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The St. Paul Globe

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WEATHER FOR TODAY.

For Minnesota—Generally fair Wednesday except local rains in Western portion, Thursday, showers in Eastern; fair in Western portion, with cooler in Southern portion; southerly winds.

For Wisconsin—Generally fair Wednesday and Thursday; light northerly, shifting to southwesterly winds.

For Iowa—Generally fair Wednesday and Thursday; southeasterly winds.

For North Dakota—Generally fair Wednesday, with cooler in Western portion; Thursday fair; southerly, shifting to northwesterly winds.

For South Dakota—Generally fair Wednesday and Thursday; southerly winds.

For Montana—Generally fair Wednesday and Thursday; cooler Wednesday, except in Northeast portion; northwest 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	70
Average temperature	76
Daily range	16
Barometer	29.92
Humidity	70
Precipitation	0
7 p. m. temperature	84
7 p. m., wind, north; weather, partly cloudy.	

RIVER BULLETIN.

Station.	Danger Line.	Gauge Reading.	Change in 24 Hours.
St. Paul	14	3.8	—0.2
Davenport	15	2.6	*0.1
La Crosse	10	4.9	*0.1
St. Louis	30	8.9	*0.9

—Fall. *Rise.

River forecast till 8 p. m. Wednesday: The Mississippi will continue falling slowly in the vicinity of St. Paul.

YESTERDAY'S TEMPERATURES.

	*8pm	High		*8pm	High
Battleford	74	88	Medicine Hat	76	82
Bismarck	74	84	Minnedosa	68	75
Calgary	50	68	Pr. Albert	62	64
Duluth	62	72	Qu'Appelle	64	80
Edmonton	50	76	S. Current	72	86
Havre	74	88	Williston	78	84
Helena	72	78	Winnipeg	72	76
Huron	80	84			

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

OCEAN LINERS.

NEW YORK—Sailed: Servia, Liverpool; Kaiserin Maria Theresa, Bremen, via Cherbourg and Southampton; Cymric, Liverpool.
YOKOHAMA — Sailed: Monmontshire, from Hong Kong, Portland, Or.
SYDNEY, N. S. W.—Arrived: Miowera, Vancouver, via Honolulu, etc.
ANTWERP—Arrived: Kensington, New York.
LIVERPOOL—Arrived: Numidian, Montreal.
AUSTRALIAN PORT—Arrived: Harda, San Francisco.
BOULOGNE — Sailed: Cap Frio, from Hamburg, New York.
SOUTHAMPTON — Sailed: Aller, New York.
QUEENSTOWN—Arrived: Ultonia, Boston, for Liverpool (and proceeded).
PLYMOUTH—Arrived: Graf Waldersee, New York for Hamburg, via Cherbourg (and proceeded).
CHERBOURG — Sailed: Aller (from Southampton), New York.
NEW YORK—Arrived: Spaarndam, from Rotterdam; Sardinian, from Glasgow.
KINSALE—Passed: Georgian, New York for Liverpool.
SAGRES—Passed: Californian, for Marseilles, Genoa, Leghorn, etc.
NEW YORK—Arrived: Minnehaha, London.

TODAY IN ST. PAUL.

GRAND—"A Wise Guy," 2:30 and 8:15.
Missionary Convention of Christian church, Nelson and Farrington avenues, 2 p. m.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 22, 1900.

CHANG'S PEACE OVERTURES.

The one great man among his people whom the Chinese crisis has revealed is the veteran diplomat and public administrator, Li Hung Chang. To the efforts of enlightened men like him and Minister Wu at Washington does the world owe in greatest measure the comparatively happy outcome which promises to result from the terrible crisis which recently confronted China and its people.

If, as is altogether likely, the powers are unprepared to enter upon any course of treatment which would threaten the dismemberment of China, or in case the pacification of the country and the protection of life and property are the animating motives in the military movements which have resulted in the capture of Peking, the overtures of the great Chinese statesman will not be without good fruit. His suggestion that Minister Conger should act as American peace commissioner can be taken as an evidence of the sincerity of the purposes of the Chinese imperial authorities. Whatever may have been the true attitude of the dowager empress toward the foreign nations or toward the Boxer movement, which now appears to have dissolved into nothing, the advances made in the direction of peace are wholly consistent and timely.

The nations of the world have some right to declare how the sovereign power of China shall be exercised in the immediate future. The imperial authorities have given them this power. When a nation goes to war and suffers defeat, and the reigning sovereign is in retirement the conditions ordinarily necessary to justify extreme measures on the part of the other belligerents exist. China cannot overcome the natural and inevitable consequences of the attitude taken by the imperial army. No nation situated as China is today ever was or ever will be in a position to do more than make the best possible terms that can be secured from her conquerors. The first and the almost invariable result is the dictation by the hostile authority of the terms and conditions attending the exercise of the sovereign power.

