THE JOURNAL

LUCIAN SWIFT, MANAGER. | J. S. McLAIN, EDITOR.

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AN INVITATION is extended to all to visit the Press Room, which is the finest in the west. The battery of presses consists of three four-deck Goss Presses, with a total capacity of 144,000 eight-page Journals an hour, printed, folded and counted. The best time to call is from 3:15 to 4:30 p. m. Inquire at the business office and be directed to the visitors' gallery, of the Press Room.

The Minneapolis Journal from January 1st to June 1st, 1903, carried 73 per cent more advertising than the daily Tribune.

The Minneapolis Journal from January 1st to June 1st, 1903, carried 74 per cent more want advertising than the daily Tribune.

The Minneapolis Journal from January 1st to June 1st, 1903, carried 9 per cent more advertising than the Sunday and Daily Tribune combined.

The Minneapolis Journal out of 5,968 residences canvassed, had 4,860 subscribers—the Evening Tribune 1,228—the Morning Tribune 764.

The Minneapolis Journal in 81 apartment and flat buildings canvassed, had 1,250 subscribers—the Evening Tribune 185, and the Morning Tribune 178.

China and the Exposition.

It is cabled from Peking that there are many bitter criticisms on the part of the Chinese press upon the treasury regulations touching the Chinese exhibition and visitors at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis next year.

It is naturally objectionable to the Chinese to be treated as suspects when coming to this country to visit the exhibition as exhibitors of the fruits of Chinese industry and art, or as observers of the attractive features of what promises to be the most effective and beautiful exhibit of the kind, which the world has ever seen. Discriminations are made against the Chinese, such as police supervison over their movements; photographic identification, etc., to which no other nation would submit. Possibly, the procuring cause of the special regulations as to the Chinese is the fact that the Chinese exhibitors will bring their Chinese laborers with them to attend to the setting up of their exhibits and caring for them during the show. On this occasion, it would seem proper to waive our rigid laws against Chinese laborers entering this country. At any rate, it will not be very good form to hustle these Chinese workmen out of the country the moment their work is done at the exposition. The Chinese exhibitors do us a real service by contributing to the attractions of the exhibit.

Meantime, the Chinese press will be very foolish to continue its abuse of our country. Our government has done more for China than has any other power. The record of the last three years places China altogether in our debt. The firm protests of our government prevented the European powers from partitioning China in 1900-1901. The voice of our government prevented the imposition of a war indemnity upon China far in excess of the heavy sum China is now trying to pay. While the other powers insisted upon payment of the war indemnity in silver at gold valuation, our government waived the gold contract China had signed, and agreed to tke its pro-rata in taels at silver bullion valuation, because of China's impecunious condition and backset on account of the big drop in the silver bullion market. Our government, moreover, has, since 1900, sought to preserve the territorial integrity of China by earnest protests against the Russian rape of Manchuria. The United States has been the only real friend China has had. We sought to treat her as a self-acting power and not a power only responsive to brutal bullying. We have assured her our friendship and should treat our Chinese visitors next year with reception consonant with such declaration of friendliness.

It would be hypocritical to assert that we have always had friendly relations with China. Great Britain opened commercial relations with China thru shot and shell, and we followed and took a good share of the privileges acquired. The commercial idea, too, has been back of much of our unctiousness as to China. When bluff Anson Burlingame headed the first embassy China sent to this country, the brilliant group made a kind of royal progress thru this land. Champagne flowed like water and the delicacies of the season were liberally dispensed. Even San Francisco did reverence to the yellow men, and Burlingame was in clover, as the cementor of the friendship of Asia and America. Then came the nightmare of "Asiatic invasion," and the second embassy China sent hither was damned by American labor, and the politicians ground out anti-Chinese laws ad libitum, and the Wyoming massacre acentuated the rising racial antagonism.

The Tired Business Man.

T. P. O'Connor says that the British nation is ruled by tired men. The British nation is not the only organization that is ruled by tired men. Some of the greatest business enterprises in America are directed by tired men. One of them, President Schwab of the United States Steel corporation, has lately had to give up the task. He has been a tired man for two — three years.

Many smaller enterprises are ruled by tired men.

