

THE PEACE CONGRESS

DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE IS NOW IN SESSION.

Delegates From All of the Great World Powers Present to Take Part in Deliberations.

The Hague—(Special).—The peace conference, called by the czar of Russia, was opened at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon in the hall of the Huis Ten Mile from the Hague. The Huis Ten Mile, or the "House in the Woods," M. de Beaufort, president of the council, minister of foreign affairs of the government of the Netherlands, delivered the inaugural address and welcomed the delegates.

M. de Beaufort spoke of the high honor of the choice of The Hague as the meeting place for the conference and extolled the noble initiative of the czar, saying this would be a red letter day in the history of the century, and expressing the hope that his majesty would be able to look back at today as the most glorious day of his life. He concluded with calling attention to the allegorical group over the doorway of the hall, Peace, entering by the temple of Janus, and said: "I trust this beautiful allegory will be a good augury of your labors and that after you have completed them you will be able to say that peace, whom art introduced into this hall, left it to spread its blessings among the whole of humanity."

The delegates decided to send the following telegram to the czar:

"The peace conference lays at the feet of your majesty its respectful congratulations upon the occasion of your birthday, and expresses its sincere desire to co-operate in the great and noble work in which your majesty has taken a generous initiative and for which it begs to accept its humble and profound gratitude."

Continuing, M. de Staal said: "Though to the czar is due the initiative of the conference, we owe much to the queen of the Netherlands for inviting us to her capital. It is a happy augury of success that we have met under the auspices of the young sovereign, whose charge is felt in a wide circle, whose heart is open to everything great and generous and who has displayed such sympathy with the cause that brings us here. It is on the historic soil of the Netherlands that the greatest political problems have been discussed. Here is the cradle of science and international law."

After a reference to the historic peace treaties concluded at The Hague, and expressing regret that M. de Beaufort had not accepted the presidency of the conference, M. de Staal said in conclusion: "I cannot consider my position otherwise than inspired by my election as plenipotentiary of the czar, who was the initiator of the conference."

"On this ground I accept with deep gratitude the distinguished honor, and I shall use every endeavor to justify your confidence. I am well aware that advanced age, a sad privilege and a weak auxiliary, but I hope that it will at least constitute a claim upon your indulgence."

THANKS TO NETHERLANDS.

M. de Staal, the Russian ambassador to Great Britain and head of the Russian delegation, informally assuming the presidency of the conference, said the first duty was to express to M. de Beaufort his sincere gratitude for the noble terms in which he had referred to his august master, adding that his majesty would be deeply touched, as well as by the spontaneity with which the high assembly had associated itself therewith.

After making his address M. de Staal, in behalf of the conference, telegraphed to the queen of the Netherlands as follows:

"The members of this conference assembled for the first time in this beautiful Huis Ten Mile hasten to lay at the feet of your majesty their best wishes, praying you to accept their homage and gratitude for the hospitality you have graciously deigned to offer them."

The reading of the message was warmly applauded.

M. de Beaufort was appointed honorary president, and the leading Dutch delegate, A. P. C. Van Karnebeck, former minister of foreign affairs, deputy, was appointed vice president.

After the appointment of the secretaries, M. de Staal's proposal that the sessions be secret was adopted.

The next session will take place on Saturday, when the delegates will arrange a program and appoint committees. The conference then adjourned. The session today lasted only twenty-five minutes, and the apparent unanimity displayed was considered to augur well for the outcome.

KAISER DRINKS TO THE CZAR.

Emperor William Toasts Nicholas on the Latter's Birthday.

Weisbaden, Prussia—(Special).—At a luncheon given by Emperor William today, in accordance with his custom, in honor of the birthday of Emperor Nicholas, the Kaiser toasted the czar in the following terms:

"With the toast to the czar's health, which I propose every year with heartfelt sincerity, I would today couple my hearty good wishes upon the opening of the conference at The Hague, which owes its origin to his majesty's initiative."

Then turning to the Russian ambassador, Count von Osten-Sacken, he continued:

"Honored count, it is my sincere wish that those two tried and experienced statesmen, M. de Staal and Count von Munster, acting in accordance with the old traditions of the monarchies of the Russian people, and carrying out identical instructions given them by the czar and myself may so conduct the conference that the result will satisfy the czar. To the health of his majesty. Hurrah!"

For a Supreme Court of Nations.

Philadelphia, Pa.—(Special).—Resolutions petitioning the peace conference at The Hague to take initial steps in establishing a supreme court of nations and asking the senate to ratify an arbitration treaty with Great Britain, were adopted at a public meeting held here under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance and National Reform League.

Addresses on the subjects were made by prominent citizens and clergymen. Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts made an attack on Secretary Aiger and criticized his management of the war.

San Francisco, Cal.—(Special).—Ralph Coats of the First California volunteers reported to be missing from his command in the Philippines, is a native of Humboldt county, California, aged 25 years. He was one of the crack foot ball players of Stanford university.

IS MUCH ENCOURAGED.