The present empress has shown herself utterly unworthy to maintain the authority she has so shockingly abused. If the world is rightly informed as to the relative positions of the young emperor and the dowager empress, and as to the views of Chinese policy entertained by the emperor, it seems quite a reasonable proposition that her abdication of authority should be insisted on, and that the emperor should be emperor in fact as well as in name, acting independently or under the direction of the powers. If, on the other hand, the emperor is the pliant and willing tool of the empress, the contingency must be taken into account of relieving both of all power and the selection of a recognized ruler who would act as regent of the powers until such time as some permanent understanding was arrived at between China and the other nations concerned.

Whatever course is adopted Americans do not want to see their government involved. It is really none of our affair. We have accomplished all that we set out to accomplish, and on the restoration of peace we are called on to withdraw from the country every armed man we have there today.

Meanwhile let it be acknowledged that the Chinese people owe a great deal to Li Hung Chang and to the accomplished and upright gentleman who at present represents Chinese imperial authority at Washington.

MUSIC IN THE PARKS.

The attitude which the street railway concern is reported to have taken on the subject of music at Como park offers a good illustration of the folly of the plan of farming out public rights and privileges to individuals. It is the duty of the city to furnish music at that most popular resort. The people look for it, and they have the right to obtain it at the public expense. As it is, their wishes in the premises are a mere secondary consideration. The pecuniary interests of the street car corporation are the whole thing. The park is as good as sub-let to that concern; and the advertisements which they maintain on their street cars and elsewhere show very clearly that they get every dollar out of the situation which can be gotten.

Years ago, before the interests of the street car corporation became anything like the important factor that it has been for some years past in the policy of the city, we managed to maintain concerts at the different city parks. And the people showed their appreciation of the fact by attending in such numbers as left no mistake as to how agreeable it was to them. We have since become inspired by the spirit of reform and retrenchment; and we delegate to others or leave wholly undischarged many of those comparatively inexpensive and wholly avoidable functions which bring the city administration close to the people.

It is pleasant to read the statement imputed to the president of the park board, that next year the board proposes to run the park itself. If we had not become so used to transactions of the general character of this second-hand concert arrangement at Como, we would long ago have voted it down as a fraud on the masses of our people, and as little better than a scheme to bring additional nickels to the Minneapolis carrying concern.

If the park board is unable or unwilling to bear the cost of maintaining public concerts at Como, they should be dispensed with. But the absence of them should not be the decree of the city railway company, but to those upon whom the people have placed the responsibility for administering our public parks.

GROSVENOR AND THE ISSUES.

The peculiarity about Gen. Grosvenor, the venerable warning voice of Ohio, is that when he delivers a political address to the country he gives everybody a close view of the innermost workings of his mind, his motives and his fears. The general has just returned from Europe, and he was hardly on dry land before he began to beat the tomtom for McKinley. The principal impression gained from reading the rather lengthy note of alarm issued by him through the Associated Press is that Mr. Grosvenor is scared to death. It is also easy to see that in the opinion of Grosvenor the Republican party would be whipped out of its boots on the issues of trusts and imperialism, and that its only hope is in the reaffirmation of 16 to 1 at Kansas City.

In giving out impossible figures concerning the political complexion of the senate during the next few years, in the event of Bryan's election, the Ohio congressman has started the argument that will shortly be universal among the Republicans, and which was made possible by Mr. Bryan's own orders at Kansas City. Under the pretense that the issues of trusts and imperialism are merely stalking horses for free silver, the Republicans can be expected to indulge in a calamity howl of vast proportions, in which all sorts of hobgoblins will be conjured up for the inspection of those who incline toward the dollar of 100 cents. Mr. Grosvenor does pretty well for a starter. He makes the senate stand 44 to 46 in favor of free silver in 1901, if Bryan "reverses the verdict of 1896." In order to do this he gives a free silver senator to New Hampshire and West Virginia, and adds that "if Bryan sweeps the country we are as likely to lose Nelson in Minnesota, Cullom in Illinois and McMillan in Michigan" as to gain a gold standard senator in New Hampshire! In short, there is apparently nothing impossible to Mr. Grosvenor in the way of financial calamity if Bryan wins. But Mr. Grosvenor has great hopes that the 16 to 1 declaration at Kansas City will enable the Republicans to avoid the actual paramount issue and thus keep a grip on the offices. His conclusion, as follows, is very interesting as giving the cue to Republican spellbinders and editors:

"Fortunately, it is not too late to sound the alarm and rally the gold-standard forces. The miserable cry of trusts by the organizers of trusts and the silly and senseless cry of imperialism are but the stalking horses of the Democratic hosts, whose real purpose is found in the plank of their platform which Bryan made as the ultimatum of his acceptance of a nomination he had been working for for nearly four years."

