NAVY IS GROWING

INCREASED CONSUMPTION OF COAL BY AMERICAN WARSHIPS PROVES IT

WORK DONE DURING YEAR

Stations Have Been Established Wherever Suitable Storage Facilities Could Be Found.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—A striking illustration of the growth of the American navy is presented in the single statement in the annual report of Rear Admiral R. B. Bradford, chief of the equipment bureau of the navy, that he spent $2,273,111 in the last fiscal year for 324,108 tons of coal at an average cost of $7.01 per ton. The report says that this was nearly 95,713 more tons of coal than was used during the preceding fiscal year. Ten years ago the coal consumption was 73,000 tons per annum. The domestic coal costs $6.20 per ton and the foreign coal, of which there were used 105,066 tons, cost $8.50 per ton. Admiral Bradford has scattered American coal all over the world wherever suitable storage could be found. He has placed 12,000 tons at Yokohama and 5,000 tons at Pichilinque, Mexico, and he has sent large quantities to Guam and to the Philippines. He carried 9,000 tons by water from the Atlantic coast to Mare island, California, where it came into competition with English Cardiff coal. They have averaged the same in cost, viz., $9.29 per ton, but at present, owing to the scarcity of American freight vessels, the best Cardiff coal is considerably cheaper at Mare island. It is recommended that two large steam, 10,000-ton colliers be built to keep depots supplied in time of peace and to accompany the fleets in time of war.

Work of Past Year.

Summarizing the work accomplished at various coaling stations during the year the report takes up Cavite and says that the bureau is about to open bids for a 45,000-ton coaling station there. Efforts have been made to obtain a site for a coaling station at Cebu, but thus far without success. Coaling stations have been located at Port Isabella, Bassalin island and at Polloc, Mindanao. A complete station has been established at Yokohama, Japan, and it is now fully stocked with coal. The same statement is true at Pichilinque, Mexico, where, through the courtesy of the Mexican government, our coal and colliers have been admitted to the station without port or customs of any kind. In the West Indies a little work has been done at San Juan on the coaling scale, but Admiral Bradford expresses regret that little progress has been made in securing sites for other coal depots in the West Indies.

It is said to be particularly essential that some of the deep water ports of Cuba should be made favorable for this purpose, as the entire waters surrounding Cuba are most important in a strategic sense and supplies of coal should be near at hand. Estimates are submitted for improvement of coaling stations at most of the Atlantic ports, including a complete modern plant at Norfolk. Admiral Bradford specifically says: "As the department is aware, efforts are being made to establish other naval coal depots at important localities, which it is deemed unwise to discuss in a report of a public character."

Admiral Bradford says very little about his favorite project in a trans-Pacific submarine telegraph cable, contenting himself with the statement that the bureau is now in possession of all data required so far as surveys are concerned to lay this cable. In the same connection he renews his recommendation for a careful examination of the Pacific ocean, west of the Hawaiian islands, to locate dangers to navigation. He recommends that additional hyprographic offices be established at Manila and at Pensacola, Fla.

The report says that the subject of wireless telegraphy was followed carefully during the year, but it does not appear advisable to adopt any particular system at present, or to acquire any more apparatus than necessary for purpose of instruction. It is clear that no system as yet has passed beyond the experimental stage. Though most of the principal naval powers have adopted some form of wireless telegraphy for their ships, it is believed from the reports received that none are satisfactory. It was clearly shown during the international yacht races that the difficulties of "interference" could not be overcome with the apparatus then used.

FOURTEEN AT LARGE.

No More of the Leavenworth Convicts Recaptured.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 10.—None of the fourteen escaped convicts from the Fort Leavenworth prison at liberty last evening were taken today, although armed guards and citizens kept up a steady hunt all day Sunday. Last evening three of the prisoners held up and robbed a man near Manhattan, Kan., but escaped and all trace of then was lost. One of the men is believed to be Frank Thompson, the notorious negro leader of the mutiny. At the prison today John Greene, a white convict, who was wounded Friday at Nortonville, when two of his comrades were killed by citizens, suffered the amputation of his leg. He will recover. Quinn Fort, who was shot at the stockade while attempting an escape, and James Huffman, who was killed in the Nortonville raid, were buried in the prison yard today. The body of Jay Poffenholz, also killed in the Nortonville fight, was shipped to Chicago today at the request of his mother.