Attain Good Results will Be New York Peace Conference.

The Journal Special.—A dispatch to William T. Stead, Advertiser from Willem II, of the Netherlands, says: "While I can repeat directly anything the czar said, me during our interview a few days ago, at St. Petersburg, it is permissible for all America that he is in excellent spirits and full of hope for results from the peace conference."

There is no trace in St. Petersburg of the American feeling. The German gate Stengel's pamphlet against the United States as the inevitable destiny of Europe, the czar expressed the utmost confidence that the American delegates will stand by those of Russia, France and England in securing the establishment of some definite, practical system of international arbitration for all disputes turning on questions of law, on interpretation of treaties or on investigation of questions of fact.

"The czar also believes the Americans will favor recognition of the principle of arbitration in all questions not involving national honor and interest."

The tribunal which it is hoped will issue from the conference for the settlement of questions of droit will probably be founded on the same principles as those which have worked so successfully in the postal, telegraph and international railway bureaus at Bern, Switzerland. That is to say, a small body of jurists and practical men chosen from one or more of the minor powers would be authorized to deal with such questions in the name of and with the authority of the powers composing this conference.

The question of mediation to be proposed is simply an extension of that clause of the treaty of Paris whereby the powers agreed, in the case of the Turkish question, to invoke the mediation of other powers before fighting.

"By the establishment of the principle the powers would voluntarily refer serious disputes to arbitration and the mediation of such powers as they might choose."

"It will be proposed that each power name one of its highest court judges to act as permanent arbitrator, who shall always be at the service of the other powers when invited, thus effecting peaceably without standing armies, the selection of members of the court of arbitration."

"While I cannot repeat what the czar said to me about America, I may say that he likes the United States and admires the principle of united sovereign states conducting their affairs peacefully without standing armies."

"While the 'Unit d'Europe' of the czar is still far in the future, yet the czar's ideas are all tending toward that."

"He is in earnest about checking armaments, and he hopes for great beneficial results from the conference."

"It is Germany which is the stumbling block on the limitation of armaments. France is thoroughly with Russia, America, England and France will be able, I think, to rule the conference."

LOOKING FOR WESTERN YOUTHS

Navy Department Promises Those Who Enlist a Long Voyage.

Washington, D. C.—(Special).—Secretary of the Navy Long is deeply interested in the result of an experiment which is to be made under the direction of Captain John M. Hawley for the enlistment of 200 or 250 men in the middle west and west. It is believed western enlistments will quicken that section's interest in the navy.

Many inquiries have been received by the department from the west by young men of adventurous spirit, who would like to join the navy, but who cannot afford the expense of traveling to New York or Boston with the chance of rejection after their arrival. It is proposed, therefore, to send a recruiting officer through the west next month to gather in 200 or 250 recruits. Only bright, promising Americans citizens between the ages of 18 and 25 will be taken. They must be able to read and write.

Exceptional inducements are to be offered these recruits in the shape of a long cruise on Admiral Farragut's old flagship, Hartford, which is now at the Mare Island navy yard. She has been thoroughly refitted at a cost of \$350,000. The recruits will be sent to the receiving ship independently at San Francisco for several months' preliminary "shaking down," and then will embark upon the Hartford for New York, either by the way of Cape Horn, or across the Pacific to Chile, thence around to India and through the Red sea and the Mediterranean.

Her executive officer will be Lieutenant Commander Alexander Sharp, a nephew of General Grant, who distinguished himself during the second war as the commander of the auxiliary yacht Vixen, which was attached to Schley's flying squadron.

In addition to the recruits she will carry 150 experienced men. Upon arrival in New York the recruits will be assigned to warships.

If this experiment is a success, as Captain Hawley confidently expects it to be, it will be repeated with a view to the enlistment of more westerners.

San Francisco, Cal.—(Special).—Reports from the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys do not bear out the statement coming here from the east that there will be a short grain crop this year. On the contrary, all the great wheat producing counties expect that the yield will be up to the average and in some sections will be exceptionally heavy.

Rev. P. F. Jernegan of sea water fame is reported to have eased his conscience by giving back \$75,000 to his pupils. As he has something like \$200,000 left his conscience may consider the rubber-neck without danger of snapping.

New England trots out a candidate for the speakership in the person of William L. Moody—"Moody of Essex." The Boston Globe vouches for him as "a man of statesmanship size."

Mount Arayat, the locality where the insurgent Filipinos threaten to make a stand, suggests olive branches. Hitherto the run has been on bamboo thickets.

Alaskans are now clamoring for canned roach beef. Even Alaskans grow weary of blubber long drawn out.

Paper collars are coming into fashion again. The move is a blow at the laundry trust.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

Major William Langitt, corps of engineers, has made a complete survey of Honolulu harbor.

General Ludlow has ordered all cows removed from Havana to the country to obtain pure milk.

Nicaragua declares its mosquito coast is under the same laws and duties as the rest of the state.

Subscriptions for the 6 per cent gold bonds for the flour trust, it appears, will exceed the issue.