Every business man knows of some banker or some railway or corporation manager in his set who is always tired. These tired men are usually too proud and too interested to acknowledge that they are tired, and resign or take a long vacation. They shudder at the thought of getting out of the harness. They call it work and it is exhausting them, but, after all, there is no keener delight in the world to most business men than to work at high pressure. To pass from one task to another with quick decision and energetic action is the joy of life to the business man. It is not his dollars that he primarily cares about—it is his work, his power and opportunity to do. It is true that when the brain is fagged and the muscles flabby there is neither quick decision nor energetic action, but tho the tired man knows when he is "stale," he can't bear to own up or give up. So he goes on. After a while, perhaps, he is forced to resign or take a vacation, but in the meantime there are many opportunities for the tired man to make unusual mistakes.

It looks as if the bridge bonds would be offered with the others, except the water works bonds, at four per cent. About all the taxpayer can do is to pray for a round premium bid.

Porto Rico's Testimonial.

Porto Rico may now hang out a sign like this:

> Porto Rico, Dealer in Coffee.
> Purveyor to the President.

President Roosevelt and his family have tried Porto Rico coffee and will have no other, and the president has written to Governor Hunt of Porto Rico as follows:

White House, June 22.

My Dear Governor Hunt—I write to tell you how much I have enjoyed the Porto Rican coffee. Our whole family has taken to it, and we use no other. Your interest in all pertaining to Porto Rico and its products is so great that I thought you might like to be informed of this fact. Sincerely yours,

—Theodore Roosevelt.

If Porto Rico were an appanage of the British crown, a testimonial like that from King Edward would make the fortune of the Porto Rico planters. The British have an abiding faith that their sovereigns are authorities in all things. We have heard Britons speak as if they had said the last word when they were able to announce that Queen Victoria had such and such tastes whether in literature or music or whatnot.

Nevertheless, the president's indorsement of Porto Rico coffee will be a splendid advertisement for the island and will do the languishing coffee industry much good. Americans have not learned yet to like the Porto Rico coffee, and the islanders have lost their Spanish market. But as the president has the reputation of knowing a good article in the gastronomic line, his testimonial will prompt many people to try it, and trying it, they may become of the opinion of the Porto Ricans—that their coffee is the best in the world. If many persons in America take that view, it will keep the Porto Rico coffee planter busy estimating his wealth.

The National Negro Business League, of which Booker Washington is president, is to meet next month in the hall of the Tennessee house of representatives at Nashville. The color line in the south winds deviously in and out. One would hardly expect white legislators in Tennessee to pass a Jim Crow street car law and then give negroes the use of their hall.

A Little Too Red.

To-morrow it will be 127 years since our fathers "took pen in hand" and signed a document of considerable historic interest and a pretty serious one for the colonies to put forth, the same containing twenty-seven counts in the scorching indictment against King George III. of England, who must have become purple in the face when he read them.

They were a very pucky set, those colonists. They had commenced several years before to kick ferociously against taxation and had made some war preparations and had some strenuous little fights with the red coats, but comparatively few of them entertained the purpose of separation from the mother country. The blood shed at Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill, however, fired their hearts and brought about the Declaration of Independence and the bloody war and a new Nation. (It should always be written with a big "N.")

The Fourth of July was for some time celebrated in a semi-religious way. It was customary to go to church and offer prayer to the God of nations and hear an oration by the local Cicero or Demosthenes and in many cases participate afterwards in the gastronomic delights of a barbecue, where whole beeves and sheep, with suitable side dishes, were demolished by a hungry public. Fourth of July oratory in the course of time became impregnated with partizan politics as the anti-slavery agitation became bitter and boisterous, and to-day it is rare that we discover addresses of purely independent, patriotic character delivered on the Fourth. The press has somewhat overshadowed the attractions of the living voice of man and there are many people who prefer to read the speech of an orator fully reported in the morning and delivered at his breakfast table, or in the evening paper, which contains the speech delivered in the former part of the day, instead of taking chances at getting a seat in the hall.

Some day every family will be able to have a phonograph which has been charged with the orator's speech in his own voice and there will be no occasion for the orator to leave his home to let off his verbal fireworks.

Speaking of fireworks, it really looks as if the patriotism of our boys were inclined to lapse into noise and flame, plain and colored. This is to be deprecated, but the symptoms are alarming.

