TARTE AN ISSUE IN CANADA

DEFIANT ATTITUDE OF MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS IS HELPING CONSERVATIVES

OCTOBER GENERAL ELECTIONS

Governor General Winter Being Criticised for His Interference in the Affairs of the Dominion.

OTTAWA, Ont., Aug. 11.—Although on the surface political conditions in Canada wear the appearance of a calm, there is an undercurrent of restlessness, which will bubble and surge and boil in the near future. The general elections are now set for October. Ordinarily they would create enough turmoil and excitement. The campaign of Tory against Liberal would, of itself, be hot enough, but there will be introduced into the fight an issue upon which the Liberals will appeal to the electors for support, and which will broaden the campaign in an unprecedented manner, when contrasted with any struggle since confederation.

In the Laurier cabinet, Joseph Israel Tarte, the minister of public works, maintains the stand of an anti-imperialist. He also persists in declaring his attachment to French institutions, in language which has given great offense not only to his political opponents, but also to a large English-speaking section of the Liberal party. Now Mr. Tarte has run afoul of Lord Minto, the queen's representative in, and governor general of, Canada, and apparently has the best of the argument with his excellency from a constitutional standpoint; but, on the other hand, the queen's representative has taken a stand which, when it becomes generally known, will rally to his support a great majority of the Canadian people, and will establish a new precedent in respect of the relations which obtain between the governor general and his advisers—in this case the Liberal ministry, headed by Premier Laurier.

The whole matter dates back to October last. At that time Mr. Tarte strongly opposed the dispatch of Canadian troops to aid Great Britain to carry on her war against the Transvaal. The great mass of Mr. Tarte's fellow-countrymen also opposed the sending of soldiers from the Dominion to fight the battles of "Chamberlain against Kruger," to quote the average French-Canadian. These people generally declare their willingness to take up arms against any foreign invader of Canada; but beyond that they are not willing to go.

ASSAILS SIR CHARLES TUPPER.

No one knows better than Mr. Tarte that this sentiment prevails in the province of Quebec. In the general elections of 1896 that gentleman had charge of the organization of the Liberal party and the Liberal campaign literature distributed in this province. He "featured" Sir Charles Tupper, the Conservative leader, as one who, to quote from a leaflet which Tarte prepared, would, "with joy in his heart and a glass of champagne in his hand, send our children to Africa, or to Asia, whence they will never return."

To further explain Mr. Tarte's attitude, and to further illustrate the attitude of the French-Canadians, whose cause he champions, another quotation from this leaflet may be cited:

"As England is always at war with somebody, we will have to continually tax ourselves to find the money, and to draw lots to furnish the men. In return, England will create these droll baronets, knights of this and commanders of that. But the people will remain food for the cannon. Why all these armaments, if we were not to have wars? And why fight for England? The electors should remember that these great big chiefs (Tupper and colleagues), who are so anxious to show themselves more patriotic and more loyal than others, will not be the ones to support the burden of it. It is the electors who will have to use these carbines and these cannon."

OPPOSES AID TO ENGLAND.

When the Boer war broke out, three years after this declaration was made, the Liberals—and Mr. Tarte, the strongest personality among them—were in power. British colony after British colony tendered troops and equipment to the motherland. Canada did not tender; it is a matter of history that her offer of the brave soldiers, who have fought so nobly in South Africa, comes last on the list of colonies supporting the motherland. Sir Wilfred Laurier, on Oct. 4, 1899, declared—and the interview in which his words were given appeared in the Toronto Globe, the organ of the Liberal party, on that date—that the Liberal administration had no power to send Canadian volunteers out of Canada; that no funds were available for such a purpose, and that parliament would have to be summoned to pass special legislation enabling such a step.

Mr. Tarte said amen to every word of the premier's declaration. He reasserted the same opinions in newspaper utterances, and in doing so he voiced the dominating sentiment of the race to which he belongs.

But the people of Canada—that is, the English-speaking people—would not have it thus. The demand from Vancouver to Halifax was that aid should be sent to South Africa. The English-speaking cabinet ministers, affrighted at the outcry, overruled Laurier and Tarte. Ten days after the premier made the declaration referred to, 1,000 Canadians were steaming down the St. Lawrence on the Sardinian, equipped for service against the Transvaal. Tarte was baffled. But he insisted that in the order in council authorizing the dispatch of the volunteers, should be appended a clause setting forth that the sending of the soldiers should not be regarded as a precedent for similar action in the future.