Thomas Davies, formerly a Chicago Jeweler, is in the bankruptcy court, debts, \$221,000; no assets.

The Maryland Steel company has shipped 250 tons of steel rails to the Australian government.

George De Hogues is drawing up plans for an electric road from Havana to Vedado and Colon cemetery.

The public at Wheeling, W. Va., is still refusing to ride on street cars out of sympathy with the strikers.

The championship tennis association will be held at Niagara-on-the-Lake July 11.

Commercial paper and samples of merchandise may now be sent to Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines at universal rates.

The plan of consolidation of electric street railways and electric lighting companies in Massachusetts and Rhode Island is practically complete. Capital, \$2,400,000.

William A. Jones, general agent of the Empire fast freight line, committed suicide last week at his office in Broadway by shooting himself in the head.

L. J. Rose, formerly a state senator and democratic candidate for congress and one of the best known race horse breeders and wine growers in the state, committed suicide at Los Angeles, Cal., last week.

Governor Finney says he will call a special session of the legislature to convene immediately upon adjournment of the present session, to provide for the submission to the people at a special election of an amendment to that effect to the constitution relating to special taxation under which the supreme court declared invalid the Finney-Atkinson railway taxation act.

A meager account of a tragedy at Hayes mill, near Tiptonville, Tenn., Mrs. Edwards and Miss Brockway, held a Mrs. Covington and attacked her with clubs, whereupon the latter drew a knife and stabbed Mrs. Mattix thro' the heart, killing her instantly. Mrs. Covington plunged the weapon into the back of Mrs. Edwards, inflicting fatal injuries. The tragedy grew out of a quarrel among the children of the women.

The ascent of Mount Morrison, the highest mountain in Formosa, has been made by K. T. Stoppel, an explorer of note. On the mountain, near the summit, he discovered a tribe of human beings that had never been seen before. The natives, who were of a roaucous aspect, extremely ugly, thin and entirely naked. They were skillful hunters and evidently existed on wild animals and were not averse to human flesh.

Albert Ohl, a lad 17 years old, living near Pottsville, Pa., was arrested by the authorities at Tamaqua, charged with putting a spike on the rail, which caused an accident on the Little Schuylkill branch of the Philadelphia & Reading railway at Zetters, where one man was killed and several were injured. Ohl admitted the charge. His excuse for putting the spike on the rail was that he wanted to flatten it.

A mining paper combine with a capital of \$2,000,000, is now in the organized list. Appraisers have visited Wisconsin and gone over properties stated to be the Fox River and the Plover Paper company's mills at Appleton and Plover, respectively. Only the closing of negotiations for the various properties wanted remains.

Major Marchand, the French explorer who has just crossed Africa from the Atlantic coast, has arrived at Johannesburg, South Africa.

The winter wheat crop of last year, as harvested, amounted to 279,813,291 bushels—government figures. On the basis of the government's estimate of condition of the crop for May 1, and of average, the statistics show that New York Produce exchange figures out an indicated winter wheat crop for the present year of 218,570,000 bushels. This would be a smaller yield than for 1897, 1894, 1892, 1891 and 1889, as well as 1898, and a larger yield than for the other four years of the past ten.

MAY GO TO STATE CAMPS.

Aiger Consults With Other Officials as to Return of Volunteers.

Washington, D. C.—(Special).—Secretary Aiger had a long conference with the heads of the staff bureaus of the department regarding arrangements for the return of the volunteers. Nearly every state has requested that the regiments be returned to the states where they came, as the people want to see them as organizations instead of as individuals. If this is decided upon while awaiting muster out, they will be held in camp either at San Francisco or at state camps, where these exist.

It is expected that the Minnesota regiment will be sent to Fort Snelling, the Oregon regiment to Vancouver Barracks, east of Seattle, and the Washington troops to the post at Seattle. It is asserted, however, that the soldiers prefer to be mustered out at San Francisco, as they will then receive travel pay to their homes and can make transportation rates that will give them some extra money. The government, however, has the option of transporting them to the place where it received them, and may decide to follow that plan if, upon further investigation, it should be deemed feasible.

General Otis at Manila was notified by cable not to send home the tents with which the volunteer troops in the Philippines are equipped. These are new tents procured especially for the Philippines campaign, and in the interest of economy and expedition, it has been decided to keep them in the Philippines for the benefit of troops to be sent there to relieve the volunteers.

German Journalists Organize.

Chicago, Ill.—(Special).—The publishers of forty-six German daily papers in the United States have organized in Chicago under the name of the German-American Newspaper Publishers' association, by adopting a constitution and by electing the following officers: President, John Schroers, St. Louis Westliche Post; vice president, Herman Ridder, New York Staats Zeitung; secretary, Fritz Glogauer, Chicago Abend Post; treasurer, Edgar W. Coleman, Milwaukee Herald. Executive committee, H. S. Coah, Louisville Angeler; F. W. Bergmeier, St. Paul Volks Zeitung; Louis Hirsch, Pittsburg Volks Blatt.

