

BULLETIN OF THE ST. PAUL GLOBE.

MONDAY, AUG. 21. Weather for Today—Fair and warmer.

Page 1. Details of the Elmo Murder. Waterson willing to lead Bryan to Be Hill's Guest. Platt's gubernatorial boom. Empire State Convention Outlook. Page 2. Hospitality for Editors. Press Day at the Fair. Postmasters Want Civil Service. Rev. Conley on Good Use of Time. Page 3. News of Minneapolis. America at the Paris Exposition. Better Outlook on Wall Street. Henry Clews' Weekly Review. Page 4. Editorial. Grandeur of America. Page 5. Blues Slaughtered by Apostles. Millers Win From Brewers. International Yacht Races Today. News of the Northwest. Page 6. Markets of the World. Globe's Great Offer. Page 7. Wants of the People. Page 8. Memories of Erdenheim. The Household. Vagrant Verse.

EVENTS TODAY. Aurora Park—Base Ball, 3.30. Auditorium—Gleason Horse Show, 8. Bradley Street—Flag Raising, 6.30. MOVEMENT OF STEAMSHIPS. NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—Arrived: Spaarndam, Rotterdam, Bolivia, Mediterranean ports; Buffalo, Hull. BOSTON.—Arrived: Catalonia, Liverpool. QUEENSTOWN.—Arrived: Gallia, Boston. Salem: Etruria, New York. ANTWERP.—Arrived: Kensington, New York.

A new ice bicycle has been invented. It has not been tried on ice.

Official reports show that all game except poker is growing scarce in Wisconsin.

Can it be that Chicago's boodle aldermen, like the elections, are passing off quietly?

President Kruger is for peace again. The last time he secured peace was by whaling Dr. Jameson.

Mr. Sewall has finally been properly labeled. He is now called a corporationalist, whatever that may be.

Since "Jameson's Ride" the poet laureate of England has declined to put any of his verses in writing.

Tom Platt sends greetings to Warner Miller and all others interested that he is still boss of the Republicans of New York.

The woman's fall that is very tall and very broad. The St. Paul woman can make herself very popular by not wearing it to the theater.

The Prince of Wales and Tom Watson open the week on about an even footing. Neither sees any immediate prospect of ruling anything.

The young people who were hanging over numerous front yard gates saying tardy Sunday morning farewells report the eclipse of the moon a pleasing success.

If Col. Gabe Bouck and Gen. Bragg will put off their duel until after election, they will have time to come to the conclusion that it is wholly unnecessary to fight at all.

Chill September is just peeping over the horizon, the season when numerous people will consider the question of exchanging the family bicycle for a couple of tons of coal.

You do not need to be told that you will miss it if you don't have a front seat at Aurora park this afternoon. The team that is going to win the Western league pennant will be there.

It is over two months since Mr. McKinley was nominated. He has not said formally that he would accept the nomination, and yet there appears to be no fear that he will put aside the proffer.

Indications multiply that Mrs. Bryan would be president of the United States in certain contingencies. On their fishing trip she caught two pickered, and her husband caught nothing except a cold.

Those Populists who have been so vehemently declaring that they would not support Mr. Sewall should pause to reflect that Mr. Sewall has never said that he desired their support.

Ignatz Wisniewski was married in Chicago yesterday to Katarzyna Spczyk. Nobody can blame the young woman for wanting to change her name, but she might have driven a better bargain by selecting a man named Smith or Jones.

Popcorn comes high in Cincinnati. A horse was disqualified there on Saturday for having four pounds overweight, and his jockey fined \$300. The jockey's explanation was that he ate some popcorn and drank some water after he had weighed in for the race.

The Democratic and Republican campaigns will be conducted from the same building in Chicago. There will be no division of funds, but the two committees may occasionally bring into use the step-ladder, to find out, by way of the transom, what the other fellows are doing.

Henry Waterson says he would accept the nomination for president from the National Democratic convention. He doesn't want it, and mentions several other good men, but says if they will not take it he will, even if he knows it will lead him to the stake. Henry is something of a hero.

FIRED FIVE SHOTS

LAKE ELMO MURDERER RIDDLED THOMAS CURLIN'S BODY WITH BULLETS.

ANOTHER VILLAGE MURDER.

WITH ROBBERY AS ITS MOTIVE, SHOCKS ANOTHER PRETTY SUMMER RESORT.

