GLOBE'S TELEPHONE CALLS.

THE NORTHWESTERN.

Business Office ..... 1065 Main
Editorial Rooms ..... 78 Main
Composing Room ..... 1034 Main

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

Business Office 1039
Editorial Rooms 88

The St. Paul Globe

THE GLOBE CO., PUBLISHERS.

Entered at Postoffice at St. Paul, Minn., as Second-Class Matter.

CITY SUBSCRIPTIONS.

By Carrier.	1 mo	6 mos	12 mos
Daily only	.40	$2.25	$4.00
Daily and Sunday...	.50	2.75	5.00
Sunday	.15	.75	1.50

COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS.

By Mail.	1 mo	6 mos	12 mos
Daily only	.25	$1.50	$3.00
Daily and Sunday...	.35	2.00	4.00
Sunday	...	.75	1.50
Semi-Weekly	...	.50	1.00

BRANCH OFFICES.

New York, 10 Spruce St., Chas. H. Eddy in Charge.
Chicago, No. 87 Washington St., Harry Fralick, Mgr., Williams & Lawrence in Charge.
Paris Office, No. 11 Rue Scribe. Readers of the Globe, When Attending the Exposition, Are Invited to Call at the Globe Office.

WEATHER FOR TODAY.

Minnesota—Fair Monday and Tuesday; cooler Tuesday, except near Lake Superior; fresh northeasterly winds.

Wisconsin—Fair Monday and Tuesday; cooler Tuesday in western portion; winds mostly fresh northerly.

Iowa—Fair Monday and Tuesday; cooler Tuesday; variable winds.

North Dakota—Fair Monday; cooler in western portion; Tuesday, thunder storms and cooler; south to west winds.

South Dakota—Fair Monday; cooler in western portion; Tuesday cooler, probably thunder storms; south to west winds.

Montana—Showers Monday; cooler in eastern portion; Tuesday fair; westerly winds.

ST. PAUL.

Yesterday's observations, taken by the United States weather bureau, St. Paul, P. F. Lyons observer, for the twenty-four hours ended at 7 o'clock last night. ——Barometer corrected for temperature and elevation.

Highest temperature	86
Lowest temperature	60
Average temperature	73
Daily range	26
Barometer	29.96
Humidity	53
Precipitation	0
7 p. m., temperature	80
7 p. m., wind, northeast; weather, clear.	

RIVER BULLETIN.

Station.	Danger Line.	Gauge Reading.	Change in 24 Hours.
St. Paul	14	2.8	*0.1
La Crosse	10	3.4	0.0

*Rise.

YESTERDAY'S TEMPERATURES.

	*8pm	High		*8pm	High
Bismarck ...	90	94	Williston	94	100
Calgary	48	52	Winnipeg	76	80
Duluth	56	60	Buffalo	60	72
Edmonton ..	56	58	Boston	66	66
Havre	62	72	Chicago	74	86
Helena	58	58	Denver	78	86
Huron	86	88	New Orleans	78	84
Medicine Hat	56	56	New York ...	64	74
Minnedosa ..	74	80	Pittsburg	72	84
Pr. Albert ..	60	68	St. Louis	82	86
Qu'Appelle ..	88	92	Salt Lake ..	78	82
S. Current ..	62	72	Washington ..	72	84

*Washington time (7 p. m. St. Paul).

OCEAN LINERS.

NEW YORK—Arrived: New York, Southampton; La Touraine, Havre; City of Rome, Glasgow.
PRAWL POINT—Passed: Friesland, Antwerp, for New York.
DOVER—Passed: Koenigen Luise, Bremen, for New York.
SCILLY—Passed: Maain, New York, for Cherbourg and Bremen.
QUEENSTOWN—Sailed: Etruria, Liverpool, for New York.

TODAY IN ST. PAUL.

METROPOLITAN—Valentine Stock company in "Count of Monte Cristo," 8:15.
GRAND—"For Fair Virginia," 8:15.
Recital by Miss Celeste Le Febvre Coghlan, Raubenbush hall, 8 p. m.

MONDAY, MAY 28, 1900.

DR. OHAGE'S GIFT.

No words which the Globe might print could overstate the obligation which the city and its people are under to Dr. Justus Ohage. The city has not been especially fortunate, if it has been fortunate at all, in the public spirit displayed by those of its citizens whose accumulation of wealth within its doors might have carried with it some sense of civic obligation. The city has got along very well, but it has not been through any special interest manifested in its welfare by favored individuals. What it is and what it represents, it is and represents as the result of the devotion of its common, every-day residents who go about their business and make their daily living for themselves and their families, content with the lot which befalls most of their neighbors.