A serious labor strike occurred at Cienfuegos, Cuba, last week, that resulted in the death of a negro, shot by a Cuban officer.

It is said that Riley Grannan, the American pugler, has lost \$40,000 on the English turf.

A MODERN RUY BLAS.

(Being an Episode in the Life of Kitty Northrup, Belle.)

Bobby Dyer shook his fist savagely, and addressing an invisible spectator, said: "I'll be hanged if I don't pay you out for this. You just wait."

Although no human being was more inoffensive in appearance than was Mr. Dyer, ordinarily, at this moment his pink and white cherubic countenance was distorted with a scowl that boded ill to the unfortunate person who was to be "paid out."

For Mr. Dyer's self-esteem had received a rude shock. Bobby—one of the most popular and petted youths of a very smart set; Bobby—who led the collation and designed waistcoats—had been made the butt of petty, witty Kitty Northrup's little red tongue. And that, moreover, before a room filled with fashionable.

Bobby's wits were slow. In an encounter of repartee he was always worsted. How, then, could he expect to face so famous and skilled an antagonist? He had made a brave effort, to be sure; but Miss Kitty had so harassed and worried and jinked him, had thrust him through and through that the bitter reminiscences in which he was now indulging were a series of quickly dissolving views of elegant women tittering behind their fans, and "fellows" nudging each other and putting up their hands to conceal their grins.

Bobby's voice was now for war on Miss Kitty Northrup. But how? She stood so stately a pinnacle; she was so noble, so brilliant and such a social lioness unto herself. How could he hope to wreck revenge on her pretty bit-brown head?

For though Bobby was decidedly in the swim he could by no means cope with Miss Northrup's prestige. The salient social position of the Northrups was one born of distinguished lineage and enormous wealth.

But Bobby Dyer did not despair. Some way to satisfy his wounded vanity must surely open. In one fashion or another he must prick the pride of his radiant Lady Disdain, who had so publicly and scornfully flouted his pretensions to wit and badinage.

And a way did open in so sudden and unlooked for a fashion that Bobby had not time to think, a tedious process, which, as a rule, he abhorred.

It was at the Mortimer's ball, a big, noisy affair, which had been blazoned for weeks, where the crush was tremendous and everybody was bored to death.

Kitty Northrup was especially bored. She had languidly danced. She had flirted as outrageously as usual. She had given vent to a few of the scintillations of wit which were always expected of her. Now she sat in a curtained window seat, moodily watching the magnificent mob charging the supper room.

Her red lips curled with scorn as she studied the scene. "What a disgraceful scramble!" she murmured. "I'm disgusted. I shall go home. Heavens, how stupid! Same old crowd. I would give a good deal to see a new face. There isn't a man worth looking at in New York today."

She paused. Her eyes had suddenly rested on a man who stood quietly in one corner of the vast ballroom, speaking to no one, but gravely looking on as at a pageant.

Who was he? Miss Northrup did not know that splendid figure, that calm, strong face, those keen, brilliant, dark eyes. He was an absolute stranger to her. A gentleman undeniably, irreproachably dressed and carrying himself with ease and dignity.

Such a contrast was he as he stood there, serene and self-contained, to many of the flushed and jabbering young men scurrying in and out of the supper room that Miss Northrup was enchanted. She admired this big, strong-limbed fellow, the resolute clean-cut face. She wished to see those lustrous eyes at nearer range.

At that moment, as all malign influences would have it, Mr. Bobby Dyer sauntered past the Turkish corner where Miss Northrup had snugly ensconced herself.

Kitty beckoned imperiously with her fan. "Bobby," she said, "come here. Tell me who is that man. I don't seem to know his face, though I should. He's the only decent-looking man in this room."

Bobby glared, first at Miss Northrup, then at the man indicated. And then slowly a gleam of unholly joy overspread his round, seraphic face.

"Why," he drawled, "is it possible you don't know George Dalton? Awful nice chap. Old college chum of mine. He's been away for some time and just got back. Shall I introduce him?"

"By all means," said Kitty.

Bobby had an insane desire to yell, but heroically restraining this impulse, crossed the room to the stranger and, touching him on the shoulder, said: "How are you, old man?"

The stranger turned and surveyed him leisurely for a moment.

"O," said the unabashed Bobby, "I know you don't recall me. I'm Dyer, you see. I was one of Colonel Rensselaer's party that night at the prize fight, you remember?"

"O, yes, perfectly now," was the courteous reply. "Yes, I'm glad to see you again, Mr. Dyer."

"And so am I—deuced glad," said Bobby. "And I want your help in a little matter. Just step this way."

The stranger, looking a bit puzzled, followed his guide across the great room to Kitty Northrup's seat.

"On your life," muttered Bobby as

they approached the girl, "don't dispute a word I say. It's a wager, I'll explain later," and then aloud, "Miss Northrup, my old friend and classmate, Mr. Dalton."

The stranger started, shot a piercing fery look at Bobby and then bowed low to the beautiful girl before him.