DESPERADOES ARE AT LIBERTY.

With Only Slight Chances for the Pursuit of the Red-Handed Midnight Marauders.

Thomas Curlin, proprietor of a saloon at Lake Elmo, was murdered by a burglar in the presence of his wife in his residence yesterday morning at 2 o'clock. The murder was committed by one of a gang of burglars, and the

THOMAS CURLIN,



Murdered by Burglars at Lake Elmo.

victim was instantly killed, one of the five shots fired by the murderer piercing his heart, while the other four bullets found a resting place in various parts of his body. The murderer and his accomplice, for it is known that there were two concerned in the crime, both escaped, and it is probable will not be captured.

Curlin, who for fifteen years resided in Stillwater, and for half of this time was employed as bartender in the saloon of William Carroll, started in business for himself about a year ago at Lake Elmo, a station on the Omaha railroad about twelve miles from St. Paul and six miles this side of Stillwater. The place has a very small population, but in the summer time is quite a resort for persons who spend the summer camping on the shores of the lake. Curlin during the

over the lower part of his face appeared in the arched doorway leading to the bedroom and as he pointed a revolver at Curlin, ordered him to keep quiet. Evidently the burglar had been standing just to one side of the doorway, which was draped with a pair of curtains, and had overheard a part if not all of the conversation between Curlin and his wife. Either this or in the dim light made by the small lamp which he had used in stores for lighting cigars, the burglar saw the revolver in Curlin's hand and realizing that it was either his life or Curlin's did not hesitate a moment. Raising his revolver, he took deliberate aim and opened fire on Curlin. In rapid succession five shots rang out and Curlin fell back on the bed. He suddenly raised himself to his feet as if forced by a spring and murmuring "Oh, Gus!" fell forward on his face. Mrs. Curlin, who, during the shooting, had crouched back on the bed, jumped to the floor, and as she did so gave voice to several shrieks. She lighted the lamp which had been extinguished after the second shot, probably by the concussion, and turned to her husband, who lay motionless on the floor. Endowed with superhuman strength, Mrs. Curlin lifted her husband up, but on glancing at his face that stared at her were glazed in death, she turned and fled to the center of the room, and this piece of furniture was overturned, carrying with it to the floor a large lamp which stood on it. Dead through the bedroom, the murderer escaped by the front door, which had been propped open, and disappeared.

William Kunde, a brother of Mrs. Curlin, slept in a room directly over the chamber in which the tragedy occurred, but he was not awakened until after the five shots had been fired. At least he did not hear the sound of the shots, but as he jumped out of bed he heard a noise as if something had fallen to the floor and then the noise of his sister's screams struck his ears. Seizing a loaded shotgun which stood in one corner of his room, he ran down stairs, calling to his sister to know what the trouble was, and he happened to see his sister standing in the center of the room, her night dress covered with blood, while on the floor lay a small table standing in a pool of blood. He immediately ran to Curlin's side, but his sister informed him, "Tom is dead," and directed him to make an emergency call to the police office in St. Paul, notifying him of all freight trains coming from the direction of the crime, be watched and all suspicious characters arrested.

A telephone message was sent to Stillwater, and Sheriff Smith and Chief of Police McInnes, with a detail of deputies and patrolmen, were at the scene of the murder within an hour. Searching parties were at once formed and the locality for the radius of a mile or so was examined with the hope that the murderer and his companion might be found in hiding. No trace of them could be found, and the officials returned to the house after notifying the police officials of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Coroner Freligh, of Washington county, arrived on the scene at an early hour, and together with County Attorney Manwaring, G. H. Sullivan, his assistant, Sheriff Smith and Chief of Police McInnes, made an investigation of the premises. The burglar, it is believed, is not the least doubt in the minds of the officials that two men were concerned in the affair, had entered the house after notifying the police officials of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

What money Curlin had was kept in a box in the bedroom up to the time that an attempt was made to enter the house. Since then his cash has been kept by Mrs. Curlin, who made a small bag and hung it around her neck, and in this receptacle the money was placed each night on retiring.