Lord Minto addressed the troops when they left Quebec. He let fall words to the effect that the People of Canada had demanded the dispatch of soldiers, and that their demand was heeded, and that he was glad of it. This rap at Tarte was generally recognized as a deliberate utterance of reproof on the part of the governor general. Ordinarily the governor general is not allowed to voice any differences he may have with his advisers, and Minto's words were regarded as bold. But the great mass of the people were with him, and he knew it. Tarte knew it, too, and refrained from protest. However, the affair opened up the era of strained relations between his excellency and the minister of public works that now exists.

But while Mr. Tarte was not strong enough to protest openly against the governor general's reproof, he kept on with his anti-imperial crusade. And to what lengths he has carried it his own words bear witness. Mr. Tarte is now in Europe, having gone to Paris several months ago, as chief commissioner from Cananda to the Paris exposition.

BOLD WORDS OF MR. TARTE.

Here are some of his public utterances while in France:

"Frank declarations (on South African war) might arouse the susceptibilities of the English without satisfying the French."—Mr. Tarte in Le Journal de Paris, April 5, 1900.

"It is quite possible that in their hearts 99 per cent of the French Canadians disapprove of the war and think that Canada could have put the money to more practical use."—Mr. Tarte in Le Journal de Paris, April 5, 1900.

"The queen of England rules over, but does not govern, her dominions."—Mr. Tarte, at Paris, June 21, 1900.

"Our eyes are constantly turned toward you; your reverses strike us full in the breast; your success is our greatest joy. We are, certes, loyal British subjects, but above all, French."—Mr. Tarte at Rouen, France, June 30, 1900.

"The remembrance of the motherland (France) still lives in Canada. But we are under the necessity of acting with policy and discretion."—Mr. Tarte, in Le Journal de Paris, April 5, 1900.

"I will not venture to prophesy concerning the future of Canada, but it may be supposed that in ten or twenty years, when the population shall have grown to as many millions, England may find it embarrassing to keep such a heavy child in her lap, and as the French Canadians increase numerically much faster than their compatriots of different origin, there is room for hope that a great and glorious destiny still awaits us."—Mr. Trate at Paris, June 21, 1900.

TENDERS HIS RESIGNATION.

Upon the strength of these utterances, pro-French and pro-Boer, as they are, Lord Minto has ventured to call the attention of the premier to them, asking an explanation. The memorandum was transmitted to Mr. Tarte, who, it is said, at once tendered his resignation to the governor general, and left Paris to hurry to Canada to lay the whole case before his countrymen in Quebec at a great public meeting.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, it is also stated, protested to the governor general against his interference in matters of government or the regulation of the conduct or utterances of his cabinet ministers. He pointed out that the governor general was bound to act upon the advice of his ministers, and that the principle of home rule in Canada was violated when his excellency took cognizance of public affairs in any other manner than through the medium of the government of the day. The premier tendered the resignation of his ministry.

Lord Minto hesitated to preservere in the course he had begun. Technically he did wrong; he was, however, confident of public support by the English majority in Canada. But behind it all there loomed in the background the specter of bitter division of the races in the Dominion.

HOT CAMPAIGN IS EXPECTED.

And so his excellency withdrew his remarks of disapproval respecting Mr. Tarte's attitude and language, and Messrs. Tarte and Laurier withdrew their resignations. For the moment there is a truce. But when the election campaign is called those who know Mr. Tarte best are prepared to see him use the facts as stated for all they are worth in order to strengthen his position in the province of Quebec and secure a majority for his party there. The incident will be used by the Liberals in Quebec province to rally the French; in the other provinces to illustrate that the Laurier government is bound to preserve intact the homerule heritage, interference with which, it will be represented, would strike at the root of the Canadian system of self-government.

Lord Minto has been trapped. He cannot explain. But there are those who predict that his side of the case, if it can be presented, will appeal more forcibly to the electors than the attitude of the Liberals.

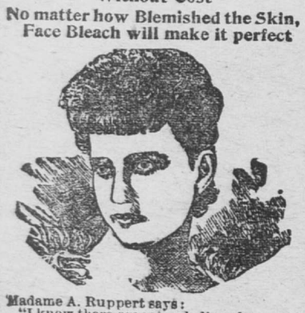
In the interests of peace the whole matter should be hushed up and forgotten. But it is certain that Mr. Tarte's impetuosity will not consent to that course.