Loss Not Very Heavy.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 10.—The fire late last night at the works of the Monongahela River Consolidated Coal and Coke company was less disastrous than at first reported. When the flames were finally subdued it was found that enough of the works had been saved to reduce the loss from $100,000, as expected, to $25,000. Five hundred men will be thrown out of employment until the tipple is rebuilt.

The Globe's Daily Short Story

Strategy.

BY F. H. LANCASTER.

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I could scarcely realize that it was indeed Dexter Boyton who came back to me after that summer out of town. He had been such a blithe, light-hearted fellow before he went away. Whistling over his work, singing snatches of operas on the stairs, smoking one cigar in two weeks, and always ready with a cheery word.

Now he went about grave, preoccupied. The same straight, steady look out of his eyes, but behind it something it hurt my heart to see.

I pondered much over the change.

Why had his clear, flexible whistle become a monotonously dead level of sound? Why had he ceased singing and taken to smoking incessantly? Why, in short, had my care-free, light-hearted boy leaped in one brief summer into stern, unyielding manhood? Was it love or money?

I assured my wife that it was money. I did it because I wanted to save the boy.

Let even the best of women suspect a wound of the heart and she will drop the probe of her curiosity into the ugly hole until the helpless sufferer sweats with agony.

There is the difference between men and women as regards the past. A man will bury the dead love, tramp the earth down hard in the new-made grave and go on his way. But a woman can never quite say, "It is dead." For the rest of her life she must spend precious hours trying to galvanize a corpse. It may be that love never really dies in a woman's heart. I don't know. But I was glad that I had put Molly on a false scent about Dexter.

She was so pleasant in her own bright, easy way; talking politics and literature whenever I dragged Boyton home with me for a social evening that by degrees the boy began dropping in of his own accord as he had been wont to do before he went away for that summer out of town. Only once in the six months that followed did Molly make a single bad break. I had been urging her to decide upon her summer trip, when she turned to Dexter.

"Where did you summer last year, Mr. Boyton?"

I saw the boy wince, but Molly was looking at the fire and turning her wedding ring around and around in a preoccupied way.

"At Grayton," Dexter replied, briefly.

"Grayton? That sounds cool and comfortable. What sort of place is it?"

"Oh, a little country place."

"Without telephone bells or milk carts or cobblestones? I see. By the way, Edward, you will have to see the man about our telephone. It is shockingly out or order."

"What's wrong?" I asked, as relieved as I fancied Dexter was at this turn of the conversation.

"Why, I don't know. But when you called me up today I heard my best friend around the corner telling my best friend across the street that I was the stupidist woman in town, and couldn't see a thing when it was right under my nose. Such things are calculated to shake one's faith in friendship, and I really think the telephone man ought to see to it."

We both laughed, and Dexter rose to go.

"By my word, Morton," he said when I followed him into the hall, "that wife of yours is the sweetest-souled woman that ever lived," and he laughed again in his old happy way.

I did not dare to object, lest I should raise her suspicions, so Molly went away to summer at Grayton, leaving a terribly empty place in our big, busy city. She was to be gone only a month, but ye gods, what a long one it was.

I left Dexter in charge of the office, and went to meet her train a full hour before it was due. I hoped she had not run upon anything that had best be forgotten. However, it was next morning at breakfast before I remembered to ask her about it.

"Mr. Boyton? I don't remember that I heard his name mentioned. It never occurred to me to say that I was a friend of his. Possibly that was the reason. But oh, Edward, I did meet such a dear girl—quite out of the ordinary. She is coming to New Orleans to attend lectures at Tulane, and I made her promise to spend at least part of her time with me. You will like her, I know."

"Of course," I assented. "Your taste where women are concerned is perfect."

"I flatter myself," she retorted mischievously, "that my taste is equally good where men are concerned. Didn't I select you for a husband?"

I tried to stop here, but before I left for the office I was so badly hacked that I forgot to make further inquiries concerning the expected guest.

Of course Dexter came home with me that evening and I left him to find his way into the parlor until I ran upstairs to tell Molly.

"By the way," I said after a little, "Dexter is down stairs."

"Is he? Dear me, I think Helen is in the parlor. I hope they haven't found it awkward."

I stopped and stared with one sleeve of my coat on.

