GROWTH OF THE N.W.

General Corbin Amazed at 15 Years' Progress.

EVEN PING PONG IN WYOMING

The General Is Enthusiastic Over the Prospects for Fort Snelling.

From The Journal Bureau, Room 45, Post Building, Washington.

Washington, Aug. 11.—General Corbin, adjutant general of the army, has returned from his official inspection of western and northwestern army posts. He visited fourteen states, and between inspections put in his time looking over the country and taking a needed rest. He says that the development of the northwest along all lines since his last visit there is almost beyond belief. He notes specially that in the Dakotas and Manitoba the little shacks and sod houses of the pioneers of fifteen years ago have all disappeared and in their places are thriving towns and the finest agricultural territory that ever met human eye. The growth of the twin cities amazed him. He was not prepared for it. The Minneapolis and St. Paul of the old days never promised the beautiful and prosperous cities that now bear these names.

General Corbin is enthusiastic over the prospects for the improvement of Fort Snelling, and it is quite evident that his trip has done much to create this enthusiasm. Snelling is in the heart of a much more important country than General Corbin had expected to see. He thinks that the army officers and others who have not been west and northwest for fifteen years cannot grasp the wonderful development of these regions at second hand from books, magazines and travelers' tales. Speaking more particularly of Wyoming, which in the early days was a wilderness, he says:

"I saw better dressed men and women at all points in this northwestern territory than you would see in a trip through the rural districts in the east. At Newcastle there was a rapping on our car window, and, looking out, I saw Representative Mondell and a company of ladies and gentlemen eager to give us welcome. They were as fashionably dressed as would have been a party at Newport, and, what do you think, they left a ping-pong tournament to come down to the station to greet us! Ping-pong in Wyoming!"

"What was the political sentiment in the states you visited?" the general was asked.

"Political sentiments? I never heard politics mentioned in all my tour. Everywhere I went the men were busy with their crops and their mines and were too much engaged in keeping along with the tide of prosperity to talk politics."

—W. W. Jermane.

EMMET HAMILTON'S RISE

WELL KNOWN IN TWIN CITIES

Appointed Chief Clerk in the Office of the Commissary General.

From The Journal Bureau, Room 45, Post Building, Washington.

Washington, Aug. 11.—Emmet Hamilton, who was yesterday appointed chief clerk in the office of the commissary general of the army, entered the subsistence department twenty-five years ago at Washington and has had experience in every line of duty in that department. He was stationed at St. Paul in the office of the chief commissary of department of Dakota for many years and was chief clerk for Colonel John J. Clague at the purchasing depot at Cincinnati, and was with that officer in the field as his chief clerk during the Spanish-American war. For two years he was chief clerk in the office of the purchasing commissary at St. Louis and while there made a compendium of the letters in force in the subsistence department, and also prepared and published a synopsis of the general orders and circulars affecting his department. Over a year ago he was ordered to Washington for special duty in the commissary general's office and prepared, under the direction of General John F. Weston, commissary general of the army, a new edition of the subsistence manual which has just appeared. He is now privately engaged outside of office hours upon a history of the subsistence department, which will be issued next year.

Mr. Hamilton is considered well equipped in every way for the duties of his present position and stands high in the esteem of the officers of the subsistence department. For six years of the time while he was stationed in St. Paul he had charge of the chess department of the Minneapolis Journal. He has a very wide acquaintance in the twin cities.

—W. W. Jermane.

JAMES McMILLAN GONE

Sudden Demise of the Senator at His Seaside Home.

Washington, Aug. 11.—A dispatch yesterday announced the death of Senator James McMillan of Michigan at his summer home at Manchester-by-the-Sea.

Death was the result of heart failure, following congestion, after an illness of a very few hours.

The senator leaves a widow, three sons, W. C. Phillip and Frank, all of Detroit, and a daughter. Mrs. McMillan and daughter accompanied the senator to Manchester after the adjournment of congress.

