

SOO AND SO. SHORE

Bratifying Reports of These Two Railroads.

THE EARNINGS ARE GREAT

What the Wall Street Journal and the Commercial Advertiser Say of the Roads.

Special to The Journal. New York, Aug. 7.—The small boom in Soo shares this week appears to have been due to the very satisfactory reports of earnings.

The statement of earnings for the two months issued by the Soo line is one of the most remarkable of the year. The increase of \$1,706,312 in gross, or about 33 per cent, is accounted for by the tremendous wheat crop in the northwest, Manitoba and the Canadian territories.

The very small increase of \$37,230 in expenses must be taken as indication that the management is quite willing to make any sacrifice to increase earnings.

The net shows an increase of about 65 per cent, or \$1,238,022. Last year the road showed surplus after charges of \$27,874, or 4.5 per cent on the preferred stock.

The Commercial Advertiser devotes considerable space to both the Soo and the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic in its financial columns.

The South Shore and the Soo.

The Canadian Pacific's dependencies in the United States make an excellent showing for the fiscal year just ended.

Table with 2 columns: Item, 1902, 1901. Rows include Gross earnings, Operating expenses, Net earnings, Total income, Fixed charges, Taxes, Surplus.

The Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic failed for three years to earn its interest charges, and the deficit was supplied by the Canadian Pacific company.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

For Mayor.

FRED M. POWERS is a candidate for the republican nomination for mayor.

For County Auditor.

HUGH R. SCOTT, county auditor, candidate for re-nomination on the republican ticket at the primary election.

For Register of Deeds.

GEORGE C. MERRILL, Register of Deeds, is a republican candidate for re-nomination.

For State Senators.

CARL L. WALLACE, candidate for senator, third district, is a republican candidate.

HON. GEORGE P. WILSON, candidate for senator, fourth district, is a republican candidate.

J. F. CALHOUN, candidate for nomination for senator, fifth district, is a republican candidate.

HENRY J. GJERTSEN, candidate on the republican ticket for senator in 4th district at the primary election.

SHERMAN S. SMITH, candidate for senator for the fourth district, subject to the decision of the republican primary election.

EDWARD E. SMITH, republican candidate for re-nomination as senator from 4th district, comprising 8th and 13th wards and country towns.

LOVELL E. JEPSON, present senator of the 4th district, and republican candidate for re-nomination.

W. H. EDEN is a candidate for the republican nomination for senator in the forty-second district.

For Representative.

CORNELIUS S. SHOVE, candidate for representative, subject to the decision of the republican primary election.

PARRIS W. REIDHEAD, of Camden Place, is a candidate for the board of supervisors of the Town of Crystal Lake for 30 years. He is a candidate for republican nomination for representative in the forty-fourth district.

For Sheriff.

MARTIN WHITCOMB will be a candidate for the nomination for sheriff on the democratic ticket at the primary election.

J. W. DRISLER, sheriff, candidate for republican nomination for sheriff. He came to Minneapolis in 1883; is a staunch republican.

A. W. HARWOOD, 218 3d st. S., republican candidate for sheriff.

JOHN P. WALL is a candidate for sheriff of Hennepin county on the republican ticket.

W. H. BOARDMAN has been deputy sheriff for many years, and is thoroughly familiar with the duties of the office.

PHIL T. MEGARDEN, republican candidate for re-nomination for sheriff.

For Coroner.

DR. U. G. WILLIAMS, coroner, republican candidate for re-nomination.

For Alderman.

S. SWENSON, artisan well contractor, candidate for nomination for alderman on the republican ticket, third ward.

15th-O. P. SUTHERLAND is a candidate for re-nomination as republican alderman from the thirteenth ward.

Vacation Tours.

You can best avoid many of the unpleasant things that occur in traveling by arranging to start via the Northern Pacific railway.

See the City Ticket agent, No. 15 Nicollet House block, ask him all the questions you can think of, then he will remind you of some you have not thought of.

Don't Go All Rail

When the Soo Line makes a round trip rate including boat trip of \$16.50 to Put-in-Bay for the Knights of Columbus.

St. Louis

A. B. C. BEERS

The Highest Priced but the Best Quality.

Order from C. S. Brackett Company

Women with pale, colorless faces, who feel weak and discouraged will receive both mental and bodily vigor by using Carter's Iron Pills, which are made for the blood, nerves and complexion.

Try the Journal Want Columns if you want the best results.

GLOOMY PICTURE OF WOE

They Earn Eight to Sixteen Cents a Day and Live on a Soup of Herbs.

SIX BILLION DOLLARS

Resources of the Banks as Shown by the Statements.

Washington, Aug. 7.—The completed returns made by the national banks show an increase in circulation of 30 per cent, and an increase in deposits made by the people in national banks in July of this year, compared with July of last year.