"Helen?"

"Yes, the young lady I told you of. Do put on your coat, dear. They may be having an uncomfortable time."

They were to all appearances having a very comfortable time and when Molly introduced them, shook hands like old friends.

"We were really getting on very nicely," Dexter said in reply to Molly's apology. "Miss Ainsworth tells me that she intends to attend lectures at Tulane."

"Why yes," replied Molly, aimlessly. "It will be very pleasant I think. Edward, you will take Helen in to dinner."

She was not pretty, but straight and strong looking, with deep, deep eyes and that perfect repose that goes with perfect strength and innocence. I caught myself thinking several times during dinner what a veritable angel of rest she would be in a pain-stricken room. I wondered as I watched her talking to Dexter if they had ever met before. When I questioned Molly about it later on she laughed merrily.

"I don't suppose they ever heard of each other before," she said. "I met her in the boarding house at Grayton. She had gone there to rest her eyes. And, Edward, don't begin any of your matchmaking. She is going to be a doctor—and won't she be a superb one?"

"She will indeed," I agreed. But it was forcibly borne in upon me that she would also make a superb wife and if Dexter could win her that doctor business might go hang.

I brought him home with me whenever I could find a pretext and fancied that he was beginning to be his old self again. In fact, I had even heard him singing snatches of songs in the office and was chuckling to think how I had outwitted Molly when my card house fell in sudden ruin.

It was on a raw, bleak day in March that it all happened. The boy came into my private office with a queer drawn look on his face.

"Mr. Morton," he began quietly enough, "I am leaving town for a long time, perhaps forever. We had better strike my name from the firm."

"Leave town?" I exclaimed aghast.

"I see what you are thinking of." He moved to the window and looked out mechanically. Standing there with his back to me the poor fellow told me all about it. It was neither love nor money. Until last summer he had believed homself an orphan. But he was not. Out in one of the Western states was a gray-haired man serving a long sentence. He was his father. He had seen him for the first time nine months ago. The question came stern and abrupt.

"You will agree with me, sir, that I have no right to offer my stained name to that superb woman. No love on earth could atone for or excuse the insult."

"No, he was right," I agreed. Bitter and bad as it had all seemed there was nothing for it but to fill up the grave as best we could and go on.

It was at this juncture that Molly came in to see about a check I had forgotten to indorse.

"Gracious, what solemn faces," she laughed. "Is the world coming to an end?"

"Yes, my world is," Dexter answered her. And then to my astonishment he told her the story.

"Well, upon my soul," Molly broke out, indignantly, "I think you might at least let her have some say so in the matter. Here you have been making love to Helen for six months, and you propose to walk off without a word! You men may call it honorable, but I call it dastardly. Take your hat, young man, and go straight up to the house. Don't you dare to break that grand girl's heart unless she gives you leave to. Not if you have a hundred fathers in the penitentiary. Upon my soul, Edward," she continued, as Dexter caught up his hat and went out, "here I have been breaking my neck for a year to keep you from talking forgeries and penitentiaries in that boy's presence, and now when he is fairly safe from being embittered for life, you must go to work and upset everything with your tomfool honorable ideas."

"Molly," I said, with a gasp of humility. "I didn't know, I—do you think she will marry him?"

"She can't very well unless he asks her to do it."

"Oh, he will ask her. I saw it in his eyes."

"I'm glad you have seen something."

"There now, dear. I've been a blundering donkey. But do you think she will overlook that forgery business?"

"She has known about that forgery business all along. For my part, I don't see anything so terrible about it. I suppose the old gentleman needed the money, or he wouldn't have taken it." Then, with a sudden softening, "Don't worry, dear. A little common sense will save the situation. She will marry him before the year is out."

And she did.

Things a Woman Wants to Know.

PASSING OF GALLANTRY.

Women Who Are Breadwinners Do Not Complain.

"Why has the gallantry once shown by men to women so greatly declined?" was recently asked by one well known man of another, who made this answer: I am satisfied that the main cause of the falling off of the old-time chivalrous treatment of women is due to her having entered into active competition with men in many lines of business and sundry professions. Woman as a bread winner can never evoke that tender consideration and courteous attention that were hers in the olden days, when she did not go forth into the busy world and hustle for a living.

