

PARLEZ-VOUS, FRANCAIS?

The Question the Reporter Was Unable to Escape.

Spring, Summer and Fall, His Ears Were Accosted by the Plaintive Sound of the Beggar's Voice.

A midnight night and bitter, bitter cold; not so much snow, but a wind which had an arctic anger in it; it stung the face like vitriol and froze the blood and almost made a fellow cry out, as if he were in pain.

Three of us, just common newspaper reporters, were scurrying through Main street, half running, to get to a warm place. We had been at work up town, trying to find certain facts about a man who had been mysteriously murdered in the Tenderloin precinct—Johnny Spellman, the jockey.

Well, the City Hall park was bleak enough. The wind shrieked across it, and the hall, with its old white marble steps, stood over yonder, pallid, ghastly. Not a human being in sight, nobody would stay out of doors such a night.

The lights in the tall buildings in Park row and in the low entrance to Hitchcock's ever blessed old cellar coffee house were happy, cheery beacons.

It was late, well on toward midnight. That made us hurry all the more.

Even Uncle Sam's fagged out old horses and wagons which forever wait in the Mall street alley behind the grim stone coping, where big bags of mail matter for all parts of the world are bundled in and out, had disappeared out of the cold. There was no sound of the mail clerk's voice calling of the bags.

We reached the middle of the Mall street block. We were on the north side of the street. I ran in the rear of the procession.

Out of the shadows of the park came a man. In a voice which upon that night wind was the most piteous sound I ever heard he cried, stretching out one hand in a supplicatory way: "Parlez-vous Francais, monsieur?"

(Do you speak French, sir?) It was a strange, courteous question to come wailing amid the howling of a storm. I turned and stopped and then in honest amazement and pity said, "My God, yes!"

I had learned some French in boyhood, then had bought drinks for a Paris boulevardier and fulfilled the dubious linguistic requirements of a New Jersey college. I had a deep seated love for the French people and a deal of fondness for the French tongue.

There in that wretched night, when I heard that question, I saw the honest peasants—simple, sturdy folk—toiling afield in far Provence. I saw the Breton fisher, singing as he patched his nets on the shore of the dear old sea. I saw gay Paris and the sweet valley of the Loire.

And here, alone, thinly clad, was a son of that France, a stranger in a great, selfish city, in a great, strange and selfish land, upon a night when no mortal ought to have shown his nose out of doors.

He was just asking—I learned it in his first lonely question—just asking for some one to give him a helping hand, a reliable of direction.

The two other reporters went peeping along. I looked at the wanderer—a man of 40, maybe, old to begin life anew. He was above medium height, a little stooped in the shoulders, and stretched out one hand in a supplicatory way.

"Parlez-vous Francais, monsieur?" It was a strange, courteous question to arrest a home going chap at such an hour. I turned, then stopped. Then I closed my right eye tightly, as Bob Turnbull had showed me how long ago. Then I answered, "My God, yes!"

I had learned some French in boyhood, then had bought drinks for a Paris boulevardier and fulfilled the dubious linguistic requirements of a New Jersey college. I had a deep seated love for the French people and a deal of fondness for the French tongue.

There in that sultry night, hearing that question, I saw the honest peasants—simple, sturdy folk—toiling afield in far Provence. I saw the Breton fisher, singing as he—Lord, who and what was this genius of gall, who with his pale, beggar face and dismal, beggar voice kept stalking out upon me from dark places?

Was he going to be like Mr. Dick's head of Charles? Could I know no refuge from this garlic-breathed Picard and his two children and his roll of money lost in the steerage of La Bretagne?

Profit, cried I, thing of evil. Profit still, if bird or devil. I hit him very hard. Assuming his face was France in profile, my fist landed in the Northern territory.

He moaned and muttered something in French. I paused while he lay and waited for me to go away. It was enough. There was no light in him. In an ecstasy of meanness I walked off, whistling loudly the "Marseillaise." "Allons, allons, mes braves."