The general elections in Canada of 1900 will be the hottest on record.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION FREE

Mme. A. Ruppert's World Renowned Face Bleach almost Without Cost

No matter how Blemished the Skin, Face Bleach will make it perfect



Madame A. Ruppert says:

"I know there are many ladies who would like to try the merits of my Face Bleach, but on account of the price, which is $2.00 per bottle, or three bottles for $5.00, have had some hesitancy in spending that amount to convince themselves of its great value. Therefore, during this month, I will depart from my usual custom and offer to all a trial bottle, sufficient to show that it is all that I claim for it, for 25 cents per bottle. Any reader of this can send me 25 cents in stamps or silver, and I will send them a trial bottle of my world-renowned Face Bleach, securely packed in plain wrapper, sealed, all charges prepaid. An opportunity to test so famous a remedy at so slight a cost is seldom offered, and I trust that the readers of this will take advantage of it at once, as the offer may not be repeated.

Madame A. Ruppert has now been before the public for over twenty years as the greatest Complexion Specialist.

She is the pioneer in her art, and stands pre-eminent at the head; she has had thousands of imitators, but not a single competitor. Face Bleach is not a new untried remedy, but has been used by the best people for years, and for dissolving and removing tan, sunburn, moth, freckles, sallowness, blackheads, eczema, pimples, roughness or redness of the skin, and for brightening and beautifying the complexion, it has no equal.

It is Absolutely Harmless to the most Delicate Skin

The marvelous improvement after a few applications is most apparent, for the skin becomes as nature intended it should be, SMOOTH, CLEAR AND WHITE, free from every impurity and blemish. It cannot fail, for its action is such that it draws the impurities out of the skin, and does not cover them up, and is luvisible during use. This is the only thorough and permanent way.

For the present I will, as stated above, send a trial bottle of my Face Bleach to anyone who will remit me 25 cents in stamps or silver. Madame A. Ruppert's book, "How to Be Beautiful," which contains many points of great interest to ladies, will be mailed free upon application.

Address all communications to

MADAME. A. RUPPERT

6 East 14th Street, New York

HISTORIC OLD NEWPORT.

A Fire and a Feast Did Much to Bring Fame to the Resort.

"No watering place in the United States, not even Saratoga, approaches Newport in the fascination of historic charm," writes William Perrine in the Ladies' Home Journal. "For more than two centuries and a half, or as far back as the time of Roger Williams, the little island on which it stands has been the scene of great ambitions. There it was that Bishop Berkeley saw in his prophetic and poetic vision how 'Westward the course of empire takes its way;' there it was that the Quakers who had followed George Fox himself to Rhode Island established a community which at one time promised to rival that of Penn. Before the revolution the foreign and domestic trade of Newport was greater than New York's. Nowhere else was there a social life more elegant and scholarly. The Redwood library dates its name and origin to a Quaker merchant of the eighteenth century, a contemporary of that Col. Geoffrey Malbone who had a house as famous in his day as 'Marble house' of the Vanderbilt-Belmont entourage is in ours. When it was destroyed by fire one summer afternoon while his slaves were engaged in cooking a dinner for a brilliant company of his guests the colonel immediately ordered the feast to be served on the lawn, amid the illumination from the flames of the burning mansion. It was this fire and this feast that did a great deal to make Newport famous."

Wrong Environment.

Indianapolis Press.

"I heard you tried to start a roof garden on that there three-story building in your town," said the citizen of Yaller Pup.

"That's what," answered the visitor from Blue Ruin Gulch. "But life is too swift fer that kind of thing over our way."

"Whut wuz the matter?"

"Wy, it has been the custom of the mayor to go to Brannigan's juice shop every night, git full, go to shootin' up the place and git hisself throwed out the winder and then go home—his official position protectin' him from any more strenuous treatment. Brannigan owned the roof garden, an' when his honor wandered up there an' started to carry on his reg'lar 11 p. m. programme Brannigan fergot where he was at, so strong is the force of habit, an' chucked 'Im over the railin'. If his honor hadn't o' hit on a Chinaman I guess we would be holdin' another election by now. Anyway, he went straight to his office an' repealed Brannigan's license right off the reel."

HAS A BIG ROUNDHOUSE

NEW STRUCTURE BUILT AT CLINTON, IO., THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD

STALLS FOR FIFTY ENGINES

Erected by the North-Western Railway—Site Obtained by Removing Twenty-Six Residences in Heart of Town.

CLINTON, Io., Aug. 11.—The largest roundhouse in the world has just been finished in this city by the North-Western Railway company. It is 400 feet in diameter and forms a complete circle. It has fifty stalls, ten more than any other roundhouse ever built. These facts are matters of pride in Clinton, for the structure, which may be simple in its architectural lines, is a building that inspires boastfulness.