From the women's point of view there is quite as much gallantry as there ever was, and it is of a much more desirable quality. They themselves would be the first to see and resent a decline in this respect, but those of the present generation have a proud and happy consciousness that never in all the past ages did women possess in so large a degree the respect and admiration and helpfulness of men. It is true that men no longer indulge in the old-time, nauseating compliments—the ladies, God bless them, their bright eyes, their sweet smiles, redeem us from savagery and prevent us from dropping to the level of brutes—and all that sort of stuff. The women of today would laugh in their faces and say: "Oh, run along and be brutes, if this is all that saves you."

The "gallantry" of the present does not consist, as it did in the past, in saying to women: "Dear little delicate creatures, don't bother your heads about getting an education; we like you better without it; we are your natural protectors; we will take all your property because it would be such a burden for you; we will assume the full guardianship of the children and save you the responsibility; we will not let you work for wages, because that would not be chivalrous, but if you insist on doing it we will collect and spend them in order to spare you the trouble. Don't slide down from that pedestal where we have placed you, well out of the way. Be very careful not to do anything which will brush the bloom from the grape, the down from the peach, as that would be hard on the poets."

All this might have answered for our grandmothers, although the dear old ladies do tell us that it made them very weary, but the modern chivalry is of a different stamp. It says to woman: "We have been tyrants and usurpers for ages; we are ashamed of the way our sex has wronged you in the past, but we will do all we can in reparation. Come with us and receive the highest education; control your own property as we control ours; share with us the guardianship of your children and ours; if you must earn your bread you shall have a fair chance to do it; and when your day's work is done, whether it has been in the school room, the nursery, or the office, get your bicycle and let us have a spin together. Never mind the bloom on the grape; we prefer to see the bloom on your cheek."

And so men and women study and toil and take their recreation together, mark you, for there never was a time in all the world's history when there was so much companionship and sympathy between them. It is not that sentimental sympathy which made a man kind and forbearing toward a woman because she was weak and inferior, or which caused her to be tolerant and considerate toward him, because it was only thus that he could be saved from his own vicious tendencies; but it is the sympathy of a mutual understanding of the conditions which shape the life of both, such a one as can come only through close comradeship.

If a woman must choose between justice and chivalry she will prefer justice, but the man who is great and good enough to be just may be trusted also to be chivalrous. The form of the chivalry may change, the spirit is indestructible. Consider for a moment another sentence in this interview, which is used for a text only because it is the common expression of those who are opposed to the new regime of womanhood:

"Woman as a bread-winner can never evoke that tender consideration and courteous attention which were hers in the olden days, when she did not go forth into the busy world and hustle for a living."

Does not every man in America blush when he reads the sentence? When do women most need "tender consideration and courteous attention?" Is it when they are safely sheltered in the home under the protection of father, brothers, or husband, or is it when they are compelled to "go forth and hustle for a living?" The vast majority of these women who are engaged in bread-winning occupations are not working for their health or for the pleasure they find in it, but for the daily necessities of themselves and those depending upon them. The struggle is hard for men; it is doubly so for women, and the man who has a spark of genuine chivalry in his breast will show to those toiling wage earners even more courtesy and consideration than he bestows upon the favored women of his own social circle, who are living in ease by the sweat of somebody else's brow. The failure to do this does not make the workingwoman any the less a lady, but it does render the man unworthy to be called by the name of gentleman.

CONCERNING MEN AND WOMEN.

Abdul Hamid has six sons and seven daughters, who are brought up in magnificent seclusion. The princes in particular are born in a prison, which they are destined to leave only for the grave or to ascend the throne. The sultan's daughters are somewhat more fortunate, as they have the privilege of tyrannizing over the husbands who have the honor of becoming sons-in-law of Abdul Hamid.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, well known for her wealth and philanthropy, was born in the Waterloo year, and is therefore past eighty-six years old. Her husband, William Ashmead Bartlett Burdett-Coutts, is about fifty.

Minister Wu Ting Fang is quoted as saying: "American girls ought all to marry, but they don't. The American girl is too particular. She sends away the men very often. Chinese girls are different. They marry. Very few stay single. Woman ought to marry; that is what she is made for."

