Daily Globe.

BY H. P. HALL.

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Minneapolis Office, 213 Hennepin avenue, up stairs.

ST. PAUL, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1878.

CONGRESS proposes to stop the coinage of twenty-cent pieces. That is right, they are a fraud.

THE aged Lord only wanted his declining years soothed by the charming widow Hicks. *Hic-cough, sic,* O Lord.

CONSIDERING the great success of August Belmont as Chairman of the National Democratic Committee a few years ago, it is about time August should subside.

THE Philadelphia *Times'* story of one Schrack dying of consumption and coming to life perfectly restored, is a tough one. Schrack must have been—well, slack say.

THE demurrers to the indictments of the grand jury having been sustained by the three District Judges, the question arises, did Democratic frauds elect a Republican Sheriff, Clerk, County Attorney, Senator and three members of the Legislature last fall? Pshaw!

REV. MR. TEN BROECK, of St. Paul, figures out of his doctrine or theology, two heavens and two hells, namely, "Paradise" and "Heaven" proper, and the "Bottomless Pit," and "Hell" proper. Give us a rest—one of each kind is quite sufficient—"particularly" hell.

THE morning goldite representative observes, "that the first effect of the silver bill is the arrival from Europe of a ship load of U. S. bonds." Why not tell the whole truth? The same ship, the Abysinia, brought over about $3,000,000 in bonds and $10,000,000 in gold. What have you to say to that?

THE Rev. John Stafford, pastor of the Jackson Street M. E. Church, administered a most fitting rebuke, in his sermon yesterday, to the indecency of our pompous morning cotemporary. A viler sheet than it has produced upon at least three occasions during the past ten days, cannot be found even among the bawdy literature of the day. If the game was worth the candle, Anthony Comstock, the efficient manager of the "Society for the Suppression of Vice," should be invited to prosecute the obscene journal. Mr. Stafford's rebuke, which is reported elsewhere, was timely and deserved.

AUGUST BELMONT having used the Democratic party for years to advance the interests of the Rothschilds (whose American agent he is,) now seeks to assail and destroy the party, which has become too strong to be his tool. He stood for years at the head of the Democratic National Committee, and constantly sought to so shape the action of the Democracy as to secure the success of the Republicans. The Republican party was committed to the building up of a money oligarchy, and hence Belmont, though standing as the foremost representative of the Democratic party, desired the success of the party which he was nominally opposing. We are glad to know that his career for evil in the Democratic party is at an end.

JUDGE EMMETT's letter in Saturday's GLOBE undoubtedly touches the main point as to the present law of mortgage foreclosure, that it is the *enormous expense* and robbery of the debtor. Do away with all the exactions of fees, costs, attorney's bills, interest penalties, and so on, and the object would be accomplished. The objection does not seem to be to the proceedings in court or principle, but to the expense and downright robbery of the present law. The people are generally, and we believe for this reason, in favor of the restoration of the former method of advertisement. If Mr. Emmett has any better and less expensive plan we hope he will embody it in a bill, and have it submitted to the legislature for consideration.

SINCE the days of Saul of Tarsus no more remarkable change of heart has been experienced than that displayed by the Chicago papers relative to the Northern Pacific Railroad. When the project was inaugurated the most bitter opposition developed came from the Chicago papers. They opposed the original land grant in the most violent manner, and for years never mentioned the enterprise save to disparage it. When the Cincinnati *Commercial*, in the interest of the Southern Pacific, sent Dr. Redfield to Minnesota to write down the Northern Pacific, the Chicago papers gloatingly copied his letters, and added their endorsements. During the past year a change seems to have come over the spirit of the dreams of these journals, and they now rank among the prominent advocates of an extension of the Northern Pacific land grant. Perhaps they have begun to realize that the commercial relations of St. Paul and Chicago are some what intimate, and that since the terminus of the Northern Pacific has been fixed at this city it would be just as well to come in as an "original friend" of the enterprise.

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION--THE EXPENSE.