The roundhouse is situated in a thickly populated part of the town, and twenty-six houses were sold and moved away to make room for it. Work on the building was begun Aug. 14, 1899, under the direction of W. D. Walden, superintendent of bridges and buildings. Mr. Walden, who is 75 years old, pushed the work so rapidly that it was completed in nine months. When it is considered that, in addition to the giant roundhouse, coal chutes, oilhouses, and all the adjoining buildings had to raise with the main structure, this time beats the record of recent building feats.

The radius of the outside wall of the roundhouse is 187 feet and 6 inches. The radius of the inside wall is 106 feet. The clearance between the walls inside of the house is 81 feet and 6 inches. As the length of the longest engine and tender is 62 feet 8½ inches, the turn table is 70 feet long, and is set on a solid rock foundation. It is operated by electricity. Water is obtained from an artesian well 1,175 feet deep. The drop pits for driving and engine truck wheels are cut out of solid rock.

The ash hoist for handling the immense amount of cinders coming from so many engines is a new device in its way, and was designed by Mr. Henderson, assistant superintendent of motive power and machinery for the Northwestern company. In the old style clinker pits it was customary to shovel the cinders out of the pit on the level, then into a car. Later the car was run on a depressed track, so as to facilitate handling the refuse, but even this was a slow method, as it was necessary to keep the engines off the pit while the shoveling was going on. With the pneumatic hoist it is possible for a man to stand in the pit and by the simple movement of a valve, hoist the cinders over a car that is standing on a near-by track, and by an ingenious arrangement they are dumped, the door to the ash-hopper is closed, and it returns to the pit for another load. This is done while an engine is on the pit or while it is being moved, so that no time is lost during the operation.

Engines built in recent years are so much longer than those of the old patterns that it has been necessary to put vestibules on the ordinary roundhouse stalls. In this roundhouse there is ample clearance in front of and back of the tender, so that if engines increase in size the next decade as they have in the past there will still be room for them.

TO PRESERVE THE BISON.

Another Effort to Be Made—Scarcely 400 Buffaloes Alive.

Col. G. O. Shields, president of the League of American Sportsmen, told an Evening Post reported today that plans have already been made by that organization for the reintroduction, at the next session of congress, of the "Buffalo reserve" bill, drawn up this year by Representative Lacey, of Iowa, but on which no action was taken. This bill provides for the retention of 20,000 acres of public lands in New Mexico as a buffalo range, nominal rent of one cent an acre to be be paid for twenty years. Unless steps of some kind are taken within a very few years extermination, according to some of the best observers, must be the fate of the American bison.

Said Col. Shields: "Nothing has yet been acomplished towards the preservation of one of the noblest and most characteristic of American animals. We were not able to give this bill the support it deserved this year, because so much of the energies of the league were concentrated on the passage of the other Lacey bill, now the so-called 'Bird protection law.' Next year we can work for the buffalo with undivided enthusiasm.

"I could take a map and mark on it the present whereabouts of every individual buffalo in America. That shows how nearly we come to losing an animal which was once to be found all over the Western plains. The suddenness of his disappearance was remarkable. Up to 1873 there had been little apparent decrease in the number of buffalo, but by 1882 the wild herds had almost entirely disappeared. About 1880 I saw the remnant of one of the last herds, surrounded by the camps of head and skin hunters. That herd was gone the next year.

"The successful preservation of the Allard and 'Buffalo Jones' herds gives an indication of what could be accomplished on government reserves. The Allard herd, under the care of cowboys, has actually increased from 35 animals in 1883 to 280 at the present time. The Jones herd which now numbers about 60, is descended from less than a dozen. In each of these cases the plan has been to prevent the animals from getting scattered, tending them in a corral when sick, and keeping the young ones from the wolves and coyotes. The Allard herd is almost a profitable enterprise. The sales keep about even with the natural increase. Most go to parks or private estates, but a few are killed for food. A full-grown live buffalo is worth $400 to $500. Dead he will bring almost as much. The head sells for $150, the skin for $100, and there are in the carcass 200 to 1,000 pounds of good meat, which will sell at 40 cents a pound.