It is plain that the Republican purpose is to lessen the force of the imperialism issue as much as possible, and, as Mr. Grosvenor indicates above, they are assisted materially in this purpose by the action at Kansas City. In a sense the Democrats have given the Republicans a choice of paramount issues, and the latter select with great unanimity one which should not have been an issue at all, much less paramount, from the Republican standpoint. It would be strange if the Grosvenors did not take advantage of the opportunity to talk free silver and calamity exclusively. To them, overburdened with trust complicity at home and injustice abroad, it comes as a relief and a benediction.

IS THE GRAND JURY NECESSARY?

Owing to the suggestion of a Philadelphia judge, the question of the usefulness or otherwise of the grand jury is receiving consideration in the press. The trend of general opinion seems to be that, while not altogether without public value, the grand jury is somewhat of a cumbersome and antiquated institution.

No doubt there are other judges besides the one in Philadelphia, and many more citizens, who believe that the grand jury system could be dispensed with, and that the functions of the grand jury might with advantage be discharged by the prosecuting attorney. This view, however, is somewhat partial, and will be hardly borne out by the influence which it has exercised in the administration of government.

There is no duty devolving on a grand jury which possesses anything like the value to society as that which demands investigation by it of the conditions attending on the administration of public affairs. It is true that there is a good deal of redundant and unnecessarily expensive detail involved in getting criminal indictments through grand juries. An investigation before an intelligent police magistrate would answer all purposes in establishing a proposition whether reasonable ground existed for the belief that the defendant is guilty of the crime charged against him. In such cases the intervention of a grand jury is but rarely necessary, especially since in most cases it is the prosecuting attorney's view of guilt or innocence which prevails with the grand jury in the last instance. But while this may be at least measurably true, the grand jury has become so completely interwoven with the judicial system of the common law as to involve a serious and radical innovation to dispense with it entirely.

In this city we have had for many years an annual demonstration of the great public utility of the grand jury system. Whatever abuses pertain to the administration of public office, when they become so great as to seriously affect the public interest, they are not at all liable to survive the investigations of an intelligent and fearless grand jury. Party political hostility will naturally operate to bring such abuses into public view. But no declaration of a partisan newspaper or of partisan speakers or writers ever suffice to carry the assurance of truth to the popular mind which is produced by the report of the grand jury. When that body calls attention to existing abuses they are usually in a fair way as a consequence to find a remedy. We have had every variety of grand jury in this city; but, as a rule, the body with us has been made up of men of public spirit and of intimate knowledge of the operations of public affairs. And it is to their operations in great measure that we owe it that there never has been any serious scandal or official malversation made known. With such a body possessed of the fullest power and every known facility for securing evidence of official and other wrong doing, it is usually impossible for any such state of things to prevail in any public office that might seriously endanger the public welfare.

The grand jury, like the petit jury system, is, of course, not free from many drawbacks. It does not always operate as well as it is designed to operate. Yet it is safe to say that the public machinery would be injured rather more than benefited by dispensing with it. And, so far as the general sentiment of the people can be said to be known, there is no danger that any such change will be made in the machinery of government that the grand jury system will disappear, at least in this generation.

WEDNESDAY GLOBE GLANCES.

St. Paul became a tea inspecting post a year ago last May, and for the first six months of 1900 the inspection covered 329,022 pounds, only three other cities outranking us, while six fell below. There are ten tea inspecting cities in the country.

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The American and European Bible societies have sent hundreds of thousands of Bibles to China, and investigation shows that John uses them mainly to make firecrackers of. An average page makes a wrapper for about two crackers, and a whole Bible is turned into a good many bunches.

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The old Olympic theater on Seventh street is being rapidly modernized, and the new management expect to open it early next month.

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Today, Aug. 22, is the anniversary of the birth of James Kirke Paulding (1779), a popular novelist and secretary of the navy under Van Buren; of John B. Gough (1817), the temperance lecturer, at Sandgate, England; of Emily Judson (1817); Fanny Forester, authoress, third wife of the missionary, Judson; of John Insley Blair (1802), the railroad millionaire; of Capt. Henry Anson Castle (1841), former postmaster of St. Paul; of Melville Elijah Stone, founder (1848) of the Chicago News, and former manager of Associated Press; of Joel Prescott Heatwole (1856), the Northfield (Minn.) congressman; of Sir Alexander Campbell Mackenzie (1847), the Scotch composer.

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A blacksmith out on East Seventh street has a sign reading "Practical Horshoer." A restaurant man on Wabasha street announces his business with a sign reading "Dinning Room." A grocer on South Wabasha has a sign reading, "We keep fish." The butcher next door has one reading, "We sell fish."

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A man by the name of Thomas Kane died at Rochester, N. Y., recently, who had shoes made from lasts the heels of which measured 18 inches, the instep 13½ inches and the ball 12½. The size was 14.

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A letter received at this office says that on one day last week at Fairhaven, Wash., the fish canneries there handled 140,000 salmon, putting them up in one pound cans, the whole quantity being enough to fill thirty-two freight cars.