Senator McMillan was a native of Ontario, having been born in Hamilton May 12, 1838, but in early life removed to Michigan, and for many years was prominently identified with the business interests and political life of that state, having for a number of years been chairman of the republican state committee. He had been a member of the United States senate since 1889. He was chairman of the committee on District of Columbia in that body, and was also a member of the commission on appointments, commerce, naval affairs, relations with Cuba, coast and insular survey and corporations organized in the District of Columbia.

As chairman of the district committee Senator McMillan was identified with district affairs and became very well known to the citizens of Washington, by whom he was highly regarded. He took a lively interest in the welfare of the district and was one of the foremost advocates in the efforts that are being made for the improvement of that city.

The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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CHAPTER X—Continued.

He stopped and looked at the faces before him. When he spoke his voice was gentle, and though the tremulousness of age harped on the vocal strings, it was rigidly controlled. "Kin some kine gelmun," he asked, "please t'be so good ez 't show de ole main whuh de W'ite-Caips is done shoot Marse Hawkliss?"

"Here was where it happened, Uncle Zen," answered Wiley, leading him forward. "Here is the stain."

Xenophon bent over the spot on the sand, making little odd noises in his throat. Then he painfully resumed his former position. "Dass his blood," he said, in the same gentle, quavering tone. "Dass my bes' frien' whut lay on de groun' whuh yo staind, gelmun."

There was a pause, and no one spoke.

"Dass whuh day laid 'im an' dass whuh he lie," the old negro continued. "Dey shot 'im in de fiel's. Dey ain' shot 'im heah—yondeh dey druggen 'im, but dis whuh he lie." He bent over again, then knelt, groaningly, and placed his hand on the stain, one would have said, as a man might place his hand over a heart to see if it still beat. He was motionless, with the air of hearkening.

"Marse, honey, is you gone?" He raised his voice as if calling, "Is you gone, suh?—Marse?"

He looked up at the circle about him, and, still kneeling, not taking his hand from the sand, seeming to wait for a sign, to listen for a voice, he said: "Whafo' you gelmun think de good Lawd summon Marse Hawkliss? Kaze he de mos' fittes'? You know dat man he ketch me in de cole night, wintuh 'fo' lais', stealin' 'is wood. You know whut de done t' de ole thief? Tek an' bull' up big fiah een ole Zen' shainty; say, 'He'p yo'se'f an' welcome. Reckon you hongry, too, ain' you, Xenophon?' Tek an' feed me. Tek an' tek keer o' me ev' since. Ah pump de baith full in de mawin'; mek 'is bed; pull de weeds out'n of de front walk—dass all. He tek me in. When Ahask 'im ain' he 'fraid keep ole thief, he say, jesso: 'Dass all my fault, Xenophon; ought look you up long 'go; ought know long 'go you be cole dese bald nights. Reckon Ah'm de thievenest one us two, Xenophon, keepin' all dis wood stock' up when you got none,' he say, jesso. Tek me in; say he lahk a thief. Pay me sala'y. Feed me. Dass de main whut de Caips gone shot lais' night." He raised his head sharply and the mystery in his gloomy eyes intensified as they opened wide and stared at the sky, unseeingly.

"Ise bawn wid a cawl!" he exclaimed, loudly. His twisted frame was braced to an extreme tension. "Ise bawn wid a cawl! De blod anssuh!"

"It wasn't the Cross Roads, Uncle Xenophon," said aWrren Smith, laying his hand on the old man's shoulder.

Xenophon rose to his feet. He stretched a long, bony arm straight to the west, where the Crossroads lay; stood rigid and silent, like a seer; then spoke:

"De men whut shot Marse Hawkliss lies yondeh, hidin' f'um de light o' day. An' him"—he swerved his whole rigid body till the arm pointed northwest—"he lies yondeh. You won't find him heah. Dey fought 'im een de fiel's an' dey druggen 'im heah. Dis whuh dey lay 'im down. Ise bawn wid a cawl!"