The Chinaman taught us to construct the red devil known as the fire-cracker, but we have long ago beaten John Chinaman at fire-cracker making. John's affair is insignificant beside ours. Our pyrotechnical experts seem to be aiming at making their fire-crackers as big and noisy as 12-inch guns. Meantime it is absolutely certain that John Hancock, John Adams, Caesar Rodney, Roger Sherman, Ben Franklin and the other fathers look from Paradise thru the sulphurous smoke clouds of one of our Fourth of July celebrations with no little apprehension for the country's future. The day has too red a color.

The Railway Age reports that the railway receivership business is suffering from great depression. So are most receiverships. We know of a few lawyers who can't be persuaded that these are good times. The collapse of the shipbuilding trust is the one good sign in a dark sky.

A Successful Long Distance Race.

The automobile race in Ireland yesterday was a great success. It demonstrated that it is quite possible to have long-distance races without great loss of life and limb. This will be a good demonstration to the thrill-loving who have been aroused by accounts of these exciting red-devil races, where a car crashes over a hill this second, skims across a valley the next second and is atop another hill in a third.

There is no use saying that there is no legitimate sport in these contests at ninety miles an hour. There isn't a man with red blood in his arteries whose heart does not beat faster at the prospect of seeing or participating in one. To be sure, some machines were broken yesterday, and one man had a shoulder broken; but there is no sport that is without its dangers.

The race yesterday was between France and Germany. The United States was not in it. All day long the German, Jenatzy, and the Frenchman, DeKnyff, fought for first place, with the Frenchman Farman a close third. The German won, but he had to fight for his honors, and the homeland of the automobile was in no way disgraced.

There is no reason why, in the near future, automobile racing should not become more popular than horse-racing. An automobile race is, in the last resort, an entirely human contest. The machine is a production of man's skill, whereas the race horse is only in part the work of man. When automobiles race, the skill of a manufacturer is pitted against his rivals' skill, and the skill of the driver is no less than the skill of the jockey. In an industrial age there should be something especially fascinating about contests between machines which are the very symbol of the mechanical development of the times.

It is no wonder that the Chinese object to be treated like a lot of criminals at the St. Louis exposition. It is certainly humiliating that a Chinaman who journeys to this country to see the exposition or take part in it must give a bond, submit to photographic identifications, police supervision and the expulsion from America of the Chinese workmen and employes when the fair is over. This is one of the unpleasant sides of a good policy. The exclusion of Chinese immigrants is a wise policy. It is followed not because we would injure the Chinese but because we love ourselves. If China had been a powerful and militant nation the exclusion might have led to war. The immigration figures show that we are likely soon to have a Japanese as well as a Chinese problem. The Japs are free to come, but they work just as cheaply as the Chinese and are lacking in some of the admirable traits of the Chinese. Yet excluding Japanese from American territory is a very different matter from excluding Chinese. Japan can make a lot of trouble for us in the Philippines, if she wants to.

Minneapolis now consumes a million dollars' worth of stamps a year. Since contributions to the postal revenues are given directly for business service performed, they cannot be called taxes, but Uncle Sam did last year take $430,000 out of Minneapolis in customs revenues alone, to say nothing of what he got from internal revenue collections. Nor does that represent all the federal taxes Minneapolis people and other consumers of goods imported thru the Minneapolis customs house pay. They have to pay a large sum in the form of increased prices on goods imported elsewhere and sold here, to say nothing of the protection tax they may pay on articles manufactured at home. Altogether the indirect federal tax is much larger than the state tax, and probably equals as much as half the entire direct taxation of the city. A proposition to add 15 mills to the Minneapolis tax rate would cause a riot, but Uncle Sam takes that much and we never miss it.

The negro can get along without the ballot, but his case is hopeless if he is not the equal of the white man before the courts of law. The north used to think that political equality was necessary to legal equality. The south has maintained that such is not the case. Yet it is well known that in the south and in some states that are not southern justice is not meted out even-handed to the poorer classes of negroes. The peonages cases in Alabama show in striking manner what kind of justice the negro sometimes gets in that state. Booker Washington wisely said at Louisville yesterday that whenever the nation forgets or is tempted to forget the principle of justice the whole fabric of government is threatened.