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The white man now goes among the darker skinned race of Asia and asserts he is wiser, and that his way is the right way, and that his ideas alone possess merit. No matter what the issue, the white man insists he is right, regardless of the fact that the Asian people had a civilization and a moral code when the people of Europe were savages and lived in caves.

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Today is the anniversary of the death of Richard III., at Bosworth Field, in 1485. Of William Whiston, in 1752, a noted English divine and translator of Josephus. His life of eighty-five years was one of great literary activity, but his multitudinous publications have long been neglected. Of Warren Hastings, in 1818, governor general of India, whose long trial of ten years by the English house of commons is common history. Of Dr. Franz Joseph Gall, founder of phrenology.

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The largest slate pencil factory in the country is at Chattanooga, Tenn. The output last year was 25,000,000.

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Jumping the rope is now recommended for people with torpid livers.

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A Kansas City baker claims that he has been injured $2,000 worth by a woman who circulated a report that he kneaded his dough with his feet, and he has instituted a suit against her for that amount. He thinks he needs her dough, and it will be a great feat if he gets it.

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The people of New England have instituted what they call an "old home week." It is in the form of a return to their native towns of people who have flocked to the large cities. The renewal of home ties should be encouraged. The traditions of ancestry are directing and moulding forces in the life of all peoples.

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It only costs about $3 a word to get telegrams from China. That's a little high, but we must have the very latest rumors.

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The Mid-Road Populist state ticket of Minnesota took its candidates from the cities; S. M. Fairchild, of Minneapolis, for governor; E. G. Wallender, of Duluth, for lieutenant governor; S. W. Powell, of Stillwater, for treasurer; E. A. Twitchell, of Minneapolis, for attorney general; S. G. Harris, of St. Paul, for chief justice; and J. A. Temple, of Minneapolis, for associate justice.

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John A. Dowie, the sacred healer and founder of the Zionites, left Chicago recently for Europe and before his departure he said, among other things, to his flock: "Take a bath! You need it; every one of you need it. You must learn to keep clean these hot days." He then advised against iced drinks, but said: "Drink all the hot tea you want, it is conducive to perspiration." This leads the Times-Herald to remark: "The trouble with most of the 'new religions' is that they are short on perspiration facilities and bath tubs They do not keep the pores open. This evaporation department of the Dowie faith will certainly commend the much persecuted Dowie to popular favor."

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The dozen greatest railroads of America include six reaching St. Paul; Canadian Pacific, Chicago & North-Western, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, Great Northern and Northern Pacific.

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The Roosevelts do not agree. Robert, an uncle of Teddy, is a New York banker. In a recent interview he said: "Bryan is a strong, sincere, forceful man, independent in everything and with firm convictions. McKinley is absolutely without a mind of his own. He is nothing more than the mouthpiece of the men to whom he owes his office."

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"Physical self-consciousness" is a new name for a malady. Persons have it who suffer the diseases they read about in almanacs, and those who are trying some physical culture scheme, or rest or diet cure and so keep their trouble constantly in view by the very earnestness displayed in anything to get rid of them. Those who watch and worry over daily symptoms and seek to regulate everything, according to programme or rule, are not going to be the wealthiest and happiest beings in the world.

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The season for country fairs is at hand. The country owes much to these exhibitions and they should be maintained and improved upon every year. The original idea of the country fair has been lost sight of in some instances by giving more attention to side shows and games than live stock and agricultural products. This can be avoided by putting the right men in charge and then standing by them.

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It was on Aug. 22, 1854, that the queen of England sent the first royal telegram across the Atlantic. It was a message from Queen Victoria to President Buchanan, to which he replied in suitable strain. The message took two hours in transmission from London to Washington and was as follows:

"The queen desires to congratulate the president upon the successful completion of this great international work, in which the queen has taken the greatest interest. The queen is convinced that the president will join her in fervently hoping that the electric cable, which now connects Great Britain with the United States, will prove an additional link between the two nations, whose friendship is founded upon their common interests and reciprocal esteem. The queen has much pleasure in thus directly communicating with the president and in renewing to him her best wishes for the prosperity of the United States."

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A sister of Mrs. Howard Gould has just sailed for China to devote her life to humble service in a leper settlement. This young votary is Miss Ella May Clemmons, recently an actress, but, a religious impulse seizing her, she gives up the world to help wretched people in another land.

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A Chicago woman by the name of Frances Meyer is willing to be governor of Illinois. She says: "I belong to no party, yet in me and my principles are centered all the best elements of the five great parties in our country. I would be an independent governor, but by principle I am a Republican and Democrat of the highest grade." That is comprehensive and womanlike.

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It is not dignified in a man seeking the office of presiding officer of the United States senate, a serious, sensible and dignified body, to attract attention to himself by the cheap clap trap methods of the matinee hero. Real heroes have things more important to think about than to be advertising themselves and their deeds through such petty devices as Roosevelt has adopted.