Hon. E. M. Wilson, in his letter to the GLOBE, objects to the expense, and wants to know the necessity of a constitutional convention. Mr. Wilson himself answers his own question. He says "seven amendments were submitted last year, and well decided." Now with all due deference, we submit, that an instrument or organic law that requires seven distinct amendments, in one year, is somewhat defective and needs revision. Mr. Wilson says also, "that the only argument he has heard advanced is, that it has been a long time since we had a convention, and that this must proceed on the theory that a constitution is a piece of machinery that wears out with use, and needs to be tinkered every year," and so on. The experience in Minnesota would justify the "theory," because, with scarcely a single exception, the tinkering business has been attempted every year, and only last year seven separate and distinct tinkerings were accomplished. It has been tinkered and patched and "darned," as we have said before, until you cannot tell the original garment from the patches. New cloth has been plastered on threadbare clothing, and the rent has been made larger.

Mr. Wilson's chief objection seems to be the expense. We candidly admit its force. But it must be remembered that two or three years would elapse before the work of the Convention would be accomplished, including the subsequent revision of the statutes. The expense becomes an inconsiderable item, compared with a persistence in tinkering, in trying to sew up the seams and patch the holes, and piling up general and special laws *ad infinitum* conforming to a muddled, mixed, unintelligible, and twenty years tinkered constitution. We can't argue about the expense in the presence of public necessity.

There is a necessity for change and revision in every department. The executive department needs re-organization—so that important positions, in that department, cannot be vacated without cause, and filled on the ground of nationality for political reasons. The judiciary department needs revision re-districting the State, fixing the number of judges, and taking it out of the power of the Legislature to create courts and of the executive to appoint temporary judges. The number of supreme judges should be increased and other changes made, the jurisdiction of probate courts enlarged, so as to relieve district courts and probate courts made *courts*, or abolished altogether.

The care and protection of public funds, the law of taxation of township organization, of corporations, and of restrictions on the amount of public debt, limitations on appropriations in any one given class of legislation, these and many other subjects require revision. The constitution as it stands consists of amendments. We have had a compilation of the laws (1855), the revision of 1866, now let us have a convention, and subsequent revision of the statutes, and we may go on for thirty years longer without any tinkering.

THE SALARY OF DISTRICT JUDGE.

Almost at every session of the Legislature additional work has been imposed on the District Judges. This is especially true in Ramsey county, and we believe in every Judicial District. Here they have to superintend, in connection, we believe, with the County Assessor (!) the drawing of jurors! Already, at this session, several bills have been introduced calling into requisition the hard worked District Judges. One of these bills, namely for the appointment of a "Probate Commissioner," we have taken occasion to show unconstitutional, and the proposed plan to have the Supreme and District Judges revise the constitution is simply ridiculous nonsense. In neither case would the District Judges act—because they know better the law.

The point is this: The District Judges have more work to do, and receive less pay, in proportion to the qualifications and learning required, than any officers in the State. No lawyer in full practice can afford to be a Judge. Perhaps this is best, for the ablest judges of law are not always in full practice, and the methods of thought and study of the advocate sometimes incapacitate for judicial qualities. Be this as it may, no lawyer with practice can afford to be a judge on a salary of $2,500 a year and come out of office, at the end of seven years, with all former practice lost, and a pauper. It will take every dollar of the $2,500 to support the judge's family, and for many of them the amount is insufficient—bringing them into debt. United States judges hold their offices for life and are retired on a pension. So it is in England. The judges should be paid a salary sufficient to keep them out of debt, and to make them independent, and to enable them to lay up something for their wives and children. Look at the salaries paid to English judges, and to judges all over the world, except alone in the United States, where alone too the theory is that the judiciary should be independent of all other departments of government.