Shortly after the arrival of Kruger in Holland, his admirers were anxious to have his portrait painted, but he refused on the ground that he had no time. Finally, however, Miss Therese Schwarze succeeded in persuading him to sit. She chose the morning hours from 7 to 9, and she painted him reading a Bible which she brought to the sitting for that purpose. He was pleased with her suggestion and afterward accepted the Bible as a present. The portrait was painted at Utrecht.

At a fair in Hutchinson, Kan., there were on exhibition three girl babies—triplets—who rejoice in the names of Magdaline, Mandoline and Maudeline. With them are exhibited three silver cups, presented to them by Gov. Stanley.

Excessive Athletics.

This is an age when physical strength and vigor are as much expected in a woman as in a man, and there is no limit to the athletic amusements which she may take up. Women play tennis, croquet, skate, ride, swim and shoot as well as a man, and cricket is about the only game in which they do not, as yet, indulge.

"Athletics have done wonders for women from a hygienic point of view," said Lady Jeune recently in a paper on "Athletic Women." "The days of coddling have disappeared, and English women are taller, stronger, better made and more active than those of any other country. The woman of former days was, as a rule, small, with little bones, and of a delicate build, whose outdoor amusements were limited to walking and gentle riding; but within the last twenty years all that has changed, and the English girl of today is a creature who lives in the open air, and delights in all out-of-door amusements.

"We have yet to see, however, what the effect of this violent exercise is to be on the unborn generation.

"We do not want to dwell in a carping or unkind spirit on the appearances of women who take part in all violent exercise or sports, but the result must be to develop parts of the human frame which, however fine in the case of male atnletes, do not increase the beauty and grace of women. The abnormal development of muscle, while wonderful, is not bautiful, and is one we hardly associate with what is feminine.

"There is a point in athletics, as well as in all the things of life, to which women can go, and beyond which they should stop, and they are getting perilously near the line of demarcation. It would, of course, in these days, be considered an impertinence to impress on women how much they lose in surrendering so much of their physical beauty and softness as many of them do who indulge much in the pleasures of athleticism, or who in that respect come into competition with men. The representative woman of this type laughs at her beauty, and thinks it unworthy and silly to dwell for a moment on the power of an attribute which is not of her own creation or development. She should always remember, however, that, in whatever other occupation or interest she may have an apparently equal chance with men, she is absolutely handicapped in athletics."

Jellied Veal.

After wiping clean a knuckle of veal, put it in a saucepan with two quarts of water. Tie in a bag of cheese cloth one tablespoonful each of chopped onion, carrot and turnip, a little parsley and celery, three cloves and a blade of mace. Throw this into the pot and boil slowly until the meat falls from the bones. Then strain and put the liquor again in the saucepan, with a seasoning of salt, pepper and a little lemon juice. Reduce it to one quart by boiling with the cover off the saucepan. Cut two hard-boiled eggs in thin slices to ornament the bottom of a plain mold, put in very little of the liquor to fix them and when set add a little more of the liquor to make a jelly one-quarter of an inch thick. When that is set fill the mold with the veal and place slices of hard-boiled egg between the layers of meat. Around the sides of the mould lay in slices of eggs, then pour in enough liquor to fill and set away to harden. This is a good dish for supper.

Enervating Cold Bath.

The cold bath in the morning is not so popular as it was formerly. There is much energy expended in the reaction and just at the time of day when this energy is at its lowest ebb. Then, too, cold water has very little cleansing effect. Very hot water stimulates the nerves, which is the effect that we are seeking from the cold water, while it does not demand the energy of reaction of the latter. The duration of the morning bath should be as short as possible—hardly longer than the mere application of the water to the skin followed by a brisk rubbing. However, many prefer a cool sponge bath in the morning, and if this is followed by a warm glow and a feeling of well-being, it certainly is beneficial. Many people are not strong enough to react well. A hot bath at night is most cleansing and restful. General bathing must be regulated by individual peculiarities.

Telltales.

None of us is anxious to tell the world more than we wish to know. We make a great ado about the bridling of our tongues, and refer with much apprehension sometimes to the insubordination of the little member. In the stress of our anxiety about speech—that lesser avenue of thought—we often forget entirely that our faces are maps of our worlds to those who care to look at them. We cannot live evil and think evil and look as if we were good. The world is full of disappointed people who have tried to do that, and the burden of their tale is, "We were not appreciated."

Discouraged Housewife.