Kitty Northrup! So this was the famous belle of whom he had read columns of twaddle in the newspapers. And what on earth did she want with him? And what on earth did young Dyer mean by introducing him in that fashion?

Bobby had fled. So Mr. Dalton stood perplexed, but imperturbable, his soft, dark, brilliant eyes fastened on the piquant face turned toward him with a rare, sweet smile.

"Mr. Dalton, I saw you looking horribly bored and as I was horribly bored I thought we might as well be bored together. Won't you sit down?"

She withdrew her silken skirts aside, making room for him on the divan.

Dalton hesitated. To tell the truth he was frightfully embarrassed. What it all meant was beyond his comprehension. That this stately belle should condescend to him was past belief.

However, Dalton was a man, and his usually cool head was a trifle turned. If this lady wished to talk to him why should he hesitate?

"Your friend says you have been out of town for some time," Kitty began.

"Yes, Miss Northrup, I have just returned from London," replied Dalton, his great eyes opening a little wider as he thought of Bobby Dyer as his friend.

"That is, of course, the reason I have not had a chance to see you before?" went on the belle.

"Possibly, Miss Northrup," in a perfectly matter of fact tone.

Kitty, too, was puzzled, for though the wonderful eyes of this cool, handsome man plainly exhibited admiration of her exquisite self, he paid her no compliment—an absolutely unheard of and inexplicable thing. She peeped at him over the lace of her fan.

"Do you dance?" she asked, with a challenge in her voice.

Dalton looked her directly in the eyes. "Not here, Miss Northrup," he said.

Kitty was piqued. Who was this impassive person? Why had he the impertinence to own such eyes? The audacious beauty determined to rouse him in possible.

Her chaperon was approaching and she saw she must cut short the interview with this man who so puzzled and fascinated her. She rose, and giving him a fusillade from her sparkling eyes, she murmured: "I am going now. I hope I shall see you at the Robinson wedding tomorrow."

"I shall be there; good night, Miss Northrup." She extended her slender gloved hand. He took it. Was it his fancy or was there a gentle pressure from the slender fingers?

"Well," Dalton murmured, as he returned to his corner of observation, "that is certainly the most extraordinary experience I ever had. What a lovely creature. I could worship a woman like that. O, what a blooming fool I am! It was merely a caprice on her part, a caprice—yes, and that young scamp aided abetted her in a bit of feminine curiosity."

"He is certainly the very handsomest man I ever looked at," thought Miss Northrup, as she leaned back against the luxurious cushions of her brougham. "I could love that man. Yes, I could. How cool and impassive his face, but those eyes! Heavens, he could control me with one glance. Who is he? I shall make it the business of my life to find out!"

As Mr. Dalton was walking down Fifth avenue about 3 o'clock that morning he saw Bobby Dyer's yellow head in a handsome. Bobby saw him and signaled his man to stop. "Get in, Dalton," he said, "tell me how did you get on with Lady Kitty?"

"Now, Mr. Bobby Dyer," said Dalton resolutely, "perhaps you will be good enough to explain the meaning of the masquerade of this evening. Why did you present me to that lady? Moreover, why as your friend and classmate?"

"Because I owed her one," burst Bobby, "an ugly look crossing his face; 'she's too high and mighty. I wanted to take her down a peg. By tomorrow night the story will be told in every drawing room on Murray Hill; yes, and in every club."

"You cur," said Dalton quietly, "if you ever say one word in a club or drawing room of what has occurred tonight I'll break every bone in your cursed body. Stop this nonsense. I won't lower myself by riding with a dog like you."

He sprang from the hansom, and turned and faced the indignant and spluttering Bobby. "Remember what I say," he added, a wicked glance in his eyes. "I will keep my word, Mr. Dyer."

Every one remarked that Kitty Northrup had never looked so radiant as at Nannie Robinson's wedding. She was all in white, like a tall, stately lily, and her exquisite shoulders rose from her gown, whiter than the gauze that half shielded and half revealed their beauty.

There was one man there that night who looked sadly at her from across the dining room and murmured to himself, "She is a queen, my queen, I shall always revere and worship her for her graciousness to me."

Kitty looked everywhere for that man. But he managed to keep out of sight. He felt that he could never face this proud beauty again. So Dalton stood behind tall palms and secreted himself in window seats, the while he watched the brilliant assemblage before him with an eagle glance.

About midnight a flunky approached him and imparted the information that refreshments were awaiting him in the library upstairs. Dalton was weary and glad of an opportunity of a quiet smoke, and at once followed the servant to the room.

He found a bottle of Robinson's famous Burgundy, ices and coffee awaiting him. The man served him and then withdrew.

Dalton was glad to be alone. Far off resounded the delicious strains of music, faint laughter and the sweet rattle of women's voices. The heavy scent of the roses and lilies rose from every corner of the great mansion, bringing with their wafts of perfume strange memories, strange thoughts, strange illusions.