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The recent death of J. D. Cox, of Ohio, deserves more notice than it was given in the newspapers. As major general in the army, governor of Ohio, member of congress, secretary of the interior, presiding officer of the convention nominating Gen. Grant for president in 1868, president of the Wabash railroad and president of the Cincinnati university, he filled a large space in public life during the last third of a century.

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A New York barber makes a specialty of shaving women. He says he has plenty of customers who are shaved as regularly as men.

AT THE GRAND.

"A Wise Guy" is one of those peculiar laugh-producing plays that cause a person to sit for two hours in an almost continuous round of laughter, and, after it is all over, wonder what you have been laughing at. Today, at 2:30, the first popular priced matinee of the engagement will occur.

Commencing next Sunday night at the Grand Jacob Litt's popular comedy-drama, "In Old Kentucky," world famous by its success, will hold the boards for an engagement of one week.

Should Prepare for the Worst.

New York Journal.

The country should conserve its strength during the next few days. President McKinley's letter of acceptance is 16,000 words long. This beats Bryan by 7,000 words.

The Little Mademoiselle.

From the French of Adolphe Chenevievre.

Thus it is that Mme. de Gouville—the wife of Capt. Roger de Gouville—told me what she knew of little Lieut. Yves Barnabe de Pelven, whose chum I had been at Saint-Cyr, and whom I had never seen after we left the college.

It was in 1871. Our regiment was then at the village of F., a few miles from the provisional frontier. The town lay in the midst of a forest, and had been partly destroyed during the war. We lived in wooden barracks that had been built by the Germans. Not far away was the line of black and white posts that marked the provisional frontier, and it was one of our pastimes to ride out to them. The young officers dreamed of nothing but the chance of provoking a frontier conflict. Some made targets of the pointed helmets found and brought in by the peasants, arranging matters so as to be seen by the German sentinels. Others galloped wildly across the line and back again.

One of them, however, Yves de Pelven de Kerdec, took no share in these pleasantries. When he was asked to join in, he would shrug his shoulders softly and murmur. "Childishness!" He was left to do as he pleased. No one cared. Only, after a while, we discovered that he was accustomed to take long solitary rides at night—and in a direction that did not lead to France! We began to watch him, more from curiosity than from suspicion. I myself, I confess, was drawn toward him by this original and mysterious mode of existence.

He was then a slight, blonde, pale youth, feminine of features, all nerve and muscle, tireless, fearless, silent. He was liked by the men, although they were a trifle jealous of that indefinable superiority which marked his breeding. Some of the old veterans of swarthy skin and voice loved him in spite of his refinement. They called him "Mademoiselle de Pelvin," or "the little mademoiselle."

With five years of service to his credit, he had still the air of a young conscript; his voice was gentle; I never heard him yell or curse the men or horses. At nineteen he had received a decoration for distinguished bravery at Rezonville.

He had his lodgings, outside of town, in a solitary cottage surrounded by rose bushes and cedars—he and his dogs "Finaud" and "Tigresse"—a great Dane and a little striped bulldog. His horses were two long, slender Anglo-Arabs.

We gossiped not a little about the lieutenant, his mode of life and his character; we discussed his fortune and the employment of his time outside of the service, for beside his regular appearance twice a day at mess he took part in none of our entertainments. He was often seen alone, galloping his horses over the green meadows of the Saone; he rode in some of the impromptu races, winning often, but without pride, without exultation, taking the things as part of the trade. He never touched cards. His horses, his dogs, seemed his sole distraction. At times he disappeared for a week or so, and on returning would say, "My father was down to see me." It was known that he had a father, an old man living in Bretagne. Yves spoke of him only on those days.

The self-isolation of the boy was somewhat of a mystery to us. Each one explained in his own way the singular comrade, "the littale mademoiselle." For some, Pelven was the son of a Galician princess and a knight of Malta, which was not impossible, it being the usage since the days of Louis XIV. to accord that title to French gentlemen having contracted a marital alliance in Austria. In fact Austrian decorations had been seen in his room. That, at least, was affirmed by some of the indiscreet ones who had penetrated the great chamber where he was wont to "dig" on his strategy during the warm hours of day. A singular room it was, at once salon, library and saddlery, the refuge of a thinker and the handy shop of a soldier, but its interior, in spite of the weapons, was rather feminine, and this struck the inferior officers, who were accustomed to visit it, with their reports. There were always fresh flowers in his room. And one day when some inquisitive spirit explored the pockets of his "dolman," which he had cast off during a fencing bout, they discovered a golden locket on which sparkled a strange little diamond wing. They did not succeed in opening it.

"He is a sentimentalist," Commandant St. Perle would say, "and the proof is that, when one passes his cottage in the evening, one hears him playing the adagio of Beethoven's sonata in A flat, the sonata of monks and priests." * * *

One morning, my husband, the captain, came in very much worried. I questioned him. No answer. He drove away in his phaeton as soon as breakfast was over with several officers. He returned at 8 o'clock alone, having left the others at the club. After dinner he held a conference with the fencing master and the chief armorer, then St. Perle, his friend, came and called him below his window; I heard him order the landeau with the big van—horses for 3 o'clock in the morning. "Ah," said I to myself, "a duel, and I suppose that they will fight at Delle." This spot lay on the other side of the frontier, and experience had taught me that such affairs usually took place there.