"Allons, allons, mes braves." Spring came. The trees in City Hall park were budding. Tramps had come to sit under the electric lights

in the circle and listen to the night noises. Work was done. Evening was just changing into late night. The same three of us sauntered across Main street, wending toward Park police station. The odor of ink and the clang of the presses were behind us. But a soft breeze played about the coppers and stirred the dust in the street.

A man came out of the shadows of the park. He stood looking at the bright lights from the postoffice, where the great bundles of letters and papers were being lumbered into waiting vehicles. In a voice which upon the night wind was the most utterly piteous sound I ever heard he cried, stretching out one hand in a supplicatory way:

"Parlez-vous Francais, monsieur?" It was a strange, courteous question to break in on the vernal quiet of a spring night. I turned, then stopped.

The man who knew McGlory laughed bitterly twice. "Ha, ha!" I said, "My God, yes!" I had learned some French in boyhood. Then I had bought drinks for a Paris boulevardier and had—well, never mind about that. It is too much like the story of George Zinzendorf.

But there in that quiet night, when all the air was soft with calm, hearing that question, I saw the honest peasants—simple, sturdy folk—toiling afield in far Provence. I saw the Breton fisher, singing as he patched his nets on the shore of the dear old sea. I saw Paris and the sweet valley of the Loire.

It was above medium height, a little stooped in the shoulders. He carried a small parcel under his arm. It was a woeful story he told, with the spring moonlight all about us. He had come that day on the Bretagne—confound the man and his two children in Picardy! This paragon was an awful thing. But what if it were all a breath from old Egypt and my great-grandfather had heard a story about a fellow Picard and a roll of money stolen in a steerage and—then I swore. As I said, I had learned some French in boyhood. Then I had bought drinks for a Paris boulevardier, and—well, never mind. The Paris boulevardier had taught me to swear in such fashion as would have made me hail fellow in Montmartre.

I called him the worst things that his native tongue permitted. The man who knew McGlory blushed and looked back and forth from the beggar to me.

And the man with the bundle shrank and shrank and made no reply. He crept, always facing us, backward farther from the light and disappeared into the deep shadows under the trees. His form was lost. His pale face was the last thing which I saw.

And we went away.

Summer makes Gramercy park pretty, and the lights of the Players' club shine out and men drink there and say cynical things in the small hours.

An August night I was passing through Gramercy square homeward. There was just the distant murmur of Fourth avenue, with the occasional footfall of a late fellow walking along Irving place. I could hear the fountain's drippings fall into its still basin. The air was sweet with the fragrance of blossoms, wafted out through the tall iron railings.

Out of the shadows of the park came a man. In a voice which in that soft night was the most utterly piteous sound I ever heard he cried, stretching out one hand in a supplicatory way.

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"Allons, allons, mes braves." Spring came. The trees in City Hall park were budding. Tramps had come to sit under the electric lights

of white. The street lamps were dim and dull, like the eyes of poppy eaters. Far down a shabby, narrow west side street in the purlieus of old Greenwich village the shop windows gleamed gay, with the frost upon them.

Men and women and children with bright faces leaped against the storm's great harsh breast and laughed. Street cars, with their merry bells, bundled along.

A white door, with the snow heaped about it. Some tracks up the steps and the already nearly obliterated evidences that a wagon had been at the curbstone told that the undertaker and the coroner had been there. It was a coroner's case; suicide from despondency, they said.

There was no carpet in the dusty hall. A blowsy landlady showed me to the second floor. In the rear room a fire, not much of a one, burned in a tired stove. The room was chill. An oil lamp shed light over a form upon the low bed in the corner, covered, face and all, with a sheet.

At a table sat a child, a girl of not more than a dozen years. She was reading when I entered. She laid the book down gravely. I noticed that it was a French prayer book.

Her eyes were big, and very dark, and there were tears in them. She simply sat, and her calm voice there in that still room beside the dead was the most utterly piteous sound I ever heard.

"Parlez-vous Francais, monsieur?" North-Endor Protest.

Dawson, Y. T., Oct. 20, 1903. Editor Nugget.