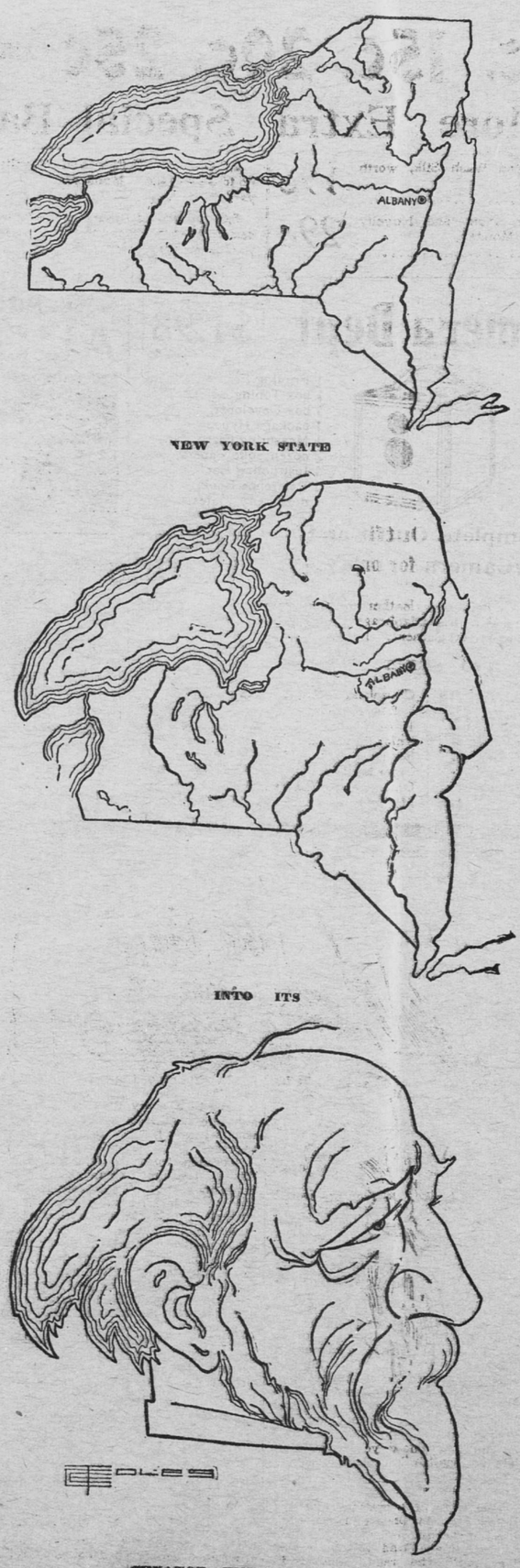
"The Yellowstone Park herd, on the other hand, has almost gone out of existence. There were 400 head originally, but protected bears and wolves killed the young buffalo, while poachers and herd hunters camped around them on the borders of the park and shot the adults. There are not more than a score left there today."

William T. Hornaday, director of the zoological park in this city, estimates that there are not more than 400 buffaloes in the world today.

One-Third of a Second.

Experiment proves that it takes over one-third of a second for the eyelid to open and close.

EVOLUTION OF



SENATOR THOMAS C. PLATT.

AMERICA'S MONTE CARLO

GAY LONG BRANCH SAID TO BE JUSTLY ENTITLED TO THE NAME

"GILDED GAMBLING HELLS"

The Western Idea Not Applicable to Them—Some of the Best Known Clubs Where the "Tiger" Holds Forth.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

Long Branch is the Monte Carlo of America.

There is no mistake about it, but if you are curious and refuse to accept the truth of the statement you can go to this Jersey resort and find out for yourself. It is more than likely to cost you money—much money—or perhaps, more correctly, whatever amount you may have, but your experiences will teach you that there is no mistaking the truth of the simple statement in the first paragraph.

Gambling "hells" there are in every state in the Union, but they are for the most part dingy affairs, run on the quiet, or in the West, where the furnishings are gaudy, but not the real thing. But it was left to Phil Daly, John Daly, W. M. Fitzgerald and "Doc" Slater to establish a gambling "heaven," whose wide open portals extend along the famous West end drive that skirts the sea from the sinful palaces of Long Branch to the churches of Asbury park, where temptations, if there are any, are reduced to the least common multiple.

Some years ago it was possible to "buck the tiger" in Gloucester. Later there came a heavy surf of reform that ended in a legislative tidal wave that swept clean the state of New Jersey from even horse racing.

Then it was that the "tiger," tired, hungry and drenched with public sentiment, crept along the coast in search of a new abiding place. He stalked the length and breadth of the state and settled in Long Branch, as the most likely hunting grounds.

The "tiger" did not make his choice suddenly. He waited until he had looked the entire landscape over and found that there was more money in Long Branch to the square mile than in any other part of Jersey. Money is the only meat on which this "tiger" feeds. He camped there and he hasn't been hungry a day since he stopped.

In all the stories of the West there have been descriptions of "gilded gambling halls," filled with American types from the cowboy and the ranchman to the Chinese cook and the uniformed regular. There are none of these in Long Branch. The parlors are the parlors of an embassy in Washington, receiving the representatives of a foreign legation—that is, so far as outward appearances go. And as for those who frequent these places, they are dressed faultlessly and in the height of fashion, a large majority in the semi-evening Tuxedo.