Toward 10 o'clock the party returned; another conference took place in my husband's study; I heard the brusque voice of St. Perle, the gentle voice of De Pelven; a bell rang; I heard my husband call for grog, port wine, ice. Then the hours passed and silence reigned.

I remained awake, very curious. At 2 Roger came into my room in full uniform and cloak. I did not question him, for I knew that he would not answer. When it was he that was about to fight he would always tell me brusquely; this had happened three times in our ten months of married life. Like a curious child I peered from behind the blinds and saw them start off. There were Saint-Perle, Roger, Pelven and the surgeon. "Who is to fight?" I thought. It must be Pelven, for Saint-Perle would not take an inferior in rank for second."

Finally, I went to bed, nervous and worried. Morning broke. I rose late, feeling bereft of all my friends. I wandered through the house. I entered the study, hung with skins, Oriental rugs, panoplied with weapons; on the blackboard I saw some half erased sentences. I opened the curtain, and there, in the bitter atmosphere of cold tobacco smoke, in this almost sinister disorder of a room where people have watched over night, I tried to decipher the half obliterated marks. The phrases seemed rhythmed. At length I finished by making out these scraps of verse:

> Qu'on m'enterre
> En satin blanc
> Comme un seigneur
> Et qu'on capitonne ma biere
> Toute de roses;
> C'est ma fleur—

I wandered about all day oppressed, feverish.

You know, yourself, that Pelven was killed. Roger came back that night alone and grieved.

Who was the adversary of De Pelven? An officer? Yes. Who? I will not tell you. Only a few knew and the secret has been well kept. The reason of the duel? Nothing, they said, a trifle, but I have always suspected that somebody had accused him of passing too easily across the frontier, alone, at night.

The next day Pelven's aged father came and took away the body. It seems that all the affairs of the lieutenant were in perfect order. He must have had a presentiment that he was going to be killed, for the words on the blackboard were in the nature of directions for his own burial. And that was the end of the poor "little mademoiselle."

* * *

Two months passed. Spring came. One day we all started on a drag party in the woods on the road to Delle. A little before luncheon I went strolling in the forest with two or three friends. Suddenly we saw a landeau, drawn by two beautiful horses, coming toward us along a deserted road. In the landeau was an old, pale woman and a young girl—pretty—clad in black. We were turning out for them, when a dog jumped from the carriage. We recognized it at once. It was Tigresse, the little bulldog—De Pelven's dog. While he was springing at us, licking our hands for joy, the landeau stopped, and a great gold-braided valet stepped out and solemnly picked up the dog. The little beast struggled, but in spite of yelps, howls and tugs the man proved the stronger, and the landeau passed on.

Naturally, we talked of the incident. "What a singular thing! Tigresse with those strangers! Strangers from over the frontier, too; the liveries are blue and black—Prussian nobility."

Talking thus, we came back to the rendezvous. There we found Louis de Rolk, one of my friends whose castle, although in France, yet touches the frontier. We questioned him about the landeau.

"What, don't you know?" he answered. "That is the Princess of Burgfeld, with her 'dame de compagnie.' She is doing penance in her 'schloss' instead of dancing in Paris as she generally does in the spring. It is said that during the war she had a romance, a delicious romance with a French lieutenant, whose name I could never learn. They had sworn eternal fidelity. I don't know what has happened since, but she now lives in Mannheim on her twenty-fifth birthday unless she gets out of her sentimentalism—which is not patriotic from the German point of view, for she is the daughter of one of the first generals of the empire."

He said no more, but we understood. Poor Pelven! That was the explanation of those long nocturnal rides, taken at the risk of the sentinels' bullets. That was the meaning of that sequestrated life, of the golden locket with its wing—symbol of his ethereal love, fitful and fragile. That was the reason for that life of mystery, poetry and silence, the roses in the cottage, the adagio of Beethoven and the duel, which finished it all. He was dreaming, "the little mademoiselle!" And in that dream he died.

STORIES OF THE STREET.

This is the season when the ingenious statisticians get their pencils out and industriously figure out the exact influence of the heated term upon the tables of infantile mortality. An instance observed yesterday in the immediate vicinity of one of St. Paul's biscuit factories may serve to furnish these arithmeticians with additional data and at the same time convince them that the long suffering sun is not directly to blame for everything that goes wrong in the internal mechanism of the rising generation. Three young shavers of boys were playing outside the factory in question, and it did not escape their keen eyes that a rapidly revolving belt close to a window had deposited upon the sill a thick layer of what appeared to be flour, but which might have been anything in the world that is white. Without delay the most agile of the three climbed to the sill, and hastily sampling the stuff evidently found it good, for he commenced partaking of it with great relish. An impatient howl from below restored him to a sense of his duty and, gathering a double handful, he scrambled down to his companions, who stood expectant below. The repast over, the boys resumed their play and in all probability their vigorous young stomachs stood for the feast. Had the mixture been deleterious and had their "tums tums" registered vigorous kicks, speedy visits to the parental homes would have followed and the pet family recipe for all infantile complaints would have been requisitioned and fond mothers would have spoken of their little ones being overcome by the "awful heat."