The total resources of the national banks in the United States, which is an aggregate figure of more than \$6,000,000,000. This is an increase of more than \$322,000,000 during the past year.

There are at present 4,534 national banks in the United States, which is an increase of more than 1,400 since the passage of the monetary legislation by the last republican congress.

The increase in national bank circulation is also very substantial, aggregating nearly \$500,000,000, the total of national bank notes now being approximately \$375,000,000.

In the 4,500 national banks in the United States, the amount of deposits has increased by more than \$3,000,000,000, which has been swelled in the past year by additions of more than \$100,000,000.

RIGHT OF SUICIDE

"Nobody's Business How or When I Go Out," Says Cook.

Special to The Journal. Fort Scott, Kan., Aug. 7.—Homer M. Cook, member of the firm of J. M. Cook & Co., prominent real estate dealers and abstractors, and a graduate of DePaul university, stood in court here yesterday afternoon and argued his right to take his own life if he chose.

"I have a moral, constitutional, and general right to kill myself if I choose," he declared to the court. "I did not bring myself into this world as a nobody's business how or when I go out."

His argument along this line was eloquent, and disclosed that it was a matter which he had given serious thought. Cook is an agnostic and is philosophically inclined. He was found by his wife after having taken poison. Doctors restored him and called the officers, who took him in custody and are maintaining close guard over him. He was sent to jail.

The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARRINGTON

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Chapter IX.—Continued.

He answered inarticulately. "Oh, some day," in reply to her question, and then burst into outright laughter.

"I might have known you wouldn't take me seriously," she said with an indignation, only a sad wistfulness. "I am well used to it. I think it is because I am not tall; people take big girls with more gravity. Big people are nearly always taken more seriously."

"Listened to?" he said, and felt that he must throw himself on his knees before her. "You oughtn't to mind being 'Titania.' She was listened to, you see, and she was a queen. She sprang her feet and her eyes flashed. 'Do you think personal comment is ever in your surplus?' she cried fiercely, and in his surprise he almost fell off the bench. 'There is one thing I cannot bear; it is to be told that I am 'small.' I am not! Every one who isn't a giantess isn't 'small.' I hate personalities! I am a great deal over five feet a great deal more than that. I—"

"Please, please," he said, "I didn't—"

"Don't say you are sorry," she interrupted, and in spite of his contrition he found her angry voice delicious. It was still sweet, but with indignation, but ringing, no harsh. "Don't say you didn't mean it; because you did. You can't unbury it, you cannot alter it! Ah!" She drew in her hands with a slight sigh, and covering her face with her hands, sank back upon the bench. "I will not cry," she said, not so firmly as she thought she did.

"My blessed child!" he cried, in great distress and perturbation. "What have I done?—"

"Call me 'small' all you like," she answered. "I don't care. Just that you mustn't think me such an imbecile." She dropped her hands from her face and shook the tears from her eyes with a mournful laugh. He saw that her hands were wet with light and her lip trembled. "I will not cry!" she said in a low voice.

"Somebody ought to murder me; I ought to have thought—personalities are hideous!"

"Don't! It wasn't that."

"I ought to be shot—"

"Ah, please don't say that," she said, shuddering. "Please don't, not even as a joke—after last night."

"But I ought to be for hurting you, indeed—"

She laughed sadly again. "It wasn't that. I don't care what you call me. I am small. You'll try to forgive me for being such a baby? I didn't mean anything I said. I haven't acted so badly since I was a child—"

"It's my fault, all my fault," she said. "And I let you get into that crush at the circus—"

"That!" she interrupted. "I don't think I would have missed the circus." He had a thrilling hope that she meant the tent-pole; she looked as if she meant that, but he dared not let himself believe it.

"No," he continued, "I have been so madly happy in being with you that I've fairly worn out your patience. I've haunted you all day, and I have—"

"All that has nothing to do with it," she said slowly. "Just after you left this afternoon I found that I could not stay here. My people are going abroad, to Dresden, at once, and I must go with them. That's what most people do cry. I leave to-morrow morning."

He felt something strike at his heart. In the sudden sense of death he had no assumption that she should have been a sympathizer over her departure from a place she had known so little, and friends who certainly were not part of her life. He rose to his feet, and resting his arm on the table, stood staring away from her at nothing.

She did not move. There was a long silence.

"He had wakened suddenly; the skies had been sapphire, the sword emerald, Platteville a Camelot of romance; to be there, enchanted—and now, like a meteor burned out in a breath, the necromancer had fled, and he was left to deal with the world." The thought of the squire, his dusty office, the bleak length of Main street, as they should appear to-morrow, gave him a faint physical shiver.