PENNSYLVANIA CLUB.

The largest and best known of these gambling places or clubs, as they are called, is the Pennsylvania, backed by Phil Daly. In the front are parlors, reception rooms, cafes, lounging rooms and all the other appurtenances that go with a perfectly apportioned clubhouse. Here and on the broad verandas you will see many handsomely gowned women, attended in every instance, and conforming to the most strict conventionalities.

But back from the green mint ices, the beautiful gowns of the women and the flowering plants of the verandas are more parlors, and here it is that you will find the real Pennsylvania club. You will strike one attendant after another and if you pass muster and arrive in the parlors you may know that you do not look like 30 cents, as your friends have often told you, but like $30 at the least. They have no use for a man with any less than that where chips are worth 50 cents apiece and come in stacks of 20, with no remnant sales in the way of splitting a stack. It's worth running the gauntlet of keen-eyed, polished line of hosts, and it's worth paying for if you reach the goal, just to know that you have made others think you were the real thing, no matter how great the deception. The only admission necessary to become a temporary guest of this club is a "bluff" that you have money and that you know what you are doing.

If you don't size up to the required amount of money, one of the carefully dressed attendants will step up to you and with much politeness say, "I beg your pardon, but I don't know you," just as would an attendant of any other well-regulated club.

When you have arrived at the parlors there are more attendants with servants in the rear, and it is hard to think that even now you are not attending some state reception, waiting for the dignitary who is to be entertained to make his appearance. Everything is quiet. The room is filled with men, but they are talking in low tones, such as you would expect to hear in the historical library, that is, when they talked at all, but for the most part the men do not talk. They think. And they think so hard that you can almost hear them think. The heavy axminster is inches thick, so no sound comes from that direction. A few seconds after you are ushered in and you will hear above the sleepy, drooning sounds, low-toned voices calling "Twenty-six black, thirty-six red or double O green," and then you will know that you have reached Monte Carlo after passing Interlaken and Como even if you did come via the Pennsylvania railroad.

SAME AS AT MONTE CARLO.

Once hear the telegraphic click of chips as they are "placed" by the players or riffled into stacks by the dexterous expert just behind the table, and you will never mistake it for any other sound. It is like the smell of smoking opium, once experienced you will never forget it. There is a fascination that every one must feel who has a single spot of red clay from the dust of which he was formed. Chance and games of chance played the most important parts in the world's history, and today they have a tremendous significance in many of the world's religious rites. In Long Branch while the church bells are ringing the roulette wheel is still spinning. Sunday is looked upon as the big day.

Among the men who crowded around the tables were many well known men, men with whom you are well acquainted through the newspapers of the day in business and professional circles, in politics and society. You know their faces very well indeed, and you have some trouble in placing them. Then you know that you have only met them from time to time at the breakfast table, not in the real flesh, but in interviews in printer's ink. You can stand and watch these men lose their thousands, two thousands or more and not feel badly, but, unfortunately, they are not the only ocupants of these princely quarters. Elbow to elbow with the richest men in the nation stand young men who have just started on a business or professional career.

Noises certainly jar one in such a place. They act on the nerves, and so the management very kindly does all that it possibly can to save the nerve of the visitor for the sound that requires all the nerve—the rolling marble.

The game played is the same as that in Monte Carlo, with a single exception. On the Monte Carlo table there is no "Double O green." This, however, is a technicality, and while it offers new odds in the number of chances, it is one that only those who know the game can understand, and they found out this misfortune a long time ago when they first started playing.

The clubs are all beautiful buildings, but one gets a small idea of the magnificence inside. The gardens outside the Ocean club rival those of our most beautiful parks, and are quite as well kept. A carefully detailed description of the furnishings inside would still leave the reader in ignorance of the munificence of these palaces. In the ocean club some of the most famous works of art are hung, paintings that have been exhibited where people were glad of the privilege to pay for seeing them. The admission to these parlors is nothing. The price of your exit depends.

Parties wishing private rooms can secure them and have a table to themselves. There is much of this sort of thing done, and it is in this way that the women secure their opportunity of chasing the coy and elusive marble. Another strange fact is the luck with which the women play. It is proverbial, and if you hear of a man having a woman's luck, you may be sure that he will ride home in a parlor car if he wants to. These women players are apparently much more reckless than men, but they win oftener and more at a time. They have no system whatever, but just go it "blind."

ACTION FOR YOUR MONEY.

And after all is said and done there is little more to write of the gambling side of Long Branch than to say that it is the Monte Carlo of America—a place where you can get action on your money, all you want of it, and generally even more reaction.