It is because of these things and because the city owes so little to individuals, that the sense of public obligation toward Dr. Ohage ought to be very deep. He had nothing to gain. Only a sense of devotion to the city and its people could have influenced him. His reward, if it is to come, must come in the expression of the public gratitude. That is a reward which he is surely entitled to. It is a reward on which the spirit of the time sets very little store. But it evidently more than suffices for Dr. Ohage. He has the consciousness of having, as he says, done his duty. Men of his kind—too often regarded as foolish by wise folk—usually content themselves with this much.

However Dr. Ohage may feel about this splendid thing which he has done for the city, Dr. Ohage's friends will surely derive infinite pleasure in the knowledge that, while the voice of the silent and usually uninfluential mass, whom in this transaction he has served best, is rarely heard, all experience, and, indeed, all history, show that they are never ungrateful, but that they have always remembered, generation after generation, those who have done or sacrificed aught in their behalf. And there are others, who may not be numbered among them, who feel toward Dr. Ohage much more than they will ever have a chance to give expression to.

As a municipality St. Paul ought to be very proud. Rich and powerful as the American people in their various political divisions and subdivisions undoubtedly are, and intelligent and public-spirited and thoughtful as they are themselves in the aggregate, it is to be said that in many of the requirements of true civilization they are semi-barbarous. In the department of public hygiene they are but just emerging from sheer barbarism. The fact that in what Dr. Ohage and those who have aided him in his undertaking have done they have placed this city among a comparatively few specially favored communities in this direction shows how woefully lacking we are as a people in this first requirement to public health and comfort.

Let us hope that this admirable example will not be wholly lost on others, as the few good examples of this kind which we have had presented in the past have been lost. But, even if it be, the gain to our people in their health and comfort will be made none the less or the less secure by the splendid gift which Dr. Ohage yesterday presented to the people of St. Paul.

INCREASED DEPOT FACILITIES.

One of the most imperative needs of the growing business and commercial interests of St. Paul has long been increased railway depot facilities. From time to time for ten years past plans of one kind or another have been under discussion looking to the enlargement of the railway terminal facilities of the city. But they have resulted in no practical accomplishment. Meanwhile the rush of in-coming and out-going traffic has continued at the Union depot, and nothing save systematized watchfulness and skill has sufficed to prevent the recurrence of serious accidents. As a matter of fact there has not been a serious accident at the Union depot, notwithstanding existing disadvantages, for many years past.

The latest plan outlined in the daily press seems to offer a solution of the difficulty which will be adequate for many years to come. Topographical conditions have been decidedly against St. Paul in the matter of terminal facilities. As pointed out by a distinguished local railroad administrator on a recent occasion, in our terminal facilities we are placed in something of what the French call a cul de sac, or what in plain English would be called a blind alley. Outgoing trains have in all but the case of one line to depart as they come in. That circumstance naturally necessitates a much larger area for terminal purposes than would otherwise be required.

By the utilization of the great space now occupied by the freight house of the Milwaukee road it will be practicable to largely increase the available area for terminal purposes in St. Paul. The great rush of passenger and freight traffic which is now being carried on in a space utterly inadequate to its easy handling can even suffer considerable enhancement without causing any difficulty after the necessary arrangements are made for the removal of the freight yards of the Milwaukee road.

The commercial future of St. Paul is one in which we all have faith. Everything that can be done to promote that future must be done by public and private interest alike. The city must cooperate in every way in its power to promote the effectuation of the changes necessary to improving our depot facilities. What we have done as a municipality in the past in directions akin to this has brought our people ample returns. It is only by the constant exercise of watchfulness and public spirit in matters of this character that we can hope to maintain our ascendency. There is no interest in which the future and present welfare of St. Paul is more completely bound up than the railroad interest. Everything which will enlarge our facilities for railroad service is so much done to place the industrial future of the community beyond the possibility of harm.

BRIGAND REPUBLICS.

Senhor Don Juan Morales, coffee exporter, Rio Janeiro, Brazil, has been in Minneapolis. He submitted to an interview in the Minneapolis Journal, and said:

"I find that as a result of the developments in national policy that have followed the war with Spain, leaving this country with Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines as annexed possessions, there is a general feeling of apprehension among the Latin peoples of the continent."

Apprehension of what? Why, of a "spread eagle brand of patriotism," says Mr. Morales, "which takes no account of people other than those populating the cities of the North" (North America). His complaint is a bitter one of the imperialistic press. Of them he says:

"Unfortunately there are many newspaper editors in America incapable of generous or broad views towards the peoples inhabiting the new world other than those of their own race; they are filled with greed, a mania for conquest and with inhuman contempt for all who differ from them in traditions, religion and language. Such utterances are caught up and made much of in Latin America, where there is no means of judging of their relative merit. Thus a minority of American journals placed in the hands of Southern reactionists render the task of the liberals in promoting harmonious relations with the United States very difficult."