Dear Sir—We poor north end residents are a patient lot of people. We have to be that in why. The commissioner told us long time ago that he would do the best he could on the garbage question and his arrangements during the summer have given fair satisfaction, barring the fact that the N. W. M. P. and one or two others could dump night soil at any old time.

But recently the understrapper—'pard'—the official who takes cognizance of the garbage matter, got afraid to leave the precious garbage scow out of nights and so has had it put away into winter quarters—as though its location wasn't in one of the very best places for next spring's high water. But to resume: The dumping goes merrily on. The stack of refuse, tin cans, and night soil, already towers above the water and I suppose will go on heaping up indefinitely. The aforesaid official when approached about it says "What can we do? We ought to have had a road around the bluff," etc.

They could have waited at least until the ice came before retiring the scow from business, and it will be "up to them" pretty soon to do something. It must be five or six weeks before the river stops running, and if we should have a mild winter, all the doctors in town won't save us from a scourge of diptheria from this cause by-and-by. Of course, I can remedy my own individual case by moving away from the usually out it does seem too bad this system of "scum first and thinking afterwards" should so prevail on this garbage question. Of course the council, or I suppose the commissioner, can do what they please with the tool of the streets. Their subordinate's last action has practically "knocked" the Standard Oil Co's water frontage abutting Eighth street, and now the garbage is a menace to the health of the whole city. It's in a worse way now than in Governor Ogilvie's time. Then the garbage was in a scow. Now its being dumped into the water, and hardly that—the offending pile is not more than a foot or so from the dry land, and in no current.

Is there no remedy for this foolish state of affairs? "North-Endor."

Ship Building Statistics.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 8.—The commissioner of navigation in his quarterly report shows that 393 vessels of all kinds were built in the United States and officially numbered during the three months ended September 30, 1903. Of this number 370 were built of wood and 23 of steel. The total gross tonnage was 68,395 tons. Of the whole number built, 261 were built on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, one in Puerto Rico, 30 on the Pacific coast and 49 on the great Lakes and 52 on the Western rivers. This is an increase over the same quarter of the previous year of 85 in the number built and a decrease of 20,395 tons in the gross tonnage.

Columbia Barley.

Dayton, Monday, Oct. 7.—Columbia county has taken the first prize on barley at the Washington State Fair, held last week at North Yakima. The samples were sent from farms near this city, and were very fine. Columbia county raises more barley than any county in Washington or Oregon, and the product of the hills this year is proving better than ever before. The prices received are very good, too.

Young Wife—How strange it is when a man gets married all his friends become invalids. Young Hubby—I don't understand. There are none of my friends invalids. Young Wife—Then how is it you have to sit up with a sick one every night?—Chicago News.

Fresh Loney's candies. Kelly & Co., druggists.

LADY IN WHITE OF BERLIN

Strange Legend of the German House of Hohenzollern.

Joachim I Tore Down a Widow's Hut and Ever Since the House Has Rested Under His Curse.

Rumor in Berlin says that the "white lady," the mysterious ghost that foretells disaster to the house of Hohenzollern, has once again walked in the long halls of the imperial palace in Berlin. What does the appearance portend? ask the people.

There are nods, winks, mutterings, significant looks, eloquent silences, when the apparition is mentioned. "She has walked, poor lady? Ah, I say nothing—nothing—you understand! Any yet—what hearest thou of the Empress Frederick today?"

The dowager lady of the dead Usher Fritz! The English mother of the German emperor!

Is it she whom the "white lady" menaces? Does the ghost mean that Victoria's eldest daughter, the mother of the German emperor, must follow so soon to the grave the queen of Great Britain?

The members of the royal family are said to have themselves too much faith in the authority of the "white lady's" messages to be quite comfortable after her reported appearance.

And who is or who was the "white lady?" All sorts of stories are told of her, one of the latest and most curious coming from Dr. Theodore Hansman of Washington.

Dr. Hansman is famous as the taker of so called "spirit photographs." He avers that the "white lady" appeared to him and stood for a picture, probably the only one of its kind in the world.