To-day it had all been touched to beauty; he had felt it to live and work there a thousand years—a fool's dream, and the waking was to emptiness. He should die now of hunger and thirst in the Sahara; the man and the woman would let it be soon—but he knew they would not; knew that this was hysteria, that in his endurance he should plod on, plod, plod, plod, through dunes, through long years.

There was a rumble of thunder far out on the western prairie. A cold breath stole through the hot stillness, and an arm of vapor reached out between the moon and the quiet earth to the stars. The man and the girl kept silence between them. They might have been two sad guardians of the black little stream that plashed unseen at their feet. Now and then an echo of the away lightning faintly illumined them with a green light. Thunder rolled nearer, ominously; the gods were driving their chariots over the bridge. The "chill" break passed, leaving the air again to its hot inertia.

"I did not want to go," she said, at last, with tears just below the surface of her voice. "I wanted to stay here, but he—"

"He wouldn't—I can't."

"Wanted to stay here?" he said, huskily, not turning. "Here?"

"Yes."

"In Rouen, you mean?"

"In Platteville." He turned now, astounded.

"Yes; wouldn't you have taken me on the Herald?" She rose and came toward him. "I could have supported myself, and if you would I should have earned a wage. We could have made it a daily. He searched in vain for a trace of railway in her voice; there was none; she seemed to intend her words to be taken literally.

"I don't understand," he said. "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean that I want to stay here; that I ought to stay here; that my conscience tells me I should—but I can't, and it makes me very unhappy. That was why I acted so badly."

"Your conscience!" he cried.

"Oh, I know what a jumble and puzzle it must seem to you."

"I only know one thing; that you are going away to-morrow morning, and that I shall never see you again."

The darkness had grown heavy. They could not see each other; but a wan glimmer gave him a fleeting, misty view of her; she stood half-turned away from him, her hand to her cheek in the uncertain fashion of his great moment of the afternoon; her eyes he saw in the flying picture that he caught—were adorably troubled and her hand trembled. She had been irresistible in her gaiety; but now that a mysterious distress assailed her, the reason for which he had no guess, she was so directly pathetic and seemed such a rich and lovely and sad, and happy thing to have come into his life only to go out of it; and he was so full of the prophetic sense of loss of her—

"I don't know how to lose everything—that he found too much to say to be able to say anything."

He tried to speak, and choked a little. A big drop of rain fell on his bare head. "There of them noticed the weather or cared for it. They stood with the renewed blackness hanging like a thick drapery between them."

"Can you—tell me why you think you ought not to go?" he whispered, finally, with a great effort.

"No; not now. But I know you would think I am right in wanting to stay."

"I know you would, if you knew about it—but I can't. I can't. I must go in the morning."

"I should always think you right," he answered in an uneasy tone. "Always."

He went over to the bench, fumbled about for his hat, and picked it up.

"Come," he said, gently, "I am going now."

She stood quite motionless with a minute or longer; then, without a word, she moved toward the house. He went to her with hands extended to find her, and his fingers touched her sleeve. Then together and silently they

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As they came out behind the house she detained him. Stopping short, she shook his hand from her arm. "She spoke a single breath, as if it were all one word:

"Will you tell me why you go? It is not late. Why do you wish to leave me, when I shall not see you again, and I have been so good to you? He broke out, all his long-pent passion of dreams rushing to his lips, now that the barrier fell. 'Don't you see it is because I can't bear to let you go? I hoped to speak to you without saying I want to be alone. I want to be with myself and try to realize. I didn't want to make a begging (dote of myself—but I am! It is because I don't want another second of your sweetness to leave an added pain when you're gone. It is because I don't want to hear your voice again, I don't want to hear the loneliness to you will leave—but it's useless, useless! I shall hear it always, just as I shall always see your face, just as I have heard your voice and seen your face these seven years—over since I first saw you a child at Winter Harbor. I forgot for a while; I thought it was a girl I had made up out of my own heart, but it was you—"

"I don't care what you think of me, I understand what you think of me for speaking to you like this. If I had known you for years and had waited and had the right to speak and your respect, what have I to offer you? I couldn't even take care of you if you went mad as I've listened. I've no excuse for this raving. Yes, I have!"

He saw her in another second of lightning, a sudden, bright one. Her back was turned to him; she had taken a few startled steps from him.

"Ah," he cried, "you're afraid enough, now, to see me go; I know it! I want to spare myself that. I tried not to be a hysterical fool in your eyes." He turned aside and his head fell on his breast. "I don't know how to say that, 'what will this place do to me now?'"

The breeze had risen; it gathered force; it was a chill wind, and there rose a walling on the prairie. Drops of rain began to fall.

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"No," she answered; "I do not love you."

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