There wer exclamations from the listeners, for Xenophon spoke as one having authority. Suddenly he turned and pointed his outstretched hand full at Judge Briscoe.

"An' dass de main," he cried, "dass de main kin tell you Ah speak de trufe."

Before he was answered, Eph Watts looked at Briscoe keenly and then turned to Lige Willetts and whispered: "Get on your horse, ride in, and ring the courthouse bell like the devil. Do as I say."

Tears stood in the judge's eyes. "It is so," he said, solemnly. "He speaks the truth. I didn't mean to tell it to-day, but somehow—" He paused. "The hounds," he cried. "They deserve it. My daughter saw them crossing the fields in the night—saw them climb the fence, hoods, gowns and all, a big crowd of them. She and the lady who is visiting us saw them, saw them plainly. The lady saw them several times, clear as day, by the flashes of lightning—the scoundrels were coming this way. They must have been dragging him with them then. He couldn't have had a show for his life amongst them. Do what you like—maybe they've got him at the Croos Roads. If there's a chance of it—dead or alive—bring him back."

"Bring him back! God could, maybe, but He won't. Who's traveling my way? I go west!" Hartley Bowlder had ridden his sorrel up the embankment and the horse stood between the rails.

There was an angry roar from the crowd, the prosecutor pleaded and threatened unheeded; and as for the deputy sheriff, he declared his intention of taking with him all who wished to go as his posse. Eph Watts succeeded in making himself heard above the tumult.

"The square," he shouted. "Start from the square. We want everybody and we'll need them. We want every one in Carlow to be implicated in this posse."

"They will be!" shouted a farmer. "Don't you worry about that."

"We want to get into some sort of shape," cried Eph.

"Shape, hell!" said Hartley Bowlder.

There was a hiss and clank and rattle behind him, and a steam whistle shrieked. The crowd divided, and Hartley's sorrel jumped just in time as the westbound accommodation rushed through on its way to Rouen. From the rear platform leaned the sheriff, Horner, waving his hands frantically as he flew by, but no one understood—or cared—what he said, or, in the general excitement, even wondered why he was leaving the scene of his duty at such a time. When the train had dwindled to a dot and disappeared, and the noise of its rush grew faint, the courthouse bell was heard ringing, and the mob was piling pell-mell into the village to form on the square. The judge stood alone on the embankment.

"That settles it," he said aloud, gloomily watching the last figures. He took off his hat and pushed back the thick, white hair from his forehead. "Nothing to do but wait. Might as well go home for that. Blast it!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "I don't want to go there. It's too hard on the little girl. If she hadn't come till next week she'd never have known John Harkless."

CHAPTER XI.

John Brown's Body.

All morning horsemen had been galloping through Six-Cross-Roads, sometimes singly, oftener in company. At 1 o'clock the last posse passed through on its return to the county seat, and after that there was a long, complete silence, while the miry corners were undisturbed by a single hoofbeat. No unkempt colt nickered from his musty stall; the sparse young corn that was used to rasp and chuckle greenly stood rigid in the fields. Up the Plattville pike despairingly cackled one old hen, with her wabbling sailor run, smit with a superstitious horror of nothing, in the stillness; she hid herself in the shadow underneath a rickety barn, and her shrieking ceased.

Only on the Wimby farm were there signs of life. The old lady who had sent Harkless roses sat by the window all morning and wiped her eyes, watching the horsemen ride by; sometimes they would hail her and tell her there was nothing yet. About 2 o'clock her husband rattled up in a buckboard, and got out the late, and more authentic, Mr. Wimby's shotgun, which he carefully cleaned and oiled, in spite of its hammerless and quite useless condition, sitting, meanwhile, by the window opposite his wife, and often looking up from his work to shake his weak fist at his neighbors' domiciles and creak decrepit curses and denunciations.