Dalton found himself idly wondering where was now that proud, beautiful girl his eyes had followed all the evening. What was she doing? What was she saying to the men who fluttered about her like moths about a brilliant flame? A strange new sensation stole over him, a strange new pain gripped at his heart.

"What in God's name am I thinking of?" he fiercely demanded. "I'm a blooming dotty fool—that's what I am." He hastily poured a glass of Burgundy and with a half-muttered toast, to the most beautiful woman he had ever seen was raising it to his lips when the portiere behind him tinkled. He turned quickly. Kitty Northrup stood before him.

Dalton sat down his glass and faced her, resolute, composed, but as white as death. Kitty came toward him, a caressing smile in her eyes and a delicious pout on her scarlet lips, her white hand extended.

"Mr. Dalton," she said, "wretch, monster! Where have you been all the evening? Why have you not looked for me? I'm not used to such cavalier treatment, sir," and she tossed her adorable head with a moustain air.

Dalton summoned all his courage, felt that he needed it now if ever.

"Miss Northrup," he said slowly, "did you ever read the story of Ruy Blas?"

"She looked at him intently. His eyes held her enthralled. She trembled, flushed, and then grew white as her gown. He thought she was going to faint. He sprang to her and gently assisted her to a chair. She sat there, cold and white as a statue, her head turned away from him.

"Ruy Blas, you remember," he said in a dull voice, "was palmed off upon the queen of Spain as a noble. He was only a lackey."

No answer from that cold, proud figure, sitting stonily there.

"I cannot fill the role of a Don Cesar de Bazan," Dalton went on, his heart pounding like a trip-hammer. "I could not understand last night what it all meant. But afterward I met Mr. Dyer and insisted on knowing the truth. For my unconscious share in the travesty I humbly beg you to forgive me."

"Who are you?" suddenly and imperiously asked the girl.

"I am," said Dalton, with an air of proud humility, "the detective sent from headquarters to guard the guests and presents from possible robbery."

Kitty Northrup rose and slowly walked to the doorway. Grasping the tapestry in her hand, she paused a moment and looked Dalton full in the face. Trembling in their lustrous depths he saw a tenderness no other man had ever seen in Kitty Northrup's eyes.

"But Ruy Blas loved the queen," she sighed.

Dalton's heart stood still. "Yes," he managed to answer, "Ruy Blas loved the queen so well that he died for her. For you know he could not live for her."

Kitty smiled—a little faint, frosty smile. "That is true," she said, "good-by."

The portiere tinkled. She was gone. The headquarters man stooped and picked up a white rose which had fallen from her breast. He looked at it sadly, hesitated a moment, then put it tenderly away in his pocket.

And then he drank his Burgundy.

Six months later, when Dalton was shot in a raid on a gambling house, they found in the pocket over his heart a withered white rose. It was carefully wrapped in paper on which was written: "A souvenir of the queen of Spain to Ruy Blas."

The little circle of officers and detectives huddled around the dead man, looked stupidly at one another.

"An' who the jeuce was Ruy Blas?" asked the sergeant.

"He was an attaché of the Spanish legation at Washington," said Duffy, the detective.

"Then that's it," said the captain of the precinct, with appropriate solemnity, "though I never knew poor Dalton was in the secret service during the war."

Foreign Brevities.

The German emperor paid a visit to Metz last week to witness experiments with searchlights.

Emperor William will take a trip to the Baltic coast during the summer.

Dr. von Schweinitz has been appointed as the American representative to the liberal congress.

F. W. Holz, secretary of the American delegation to the czar's peace conference, has arrived at Berlin to consult with Ambassador White.

Miss Smith of Minneapolis has been married in Berlin to Herr Kamper, a wealthy and distinguished German.

The German government has decided not to introduce a bill, as proposed, for taxing big retail stores.

The vigorous agitation in Germany against an appropriation for a big increase in the navy still continues.

C. F. Dwyer and Riley Grannan, Tod Sillone's backers, will return to the United States.

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There is no trace in St. Petersburg of the American feeling. The German gate Stengel's pamphlet against the United States as the inevitable destiny of Europe, the czar expressed the utmost confidence that the American delegates will stand by those of Russia, France and England in securing the establishment of some definite, practical system of international arbitration for all disputes turning on questions of law, on interpretation of treaties or on investigation of questions of fact.

"The czar also believes the Americans will favor recognition of the principle of arbitration in all questions not involving national honor and interest."

The tribunal which it is hoped will issue from the conference for the settlement of questions of droit will probably be founded on the same principles as those which have worked so successfully in the postal, telegraph and international railway bureaus at Bern, Switzerland. That is to say, a small body of jurists and practical men chosen from one or more of the minor powers would be authorized to deal with such questions in the name of and with the authority of the powers composing this conference.

The question of mediation to be proposed is simply an extension of that clause of the treaty of Paris whereby the powers agreed, in the case of the Turkish question, to invoke the mediation of other powers before fighting.

"By the establishment of the principle the powers would voluntarily refer serious disputes to arbitration and the mediation of such powers as they might choose."