About 2 o'clock yesterday morning Mrs. Curlin, who is of a very nervous temperament and not a sound sleeper, was awakened by the noise of a passing freight train, the house being about fifty feet from the railroad tracks. A few moments later she

heard a slight noise as if some one had tipped over a spittoon in the bar room. She nudged her husband, and told him there was some one in the house. Both listened intently for several moments, but as there was no sound to be heard, Curlin said that it was probably a mouse that made the noise. Mrs. Curlin, who is not unlike other women, had her own ideas of what the noise was, and replied that it must have been a pretty big mouse to make so much noise. Curlin wanted to go to sleep, and tried to quiet his wife's fears, but Mrs. Curlin insisted that she had heard some one tipping over a spittoon in the bar room, and asked her husband if it might not be the cat. Curlin said it was not possible, as before he locked up the house he had turned the feline out the door. This only made Mrs. Curlin more alarmed and positive that there was some one moving about the bar room. She said she was not afraid to get up, and suggested that if her husband would take his revolver she would take a small lamp which was burning on a dresser near the bed and whether things were all right or not.

Curlin sat up in bed, reached under his pillow, and grasped his revolver and then stood on his feet as he did so the form of a man with a black mask

"Immediately after the Chicago convention," wrote Messrs. Whitney, Carlisle and other friends at home, representing the need of another convention, platform and ticket. That by any chance my own name might be considered as a nominee did not occur to my mind, and I gave reasons, which seemed to me sufficient, why Carlisle should take the leadership of this movement toward good government and sound Democracy. In his default the names of Gen. Palmer and Gen. Buckner and Gen. Bragg and Secretary Morton readily came to me. Can it be possible that each of these gentlemen has refused to wear the crown of thorns, at once so honorable and so distinguished, or is this some phantom cross of gold with which you seek to tempt me?"

"It is merely a simple question, Mr. Waterson, in want of a simple and direct answer."

"Quite two years ago," answered Mr. Waterson, "I withdrew from all personal relation to party politics under circumstances and not inclination forced upon me. I have not now and never have had the faintest political ambition. Surrounded by my family and my books, I am living an idyllic life in an ideal region, happy in my work, which is not merely congenial, but which produces fruits I shall need, for I am not a rich man. To abandon this is to throw myself into the activities of an exciting campaign, to become a participant in an embittered family quarrel, to give over to angry criminal associations of a lifetime, and in advance to mortgage the reputation of my old age—for this is but the beginning of a national movement and controversy the end of which no man can clearly see."

"There are sacrifices before whose contemplation one of an easy-going, peace-loving disposition may well stand aghast. In therefore, anything could move me to bolt the forthcoming Indianapolis convention it would be my own nomination, but I have never urged any advance to a sunrise, for my own attempt, and when the convention meets, and if it decides to put a ticket in the field and is unable to induce any of the other gentlemen I have named to take up the standard of duty, I would take it if I knew it led me to the stake."

"I am clearly of the opinion that no other support of the Republican ticket, have declared for McKinley. It was precipitate, to say the least of it. We can always surrender, and to swallow McKinleyism, with all that entails, hide, horns and tallow, without considering any alternative of waiting to see how far sound money might be really advanced by a sunrise. For it was done in a panic, I take it, for capital and property are proverbially timid."

"DISCOUNTS THE SILVER CRAZE. "There is no silver craze representing the majority of voters in any extreme Democratic opinion, and the race question and their fear of negro domination, and in silver mining camps of the far West. A majority for honest money is the Democratic position. North and South may be counted on. The rest is sheer assertion and noise, which a fearless and energetic campaign of the Democratic ticket will silence. There is no immediate peril, for I believe that the Chicago ticket will in any event be disastrously beaten."

WATERSON WILLING

HE WOULD ACCEPT THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION IF TENDERED.

STANDS FOR SOUND MONEY

IF IT LEADS HIM TO THE STAKE—SILVER SURE TO LOSE.

MORTON ALSO IN THE RING.

Iowa Democrats May Support His Candidacy—Terse Words Against Silver.

PARIS, Aug. 23.—Last week when the suggestion of Col. Henry Waterson for the presidential nomination took form, a correspondent was dispatched to Geneva in order to ascertain the views held by the Kentucky editor on the subject. Mr. Waterson was first asked whether he would accept the nomination.

"To decline what has not been offered and what nobody has a right to offer," he replied, "is presumption. To accept is solicitation, and to refuse to speak is to invite misrepresentation."

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Continued on Fifth Page.