Harmonious relations between the United States and the South American republics never have been and never will be difficult to maintain so long as Mr. Morales and his kindred can export coffee into this country free of duty and at the same time be permitted to buy their iron and steel and cotton goods in Europe. But how much does the Don imagine "harmonious relations" to be worth to the people of the United States? Does he know that in half a century there has never been a year when the balance of trade against us, in our dealings with Latin America, was less than $100,000,000 in gold? Does he know that there has never been a year in fifty years when the Monroe doctrine has brought us one dollar in trade or given us a pound of ocean freights to carry? Does he know that in fifty years there has never been a year when the United States has sold to South America a twelfth part of their total importations of merchandise, or carried 20 per cent of what we did sell them?

Sentiment is sentiment, and business is business. "Greed" is a harsh name for a citizen of any South American nation to use towards a United States journalist. For the integrity of those southern and mainly brigand republics has been maintained for a hundred years by the sovereign eye of this northern republic in its Monroe doctrine, the while Europe has been doing all the "greed" business in buying and selling to them.

Latin America may be suspicious that these Northern Americans have at last awakened to their annual shortage, and these Northern Americans may have awakened to their own interests. Whether they have or not, South American republics will not be partitioned among the European powers, nor will the government at Washington forever permit the trade favors to be all upon one side. If we must buy Brazilian coffee, Brazil ought to buy our merchandise. If she will not, then Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines can grow the coffee for us. The seawater is in the faces of the North Americans, and they will finally demand their own. Let Senhor Morales open an agency in Rio Janeiro for Carnegie or the Republic Steel and Iron company or the American Wire and Steel company, and trade their products for coffee and rubber in the Brazilian exchanges. He can thus better promote harmonious relations than by yelping in the newspapers.

Col. March is now in pursuit of Aguinaldo. This is official, coming through administration channels, but it fails to distract attention from the fact that Cuba is in pursuit of its missing stamps.

Senator Tillman has served a notice on St. Peter that unless carpet baggers are debarred he will have his baggage checked to a warmer clime when he departs from this one.

"Give Cuba to the Cubans," shouts a statesman. "Help me let loose of this bear," cried the man who tackled Bruin and wished he hadn't.

Some of the hot air in Washington will be coming West soon. Congress is to adjourn on June 6.

Edward Erickson recognizes now as he never did before that even Walls have ears.

MUSIC AND THE STAGE.

METROPOLITAN.

The Valentine stock company's presentation of "The Count of Monte Cristo," at the Metropolitan last night, was an eminently successful one from more than one point of view. The company is practically a new one, but the only feature of newness that remains about the performance is the new scenery, new costumes, new ideas of a more forceful and finished presentation of the highly emotional drama than has been made in St. Paul before.

"Monte Cristo," like myriads of other plays that are still drawing crowds wherever and wherever presented, can be appreciated and admired as much in the Valentine presentation as by that of any other company in the same piece on the road. There was just as much emotion, just as much compassion and sympathy, just as much exaltation and satisfaction expressed and exhibited by the audience last night as ever shown here. Edward R. Mawson, as Dantes, or the Count, was just as strong in his part and just as successful in exciting the emotions of his auditors as was Meta Maynard in the role of Mercedes and the Countess de Morcerf. Kate Blancke made a finished character as Carcoute, wife of the drunken innkeeper, who remained the staunch friend of Dantes, the vessel mate—afterwards the wealthy Count of Monte Cristo. E. W. Morrison's interpretation of the role of D'Anglars, the double-dealing royalist, who was the author of Dantes' terrible eighteen years' imprisonment, won the admiration of the house. In the duel scene, as victim "No. 3," Mr. Morrison was particularly forceful.

One feature of the whole presentation won particular approbation. That was the correct costuming. The lapse of the years covered by the drama was marked by the dress and appearance of all of the characters. The aging of Dantes and D'Anglars, of Mercedes and Fernande was so thoroughly represented that the audience traveled along with years, and was made to feel the lapse of time.

The staging was effective in every detail. The scene on the rock in mid-ocean when Dantes effects his escape from the prison was particularly effective. The canvas ocean rolled naturally and broke across the footlights in the most effectual manner. The prison scene, wherein the information of the location of the buried treasure is imparted to Dantes, the death of the aged prisoner and the exchange of cells, was all realistic and formed no small portion of the general success scored. None of those who took part in the presentation were unequal to their undertaking, and the players of the stronger roles were fully supported by those who took the parts of less prominent characters.

GRAND.

With a less powerful drama than "For Fair Virginia," the company which appeared last night at the Grand might have failed in securing a favorable reception. The play, however, one which has been an attraction in St. Paul on two previous occasions, was founded on scenes which could hardly have done less than to stir the enthusiasm, and with this advantage the company were well received, and were able to give a production which was enjoyable as a whole, and not without merit.