But the Cross-Roads was ready. It knew what was coming now. Frightened, desperate, sullen, it was ready.

The afternoon wore on, and lengthening shadows fell upon a peaceful—one would have said, a sleeping—country. The sun-dried pike, already dusty, stretched its serene length between green borders flecked with purple and yellow and white weed-flowers; and the tree shadows were not shade, but warm blue and lavender glows in the general pervasion of still, bright light, the sky curving its deep, unburnished, penetrable blue over all, with no single drift of fleece upon it to be reflected in the creek that wound along past willow and sycamore. A woodpecker's telegraphy broke the quiet like a volley of pistol shots.

But far eastward on the pike there slowly developed a soft, white haze. It grew denser and larger. Gradually it rolled nearer. Dimly behind it could be discerned a darker, moving nucleus that extended far back upon the road. A heavy tremor began to stir the air—faint manifold sounds, a waxing, increasing, multitudinous rumor.

The pike ascended a long, slight slope leading west up to the Cross-Roads. From a thicket of ironweed at the foot of this slope was thrust the hard, lean visage of an undersized girl of 14. Her fierce eyes examined the approaching cloud of dust intently. A redness rose under the burnt yellow skin and colored the wizened cheeks.

They were coming.

She stepped quickly out of the tangle, and darted up the road, running with the speed of a fleet little terrier, not opening her lips, not calling out, but holding her two thin hands high above her head. That was all. But Birnam wood was come to Dunsinane at last, and the messenger sped. Out of the weeds in the corners of the snake fence, in the upper part of the rise, silently lifted the heads of men whose sallowness became a sickish white as the child flew by.

The mob was carefully organized. They had taken their time and had prepared everything deliberately, knowing that nothing could stop them. No one had any thought of concealment; it was all as open as the light of day, all done in the broad sunshine. Nothing had been determined as to what was to be done at the Cross-Roads more definite than that the place was to be wiped out. That was comprehensive enough; the details were quite certain to occur. They were all on foot, marching in fairly regular ranks. In front walked Mr. Watts, the man Harkless had abhorred in a public spirit and befriended in private—to-day he was a hero and a leader, marching to avenge his professional oppressor and personal brother. Cool, unruffled, and, to outward vision, unarmed, marching the miles in his brown frock coat and generous linen, his carefully creased trousers neatly turned up out of the dust, he led the way. On one side of him were the two Boulders, on the other was Lige Willetts, Mr. Watts preserving peace between the two young men with perfect tact and sang-froid.

They kept good orders and a similitude of quiet for so many, except far to the rear, where old Wilkerson was bringing up the tail of the procession, dragging a wretched yellow dog by a slip noose fastened around the poor cur's protesting neck, the knot carefully arranged under his right ear. In spite of every command and protest, Wilkerson had marched the whole way uproariously singing "John Brown's Body."

The sun was in the west when they came in sight of the Cross Roads, and the cabins on the low slope stood out angularly against the radiance beyond. As they beheld the hated settlemen, the heretofore orderly ranks showed a disposition to depart from the steady advance and rush the shanties. Willetts, the Bowlders, Parker, Ross Schofield and fifty others did, in fact, break away and set a sharp pace up the slope.

Watts tried to call them back. "What's the use your gettin' killed?" he shouted.

"Why not?" answered Lige, who, like the others was increasing his speed when old "Wimby" rose up suddenly from the roadside ahead of them, and motioned them frantically to go back. "They're laid out along the fence waitin' fer ye," he warned them. "Git out the road. Come by the fields. Fer the Lord's sake, spread." Then, as suddenly as he had appeared, he dropped down into the weeds again. Lige and those with him paused and the whole body came to a halt, while the leaders consulted. There was a sound of metallic licking and a thin rattle of steel. From far to the rear came the voice of old Wilkerson.