Still another side is the West end and the beach driveway. This is one of the most interesting, and the afternoon parade along the highway includes everything in ultra-swell wagons, from the horseless to the tally-ho and six. There are but two classes of people who come to this driveway—those who come to see and those who come to be seen.

Among the equipages there are those who come from Elberon representing the elite of all the greatest cities in the country. The magnificent gowns are bewilderingly different, but a blind man would know that they never came from a bargain counter. You can fairly see the Paris tags still hanging to them, and you could not guess how much they cost, no matter how good you may have been in arithmetic when you went to school.

There are coachmen and footmen in every size and shape and color that coachmen and liverymen come in. They look as comfortable as a boy in his best clothes when he knows the other fellows have gone fishing, and you understand his feelings. What you don't understand is the apparent suffering on the part of those who ride in the richly upholstered seats. They seem to be taking their wealth so hard. Among those who come to see and are in a position to feel most envious there are smiles and laughter and comments as to the clothes or the horses, but among the occupants of the carriages there seems to be such a set look of determination that they will be rich, no matter how painful. As for diamonds, there are so many of them and in such magnificent sizes that you get used to them and think that you are a part of all this wealth yourself, and you can even forget how much money you owe.

There was a time when you could not get into Elberon and buy a cottage unless you had a family tree with very carefully trimmed branches. Then it was the most exclusive place in the country. While there are many of the first families of the nation in Long Branch, Elberon and vicinity, still affairs have changed to the extent that you can buy property anywhere if you have the price, a tremendously large one, even if your relatives did not come over in the Mayflower or supply a governor for Virginia.

As stated before, the best are still to be seen along the West end driveway, but the bars of absolute exclusiveness have been let down far enough for others to get in, that's all.

There is no mistaking the fact that Long Branch is a many sided place, and you can get action on your money in any way from the roulette tables to a church fair.

Long Branch is the Monte Carlo of America.

SISTER: READ MY FREE OFFER

Wise Words to Sufferers

From a Woman of Notre Dame, Ind.

I will mail, free of any charge, this Home Treatment with full instructions and the history of my own case to any lady suffering from female trouble. You can cure yourself at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue it will only cost you about twelve cents a week. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—that is all I ask. It cures all, young or old.

☞ If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhea (Whites), Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A., for the FREE TREATMENT and FULL INFORMATION. I send it in plain wrappers.

Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it.

TO MOTHERS OF DAUGHTERS I will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedily and effectually cures *Leucorrhea*, *Green Sickness* and *Painful* or *Irregular Menstruation* in young ladies. It will *save you anxiety* and *expense* and save *your daughter the humiliation* of explaining her troubles to others. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live I can refer you to well-known ladies of your own state or county who know and will gladly tell my sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all diseased conditions of our delicate female organism, thoroughly strengthens relaxed muscles and ligaments which cause displacement, and makes women well. Write to-day, as this offer will not be made again. Address

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SINGING SANDS OF ARABIA.

Singular Natural Phenomena That Are the Wodner of Travelers.

Detroit Free Press.

The singing sands of Arabia are stretches of sand, sometimes on a hillside of the interior, which, when moved, produce a distinct musical note. Walking through them, stirring them with a stick, or in any way agitating their particles will cause the sound, which continues some seconds. Scientific men have been quite at a loss to account for so singular a phenomenon and have suggested many wild explanations. The problem is complicated by several curious circumstances in connection with the sand. It has been ascertained, for instance, that if carried away in bags the sand loses its musical power, but retains it if transported in glass vessels. Wetting the sand while in an artificial receptacle destroys its power of producing tone, but rain has no such effect, since as soon asthe sand is dry it is as sonorous as before. The singing sand is found in no less than twenty-six places on the eastern coast of the United States and in at least two on the Pacific.

Bachelors Are Bald.

It has been found on study of 300 cases of loss of hair that baldness prevails most with unmarried men—which is contrary to the general belief. The worries of the bacheler may be fewer, but they are more trying to the scalp than are the multitudinous cares of the man of family. Most bald people are found to lead indoor lives, and almost all of them belong to the intellectual class. Usually the loss of hair begins before the thirtieth year. In women it usually constitutes a general thinning; in men it affects the top of the head. Diseases that affect the general nutrition of the body are likely to thin the hair.

Paris Is a Hat-Lifting City.

In Paris gentlemen keep their hats in their hands longer when speaking to ladies. Paris is the most hat-lifting city in the world. But in the United States young women have the country at their feet. Society seems to have been specially organized for them. Friends, parents, brothers, uncles and aunts vie with each other in making everything bend to the comfort and convenience of the American girl.