A year or two ago the salary of the Supreme court judges was increased and very justly. Every reason for that increase exists with ten-fold intensity in the case of the district judges who have twice the work to do and are crowded from day to day during the whole year with general and special terms, with motions and with extra work. Under these circumstances and for these incontrovertible reasons, the Legislature would not only be doing a wise, but a just act, in increasing the salary of the District Judges, to at least $3,500 a year. The measure would be approved by the legal profession, and what is more important, by the people of the State, for the people pay, and the people are the electors of Judges, and interested in their welfare, and in lawyers only as a part of the people.

CLASSIC GREECE.

Greece is dissatisfied. Neutral, strictly neutral during the war, the prospects of peace have excited the lazy populace of Athens into riots; they prate now of war. It seems they expected plunder and territory in the general spoilation of Turkey. Unless England and Austria interfere, their warlike propensities will not be gratified. They may continue to skulk in peace, lie in the sunshine, and crawl over the ruins of former glory, or murder or plunder defenseless travelers in the mountains.

Who is the modern Greek? Is he Greek, or bandit, or beggar? Greek or Turk, Christian or Moslem, or Mongrel? Where is the race of Thermopylae's sepulchral strait, and of Marathon's field of glory? Are these the kindred of Solon, Aristides, Demosthenes, and Pericles; of whom Plutarch relates that he was never seen on but one street and that was the one leading from his house to the capitol? No; Greece will receive no part of Turkey, but must remain as now, until the spirit of freedom shall lead her scattered children forth and uncreate long accustomed bondage. The memory of her grand, heroic age must be revived to avenge the long series of Turkish wrongs. Riots and revolution can not efface the mournful page of slavery, nor the degeneracy of more recent times. But

"When riseth Lacedaemon's hardihood
When Thebes Epaminondias rears again,
When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
Then mayest Greece be restored; but not till
then."

SPEECH MAKING IN CONGRESS.

The American people are addicted to speech making. It is a national characteristic, especially a feature of partisan politics. Every man and almost every boy, before he is out of his teens, considers himself a natural orator. The opinion is very seldom shared by others, but when it once possesses one, it is apt to stick during life. This would be rather harmless, if the matter rested here. It does not rest here. The business, on a broader arena, becomes expensive and a national bore.

Unfortunately the American people are not a speech-reading people. Speech-making grew out of the custom of stump campaigning, before the day of newspapers. Now every public question is thoroughly discussed, with all the arguments on either side, in the newspapers. The people *read* newspapers. Before the oratorical display commences in Congress, they are about as well informed—perhaps more so—than the average Congressman himself. The average Congressman would not, as a general rule, be mistaken either for Solon or Cicero.

The people, having already been informed on all subjects through the omnipotent resources of the public press, the speech-making in Congress is a bore and heavy tax.

Very few people read Congressional speeches. Very few speeches are worth reading. But fewer people hear them delivered. They are usually spoken to empty seats. What cares the average Congressman for that? An orator pounding away in the House of Representatives, with only one member in his seat after an hour or two of bloviation, was thus interrupted by the Speaker: "The Chair would suggest to the gentleman the propriety of suspending his remarks at this point, as there seems to be no quorum present." He replied: "Mr. Speaker, it matters not, sir; it matters not, sir. I speak to future generations." The solitary member. John Randolph, piped out in his sharp tenor voice: "Let him proceed, Mr. Speaker, they will soon be here."

As an amusement, no one objects to this constant Congressional oratory. But it is altogether a pleasure too expensive. It delays legislation and keeps the country in a constant state of excitement, the finances uncertain, business depressed and disorganized, confidence withheld, and chaos generally. For example, a Board of town supervisors would now decide the silver question in fifteen minutes. Let us have a rest from Congressional speech-making. Let legislation proceed, and the people know if they are to be saved or ruined.

EVERY day that the fifteen year text-book job is considered, the opposition to it increases. In fact, the extent of the monopoly and the danger of the law, and the host of valid objections are just beginning to be understood by the public. It is very evident that the people do not want this law forced upon them, and nothing less than making it optional with each district to accept or reject the law will give satisfaction.