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground,
John Browns' body lies a-mouldering in the ground—"

A few near him, as they stood waiting, began to take up the burden of the song, singing in slow time like a dirge; then those further away took it up; it spread, reached the leaders; they, too, began to sing, taking off their hats as they joined in; and soon the whole concourse, solemn, earnest and uncovered, was singing—a thunderous requiem for John Harkless.

The sun was swinging lower and the edges of the world were embroidered with gold while that deep volume of sound shook the air, the song of a stern, savage, just cause—sung, perhaps, as some of the ancestors of these men sang with Hampden before the bristling walls of a hostile city. It had iron and steel in it. The men lying on their guns in the ambuscade along the fence heard the dirge rise and grow to its mighty fulness, and they shivered. One of them, posted nearest the advance, had his rifle carefully leveled at Lige Willets, a fair target in the road. When he heard the singing he turned to the man next behind him and laughed harshly: "I reckon we'll see a big jamboree in hell to-night, huh!"

The huge murmur of the chorus expanded and gathered in rhythmic strength and swelled to power and rolled and thundered across the plain.

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground,
His soul goes marching on!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
His soul goes marching on."

(To be continued to-morrow.)

THE NEW YORK PLATFORM

MAY IGNORE FEDERAL ISSUES

Senator Platt's Little Hit at the Republicans of Iowa.

New York, Aug. 11.—Senator Thomas C. Platt has clearly indicated that the republican state platform this year will ignore Cuban reciprocity, as advocated by President Roosevelt and indorsed by the Iowa state platform and confine itself chiefly to state issues. When asked how the Cuban reciprocity issues would be treated in the state platform, Senator Platt said:

"I have not heard that matter discussed. I do not know that the state platform will deal with federal issues. We have issues enough of our own here in the state."

It was sugested that the republicans of Iowa had taken a different view of the matter.

"As the republicans of Iowa have about everything in the national government, it is proper that they should take charge of federal issues," Senator Platt replied.

$12—Isle Royale and Return.—$12

The short rail and water trips are becoming very popular. To thoroughly enjoy them it is only necessary to start right by taking one of the magnificent new trains on the Northern Pacific's "Duluth Short Line" making direct connection at Duluth with all steamers. Reserve you staterooms in advance at city ticket office, number 19 Nicollet house block.

Does your building require a new roof? See W. S. Nott Co. Tel. 376.

THE OCEAN COMBINE

The Stock Will Soon Be Placed on the Market.

New York, Aug. 11.—From what it considers a reliable source, the Journal of Commerce hears that the securities of the Morgan combination of trans-Atlantic steamship lines will soon be placed upon the market. Full details of the new company and of the amount of securities to be offered are not available, but it is understood that a new corporation will be chartered under the laws of New Jersey, the capitalization, including stock and bonds, approximating $150,000,000.

It was understood before Mr. Morgan sailed for Europe, says the same paper, that the tentative plan was for an issue of $100,000,000 stock and $44,000,000 in 4½ per cent bonds and it was on this basis that the underwriting syndicate, which is thought to be virtually the same as that which underwrote the United States Steel corporation was formed. The bond issue may exceed the amount mentioned.

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arises from a disordered stomach. For stomach derangements, liver and kidney complaints there is nothing equal to the ***Carlsbad Sprudel Salt.***

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EVERY BOTTLE bears the signature of EISNER & MENDELSON CO., of New York. Beware of imitations.

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Silk Leaders of the Northwest. Now at Seventh and Nicollet

Women's Fall Underwear, First Sale

"The Store That's First."

Just been waiting for weather like this to tell you these. They are our own importation, shipped extra early to get the advantage of a special price.

VESTS—Heavy white Swiss lisle, medium weight, high neck, long sleeves, $1 value..... **75c**

CORSET COVERS—Silk plated white lisle, long or short sleeves, $1.25 value..... **$1**

A garment that will allow you to wear summer shirt waists with comfort now.

