

orator of the south, the opponent of President Cleveland, and the great advocate of free silver. He is one of the brainiest and bravest, as well as one of the kindest of our public men, and did you know him well he might tell you as he did me the other day how he got the wounds which so crippled him. He went into the southern army as a hoy and had risen, I think, to be adjutant general at the time he was so badly shot. He was riding his horse and a cannon ball took away a portion of his thigh. He fell and lay for some time in the midst of the battle until one of his own soldiers who was also wounded, dragged him behind a log. There the two lay together for more than half an hour with the bullets flying, the shells bursting and the battle going on all about them. When the fight was finished Daniel was carried to the hospital. The surgeon said he would die, but a section of his thigh bone was cut away and his youthful vitality was such that he recovered. He has today six inches of bone out of one of his legs and still he manages to do good work, though he is in constant pain. He told me that he thought his wound had been a good thing for him in that it was during his six months in the hospital that he acquired his taste for reading and there began the studies the continuation of which have developed him into the famous man that he is. Daniel made a reputation as a lawyer before he got into politics. He has written two good law books and one of these has already paid him more than \$20,000 in royalties.

Coolness on the battlefield is somewhat similar to coolness in a great convention. This fight of the Democrats will be a bitter one, and it will require nerve for the men here to say what they think. Among the nerviest of the lot is General John B. Gordon of Georgia, and he may make one of the big speeches of the convention. Senator Gordon is now realizing a fortune out of his lectures, and he has gotten much fame as an orator. He is tall, straight and gray-haired. Socially he is impulsive and full of feeling, but in action he is the coolest of the cool, and whatever be the troubles here he will not lose his head. A remarkable instance of his nerve occurred at the battle of Sharpsburg, at which he was wounded. He was shot by a bullet in the head, knocked from his horse and thrown in a half-conscious state on the battlefield. As he lay there he reasoned with himself, and not long ago he described his sensations at the time, as follows. He said:

I can remember the operations of my mind. It seemed to me I was soliloquizing and that I said to myself:

"Now my head feels as though a six-pound cannon ball had struck it. If that is so, it has carried away my head; therefore I must be dead. And still I am thinking I cannot be dead! Still a man might have consciousness after he is dead, but his body could not have action? Now, I will see! If I can lift my legs then I must be alive. Can I? Yes, I can. I see it is rising. I cannot be dead after all. And with that," concluded General Gordon, "I woke up and found my head still on, but also that I had been reasoning as philosophically and logically over the loss of it as though I had been in my office and not lying wounded on the battlefield."

The most striking man from Illinois at

this convention is to be John P. Altgeld, the governor of the state, the pardoner of the anarchists and the man who stands out in his state as the head of the free coinage movement. Governor Altgeld is a singed cat. He is a little sawed off man of about five feet six. He has a brown beard and brown hair, and to look at him you would never imagine him to be one of the strongest men of the state. He was born in Prussia and has been in this country about forty years. He is, I judge, now about fifty. There are no signs of the German about him, and it is hard to realize from whence his great strength comes. He was a poor boy and spent the earlier part of his life in Richland county, Ohio, studying law, I think, at Mansfield. He began his practice in Chicago and made money out of the law and real estate. He had a fortune before he went into politics and is, I understand, entirely independent of official salaries.

Altgeld is said to favor Bland of Missouri as a presidential candidate. Bland's candidacy may keep him away from Chicago. I have seen much of him in Congress at Washington and his appearance reminds me of the remark of the old country woman, who visited the circus, and for the first time got a look at a hippopotamus. She gazed at the animal for some time in breathless astonishment, and then drew back with the remark:

"Oh, my! Ain't he plain!"

