

BROADBRIM'S

Letter From Greater New York.

THE GREAT COWBOY

GOOD AT PEACE MAKING AS AT FIGHT.

Never Made Peace for Himself, But Went in for Marquis of Queensbury Rules-Roosevelt in New Light.

Special Correspondence; Letter No. 1,470, New York, Sept. 8.—"The stone which the builders rejected, has become the head of the corner."

From the dark and massive manseum that crowns the Hudson's sloping bank, at Riverside, where sleeps one of the grandest soldiers of all the generations since Adam, again is heard the suppliant entreaty which echoes and re-echoes throughout all



THE SULTAN OF SULU, P.J., Who offered to marry Miss Roosevelt and make her his 7th wife.

the land. "Let us have peace," At first it sounded like a prayerful hope, then it swelled to the glory of a mighty invocation—then the republics and the kingdoms and the empires of the earth caught up the cry and carried it over our mighty globe with the silent power of a typhoon, with the hot breath of which swept every destroying element from its path, dashed down with merciless force to where two mighty armies faced each other intent on bloodshed and massacre; with a single breath from the Almighty messenger of love and joy and hope—the murderous multitude vanished like an uncanny and fitful dream of the night, or as the hoarfrost of night disappears in the beams of the morning sun, or the igneous vapor is lapped up by the devouring flame; leaving the blood-stained plains of Manchuria spotless and white, like the mountain snow—purified as by fire. Never before in life's supremest hour have I realized, as I do now, the power of the ancient proverb, "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

All the world's trouble has been tumbled and torn, like an overladen ship on a stormy sea, oscillating between hope and fear, between victory and defeat, and now that peace is assured, and we wait with anxious and impatient hearts for the full accomplishment of the prophecy that "The sword shall be beaten into plowshare and the spearhead into the pruning hook," then we may hope and dream for the coming of that blessed day when peaceful nations shall learn the art of war, no more but every man among the sons of the same, shall sit beneath his own vine, and his own fig tree, with "none to molest nor make him afraid."

The story of the deadly conflict between Russia and Japan will be one of the marvels of history for all time. The guile of war was aggression on the part of Russia—but defence on the part of Japan. The territory which Russia tried to steal and which Japan defended as a friendly power, belonged to neither. It was China's rightful property for ages; its fruitful and productive plains in former centuries had been and nurtured the tremendous hosts of Manchurian Tartars—predatory robbers whose name was a terror throughout the world and whose descendants sit on the throne of China to-day. Both the contestants were despots. Despotism is the natural form of organized government known to the human race; it has the sanction and authority of time in support of its legal claim, and if all of its other claims were ignored, it can point with confidence to Heaven where one voice is supreme unquestioned and eternal. Despotism brooks no question as to its primacy—it despises republics as its natural enemies, and it has no sympathy or belief in a "Government of the people." And right here is where we are brought face to face with a mystery which may never be solved this side of the gates of heaven and hell.

The desolate battles between Russia and Japan had been progressing for three long bitter years; the fighting was incessant, the cost was tremendous, and the loss of life was frightful. The great nations of the earth looked on and faintly hoped the war would stop, but they made no pronouncements and gave no sign. On the distant continent of America there flourished the young giant of the west, the republic of the United States; its ruler was the youngest man that had ever occupied the presidential chair; when he became president through the assassination of his chief, wise men shook their heads and thought that the cowboy of the west and the rough rider of San Juan Hill was an unworthy successor

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SENSATIONAL SUICIDE.

Photograph and Scribbling Found in Pocket.

Boda-Petib, Sept. 8.—All Buda-Pesta is lamenting over the death of Mlle. Antoinette Kirchner, the famous actress and Hungarian beauty, who died by her own hand. Her Hugo Blanckenheim was for many years a wealthy and much respected merchant prince of the Hungarian capital. Happily married and with charming children, he was envied by all, and was regarded as a model husband and a model father. When cycling through the village of Zirndorf the other day he was overcome with faintness, but refusing all assistance, he mounted his machine and rode away. On the following morning peasants on their way to work discovered Herr Blanckenheim lying dead in the grass by the roadside. Hurriedly they summoned a policeman, and the platoon of a policeman, and the platoon of a policeman, and the platoon of a policeman was carried to the cottage of a peasant

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Mr. Cleveland's Income.

Mr. Cleveland's income from his investments is between eight and ten thousand dollars, to which he adds an average of about \$3,000 by writing occasional essays for publication.

Some years ago Mr. Cleveland had \$5,000 to spare, and Mr. Benedict obtained for him the right to subscribe for the stock of a projected trust company. He knew well that the firm's president was to become one of their shareholders, inspired the promoters with a brilliant idea. After consultation they sought Mr. Benedict and through him offered Mr. Cleveland the presidency at a salary of \$50,000 a year. It was a legitimate undertaking, backed by reputable men, but Mr. Cleveland somewhat reluctantly declined on the ground that he was unacquainted with the details of business, and that the condition of his health would not permit him to travel. An offer was made to accept, with the assurance that his dues would be nominal, his mere office connection with the company being considered sufficient compensation for his remunerations.

Mr. Cleveland replied simply that he would seem to him too much like selling the use of his name, which, of course, he could not do. That closed the incident.

In the last ten years the Canadian wheat yield has gone up forty per cent.

In 1891 Canada had 453,542 acres of potatoes, as compared with 415,743 in 1901.

Ontario had 3,144 acres of tobacco under cultivation in 1901.

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