickets, when their boyish appetites announced the hour of noon, says the Saturday Evening Post.

THE SCOTCHMAN.

With the cautious economy of his ancestors, the Scotchman suggested a cheap house, but, then, as now, nothing but the best would suit Dewey, and he accordingly steered his chum into the best hotel he could find.

THE TWO SEATED THEMSELVES.

At the tables and scanned the menu with a magnificent air. The very first item that caught their eyes was "Strawberries and Cream" and this, with its reminiscence of home, they proceeded to order.

THE TIME WAS WINTER.

Now, the time was winter and strawberries from the hothouse are expensive in London, so it was small wonder that the other guests who had heard the order looked inquiringly at these specimens of the June-bore flowers of the American navy. An Oxford lad who sat next them seemed particularly impressed and turned his large eyes upon them in awe. The strawberries were good, and all went well until the obnoxious waiter returned with a bill for £1. The Scotchman nearly collapsed, but Dewey noticed the eyes of the Oxonian upon him, and, turning superbly to the waiter, ordered two more plates.

THE MIDDLES LEFT WITH EMPTY POCKETS.

The middles left with empty pockets, but haughtily conscious that they had saved the honor of the American navy.

The Resford Co. Sterling silver thimbles, heavy, some elaborately engraved, were 50c, 25c. Arrives in Two weeks.

SHORTLY after this Christmas we close forever our two retail stores. We then take an office and do wholesaling exclusively. Every diamond, every watch, every piece of jewelry, our wholesale samples as well, all go at prices that were never before quoted. Solid gold watches \$15, and up to \$50. Gentlemen's solid silver watches, hand engraved cases, fine American movement, a watch always sold for \$12, to go for \$7.75.

Sterling Silver Mounted wisp brooms, handle all sterling silver—splendid gift for a small sum—a wonder at \$1.00. Diamonds. We have one hundred and five diamond rings. As diamonds have gone up, we do not intend to lose on them, but if cost will sell them, take them and welcome. Rings for \$10, \$45, \$90, but how about this little diamond ring for that girl. A real diamond in a 14k solid gold ring for \$2.50.

Baby Rings. Lots and lots. A cute little band for 25c. Rings with pretty little stones in for \$1.00. A Thousand Things we have not room to talk about. We are awful busy, and for your own comfort try and come in the morning, and above all don't put off until the last minute—you get the leavings. \$1.98. Brush and Comb Sets. Sterling silver hair brush, full size, fine bristles, in celluloid, comb backed with solid silver. You can look the city over for four dollars and our price is \$1.98.

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Fine Silks and Dress Goods For the Holiday Trade.

- China Silks, new bright colors for fancy work..... 25c
- Bright Roman Stripe Satin..... 19c
- Fancy Silks for Waists, very best quality..... 75c
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- Elegant New Assortment of Silks and Satins For Fine Dresses and Waists. Pean de Soie, 21 inches wide..... 79c
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- Haskell's Black Silks—guaranteed. From \$1.00 to \$2.00
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- Highest Grade Black Crepons..... \$1.75
- Fine assortments of Armures, Plaids, Cheviots, Etc., very desirable at..... 75c
- Whip Cords, Pebles, Cheviots, Etc..... From 50c to \$2.00
- A new Fabric—Worsted Granite—in black, royal, dahlia, russet and myrtle, 45 inches wide..... 75c

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