"New York," says the New York Mail and Express, "is the place of origin of a species of periodical literature little read here, but accepted in the barber shops and poker clubs of the provinces as fairly representative of metropolitan life that, for dull indecency and cheap vulgarity, is not exceeded anywhere." And the Mail and Express might have added that they are offered for sale side by side with the decent and high-toned publications, so that the uninformed or the young may buy them in as good company as Century or Harper's Monthly.

HOW FAR WILL HE GO?

Augusta, Ga., Chronicle.

As a genuine fisherman, Mr. Cleveland believes in speaking easy and carrying a long pole.

Books and Authors

SOMETHING OF A NUISANCE

Everybody's Magazine should be commended for announcing its purpose to follow the example of the Cosmopolitan and one or two other periodicals in sending their issues out with cut leaves. This intolerable nuisance of uncut magazine leaves ought to be abated by all the publishers of such literature. It is a waste of time incongruous with a busy and progressive age. The process of cutting leaves is made more difficult by the twin nuisance, the wire thread used in binding the magazines. The wire threads are located so high up in the margins that magazines bound with them are constantly flying out of one's grasp and the leaves viciously resist the cutting operation. There are some periodicals in which the wire system has been modified a little, but as a general thing the use of the wire thread is no credit to this progressive age. Everybody's Magazine has kindly adopted a genuine improvement in locating the page of contents on the first page after the cover. The practice of crowding many pages of "ads" after the cover and concealing the page of contents is very reprehensible.

NEW BOOKS

DESPOTISM AND DEMOCRACY. A STUDY IN WASHINGTON SOCIETY AND POLITICS. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy. Price $1.50.

The title of this book is somewhat misleading. It is not the "man on horseback" in the White House who figures in campaigns as a despot, to whom the "Despotism" relates, but the bosses who run the state conventions and make or unmake men of ambition, and "Democracy" refers illogically to the ambitious element, struggling to get to the top of the ladder, but are kept down by the bosses. The two congressmen who figure in the book are types. Thorndyke and Crane each had his boss. Thorndyke's boss, a senator, fixed him as chairman of the foreign affairs committee of the house, and told him he could have his seat in congress and a chairmanship of a good committee as long as he kept out of state politics and did not make himself offensively prominent at national conventions. Crane was more aggressive. When the new house came in, his boss got him Thorndyke's excellent chairmanship, and war coming on he made a brilliant speech as representing the committee on foreign affairs, which captured the house and the country and increased the possibility of his further advancement. When his senator "boss" offered to fix the governor so that Crane would be appointed to fill out the unexpired term of a senator who had been killed in an accident, he had the courage to decline, as he was expected to contemplate this brief uplift as the end of his political career. The boss was not in the habit of helping men up the ladder, if he thought they might become dangerous to him. Crane, however, by some sharp maneuvering, secured from his home legislature his election to the long senatorial term. Thorndyke discovered the beautiful Constance Maitland, an old charmer of his younger days, was in Washington. He still loved her in spite of a remote misunderstanding. Constance is the "woman in the case," and she proves to be a very interesting one. Thorndyke's love for her violently revived and if the reader will follow the trail he will find this love episode the brightest and most satisfactory in the book. Crane, altho he had a pretty wife and some children, was somewhat bewitched by the lady and Thorndyke did nearly the best work of his life in persuading Crane to bring his wife from the distant west and have a home in Washington to strengthen his hold on all the essential moralities,—something which many congressmen who leave their wives at home do not adhere to.

PRUDENCE PRATT. By Mrs. Dore Lyon. Illustrated. New York: George V. Blackburne.

The author shows no perceptible originality of plot, but she makes the most out of the situation. Mrs. Prudence Pratt, whose name is the title to the story, is a genial widow of means, at whose country home Olive Sherman enjoys herself. This young person had been told by her wealthy and fashionable mother to marry Blair Maxwell-Forbes, to whom she had no inclination whatever. At Mrs. Pratt's she meets that lady's fascinating business agent, Robert Elton, and, after many romantic episodes the two fall strenuously in love with each other. Mother Sherman rages and denounces the engagement, which is promoted by Prudence Pratt, who engineers the couple to the marriage altar with her blessing. She is represented after her experience in match-making as feeling a longing for some one to love her. The author might have wound her book up more sensationally by marrying her to Olive's rejected lover—Blair Maxwell-Forbes.