Dr. Hansman says the "white lady" told him she was the sweetheart of a noble by whom she had several children, though his real wife was living. At the death of the noble, the woman, angered that the marquis would not marry her, killed her children, thinking that they stood in her way. She was buried alive, and were to haunt the deathbeds of all generations of Hohenzollerns, an oath she is believed by many to have kept.

The royal house of Prussia dates from the tenth century, when a baron of Wurtemberg fortified "High Zollern," a hill from which comes the Hohenzollern name.

From Conrad of that ilk has descended the long line of electors of Brandenburg, of one of whom the more usual legend of the "white lady" is related.

It was Joachim I who, wishing to enlarge his castle, found himself blocked by the tiny hut of a widow which stood just where one of the walls of his keep was planned to rise. So he gave orders to tear down the cottage.

The widow did not believe that the injustice was done by Joachim's order, so she went to throw herself at his feet to ask justice.

But when he saw her he directed that she be thrown out by his guards, and this was done with unnecessary brutality. Then the widow turned upon the elector.

"Prince Joachim," she said, "you have taken all that I possess, and now you refuse me justice and order your people to drive me away.

"But, remember, you must die as other men, and in thy last hour thou shalt see me again to announce thy fate, and not thine only, but that of all, thy successors to the remotest posterity!"

And the story goes that she has done it. The great Elector William saw the ghost. His son Frederick, first king of Prussia, saw the "white lady" in very truth, though in his case it was his young wife, his third, wandering about the palace in her night robes two days before her death.

There are many famous cases where the "white lady" is said to have performed misfortune. On the night before Salfeld Prince Louis of Prussia and his adjutant, Count Nostitz, were chatting in the Schloss Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt when a white robed figure glided before them.

The prince turned pale. He had been confidently talking of victory, but after that he despaired.

Neither he nor Nostitz was surprised when next day the "white lady" again appeared just as the Germans fell back defeated.

Nostitz's own son told this story to Usher Fritz, father of the present emperor. Curiously enough, Usher Fritz's death also was foretold by the specter.

ed his price several times and in the end got about ten times its value. He then expected to fund through the Eaglet a dynasty of long renown, and he didn't want his successors persecuted by ghosts.—Ex.

To Stop a Feed.

As we sat smoking our pipes by the fireplace I ventured to say to mine host that I had heard of the feud between the Johnsons and the Robinsons and asked him to tell me how it came about. He scratched his head and looked puzzled and finally said:

"It's a good way back, and I've dun forgot. Reckon it was about a dawg."

"That's what I've heard—that your dog chased a mule of his which was feeding in front of your house. Robinson got mad about it, you had high words, and then the feud began which has lasted 18 years. Is it true?"

"Reckon that's the way of it," he slowly replied.

"There wasn't much in that to quarrel about?"

"No."

"But two or three people have been killed on either side on account of it, I understand?"

"Three on one side and two on 't'her," he answered after counting on his fingers, "and two more wounded."

He seemed so calm and good natured about it that I thought I might go further, and after a bit I asked:

"Uncle Ben, don't you think this quarrel ought to be fixed up?"

"Might be," he replied as he gazed into the fire in a blank way.

"Suppose, for instance, that I volunteer my services as mediator?"

"Waal?"

"How would you suggest that I go to work to bring peace between the two families?"

The old man rose up and took the tongs and replaced a brand which had fallen on the hearth and then sat down and asked:

"Do you know where Robinson lives?"

"Yes, three miles up the road."

"Kin you shute?"

"Fairly well."

"Waal, you take your gun and set out fur Robinson's. Git the hull crowd from the old man down to the last young un into the house and then fasten all the doors and begin popping at 'em thro' the winders. Keep it up till the last one has turned up his toes, and when you come back with the news that'll be an end to the quarrel, and we'll hev peace."

M. Quad.

ARRIVAL OF MARQUIS ITO

Great Japanese Statesman Visits Canada and the U. S.

Talks of Friendly Relations With Western Powers and the Future Prosperity of His Country.