The cast contains three people in prominent roles who are competent. These are Russ Whytal, as Stephen Dunbar; Miss Angeline Pullis, as Virginia Esmond, and little Isabella Harriscall, who, to all appearances, is less than twelve, as Julian Esmond, a juvenile character. Of these, Miss Pullis won the most generous applause, and as the Southern matron with a husband fighting under the Union flag, presented a role displaying ability and force. Her stage manner is pleasing, and in emotional scenes she possesses the happy faculty of depicting real feeling without the commonly apparent forcing process behind it. As Edward Esmond, her husband, scarcely as much could be said of Charles Halton, and the role which he presented was characterized by indifference to opportunity, mechanical action, and utter lack of feeling. In a scene in which the husband, after a stormy discussion with his partisan wife of the opposing questions of the conflict, leaves her in her Southern home and departs to enlist with the Union army his lines contained little but what a town crier might as well have put there. The climax of the act was ruined. Much might be said in favor of the graceful presentation of the role of Julian, the little son of the "Southerner by adoption." In one act, at least, the child won a larger share of the attention of the audience than the older members of the cast. Little Isabella showed careful study of her lines, and read them with an earnestness and attention to detail and feeling which is uncommon in so young an actress. Russ Whytal, strangely enough, gave the first impression of being somewhat ill at ease, but, with the development of the plot, overcame what may have been an incipient stage fright, and presented the character of Dunbar, a loyal and chivalrous Southerner, with strength and ease.

One of the strong characters of the play, according to the author of the drama, is that of Gen. John Laughlin, a renegade Yankee, and a Confederate leader. Its importance was little appreciated by C. H. Geldhart, and, though cast in a role with little to command respect, he descended to rant and main force of lungs in attempting to give it its dues. The scene in which he declares his base passion was without strength or skill, hackneyed, common and uninteresting.

Miss Helaine Hadley's presentation of the character of Nell Esmond showed nothing to stamp it as more than good or worse than fair. George Walters, as Uncle Zeb, a negro servant, showed a familiarity with negro manners and dialect which he used to excellent advantage. Claude H. Cooper was cast as McIntyre, an Irish sergeant of the Confederacy, and improved his limited moments before the footlights to good advantage and gave several entertaining touches of comedy for which an excellent brogue was responsible. Joseph Boyle and William C. Hartman in minor roles were other members of the cast.

Next week "The School for Scandal."

MOZART HALL.

The adventures of a man who sought for a wife and won her through the agency of a matrimonial ad in a newspaper were worked into a light musical comedy, under the caption, "The Man in the Moon," presented at Mozart hall last night by the German Theater company, from the Pabst theater, Milwaukee. Miss Leona Bergere, a soubrette, with clever songs and a commendable amount of enthusiasm, appeared in a leading role for the first time during the company's present engagement.

The scene is South Africa and Berlin. Von Gostal, a man of property and influence, though at best but a bachelor, wishes a wife. Other means failing, a matrimonial ad is resorted to. This falls into the hands of Vera, the youngest daughter in a family of respectability, though not blessed with wealth, and the incidents following are centered about the effort of the young woman's parents to marry off the older daughter first and the search of the bachelor Von Gostal for the young lady who answered his ad. The fact that he used the pseudonym "The Man in the Moon" in advertising for a wife occasions endless complications.

The Vera of Miss Bergere was distinguished for dash and enthusiasm. She introduced several songs and made a decided hit with her solo work. The part of the father, as handled by Otto Strampfer, was excellent, and gave opportunity for considerable musical work. Ludwig Kreisz, as Knispel, a barber, and Elizabeth Bischoff, as Clothilde, an actress, were prominent and appeared to good advantage in songs. Hedwig Beringer made much of the character of Marianne, mother of the husband-seeking Vera, and injected into the role considerable comedy not compassed in the lines of the play. Among the minor characters were Marga Lauen, as Clara, sister of Vera; Max Ruhbeck, as Shring, a journalist; Carl Konig, as Billerbeck, a saloonkeeper, and Miss Bischoff's second character of Jette, a house servant.

TALK OF THE TOWN.

One of Kellar's illustrations this year is the "Hindoo clock," a glass dial, with a gilt hand, which points out numbers in answer to queries propounded from the audience, and repeated in a loud voice to a confederate who has control of the hand, such as: "What day of the week did Jan. 14, 1803 come on?"

Armed with a hundred year' calendar, the confederate swings the hand to whatever day of the week is desired, the first, second or as may be.

Finally some one asked:

"On what day of the week was Mafeking relieved?"

The magician, who ran away from home at ten years of age to join a touring circus, was puzzled, for he knew the young fellow in the back did not have that on the calendar.

"I did not understand that question," he queried.

The question was repeated.