THE MAGAZINES

What To Eat is what may be called a "jolly good" number, with some grave cautionary warnings about what we should do in midsummer about eating, by Dr. Oswald, who is always very sensible, and serious counsel as to morals in eating is given by Mr. Buckman. There are many recipes for dainty dishes which read alluringly, and the stories are piquant and seasonable. Even Fourth-of-July gastronomy is not overlooked. (Chicago: Pierce Publishing company.)

In the Engineering Magazine there is a valuable and interesting account, with illustrations, of the gold-bearing gravels of Alaska, showing that they are of immense extent, and great preparations are making to develop them by newer and cheaper methods than have been used. Important papers are Guarini's paper on the applications of electricity to agriculture, as lighting fields for night work, telegraphic and telephonic connection between farms to minimize the disadvantages of isolation and to supply the electro-motive power, and a paper of special interest is Mr. Stewart's argument in favor of utilizing the automobile as a feeder for the railways. (New York: 120-122 Liberty street.)

The Cosmopolitan interestingly details the life experience and habits of King Menelik of Abyssinia, who is now helping Great Britain to crush the troublesome Mad Mullah in Somaliland. The paper is by W. T. Stead. Mr. Hunter writes of Philae, the ancient isle of Isis, and her temples, soon to be submerged by the waters of the Nile, backed up by the great Assouan dam. Mr. Fawcett's "Suburban Life in America" and Madge Kendal's "The Leisured Public and the Stage," are attractive and well illustrated contributions; Richard Le Gallienne tells in his own way the old threadbare story of Shelley and Mary Goodwin; the St. Louis exposition receives abundant attention, and among other attractions is a fine paper by Edmund Gosse on "The Ethics of Biography." (Irvington, New York: John Brisben Walker.)

THE FERRIS PLAYS

Dick Ferris and his company will present the clever romantic comedy "Heart and Sword," but three more times, tonight, to-morrow afternoon and to-morrow evening, at the Lyceum. Dick Ferris has never been seen in any role in which he appeared to better advantage. Next week, starting Sunday evening, the company will present the roaring comedy, "A Bachelor's Honeymoon."

AN OMNIPRESENT NUISANCE

New York Press.

Flies are more detestable than mosquitoes. They mar whatever they touch and do not possess the merit of being sweet singers. The fly is the only universal beast. It is the unwelcome companion of man in every quarter of the globe and is equally at home in Alaska and the great desert. A ship may leave port without one on board, yet in midocean an unclean spot on deck will attract a swarm. The fly seems to be born for the occasion.

THE NONPAREIL MAN

Casually Observed.

Any place not wet down please hold up one finger.

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The horse show yesterday was a wonderful success. R. F. Jones came out in his diving suit, jumped off the grand stand and swam twice around the course, amidst great applause. Two horses were drowned, but the rest of the bunch acquited themselves nobly, while the band played "Pull for the Shore."

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The June graduate who goes against the wheat harvest, as some of them sensibly propose to do as a starter at babnging the world on the eye for a living, will find that while the football game is of a few hours duration the wheat field is able to set up an opposition that lasts for several days. And there isn't any intermission to carry off the wounded and dead either. Besides that, football doesn't start at 6 a. m. and it has some respect for the Sabbath, too. The wheat game is strenuous but healthful. We recommend it cheerfully—for other people.

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Some people seem to think that all that is required to start a restaurant is a set of double thick dishes and a few families of cockroaches in the kitchen.

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Secretary Wilson says that there is no foot and mouth disease in the entire country now. The secretary does not subscribe for our hated contemporaries.

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William Randolph Hearst is being quite systematically boomed for president by democrats in the southwest. Billy Worst has about as much show of carrying the country as the prohibition party has of carrying Waconia.

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A new hair growing device is a vacuum cap that draws the hair out like an expert interviewer. The intellectual row will be in its usual orchestra seats next Saturday night.

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Running for the presidency on the democratic ticket this year will be about as forceful a sight as that presented by the terrier chasing the express train.

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The office has succeeded in finding the man in Mexico, and President Diaz will take another turn at the presidency. Even a blind office in Mexico would have little trouble in locating Diaz.

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"The best barometer in the world" is said to be an old, battle-scarred, weather-worn cat. If you study him well you will soon find that if he eats grass it is going to rain. When he is nervous at nightfall it indicates a thunder storm. There are a lot of other signs, but most people will prefer to take their weather on chance, rather than to have the brute around the house.