THE DIPLOMACY OF PEKIN

ONE DAY'S WORK OF A FOREIGN OFFICIAL WITH THE CHINESE

CROOKEDEST PEOPLE ON EARTH

Thinly Veiled Insolence Which Has Long Characterized Court Intercourse With the Foreigners.

London Telegraph.

Ten o'clock has come, the morning ride is over, and the legations of Christian Europe are at work, plotting and counter-plotting one with another for the benefit of those placid Orientals who are silently longing for the day when they can slam the gates to and make a holiday for the Pekin mob with our writhing bodies. A dozen horsemen trot past. They are followed by a motley group of runners in various advanced stages of raggedness. Then come two or three chairs with four bearers and a few more horsemen. They trot over the bridge and turn sharply to the right. The princes and ministers—that is, the members of the Tsung-li-yamen—are visiting the British minister. This morning at 4 the grand councillors have creaked and bumped through the streets to the palace, where they attend the customary audience. Yesterday's proceedings of the Yamen have been recorded in a precis, and are now in the empress' hands. For three hours they have been on their knees before her, and "words" have passed. A difficulty has arisen. A demand must be shuffled out of. It will hurt the imperial face to admit that the last attack on Europeans between the Yang-Ting-Gate and the railway terminus is worth notice. The minister has demanded the immediate and condign punishment of the offenders, and threatened to bring up guards.

Messieurs the princes have come to find how far they can safely go in the direction of refusing redress. They pass the gates. The chairs pause. Red cards have been delivered, and they step out of their frowsy sedans. In they troop, and when the necessary compliments have passed, and each man has sat down at precisely the same second, business begins. Of a surety we are wrong to attribute evil motives to them. They have come to express profound regret. Sharp and short will be the fate of such of the offenders as may be caught, and the entire and undivided attention of the police is devoted to the task of catching them. Caught, Very probably they have already been caught. Certain? Well, not absolutely, but it is at the utmost a question of a day or two. Clearly it is not a case of sufficient gravity to justify such an uncourteous step as bringing an additional guard to Pekin—just as if the authorities intended to neglect their duties. Any proclamation? In truth the only question was the precise terms which would be most acceptable to the legations.

The minister almost monosyllabically presses for something more definite. Reply follows reply, and presently all the ministers seem to desire to talk at the same time. Half an hour passes, and there is a slight change in their attitude. They talk less of what they have done and more of their willingness to do anything and everything. Finally a understanding is arrived at, and off they go in their greasy pomp. In two days more a written communication is received from the Tsung-li-Yamen, couched in terms as insolent as can be disguised in diplomatic form, and simultaneously a proclamation issues as nearly as possible declaring that it was all the victims' fault, and that no more European ears should be nailed to the pump. This is the net result of the fine words of their excellencies the princes and ministers. Then come several repetitions of the same game, until at length, when it is known that the additional guard is coming up next day, the authorities climb down just so many inches as long experience teaches them will suffice to stop the advent of the barbarians, and yet leave the business open for intermeinable correspondence.

With more or less variation in detail, but similarity in essence, every foreign minister spends a large part of his time thus. Sometimes the trouble is provincial, and that affords additional scope for irritation and procrastination. Sometimes the question divides the legations into hostile groups, and then the Chinese simply revel. Every minister knows in his heart that nothing but force is a remedy, and they turn to look at—one ancient gun and twenty guards. A happy life, truly! Tiffin hour comes as a welcome relief. Hot though it be, it brings a cessation from weary, fruitless labor. Friends come in, and the conversation is of home and civilization. The envied ones are those who can hope soon to bid good-bye to this vast center of barbaric filth and corruption. After that more work. Letters and reports, cables to be coded and the question of the honorable member for Little Puddleton to be answered with full detail and statistics, and so a weary day passes until 4 o'clock strikes and another ride or the club, with its cool reading room and a game of whist or bridge and a glass of wine leads up to dinner.

Set this picture as the merest speck in an ocean of ruthless enmity and bitterness. Surround it by frowning walls gilded by an armed horde furnished with the most modern and effective weapons of scientific war. Add "mon cher" colleague, whose business in life is to counterplot and trip you up. Recollect that your countrymen know and care nothing. Then bring a crowd of women and children, wives and daughters and apostles of Christianity to share your perils, and you have a faint notion of the lives of your ambassadors and representatives during a peaceful day in Pekin.

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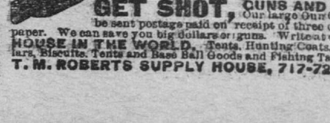

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