DAVID GOES FORTH

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FEASTING AND MERRIMENT

WILL MARK THE VISIT OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE TO ALBANY.

STIRS UP THE POLITICIANS.

Announcement Taken as an Intimation of the New York Senator's Attitude.

UPPER RED HOOK, N. Y., Aug. 23.—The fact that William J. Bryan, Democratic candidate for the presidency, will lunch with Senator Hill, the leader of the party organization in this state, became known today to the little party of politicians inhabiting the Red Hook hotel, and inspired more anticipatory discussions among them than any other incident of the candidate's Eastern trip.

Every one assumes that Senator Hill has resolved to support the nominee of the party; else they argue, he would hardly invite him to sit at his table. And the lunch is taken as a practical announcement of Hill's determination, which is expected to be followed by a more formal declaration of the senator's attitude. Mr. Bryan will arrive in Albany Tuesday afternoon, and will have two hours for refreshment before the speech which he is billed to make. He will spend two hours, according to the programme which has been arranged for him, at Wolfert's Roost, the handsome residence which Senator Hill bought of Fritz Emmett, the actor.

This visit having been arranged that the Democratic candidate and the senator may come to an understanding, if they have not already done so, will mark a distinct

EPOCH IN THE CAMPAIGN.

The fact of the invitation from Senator Hill, which message comes, it is understood, through Chairman Hinkley, of the state committee, is taken by the politicians here as an answer to the question which has stirred the state since the day of the Chicago convention, whether Senator Hill will support the ticket.

Tomorrow Mr. Bryan will go to Winnslock Lodge, in the Catskills, to pass the night with State Chairman Hinkley and other party managers of the state organization, and to discuss with them the plans for the campaign. He will meet other prominent Democrats in the cities of the state which he is to visit, and before he leaves New York will know what measure of support he is to receive from the leaders in this state.

A representative of the press today asked Mr. Bryan whether he was to lunch with Senator Hill, and he replied diplomatically: "I have not been fully advised concerning the arrangements which are made for my entertainment in Albany."

This was a very quiet day with Mr. Bryan, that is, a day as quiet as the candidate for the presidency can expect. There were many callers at the Perrine house from the surrounding country, who asked to see Mr. and Mrs. Bryan, and all of them were received.

A dreary rain bedraggled the village all day and kept most of its inhabitants indoors. In the morning Mr. Bryan drew an overcoat over his shoulders and plodded through the mud with his host, Mr. Perrine, to one of Red Hook's two churches, the worshiping place of the Dutch Reformed Communists. He took an inconspicuous side pew and was one of perhaps a hundred who listened to the sermon by Dr. Robert H. Barr, of the Associated Reform Church of Newburg. There was nothing in the sermon of a political tinge, but the pastor, Rev. G. D. Lydecker, who made the prayer, referred to the candidate. He prayed: "We ask Thee to specially bless Thy servant whom we have with us, Thy honored servant, fill him with wisdom and power for the anxieties and fatigues of the coming days and fill him with hope and confidence in all Thy purposes concerning him and these people."

After the services the ministers and members of the congregation pressed about Mr. Bryan to shake his hand.

A MIGHTY RISKY EXPERIMENT.

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

PLATT CAN HAVE IT

BUT HE SAYS HE WILL NOT TAKE THE GUBERNATORIAL NOMINATION.

QUEER SITUATION IN GOTHAM.

STRONG PROSPECTS THAT HE WILL BE NOMINATED IN SPITE OF HIS OBJECTION.

MILLER ON THE OUTSIDE.

He Will Ornament the Exterior of the Breastworks—His Friends May Help.



Bryan to Workingman—Now, my good man, I propose to cut your dollar in two without hurting you a particle. —From Harper's Weekly.—Copyright, 1896, by Harper & Bros.

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SARATOGA, N. Y., Aug. 23.—Thos. C. Platt will probably be the nominee of the Republican state convention for governor of New York, unless he can successfully combat a great and growing sentiment that, progressing day by day, has almost ceased to be a matter that Mr. Platt can still control. His name will be presented to the convention, every other candidate will withdraw and he will be nominated without debate. A correspondent showed this statement to Mr. Platt tonight. He thought for a few minutes, ran his thin, almost effeminate hand through his beard and said slowly and distinctly: "I am not a candidate, and I do not want the office."

"But, Mr. Platt, suppose that the convention is stamped for you?"