Well, the great silver agitator is plain looking. He has a plain fallow face, with a square forehead running into a baldish expanse surrounded by a blonde hair. He has a rough, brown beard, slightly touched with gray, cut in the plainest way, and the hoarse voice which comes out over it has a sort of a twang to it which carries out the plainness of its owner. Bland dresses plainly, and he prides himself on being one of the plain people. He lives in a plain house in a plain little town known as Lebanon, Missouri, and leads the life of a farmer during the recesses of Congress. He is one of the few Congressmen who make farming pay. I am told that he has one of the largest apple orchards in the country, and that he has for some years been making more out of his apples than his congressional salary.

Bland will have a strong competitor along his own lines in this convention with Governor Boies of Iowa. Boies can also appeal to the farming population by being one of them. He has 2,600 acres at Waterloo, Iowa. He has a thousand acres of grazing land in another county, and I am told that he has 500 head of cattle in one place. Boies also pretends to be plain, but in appearance he looks more like an aristocrat. He is tall, broad-shouldered and fine looking. He has a big body, big limbs and a big round head, covered with hair of silver white. He dresses in a black diagonal frock coat, loose trousers and white shirt with a turn over collar. He wears gold spectacles and buttoned shoes, while Bland comes out with iron-rimmed glasses and top boots. Governor Boies is a rich man. He was born in a log cabin in New York state, and went west to make his fortune. He earned his first money as a ditch digger at \$10 a month, did better after he settled in Iowa, and finally got so far ahead that he was able to study law. He was a Republican until Cleveland first ran for President in 1884, when he voted the

Democratic ticket and he has been a Democrat ever since. He is now nearly seventy, but his physical condition is such that any life insurance company would give him a ten years' policy at low rates.

I understand Secretary John G. Carlisle is to come to the convention. If so, there will be no more striking man in Chicago. Carlisle's face is of the old colonial type, barring the fatness. He has the malarious complexion which you find among men who have been brought up along the Ohio river, and his sallowness has been added to by the miasmatic vapors of the Potomac. Carlisle's face is a cross between that of John C. Calhoun's and Daniel Webster's. It is classical and somber, and attached to his six feet of muscular flesh it forms a part of a personality which attracts attention everywhere. Carlisle is now slightly stooped, but he is the same tall, thin, dignified, gray eyed man that he was when he came to Washington something like twenty years ago. He does not seem to have been worried by the treasury. He is not a hard worker, and he does not let things trouble him. He grasps knowledge by intuition, and his mind is so clear that he can use every bit of brains he has. His son once told me that he played solitaire for his amusement, and that he often thought out his knottiest problems while carrying on a game of this kind. He will come here to support Cleveland's gold ideas. They are his own ideas, notwithstanding many Democrats deny this. I had an interview with him some time before he went into the treasury, and long before the free silver movement had assumed its present proportions. He said to me:

"I want to take care of the dollars of the people. The capitalist can take care of himself, but the money in which the wages of laborers are to be paid should be of the best."

Carlisle lives at Covington, Ky. Joe Blackburn once said to him:

"Carlisle, you live three hundred yards too far south of the Ohio river ever to be President of the United States."

Think what a difference it would have made had Carlisle lived in Cincinnati instead of Covington, which is, you know, just across the river. In that case he would today be the greatest Democrat of the State of Ohio. He would be McKinley's opponent and would undoubtedly now be the head of the democratic ticket.

It is wonderful how many big men there are among these Democrats. I mean men big in body as well as in brain. Boies of Iowa weighs more than two hundred. Carlisle must touch the two hundred mark. Bland is short, but heavy. General John M. Palmer is a six footer, and Adlai E. Stevenson is something of a candidate for the presidency, stands seventy-four inches tall in his stockings and weighs two hundred and nineteen and a half pounds. Carlisle is a big brunette. Stevenson is a big blonde. You might almost call him a strawberry blonde, for there is a reddish tinge to what is left of his hair, and there is a glint of gold among the silvery threads of his heavy mustache. Stevenson, like Carlisle, was born in Kentucky, and, like Carlisle, he was a poor boy. His first reading was done during the intervals of work upon his father's farm. He had to fight for his time for reading, and I heard the other