* * *

The many supposed peculiarities of the Chinese-English pidgin dialect have afforded unlimited scope for imaginative writers of comic operas and for general purveyors of jokes and anecdotes. But it remains a fact that no one ever heard any but a stage Chinaman talk in the weird jargon attributed to Celestials in this country. A customer on entering a laundry is expected to begin by shouting out: "Hello, John, how are you?" The Celestial is supposed to reply: "Velly well; me feelie allee samee Mellcan man." Then the customer gets down to business and inquiries: "Where's my washee, washee, John" To which John replies, or should reply: "Me no savy your washee, washee; where your check?" and so on until the conversation closes. A visit to any Chinese laundry in St. Paul will convince any inquisitive or curious person that the intelligent Orientals speak in monosyllabic snatches, or else air their newly acquired Sunday school vocabulary in a most garrulous way. Any unwary smart aleck who may chance upon one of the so called "Christian" Chinee will probably in answer to his dialect query receive a stab in the shape of a memorized sentence. The Chinese eyes will squint horribly, but his tongle will articulate distinctly the words: "Excuse me sir, but do I understand you to be referring to your laundry" The smart young man then feels somewhat smaller than 29 cents and realizes the truth of Bret Harte's dictum that the "heathen Chinee is peculiar."

* * *

In a large piano warehouse and show rooms yesterday afternoon a brilliant performer was playing Mendelssohn's "Consolation." As the tender strains of this masterpiece floated out into the street two very young boys, one of them barefooted, were to be seen dwelling on every note with rapt attention. Music of a classic stamp seldom appeals to the very young, but in this instance the requisite sensibilities were present, and alone of the passing throng the boys waited and listened. Presently the player struck up one of those villainously syncopated melodies, which have been so felicitously christened "ragtime." The boys moved on, apparently "jarred" at the sudden transition, but a small crowd of older folk was not long in gathering. And all stayed until the impromptu recital ceased. It seems a singular thing that at the present time rag time has such a hold on the popular taste that only children with unblunted and unblasted musical instinct will pause to listen to one of the grandest airs ever composed, while crowds of delighted listeners find time to enjoy a species of music which happily no white man was the first to originate.

ODDS ON M'KINLEY.

How the Betting Is Being Placed in Wall Street.

Washington Times.

While the modern political history of the country shows that the average Wall street man knows very little about the drift of national sentiment, still it is regarded as a significant sign of the times that since July 5 the odds on the presidential election have been hammered down in Wall street from 5 to 2½ to 1. Immediately after Bryan's nomination betting started at a lively rate among the Wall street gamblers at the odds mentioned. These odds prevailed for a week or two and then dropped to 4 to 1, then 3 to 1. An abundance of Democratic money went begging yesterday at the new rate—2½ to 1 in favor of McKinley. One of the Wormsers, who has been acting as the commissioner for a syndicate of big Republicans, conveniently was out yesterday whenever a bettor called to take a bet from him. In no recent campaign has there been such a sudden drop in betting odds at the corresponding period of the fight. The causes directly assigned for this are many. Not the least among them is the hearty, ringing indorsement of the Democratic ticket and platform by the convention of anti-imperialists at Indianapolis. Another is the favorable prospect of harmony in the Democracy in New York, together with the apparent certainty that Platt will nominate some machine man to lead the Republican forces in that state. It was reported in Washington yesterday that there is now in this city a well known Western business man en route to New York with a big pool made up by a coterie of rich men in St. Louis, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City and Omaha to bet in New York on the general result at the prevailing odds.

Things Women Want to Know.

EMPRESS JOSEPHINE KNOT.

Coiffure That Is Decidedly Becoming to Tall, Slender Women.

The court of the Empress Josephine originated some graceful fashions which recall the tall slender figure of the fascinating Creole to whom destiny foretold a throne while she was yet a social nobody in Martinique in the West Indies. The short-waisted bodice, the Directoire and Consulate modes were many of them worn by her. The first empire gown, more commonly called an empire gown, is that made famous by the empress. We also borrow from her the "Josephine knot," the coiffure of the fashionable woman of today.

This arrangement of the hair does not prevent the locks being crimped or waved closely around the face before being brought well up behind, and combed on top of the head.

The knot is quite high and is worn well forward on top of the head. It looks like a double, or three-story knot when wreathed about with a string of pearls, or, at any rate, a string of beads or a ribbon ruching which terminates in one large flower made of silken or satin petals. This flower is as large as a peony natural size, and is placed in front, to the right side of the coiffure. This direction is a departure from accustomed models of millinery and coiffures in general where left side ornamentation has long held sway.