"I am not sure that Mafeking has been relieved," he replied, and the hand of the Hindoo clock stood right where it had been at 12, showing that they do not know any more about the relief of Mafeking in Hindoostanee clock factories than they do in the war office in London, where they had the town relieved different days enough to keep the dial busy all night."

* * *

The steamer Dubuque, of the Diamond Jo line, will arrive in port this evening from down river. This is the first "bridal trip" of the boat this season, and is arousing some amusement. The Dubuque brings up three new families. Newly married couples have demonstrated a fond affection for the vessel in previous seasons, and hardly a trip last summer was without a happy pair. Sometimes there were two pairs and even more.

On one of the June trips last year Capt. Hi Beadle brought up no less than seven different bridal couples. After reaching port he was found pacing up and down the hurricane deck, evidently considerably ruffled. Comment upon the change in his usually sunny manners brought the rumbling reply:

"Seven newly married couples this trip. What do you think of that? Fine, isn't it?

"All the way up, wherever you went, night or day, you couldn't get away from that everlasting, 'I love you, dear,' business, and some of it was even worse. What do you think? Just as I was leaving the wheelhouse a few minutes ago a pair of these doves came up, and the young lady said:

"'Please, captain, can we sit inside for a little while?' just as if there wasn't enough room outside. And—would you believe it?—there were two more couples headed my way."

"What did you do?"

"What did I do? Do, did you say? Why, I excused myself and ducked for cover at once."

* * *

Capt. S. R. Van Sant, candidate for the Republican nomination for governor, prides himself on the fact that he believes that he is to be Minnesota's next chief executive. A story was told on him to a group of traveling men by one of the profession last evening at the Ryan which emphasizes that fact. Capt. Van Sant, when he goes to Chicago, usually stops at the Auditorium. He recently walked into the barber shop, removed his coat, surveyed a line of expectant and unengaged barbers and interrogated: "Which of you wants to shave the next governor of Minnesota?"

There was immediately a stampede.

Another time, the same authority says, the captain had his shave, and after the finishing touches had been put upon his glossy, black mustache remarked to the tonsorial artist:

"Do you know whom you have been shaving?"

"No."

"Well, you have been shaving the next governor of Minnesota."

In his excitement the barber gave the captain a check for 75 cents instead of one with 15 C on it.

FOR EXPLORATIONS IN EGYPT.

Prof. James R. Jewett Represents Fund in St. Paul.

To the Editor of the Globe:

All who have visited Egypt or are interested in the remarkable discoveries being made by the Egyptian exploration fund, can freely receive the new illustrated leaflet of the society by addressing a request to our national office, 59 Temple street, Boston. The antiquities discovered are donated to the museums pro rata of the subscriptions from the different localities of our land. Each subscriber of but $5 to the explorations receives the illustrated quarto of the year, the "Archaeological Report" brochure, and the annual report. No other archaeological society in the world makes such a handsome return to subscribers, for the reason that my services and those of all the honorary officials are a free offering to science and the advancement of knowledge. The next quarto volume will treat of the recent remarkable discoveries by Prof. Petrie at Abydos; there will be twenty photographic and forty lithographic plates of the finest execution relating to the kings of the first dynasty, 6,000 years ago. We have discovered this season 1,000 more papyri, of great interest to the literary, religious and political world, and settled many points of historic value.

Seven hundred eminent men in America have subscribed to the explorations, among them 115 university or college presidents. There is no endowment whatever, and the continuance of the work each season depends upon voluntary subscriptions through appeals like this. Charles Dudley Warner is honorary vice president. Checks should be made payable to Francis C. Foster, honorary treasurer. I will gladly reply to inquiries. Prof. James R. Jewett, Ph. D., now represents us in St. Paul.

—Wm. C. Winslow, Vice President, etc.

Boston, May 10, 1900.

No "Scarcity" Ruse Then.

Omaha World-Herald.

If the coolness of the administration's reception of the Boer envoys could be utilized the ice trust would be smashed in a jiffy.

Keeps Him Dizzy Constantly.

Chicago Record.

Probably no one is more surprised than Gen. Buller at the fact that he is winning battles.

CUBAN POSTAL FRAUDS.

More May Be Expected.

Deadwood Times.

The developments in the Cuban postal scandal, which are growing more serious and discreditable the more the subject is probed, should serve to put a stop to the cant that is made to do service as argument by some of the more hysterical champions of a colonial policy. The management of island possessions is a very difficult problem, but when these difficulties have been pointed out they have been met by the smug assertion that the United States is great enough and pure enough to make a success of whatever it may undertake. In the Cuban postal defalcation we have reaped the natural results of the policy which contents itself with a self-satisfied announcement of the purity of the intentions of the nation, while leaving the actual work of administration to carpetbaggers who owe their appointments to political influence. The Havana defalcation has already done much to bring us into discredit among the Cubans. Unless there is a radical change of system in dealing with island dependencies other scandals inevitably must follow. Congress has already paved the way for scandal in Porto Rico by providing for the disposition of all franchises in the island under a carpetbag regime. The selection of American spoils politicians to take part in the work of governing newly acquired islands can bring but one result.