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A series of articles has been running in the Ladies' Home Journal describing how two little cash girls in a department store bought a lovely palatial home for their widowed mother out of a few years' savings from their pay, $1.49 a week each. Then there is the bank clerk of sturdy and uncompromising honesty, who, out of the savings from his modest stipend now owns a ten-room home on Appleblossom street. And the scrubwoman, whose husband is paralyzed, who has saved enough from the floors to set him up in a comfortable peanut stand at the union station, from the proceeds of which, carefully laid away for twenty years, they have been enabled to have a home on Central park and a modest fifteen-room cottage at Newport. These stories are very interesting, and show what can be done by a romantic young gentleman with paper and pencil, who must fill his page or not draw his pay.

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The saloon men of Aitkin have agreed to observe the law "during the warm summer months," and have issued this proclamation:

> Desirous of being freed from business cares during the summer months we hereby mutually agree to close our respective places of business sharp at midnight every Saturday night and to keep closed until 5 o'clock a. m. the following Monday, during the months of June, July, August and September, 1903. We also request the day and night village marshals to strictly enforce this agreement during the period mentioned.

But what, we would like to inquire, will there be in it for the marshals if they agree to enforce the law? Of course, they cannot be expected to act in this irregular way for nothing.

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The Bemidji Pioneer tells of an odd accident in which Adam Laundry, a lumberjack, 35 years of age, had his left leg broken by shaking hands with a friend. Laundry was in a store and an old friend, known as "Tom, the Hiker," entered the building. The two men had not seen each other for some time, and each warmly grasped the other's hand. Tom is a big, strong fellow, and in a spirit of fun he jerked his smaller companion toward him. Laundry fell, breaking his leg just above the ankle. Still we must shake hands with our strong friends, even if it takes a leg.

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Sir Frederick Treves, the leading surgeon of England, who performed the operation upon the king for appendicitis, will retire from practice at the end of July. He will retain the honorary post of surgeon to the king and adviser to the army medical board. In a professional sense, he invented appendicitis. As he is only 50 years old and is full of energy, it is suggested that he closes his surgical career for the purpose of entering parliament. It is said that he has the finest private collection of appendices in the United Kingdom.

THE FILIGREE BALL

Being a Full and True Account of the Solution of the Mystery Concerning the Jeffrey-Moore Affair.

By ANNA KATHERINE GREEN.

Author of "The Leavenworth Case," etc.

Copyright 1903, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

BOOK II

The Law and Its Victim.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

An Egotist of the First Water.

"I am not usually interrupted here," he emphasized; except by the boys," he added more mildly. "They sometimes approach too closely, but I am used to the imps and scarcely notice them. Ah! there are some of my old friends now! Well, it is time they knew that a change has taken place in my fortunes. Hi, there! Hands up and catch this, and this, and this!" he shouted. "But keep quiet about it or next year you will get pennies again."

And flinging quarters right and left, he smiled in such a pompous, self-satisfied way at the hurrah and scramble which ensued, that it was well worth my journey there just to see this exhibition of combined vanity and good humor.

"Now go!" he vouchsafed; and the urchins, black and white, flew away, flinging up their hands in delight and shouting: "Bully for you, Uncle David! We'll come again next year, not for twenty-fives but fifties."

"I will make it dollars if I only live so long," he muttered. And deigning now to remember the question I had put to him, he grandly remarked:

"I am going straight into town. Can I do anything for you?"

"Nothing. I thought you might like to know what awaits you there. The city is greatly stirred up. The coroner's jury in the Jeffrey-Moore case has just brought in a verdict to the effect that suicide has not been proved. Naturally, this is equivalent to one of murder."

"Ah!" he ejaculated, slightly taken aback for one so invariably impassive.

"And to whom is the guilt of this crime ascribed?" he presently ventured.

"There was mention of no name; but the opprobrium naturally falls on Miss Tuttle."

"Miss Tuttle? Ah!"

"Since Mr. Jeffrey is proved to have been too far away at the time to have fired that shot, while she——"

"I am following you——"

"Was in the very house—at the door of the library in fact—and heard the pistol discharged, if she did not discharge it herself—which some believe, notably the district attorney. You should have been there, Mr. Moore."

He looked surprised at this suggestion.