A woman who has been refurnishing her house this season and has depleted her purse and her strength, says that she was not discouraged until a friend traveling in Mexico wrote to her that rosewood and mahogany were so plentiful in that country that "some of the copper mines were finished with rosewood and the mahogany was used as fuel for the engines."

The recipient of this cheery bit of information had just ordered a set of bedroom furniture in birch stained to look like mahogany, because she had set her heart on an empire bedroom, but found she couldn't afford the real thing. She didn't countermand the order for the masquerading birch, but she sat and wept over the letter from Mexico.

Lobster Chops.

Two cups of boiled lobster, three tablespoonfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one cup of cream, one tablespoonful of butter, yolks of three eggs, salt and cayenne to taste; add all the seasoning to the lobster; rub the butter and flour together, then add to the cream when boiling; add the beaten yolks, cook two minutes, then take from the fire and add the lobster; mix and turn out on a flat dish to cool. When cold cut into chops, roll first in beaten egg, then add bread crumbs; fry in boiling fat until a nice brown; put the end of a small lobster claw in each to represent the mutton bone; garnish with parsley and serve hot.

Molasses Sauce.—Mix one cup of molasses with the juice of one lemon or one tablespoonful of vinegar, one-half saltspoon of salt and one tablespoonful of butter. Boil ten minutes and serve with plain rice or apple pudding.

Apricot Sauce.—One cup of apricot juice, one-half cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of cornstarch; boil all together five minutes and strain. Use any kind of fruit juice or syrup in the same manner.

PICTURE PUZZLE.

Here is Blue Beard and Fatima. Can you find her sister.

Solution to puzzle in Saturday's Globe: Hold the picture upside down and the mother is outlined beneath the hand holding the money.

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

requires ONE HUNDRED CARLOADS of seedless raisins each year.

This may give some idea of the demand that it takes ten million (10,000,000) packages a year to satisfy. It is "condensed" in form; clean, wholesome, digestible and delicious.

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Each making two large pies. Also Fruit Cake and Fruit Pudding. Valuable premium list in package.

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CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 DOSES—35 CENTS

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What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

TROOPS ARE EXCITED

CASTRO'S REPORT THAT U. S. INSISTS ON MEDIATION CREATES CONSTERNATION

BOTH CASTROS UNPOPULAR

Believed That Celestino Is Secretly Selling Cattle to the Enemy—Raids Being Arranged as a Blind.

WILLEMSTAD, Island of Curacao, Nov. 10.—Advices received here from Capacho Viejo, dated Nov. 5, say that the report from President Castro to his brother, Celestino Castro, at San Cristobal, to the effect that the United States government "insists upon mediating between Venezuela and Colombia," caused the greatest excitement among the troops on the frontier. Gen. Uribe-Uribe and Gen. Modesto Castro immediately set out for San Cristobal to obtain details. It seems that Gen. Uribe-Uribe refused to believe the report, declaring that he had no fears as to the future of the liberal cause, because President Castro had given him a cast-iron pledge not to forsake him.

"Should President Castro prove untrue to the liberal cause" exclaimed Gen. Uribe-Uribe, "the result would be his ruin. The war will enter Colombia before Christmas."

There is considerable feeling against the Castro family among the Colombian liberals and along the frontier in consequence of a widespread rumor that Celestino Castro, who is commander-in-chief at San Cristobal, has been privately selling cattle to the enemy, the cattle being whisked across the frontier by means of alleged raids of Colombian conservatives. During one of these raids a dozen soldiers were killed on both sides. It is said that the cattle change hands at a prearranged price of $30 per head. The blood thus spilled is charged directly to Celestino Castro by the indignant people of Tachira.

From San Cristobal Gen. Uribe-Uribe proceeded to Maracaibo.

Homeseekers' Excursions.

The Chicago Great Western railway will sell tickets to various points in the west on Oct. 15, Nov. 5, 19 and Dec. 3, at one fare plus $2 for the round trip. For information apply to J. N. Storr, city ticket agent, corner Fifth and Robert streets, St. Paul.

California Tourist Cars.

To find out all about them consult Minneapolis & St. Louis Agents.

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

Of Resolutions Adopted by the Common Council of the City of St. Paul.