Deplorable Case.

Burlington Hawkeye (Rep.).

The case, deplorable as it is, is not without some compensation, which is the discovery it has made of the extreme sensitiveness of public opinion in the United States in relation to our external civil service. Measuring it by the amount involved, it is a relatively small and ordinary one, and yet it has attained more public notice than the Carter military case which involved millions. The signs point to popular interest in external civil service, and popular determination to make it clean as far as publicity and severe punishment for detected fault can do so.

Not Unexpected.

Elysian Enterprise.

The defalcations in Cuba are only what might have been expected. Give several thousand men, chosen largely for their political services, and placed in positions of trust with the usual safeguards, and it is only a question of time until some of them turn rogues. All that we can do is to punish them, to appoint better men in their places, and to watch the new appointees closer.

Other Thefts May Follow.

New Ulm News.

There is a big scandal in Washington over the stealing of from $40,000 to $80,000 from the postoffice funds in Cuba by one Neely, the treasurer of the fund. Such scandals may be looked for on all the imperialistic governed islands, where public office as under Spanish rule, is looked upon as an opportunity for public plunder.

Spaniards Couldn't Touch It.

North Dakota Record.

The embezzlement of over a million dollars of public funds in Cuba by C. F. W. Neeley and his partner exceeds anything the Spaniards were ever accused of. The example set by the administration in stealing public funds by public officials in Cuba will go far towards discrediting the United States with the Cubans. The quicker we get out of Cuba the better it will be for McKinleyism.

Taxation Without Representation.

The American people are not likely to forget that Porto Rico is forced by the trust administration to submit to taxation without representation, and yet become a part of a government that wouldn't.

Take Off the Cover.

Winona Herald.

It will not do for the administration to cover up the rottenness in Cuba. The people must know the truth, and they will insist that the full extent of the looting in the "good government given to Cuba" be made public.

Honeycombed With Fraud.

Mantorville Times.

A sensation has been caused in administration circles by the discovery of the Cuban defalcations, and great anxiety is shown as to the extent of the scandal. Primarily, shame is felt at the showing this country has made in colonial affairs, into which it went with the avowed purpose of teaching the Spaniards and natives honesty, but secondarily, there is a lively fear as to the political consequences of the scandal. Coming so soon after circumstantial charges that the entire governmental system in the Philippines is honeycombed with fraud, it is realized that the Cuban business will furnish a handle to those who are opposed to expansion.

LITERARY NOTES.

Anthony Hope has just sent the final "copy" for his new novel, "Quisante," to the American publishers of the book.

Book News for June contains as its leading article an account of the life of Edgerton Castle, author of "The Light of Scarthey," "The Bath Comedy," (with Agnes Castle, his wife), etc. A new portrait of Mr. Castle accompanies the sketch.

Richard Harding Davis' first article on the Boer war will appear in the June Scribner's. Mr. Davis has been following Buller's column and was present at the relief of Ladysmith. In this first article he describes the battle of Pieter's Hill. It is a piece of description in his most brilliant manner. Other articles from Mr. Davis will soon appear in Scribner's.

"Eben Holden," a character story of Northern New York, by Irving Bachellor, is announced for early publication by Lothrop Publishing company. It promises to be one of the brightest and most popular books of the year, for it appeals to that love of mingled sentiment and humor which all men and women like. "Uncle Eb" is a quaint character of the fields and forests of St. Lawrence county, as practical as he is simple and as rugged in nature as he is noble in soul. The flavor of the country runs through the story, which for a time shifts to New York city and the Tribune of Horace Greeley's day, includes the rush and romance of enlistment in the wonderful war days of '61 and culminates in a brief description of the riot of Bull Run, which is said to be simply masterly in its vividness of realism. The book will be awaited with interest. Mr. Bachellor, as the founder of the Bachellor syndicate for literary supply, knows the tastes of the reading public thoroughly, and we are assured that in "Uncle Eb" he has cleverly and surely satisfied that taste.

PRINTED FOR FUN

A Question of Surgery.

Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Wagger—Have you moved into your new house?

Mrs. Changer—Oh yes; but we are not settled yet. The carpenter has to make so many alterations.

Mrs. Wagger—I thought everything would be just right.

Mrs. Changer—So did we. But we found that scarcely one of our old carpets would fit.

No Regret.

Detroit Journal.

We found the wan, hectic schoolgirl partaking of her frugal luncheon of slate pencils and pickles.

"Why is it," we asked, coming at once to the subject we had been fiercely debating with ourselves, "that you never skip rope until you fall dead any more?"

"Why should I?" demanded she, brusquely. "Scientific calisthenics are less showy as regards immediate results, perhaps, but they are far more ladylike."