"I never am anywhere but here on the twenty-third of May," he declared.

"Miss Tuttle needed some adviser."

"Ah, probably."

"You would have been a good one."

"And a welcome one, eh?"

I hardly thought he would have been a welcome one, but I did not admit the fact. Nevertheless he seized on the advantage he evidently thought he had gained and added, mildly enough, or rather, without any display of feeling:

"Miss Tuttle likes me even less than Veronica did. I do not think she would have accepted, certainly she would not have desired, my presence in her counsels. But of one thing I wish her to be assured, her and the world in general. Any money she may need at this—at this unhappy crisis in her life, she will find amply supplied. She has no claims on me, but that makes little difference where the family honor is concerned. Her mother's husband was my brother—the girl shall have all she needs. I will write her so."

He was moving toward his carriage.

"Fine turnout?" he interrogatively remarked.

I assented with all the surprise—with all the wonder even—which his sublime egotism seemed to invite.

"It is the best that Downey could raise in the time I allotted him. When I really finger the money, we shall see, we shall see."

His foot was on the carriage step. He looked up at the west. The sun was almost down but not quite. "Have you any special business with me?" he asked, lingering with what I thought a surprising display of conscientiousness till the last ray of direct sunlight had disappeared.

I glanced up at the coachman sitting on his box as rigid as any stone.

"You may speak," said he; "Caesar neither hears nor sees anything but his horses when he drives me."

The black did not wink. He was as completely at home on the box and as quiet and composed in his service as if he had driven this man for years.

"He understands his duty," finished the master, but with no outward appearance of pride. "What have you to say to me?"

I hesitated no longer.

"Miss Tuttle is supposed to have secretly entered the Moore house on the night you summoned us. She even says she did. I know that you have sworn to having seen no one go into that house; but notwithstanding this, haven't you some means at your disposal for proving to the police and to the world at large that she never fired that fatal shot? Public opinion is so cruel. She will be ruined whether innocent or guilty, unless it can be very plainly shown that she did not enter the library prior to going there with the police."

"And how can you suppose me to be in a position to prove that? Say that I had sat in my front window all that evening and watched with uninterruted assiduity the door thru which so many are said to have passed between sunset and midnight—something which I did not do, as I have plainly stated on oath—how could you have expected me to see what went on in the black interior of a house whose exterior is barely discernible at night across the street?"

"Then you cannot aid her?" I asked.

With a light bound he leaped into the carriage. As he took his seat he politely remarked:

"I should be glad to, since, tho not a Moore, she is near enough the family to affect its honor. But not having even seen her enter the house, I cannot testify in any way in regard to her. Home, Caesar, and drive quickly. I do not thrive under these evening damps."

And leaning back, with an inexpressible air of contentment with himself, his equipage and the prospect of an indefinite enjoyment of the same, the last representative of the great Moore family was quietly driven away.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Fresh Start.

I was far from being good company that night. I knew this without being told. My mind was too busy. I was too full of regrets and plans, reasonings and counter reasonings. In my eyes Miss Tuttle had suddenly become innocent, consequently a victim. But a victim to what? To some exaggerated sense of duty? Possibly; but to what duty? That was the question, to answer which offhand I would, in my present excitement, have been ready to sacrifice a month's pay.

For I was moved, not only by the admiration and sympathy which all men must feel for a beautiful woman caught in such a deadly snare of circumstantial evidence, but by the conviction that Durbin, whose present sleek complacency was more offensive to me than the sneering superiority of a week ago, believing her to be a guilty woman, and as such his rightful prey. This alone would have influenced me to take the opposite view; for we never ran along together, and in a case where any division of opinion was possible, always found ourselves, consciously or unconsciously, on different sides. Yet I did not really dislike Durbin, who is a very fine fellow. I only hated his success and the favor which rewarded it.

I know that I have some very nasty failings and I do not shrink from owning them. My desire is to represent myself as I am, and I must admit that it was not entirely owing to disinterested motives that I now took the secret stand I did in Miss Tuttle's favor. To prove her innocent whom once I considered the cause of, if not the guilty accessory to her sister's murder, now became my dream by night and my occupation by day. Tho I seemed to have no sympathizer in this effort and tho the case against her was being pushed very openly in the district attorney's office, yet I clung to my convictions with an almost insensate persistence, inwardly declaring her the victim of circumstances, and hoping against hope that some clue would offer itself by means of which I might yet prove her so.