The "Josephine knot" looks its best when the toilet is en suite, and is worn with an empire gown. However, if you note the appearance of our young girls you will observe the "Josephine knot" worn quite regardless of costume with yachting dress, afternoon or evening gown. It is particularly becoming when the locks are plentiful and fluffy.

GOWNED IN SNOW WHITE.

Is the August Golf Player When She Braves the Heat.

The lovers of golf are so deeply enamored of the noble sport as to pursue it in season and out. August heat and humidity cannot keep them off the links. Of course, in New England you can ply the merry driver with more comfort in summer than in Pennsylvania. Nevertheless, golf goes steadily on here, regardless of the mercury's athletic exploits. So we welcome the snow-white golfing dress on the course. Red wearies the eyes in a blaze of tropical sunlight, yet red suits are constantly worn. But the golfing girl in white is a refreshment to the eye. The entire suit is made of white pique or white linen duck. White shoes may be worn, but they will not retain their whiteness long. Russet shoes look best on the links, even with a white dress. White cricketing hats can be worn with a white pique suit, unless you elect to appear in that "dernier cri" of ladies' golfing fashions, the Tam o'Shanter of black silk.

SEPTIC SKIRTS.

Sanitary Argument in Favor of Their Adoption.

At the present time a large number of women sweep through the streets with their skirts and bring with them, wherever they go, the abominable filth which they have taken up, which is by courtesy called "dust." Various devices have been tried to keep dresses from dragging, but most of them have been unsuccessful.

The management of a long gown is a difficult matter, and the habit has arisen of seizing the upper part of the skirt and holding it in a bunch. This practice can be commended neither from a physiological nor from an artistic point of view. Fortunately, the short skirt is coming into fashion, and the medical journals especially commend the sensible walking gown, which is now being quite generally adopted. These skirts will prevent the importation into private houses of pathogenic microbes.

WOOLEN MILLS IN MONTANA.

A Correspondent Doesn't Think Their Time Has Arrived.

To the Editor of the Globe:

In your issue of the 19th inst. you have an editorial on "Woolen Mills in Montana."

You say: "The preparation for the establishment of large woolen mills in Montana is of some economic significance. It is influenced by the same considerations that led to the building of big cotton mills in the South, and the chief consideration is the reduction of cost to the minimum."

The two industries are not on the same basis, and local conditions are entirely different. The wages of the operatives in the South are about 10 per cent less than in New England. This is quite a difference in favor of the South. But, owing to lesser cost of living, the Southern operator is probably more prosperous than his New England competitor. The two largest cotton mills in the South (at Piedmont and Pelzer, S. C.) furnish their employes with four, six and eight-room cottages at a rental of 50 cents a month for each room. Cotton cloths made in the South have a home market, because their product is largely sold to the consumer by the yard. And the mills are located favorably for export business.

Piece goods and yarns manufactured in Montana would cost at least 20 per cent more than the same goods made in the East, as Montana is about the most expensive state in the Union to live in and wages are and would have to be in proportion. And owing to the fact that 95 per cent of woolens today reach the consumer in the finished garment, either as clothing or knit goods, it would either mean the building of clothing factories and knitting mills or sending the product East as first-class freight.

Montana wool can be shipped to Boston, manufactured into piece goods and laid down in Chicago at prices the Montana mill could not meet. And this is the extreme Western market for clothing of any consequence. Sixty per cent of the clothing manufactured in this country is made East of Buffalo, N. Y. They could manufacture high grade blankets with success, but would meet with strong competition from the Oregon and California mills (where conditions for manufacturing, owing to cheaper labor, are more favorable than in Montana). These mills make splendid goods, but are compelled to have Eastern agencies in order to dispose of their piece goods. There is some clothing made in San Francisco by Chinese labor from the product of these mills. But merchants on the coast prefer to pay more for the same goods made up in the East, owing to the superior fit, style and workmanship.

Nobody realizes the future greatness of Montana more than I do, but I do not think that the time for woolen mills has arrived. —W. H. Kuhlmann.

St. Paul, Aug. 20.

SHORT AND SHARP.

It Looks That Way.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Is Mr. McKinley's postponement of his letter of acceptance a confession that Mr. Bryan's speech of acceptance is hard to answer?

Never Saw Such Rudeness.

Washington Post.

Mr. Rathbone is unable to understand why the public hoots when he attempts to place his martyrdom on exhibition.

The Cat Out of the Bag.

Baltimore American Republican.

Cuban independence, with America holding one end of the string, is best for all concerned, and the Cubans know it.

Then, There Are Other Reasons.

Kansas City Times.

Wharton Barker cannot be elected president, it is said, because a Russian title makes him ineligible.

A Cold Admission.

Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

An' your Uncle Benjamin Harrison admits that Indiana may fall into the Democratic line.