"It will be proposed that each power name one of its highest court judges to act as permanent arbitrator, who shall always be at the service of the other powers when invited, thus effecting peaceably without standing armies, the selection of members of the court of arbitration."

"While I cannot repeat what the czar said to me about America, I may say that he likes the United States and admires the principle of united sovereign states conducting their affairs peacefully without standing armies."

"While the 'Unit d'Europe' of the czar is still far in the future, yet the czar's ideas are all tending toward that."

"He is in earnest about checking armaments, and he hopes for great beneficial results from the conference."

"It is Germany which is the stumbling block on the limitation of armaments. France is thoroughly with Russia, America, England and France will be able, I think, to rule the conference."

LOOKING FOR WESTERN YOUTHS

Navy Department Promises Those Who Enlist a Long Voyage.

Washington, D. C.—(Special).—Secretary of the Navy Long is deeply interested in the result of an experiment which is to be made under the direction of Captain John M. Hawley for the enlistment of 200 or 250 men in the middle west and west. It is believed western enlistments will quicken that section's interest in the navy.

Many inquiries have been received by the department from the west by young men of adventurous spirit, who would like to join the navy, but who cannot afford the expense of traveling to New York or Boston with the chance of rejection after their arrival. It is proposed, therefore, to send a recruiting officer through the west next month to gather in 200 or 250 recruits. Only bright, promising Americans citizens between the ages of 18 and 25 will be taken. They must be able to read and write.

Exceptional inducements are to be offered these recruits in the shape of a long cruise on Admiral Farragut's old flagship, Hartford, which is now at the Mare Island navy yard. She has been thoroughly refitted at a cost of \$350,000. The recruits will be sent to the receiving ship independently at San Francisco for several months' preliminary "shaking down," and then will embark upon the Hartford for New York, either by the way of Cape Horn, or across the Pacific to Chile, thence around to India and through the Red sea and the Mediterranean.

Her executive officer will be Lieutenant Commander Alexander Sharp, a nephew of General Grant, who distinguished himself during the second war as the commander of the auxiliary yacht Vixen, which was attached to Schley's flying squadron.

In addition to the recruits she will carry 150 experienced men. Upon arrival in New York the recruits will be assigned to warships.

If this experiment is a success, as Captain Hawley confidently expects it to be, it will be repeated with a view to the enlistment of more westerners.

San Francisco, Cal.—(Special).—Reports from the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys do not bear out the statement coming here from the east that there will be a short grain crop this year. On the contrary, all the great wheat producing counties expect that the yield will be up to the average and in some sections will be exceptionally heavy.

Rev. P. F. Jernegan of sea water fame is reported to have eased his conscience by giving back \$75,000 to his pupils. As he has something like \$200,000 left his conscience may consider the rubber-neck without danger of snapping.

New England trots out a candidate for the speakership in the person of William L. Moody—"Moody of Essex." The Boston Globe vouches for him as "a man of statesmanship size."

Mount Arayat, the locality where the insurgent Filipinos threaten to make a stand, suggests olive branches. Hitherto the run has been on bamboo thickets.

Alaskans are now clamoring for canned roach beef. Even Alaskans grow weary of blubber long drawn out.

Paper collars are coming into fashion again. The move is a blow at the laundry trust.

MAY GO TO STATE CAMPS.

Aiger Consults With Other Officials as to Return of Volunteers.

Washington, D. C.—(Special).—Secretary Aiger had a long conference with the heads of the staff bureaus of the department regarding arrangements for the return of the volunteers. Nearly every state has requested that the regiments be returned to the states where they came, as the people want to see them as organizations instead of as individuals. If this is decided upon while awaiting muster out, they will be held in camp either at San Francisco or at state camps, where these exist.

It is expected that the Minnesota regiment will be sent to Fort Snelling, the Oregon regiment to Vancouver Barracks, east of Seattle, and the Washington troops to the post at Seattle. It is asserted, however, that the soldiers prefer to be mustered out at San Francisco, as they will then receive travel pay to their homes and can make transportation rates that will give them some extra money. The government, however, has the option of transporting them to the place where it received them, and may decide to follow that plan if, upon further investigation, it should be deemed feasible.

General Otis at Manila was notified by cable not to send home the tents with which the volunteer troops in the Philippines are equipped. These are new tents procured especially for the Philippines campaign, and in the interest of economy and expedition, it has been decided to keep them in the Philippines for the benefit of troops to be sent there to relieve the volunteers.

German Journalists Organize.

Chicago, Ill.—(Special).—The publishers of forty-six German daily papers in the United States have organized in Chicago under the name of the German-American Newspaper Publishers' association, by adopting a constitution and by electing the following officers: President, John Schroers, St. Louis Westliche Post; vice president, Herman Ridder, New York Staats Zeitung; secretary, Fritz Glogauer, Chicago Abend Post; treasurer, Edgar W. Coleman, Milwaukee Herald. Executive committee, H. S. Coah, Louisville Angeler; F. W. Bergmeier, St. Paul Volks Zeitung; Louis Hirsch, Pittsburg Volks Blatt.