Bd F No. 14755—

Resolved, That a City Warrant be drawn upon the City Treasury in favor of Otto Bremer, City Treasurer, for the amount of $166.95, payable out of the "Bridge Building and Repair Fund," to pay men employed in repairing bridges from October 13th to November 2d, 1901, inclusive, as per pay roll certified to by the Commissioner of Public Works.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen Nov. 5, 1901.

Adopted by the Assembly Nov. 7, 1901.

Approved Nov. 9, 1901.

Bd F No. 14756—

Resolved, That a warrant be drawn upon the City Treasury in favor of Otto Bremer, City Treasurer, for the amount of $5,366.00, payable out of the "Street, Sewer and Garbage Fund," being pay roll of men employed on the street, street sweepers and sewer forces for the month ending September 30th, 1901, as per pay roll certified to by the City Engineer.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen Nov. 5, 1901.

Adopted by the Assembly Nov. 7, 1901.

Approved Nov. 9, 1901.

Bd F No. 14774—

Resolved, That a City Warrant be drawn upon the City Treasury in favor of Otto Bremer, City Treasurer, for the amount of $1,424.55, payable out of the "Public Baths Fund," to pay employes at the Public Baths from October 15th, to October 31st, as per pay roll certified to by the Commissioner of Health.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen Nov. 5, 1901.

Adopted by the Assembly Nov. 7, 1901.

Approved Nov. 9, 1901.

FRANK J. HUBER,
President of the Board of Aldermen.
F. G. WARNER,
President of the Assembly.
MATT JENSEN,
City Clerk.

Nov. 11, 1901.

DEATHS.

ISCHER—Mrs. Emma C. Ischer, beloved wife of Charles W. Ischer, at her home, 652 Broadway, Friday, Nov. 8, at 1:45 a. m., aged twenty-eight years. Funeral from above residence Monday at 2 p. m. Friends invited. Interment at Oakland cemetery.

DEHN—In St. Paul, Nov. 9, 1901, Sabina Dehn, aged sixty-three years, at residence, 498 Arundel street. Funeral from above address Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 2 o'clock.

HECK—In St. Paul, Sunday, Nov. 10, at 2 p. m., Joseph P., beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Heck, 413 Rice street. Funeral from Assumption church, Tuesday, at 10 a. m.

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TELEPHONE 1868-J-3 MAIN.

CHARLESTON IS NEXT

EXHIBITS FOR THE EXPOSITION ARE ARRIVING BY TRAIN-LOADS

BUSY SCENE AT THE GROUNDS

Two Thousand Men Preparing the Building for the Opening—Large Attendance Is Expected by Directors.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 10.—Exhibitors and concessionaries are coming to Charleston in large numbers, and during the past two days a hundred carloads of exhibits have arrived here for the exposition. Tonight S. C. Meade, president of the New York state commission, and four other members and employes of the commission, reached Charleston, and tomorrow twelve members of the advisory board of the architect-in-chief, Mr. Gilbert, will reach the city from New York.

Architect Huston, of the Philadelphia building, is also here to receive the building from the contractors. It is ready for the liberty bell, which it will shelter during the exposition. More than 2,000 men are now employed on the exposition grounds. The housing committee of the woman's department has already secured more than 10,000 lodgings for exposition visitors in private families and boarding houses. The usual rate for lodgings will be $1 a day, and for lodging and breakfast $1.25. The railroads have agreed upon low rates, 30 per cent lower than the rates made for Buffalo, and the city council will pass an ordinance next Tuesday night for the protection of the roads from the scalpers. The attendance promises to be at least twice what the promoters of the project expected, and the exposition will be one of the most artistic ever held in the South.

AMUSEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN L. N. SCOTT, Lessee and Manager.

A CHEERING MULTITUDE GREETS KING DODO

The Unquestioned hit of the Century.

4 MORE TIMES | Last time Wednesday evening. Special Matinee Wednesday.

Thursday, Nov. 14—"A Brace of Partridges."

Next Week—"Way Down East."

Grand

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"The Irish Pawnbrokers"

Matinee Wednesday

Next Week—"Barbara Freitchie."

STAR THEATER.

Matinee Daily. Evenings at 8:15

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Harry Morris' 20TH CENTURY MAIDS.

Next Week—Dainty Paree Co.

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The new Vaginal Syringe. Injection and Suction. Best—Safest—Most Convenient. It Cleanses Instantly.

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