If she felt any regret for the old order of things she did not show it.

Search Warrant Needed.

Denver News.

By the way, what has become of the Hon. Tim Woodruff?

The Ship's Adventure.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL. (Copyright, 1899, by S. S. McClure Co.)

Chapter XIV.—Hard Weather.

Hardy carefully put away the good things he had discovered and then made a pork sandwich with biscuits, and poured out a little rum, which he mingled with water, and they both made a meal.

Had she been alone she would have been dying of fear; her lover was with her, and the sea had no terrors. They talked as they ate.

"I foresaw heavy weather," said he, "but not the loss of three men. We shall lose the ship, I fear; there are no signs of the weather clearing. My God, how this beast wallows. Why, you'd think the sun had burst out!"

For just then the air was whitened by a great sheet of water.

"If the boat forward is carried away"—he checked himself, and then continued: "If we lose the York we shall be picked up by something else. These old north countrymen are born to live."

"I am seeing life on the ocean," said Julia, smiling at him.

"Why, it has come as thick as cockroaches," he answered. "When you get home you shall write your story, and the critics who take shipping on a summer day from Putney to Henley will exclaim as one man, 'What a lie!'"

"Who rang the bell?" said Julia. "That question will worry me whilst I live."

A sea struck the deck-house and blinded the weather-windows. The sturdy structure quivered. Hardy waited until the water had roared away overboard and then said:

"A bell will strike of itself in a rolling ship. I have heard of it. Or it was hit by a rope. Do you believe in ghosts, Julia?"

"I don't want to."

"The stroke was a sudden come-to in the reel of the brig or a rope did it," said Hardy, and she tried to look as though she believed him.

Thus they talked whilst they sat in the deck-house, for out of it they would have stood to be washed overboard. The seas poured in gray-green folds, and the foam rolled about the decks like the cream of the breaker on shelving sand. She was a stout bucket and strongly knit, and if all had been well with her she would have sported with this breeze. Her canvas was setting her to the eastwards broadside on, and Hardy was glad of it, because he guessed that the York would remain hove to, and that her drift would not be much greater than the sag of this half-drowned Geordie.

But, though he looked abroad, he never witnessed any signs of improvement, or even promise of improvement, in the weather. It was not blowing harder, however, which was a good thing, yet he guessed that even if the weight of the wind remained as it stood, then, should it blow all night, a fair daybreak would not reveal the York, in which case they were shipwrecked, and must either wait to be taken off or trust to God's mercy to keep the boat in her place forward, that they might launch her and seek the succor that would not come. The deck-house was often hit by the sea, but the blows were rarely hard, and there was more terror in the thunder of the stroke than in the possibility of the structure going.

"I see a scuttle-butt cut there," said he once during the course of the morning.

"What's that?" she asked.

"A cask for holding fresh water for the men to drink when on deck."

He stepped out, got under the rail, and crept to the scuttle butt with the foam about his feet. The dipper hung by a sling; he dropped it through the hole and brought it up full, and tasting it found it fairly sweet, sweet enough for human necessity. He added security to the cask by further lashings and covered the hole to protect the water from the flying salt, then crept back through the foam to the side of his sweetheart, first sending the sight of a falcon piercing the rain-swept obscurity of the quarter in which he guessed the York was lying hove to. But all was the confusion of the headlong surge, raging in frequent collision, the stormy stare of motionless vapor, the wink of the sea flash within the veil of haze and the universal groaning of old ocean when that grim boatswain, the gale, whitens her back with the thongs of his cat.

About midday they made another meal off pork sandwiches, a Godsend to the poor creatures. As the time went by and the weather held as before the sense of shipwreck grew keener and keener to Hardy. Not so with the girl; compared to what might have been, this wallowing lump of brig, filled with timber, straining afloat, was Paradise. But Hardy did not much relish the notion of having to take to that boat yonder. He could see that with the yard arm tackle which he would find she was to be easily got on to her keel and hoisted out of it by the little winch just before the main mast.

It might prove a job, for his shipmate was a girl; yet much harder jobs, girl or no girl, were to be got through at sea. But until the weather calmed he could not think of the boat, and if the weather did calm and left the brig afloat, which was very probable, and he managed to launch the boat, then bethinking him of Julia and himself in that small squab fabric his heart grew cold; because next to the raft the open boat in midocean is the greatest desperation of the sailor. Nearly every chapter of its romance is a tragedy. One dies and is buried, one goes mad and springs overboard to drink of the crystal fountain which is gushing in the sweet valley just there. Another is hollow-eyed with famine, and the gaunt cheeks work with the movement of the jaw upon the piece of lead or the die of boot leather, which helps the saliva. Hardy knew it all, had tasted some of it, and he could not think of Julia and that little open boat and the flawless horizon, more pitiless to the wrecked mariner than the cordon of soldiers to the famished city, without feeling his heart turn cold.