A serious labor strike occurred at Cienfuegos, Cuba, last week, that resulted in the death of a negro, shot by a Cuban officer.

It is said that Riley Grannan, the American pugler, has lost \$40,000 on the English turf.

A MODERN RUY BLAS.

(Being an Episode in the Life of Kitty Northrup, Belle.)

Bobby Dyer shook his fist savagely, and addressing an invisible spectator, said: "I'll be hanged if I don't pay you out for this. You just wait."

Although no human being was more inoffensive in appearance than was Mr. Dyer, ordinarily, at this moment his pink and white cherubic countenance was distorted with a scowl that boded ill to the unfortunate person who was to be "paid out."

For Mr. Dyer's self-esteem had received a rude shock. Bobby—one of the most popular and petted youths of a very smart set; Bobby—who led the collation and designed waistcoats—had been made the butt of petty, witty Kitty Northrup's little red tongue. And that, moreover, before a room filled with fashionable.

Bobby's wits were slow. In an encounter of repartee he was always worsted. How, then, could he expect to face so famous and skilled an antagonist? He had made a brave effort, to be sure; but Miss Kitty had so harassed and worried and jinked him, had thrust him through and through that the bitter reminiscences in which he was now indulging were a series of quickly dissolving views of elegant women tittering behind their fans, and "fellows" nudging each other and putting up their hands to conceal their grins.

Bobby's voice was now for war on Miss Kitty Northrup. But how? She stood so stately a pinnacle; she was so noble, so brilliant and such a social lioness unto herself. How could he hope to wreck revenge on her pretty bit-brown head?

For though Bobby was decidedly in the swim he could by no means cope with Miss Northrup's prestige. The salient social position of the Northrups was one born of distinguished lineage and enormous wealth.

But Bobby Dyer did not despair. Some way to satisfy his wounded vanity must surely open. In one fashion or another he must prick the pride of his radiant Lady Disdain, who had so publicly and scornfully flouted his pretensions to wit and badinage.

And a way did open in so sudden and unlooked for a fashion that Bobby had not time to think, a tedious process, which, as a rule, he abhorred.

It was at the Mortimer's ball, a big, noisy affair, which had been blazoned for weeks, where the crush was tremendous and everybody was bored to death.

Kitty Northrup was especially bored. She had languidly danced. She had flirted as outrageously as usual. She had given vent to a few of the scintillations of wit which were always expected of her. Now she sat in a curtained window seat, moodily watching the magnificent mob charging the supper room.

Her red lips curled with scorn as she studied the scene. "What a disgraceful scramble!" she murmured. "I'm disgusted. I shall go home. Heavens, how stupid! Same old crowd. I would give a good deal to see a new face. There isn't a man worth looking at in New York today."

She paused. Her eyes had suddenly rested on a man who stood quietly in one corner of the vast ballroom, speaking to no one, but gravely looking on as at a pageant.

Who was he? Miss Northrup did not know that splendid figure, that calm, strong face, those keen, brilliant, dark eyes. He was an absolute stranger to her. A gentleman undeniably, irreproachably dressed and carrying himself with ease and dignity.

Such a contrast was he as he stood there, serene and self-contained, to many of the flushed and jabbering young men scurrying in and out of the supper room that Miss Northrup was enchanted. She admired this big, strong-limbed fellow, the resolute clean-cut face. She wished to see those lustrous eyes at nearer range.

At that moment, as all malign influences would have it, Mr. Bobby Dyer sauntered past the Turkish corner where Miss Northrup had snugly ensconced herself.

Kitty beckoned imperiously with her fan. "Bobby," she said, "come here. Tell me who is that man. I don't seem to know his face, though I should. He's the only decent-looking man in this room."

Bobby glared, first at Miss Northrup, then at the man indicated. And then slowly a gleam of unholly joy overspread his round, seraphic face.

"Why," he drawled, "is it possible you don't know George Dalton? Awful nice chap. Old college chum of mine. He's been away for some time and just got back. Shall I introduce him?"

"By all means," said Kitty.

Bobby had an insane desire to yell, but heroically restraining this impulse, crossed the room to the stranger and, touching him on the shoulder, said: "How are you, old man?"

The stranger turned and surveyed him leisurely for a moment.

"O," said the unabashed Bobby, "I know you don't recall me. I'm Dyer, you see. I was one of Colonel Rensselaer's party that night at the prize fight, you remember?"

"O, yes, perfectly now," was the courteous reply. "Yes, I'm glad to see you again, Mr. Dyer."

"And so am I—deuced glad," said Bobby. "And I want your help in a little matter. Just step this way."

The stranger, looking a bit puzzled, followed his guide across the great room to Kitty Northrup's seat.

"On your life," muttered Bobby as

they approached the girl, "don't dispute a word I say. It's a wager, I'll explain later," and then aloud, "Miss Northrup, my old friend and classmate