Marquis Ito, one of the greatest statesmen of the far east, arrived Victoria October 4 on the steamer Kaga Maru, after a most delightful trip. He is traveling for the benefit of his health, which has been falling for some months. From here he proceeds to Seattle on the steamer and there will be accorded an official welcome. He will travel through the United States, and will possibly visit London, England, before his return three or four months hence.

It is now about four years since the marquis passed through the city en route to the public celebration in London. In personal appearance he has changed but little since then. Though ailing, he still possesses that quick turn and indomitable spirit that is so characteristic of his life.

The marquis' career is almost too well known to all the world's greatest politicians, among whom he occupies a very high place. He left his parents when he was 15 years old and visited all over the country, and subsequently became a most prominent person in the line of the revolution at Itho.

He was one of the earliest visitors to Europe and introduced Western civilization to Japan. He was sent to foreign countries quite often as an ambassador of Japan, and each time discharged his duties quite successfully. He was also prime minister at the time of the Japan-China war and succeeded in introducing Japan to Western countries. He has a very good knowledge of English and is very sociable.

The marquis is now about 50 years of age. He is attired in the regulation European dress, and wears a somewhat heavy beard. Accompanying him is a party of prominent Japanese, including Hon. K. Tsuzuki, advisory minister of the department of education.

On his arrival here he was met by a party of distinguished Japanese, among whom were Consul Shimizu, Vancouver; Consul Hayashi, of Seattle, and Messrs. Yeameko and Sakio.

When asked what he thought of Russian aggression in the Far East, the marquis stated, at the outset of this morning, that he did not consider any steps in this direction now being taken by the czar were hostile to Japan. His country was not opposed to any present movement of Russia; in fact, he stated that the relationships between the two countries were now of the friendliest.

Just before leaving Japan the marquis said in a speech:

"Affairs of the Far East have become the subjects of the closest attention on the part of the European and American powers during the last few years, and there are indications that



REAR-ADMIRAL WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY.

SPLENDID VAUDEVILLE

Manager Jackson of New Shows Enthusiastic.

"Some people may like a house," said Manager Jackson, looking on at an act in the comedy drama now being produced at the theater, "but for me give me the glare of the electric lights. I could get hold of any money in the dark. The show, to my nation, continued, 'commences with the act in the vaudeville. I have seen people in that end of the show who were ever gathered together at one theater in Dawson, and the people leave here not knowing the character of entertainment we are offering."

"This week we have Heim, the operatic vocalist as well as Marios, Noel, the female impersonator, Cordero in costume dances, Droll in equilibrium feats, Ray, the greatest magician on the coast can stage today. If that show does not beat anything ever presented to a Dawson audience, I have to think again."

An Aching Void.

There was a silence about the court this morning that was like in its oppressiveness. Nothing was doing, not even a wage was being heard; the ubiquitous truck driver so much in evidence in his coming more conspicuously by his sense, and as Clerk Blackburn said in his chair the police court dismissed upon the contrast between good old days when the morning session was always good for a show of "hot stuff" and the present which rarely yields over a "hot fall."

HEAR RAY SOUTHWEST MINSTREL KING. AT THE SAVOY THIS WEEK.

LIBERALS' LOVE FEAST

Meeting Held Last Night in Pioneer Hall.

The Liberal Association held a love feast in Pioneer hall last night attended by a large number of the faithful. There were no political discussions made and not much of any consequence transpired. There is smother at a date in the near future which shall have for its effect not only the entertainment of the friends of the club members, but also the cementing more firmly of the political bonds of the Liberals, some of whom have long been considered as having "kicked over the traces."

HOW IT HAPPENS THAT THE MAIL DOES NOT ARRIVE.



Call and Get Prices

Just Received Large Consignment of Special Centrifugal Pumps Made by Byron Jackson for direct connection to motors, thereby doing away with all belts and pulleys; also large stock of BLACKSMITH SUPPLIES, including horse shoes, nails, iron and genuine Pennsylvania blacksmith coal; also large stock of pipe and pipe fittings.

McDonald Iron Works Co. Opp. New Courthouse Phone No. 7