But where was I to seek for this clue?

Alas, no ready answer to this very important query was forthcoming. All possible evidence in this case seemed to have been exhausted, save such as Mr. Jeffrey and Miss Tuttle withheld. And so the monstrous accusation stood, and before it all Washington—my humble self included—stood in a daze of mingled doubt and compassion, hunting for explanations which failed to appear and seeking in vain for some guiltier party, who evermore slipped from under our hand.

Had Mr. Jeffrey's alibi been less complete he could have stood up against the suspicions which now ran riot. But there was no possibility of shifting the actual crime back to him after the testimony of so frank and trustworthy a man as Tallman. If the stopping of Mrs. Jeffrey's watch fixed the moment of her death as accurately as was supposed—and I never heard the least doubt thrown out in this regard—he could not by any means of transit then known in Washington have reached Waverly avenue in time to fire that shot. The gates of the cemetery were closed at sundown; sundown took place that night at one minute past 7, and the distance into town is considerable. His alibi could not be gainsaid. So his name failed to be publicly broached in connection with the shooting, tho his influence over Miss Tuttle could not be forgotten, suggesting to some that she had acted as his hand in the deed which robbed him of an undesirable wife. But this I would not believe. I preferred to accept the statement that she had stopped short of the library door in her suspicious visit there, and that the ribon-tying, which went for so much, had been done at home. That the facts, especially the latter called for more than common credulity, I was quite ready to acknowledge; and had her feeling for Francis Jeffrey shown less unselfishness. I should certainly have joined my fellows in regarding these assertions as very lame attempts to explain what could only be explained by a confession of guilt.

So here was a tangle without a frayed end to pull at, unless the impervious egotism of Uncle David afforded one, which I doubted. For how could any man with a frightful secret in his breast show that unmixed delight in his new equipage and suddenly acquired position, which had so plainly beamed from that gentleman's calm eye and assured bearing? When he met my scrutiny in the sacred precincts where the one love of his heart lay buried, he did so without a quiver or any sign of inner disturbance. His tone to Caesar as he drove off had been the tone of a man who can afford to speak quietly because he is conscious of being so undeniably the master; and when his foot rose to the carriage step it was with the confidence of one who had been kept out of his rights for most of his natural life, but who feels in his present enjoyment of them no apprehension of a change. His whole bearing and conversation of that day were, as I am quite ready to admit, an exhibition of prodigious selfishness; but it was also an exhibitiotn of mental poise incompatible with a consciousness of having acquired his fortune by any means which laid him open to the possibility of losing it. Or so I judged.

To be continued to-morrow.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

The Granite Falls Journal says:

"Why keep up this third term for Van Sant business? A story comes from Duluth to the effect that our governor has his agents out laying wires for a third term. We do not believe this, neither do we believe he will seek another term. He has made us a good governor and is willing to retire on the honors won. We remember the time when a man by the name of Grant, who had had greater honors thrust upon him than few men ever before receive, and lost a large share of the respect of the American voter by trying to fill the same office three times."

There is nothing particularly venomous in such comment as the foregoing. It is the rabid anti-administration papers, with their more or less veiled attacks on the governor and his official family, who are doing most to stir up third term sentiment. There is a strong under-current of approval for the Van Sant administration, and if the hammers keep on pounding they may arouse this latent sentiment into a genuine third term boom. Otherwise the governor will not be in the field, and the next convention will choose from new material.

Now to whom can Uncle Pease of Anoka refer to in the following?

"The Union has in mind a right small caliber of a man, holding an important state office for the first term, who will more than likely be retired at the end of it. He certainly ought to be."

—Charles B. Cheney.

CONTEMPT

Kansas City Star.

Has not Henry Watterson incurred the liability of arrest for contempt of the supreme court of Missouri by nominating Prosecutor Folk of St. Louis for president?

WELCOMED

Kansas City Journal.

The famished condition of democracy is shown by the hungry way democratic organs are pouncing on the postal scandals. Never was any "issue" more warmly welcomed.

ENFORCE THE LAW

Chicago News.

It is time to put a stop to lynchings and race antagonism and violent and passionate denunciation. The only safe course lies in strict enforcement of the law, without fear or fav

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