UNION SUITS—White merino, for early fall wear, high neck, long sleeves, ankle length; $4.00 value..... **$3.00**

UNION SUITS—Silk plated lisle, high neck, long sleeves, ankle length, white, sky, pink, blue, fall weight, $3.75 value, for..... **$2.50**

UNION SUITS—Silk and lisle mixed, high neck, long sleeves, ankle length; white, pink and blue; $4.50 value for.... **$3.50**

The stocks of underwear here are larger than in any retail store in the Northwest, and lower priced.

Fall Waistings—First View

"The Store That's First."

Come, glance over our shoulder as we open these new waistings, handsome in design and material, forerunners of Fall fashions. They are one of the dress goods things that will add to the reputation of this best of dress goods stores.

The fabrics are wool Batistes, Armures, Mohair Crepes and Basket Weaves, with silk and satin stripes and in artistic colorings. Will you take an early pick? **50c 65c 75c**

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50 CENTS MUST ACCOMPANY THIS APPLICATION.

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PRINCIPAL SUM, $1,000. WEEKLY INDEMNITY, $5.00.

POLICY No..... Date 1902

Full name of applicant is .....

Address where papers are to be delivered. { Street and Number ..... City .....

My place of business is .....

Age.....years.

Policy to be payable in case of death. ..... { Name in full ..... Address ..... Relationship .....

My habits of life are correct and temperate, and I am now, to the best of my knowledge and belief, in sound condition, mentally and physically, except as herein stated.....

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This policy does not cover injuries, whether fatal or non-fatal, sustained by any railroad employe, other than executive officers and office force, while on duty; nor injuries, whether fatal or non-fatal caused or contributed to by disease, voluntary exposure to unnecessary danger, or violation of law on the part of the assured; nor injuries whether fatal or non-fatal, sustained by professional bicycle riders, or by any bicycle rider while engaged in racing, or by any bicycle rider while engaged in police patrol or messenger service; nor injuries received by the assured while intoxicated or under the influence of any drug, except as provided hereinbefore under the head of anaesthetics, nor disappearance.

This policy does not insure any person who is either partially or wholly blind, deaf, crippled, paralyzed, insane or subject to epilepsy, fits, sleep-walking or vertigo; and if held by any such person shall be null and void.

THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

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gives work to weak digestions and supplies the energy.

Sweet, crisp flakes of wheat and malt—eaten cold.

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"I am 63 years old and go to my business regularly, though doing very little that would be called labor. Am a chronic dyspeptic, and had more appetite than ability to digest until I began eating 'Force.' Eating 'Force' helps me to digest other foods.
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Jim Dumps had tried some time in vain
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Which gnawed at him his belt below,
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Dyspepsia now can't bother him
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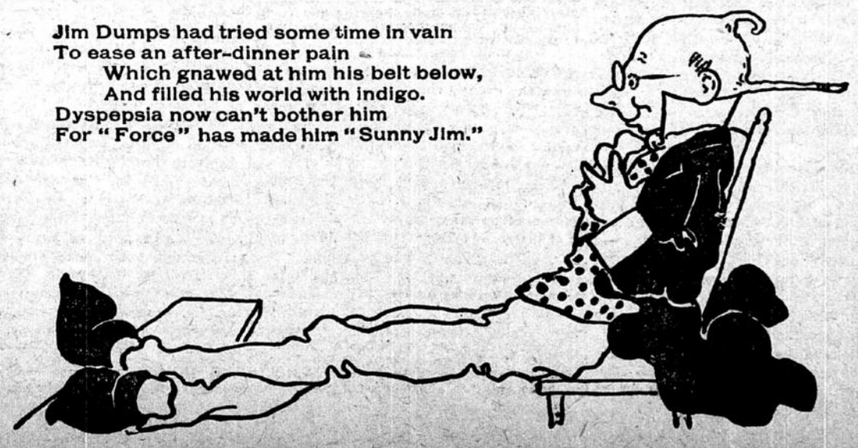

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