And now happened something which I fear the reader will think more incredible than any other incident in this volume.

After talking a little while together these two people rose from their chairs and knelt down in prayer. Hardy believed in God and the mercy of God, and so did Julia, and he asked God in the simple language of the plain Englishman's heart to protect them and be with them, and he thanked Him for the mercy He had already vouchsafed; and, depend upon it, no British sailor will consider this an unnatural act on the part of Hardy, because always the proudest heart of oak in the hour of triumph, the most depressed heart of oak in the hour of trial has been accustomed to look up to God and thank or beseech Him, for it is He who shares the loneliness of the seaman on the wide, wide sea.

But let me assure the reader also that lovers do not make love in shipwreck as they do under the awning of the passenger liner, or in the bower of roses ashore. Death is too near to allow passion to extend itself in the form made familiar by the novel. Their talk often went to Capt. Layard and the amazing cunning he had exhibited in inventing the trap they had fallen into.

"I believe," said Hardy, "only two are dead on board. He had a book to give them the doses, and his brain was clearly equal to understanding what it said. But would the rum absorb all the poison? Would not one man get more than his whack? A few grains more would have done for us all. The beggar took care not to drink himself, and none of us thought of asking him to."

"How did you feel when you awoke?" she asked.

"Much as you did, I expect," he answered.

But talking was not very easy in this interior. The water, sheeting against the deck-house, seethed through speech and confounded it. There was the thunder of the fallen sea forward, and the incommunicable maledictions of a sodden brig in the trough filled the gale with bewilderment as it flew. Every fabric afloat has a voice of her own, and like her sailors knows how to swear when injured.

In the course of the afternoon Hardy stepped into the after berths, but found nothing to reward his search. The papers of an old timberman are uninteresting; the letters of an auld wife of Sunderland to her Geordie are sacred, and saving three or four clay pipes and some tobacco, for which Hardy was grateful, there was little to be seen worth mentioning. If this gale slackened into moderate weather the girl should sleep in one of these berths; if not, near the door in the interior on the best sort of bed he could contrive, because, as he meant to keep watch and watch himself throughout the night, she would be close by to rescue if some thunderous surge should discharge the deck-house from its obligation of sticking. He had searched for candles and had found none; a few boxes of matches were in a sort of desk fixed to the bulkhead near the bunk. So he came out of the captain's berth with an old mattress, and then he brought some wearing apparel, a heavy coat, with big horn buttons, and a pair of north-country breeches, which, if seized to a stay for fresh air, might fill up and stand out like the half of a Dutchman in a jump.

"What's all that for?" said Julia.

He explained, and she loved him, and thought how good he was.

Yes, there are even worse conditions of life to a girl than being shipwrecked with a sailor who is a gentleman, and if the gentleman informs the spirit of a sailor its impulse is never greater than when it responds to the appeal of a girl's helplessness.

He cut up a little tobacco and smoked a pipe. It seemed to bring him within hail of civilization, and Julia enjoyed the smell of the tobacco smoke immensely and said it made her think of her father.

"How would he relish this picture?" said he, referring to their situation.

"He would not like to be here; that is all he would think. Will this brig keep together, do you fancy?"

"Oh, yes, and I'll tell you what—the gale doesn't harden, which is a good sign. There was plenty of weather in the moon last night, but in these parts it is not often long lived."

"Is not a tremendous sea running?" she asked.

"Yes, from the Ramsgate or Margate Sands point of view. You must go to about fifty-eight south, right off the Horn, and get amongst the ice to know what a tremendous sea is like. They come like the cliffs of Dover at you, and the deck is up and down, whilst the keel sweeps up the acclivity. It is splendid and frightful. I was hove to for a fortnight down there; we couldn't drive clear of the ice, and we had about four hours of daylight to see by. All the devils in hell raved in our rigging as we sat upright a breathless instant on the amazing peak we had climbed. No, Julia, this is not a tremendous sea, and the brig will hang together and outweather twenty such."

The vessel, however, was acting as though she considered it a tremendous sea. Had she been dismasted or a steam-

Continued on Eighth Page.

JAMES M. LYNCH,
New Head of Typographical Union.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., May 26.—James M. Lynch, the president-elect of the International Typographical union, has worked his way up to that prominent post through every office in the local union of which he is a member, and through the presidency of the Trades and Labor assembly, of which he was executive officer for three years. During all this time he demonstrated a capital talent for organization. He increased the number of unions in the Trades assembly from eighteen to forty-five. He became a labor organizer and leader of national note and added largely to the prestige of his home city as a center of the labor movement. He was made deputy organizer of the American Federation of Labor and is just relinquishing the office of first vice president of the International Typographical union to assume the leadership of that association.