MRS. MARCY, the wife of Gen. R. B. Marcy, who formerly resided at St. Paul, and will be remembered by many, died in Baltimore on January 29. Mrs. Marcy was the mother of Mrs. Gen. McClellan.

Gov. Pillsbury and the Old R. R. Bonds.

Editor of the DAILY GLOBE:

As your paper is to be "conducted to advance the interests of the whole people," allow me a few words on that part of the Governor's message that pertains to the old railroad bonds. I did not suppose that the Governor had the cheek to allude to the matter at all, after the overwhelming defeat of the proposition last June, but it appears that he has, and does not compliment the people very highly for discernment either. He does not tell them that two or more heads are wiser than one, but after all the teaching through the agency of the public press and public orators, they totally "misapprehend" the entire "plan." He is more polite than the *Pioneer-Press*, who claimed that the incurable ignorance of the farmers defeated the measure; that though they might be "plowed and cross-plowed, harrowed and cross-harrowed," it was impossible, for him at least, to educate them. Now, Mr. Editor, I think the Governor misapprehends the people and not the people the Governor. The "plan" was well apprehended. Too well apprehended for its success. I admit it was complicated, muddled, sugar-coated, and well calculated to mislead, and that the people were coaxed, wheedled and threatened, but the whole thing was seen through by the people, and rejected. The people soared triumphant above the teachings of a subsidized press and hired orators, and should have been thanked and praised by the Executive. Your Minneapolis correspondent thinks he insulted them; but I do not think so; for as the people stultified themselves by re-electing him, he felt constrained to make some sort of an apology for their inconsistent course, so he tells them that they "misapprehended the plan." I think the Governor "misapprehended the people." They, good saints, supposed the Governor overwhelmed with shame and repentance, and in the magnanimity of their hearts, took that way to manifest their appreciation of his contrition. The Governor cannot think the people are like dogs—the more they are kicked the better they like their masters.

He thinks "repudiation" a worse calamity to our State than the grasshopper, hailstorms, or pestilence. But, as a farmer, I should much prefer repudiation. I do not wonder at the Governor's partiality to the 'hopper, as it contributed largely to his re-election. I hope the people will be wise and consistent enough hereafter to let office-holders and office-seekers know precisely what they mean when they vote.

EBENEZER AYERS.

COTTAGE GROVE, Jan. 28, 1878.

Couldn't be Done in France.

[St. Cloud Journal-Press.]

The people of the United States have lived for nearly fifteen years under the most absolute despotism the world ever saw.—*St. Paul Globe.*

The GLOBE has scarcely a reader so ignorant but knows that this is nonsense, and knows that in the Republic of France, for instance, Hall would be permitted to publish THE GLOBE for just about one day. It cannot be much of a despotism where any man has full liberty to abuse the government to his heart's content.

THE TEXT BOOK JOB

OPPOSITION BECOMING GENERAL.

What a Prominent Educator Says--The Books Very Poor and Imperfect--An Unanswerable Summing Up--The Law an Outrage--A Fifteen Year Monopoly.

What One of the Best Educators Says.

[Winnebago City Press.]

The school book law has been cussed and discussed so much that we, like most others, have become tired of it. but here is an item which we find in the Preston *Republican*, from the pen of the Rev. D. L. Kiehle, one of the best educators in the State, and a man whom we personally know to be incapable of saying that which he did not honestly believe to be true, which we feel like laying before our readers. He says;

"Permit me to say that I have watched the development of the text book scheme with anxiety as a matter of vital importance to the schools. As to the plan of purchase, I have nothing to say. Those who represent the buyers and the tax payers will have that to consider. But as a teacher, pledged to the improvement of our system, I see nothing but mischief threatening. The selection of books thus far justifies all our fears. I regard your estimate of the books as most just. Some of the series are good enough, but the important books, the arithmetics and the grammars are particularly unacceptable. If we are forced to make them the basis of our instruction, then all that has been gained in the discussion and experience of teachers for the last ten years, is lost to Minnesota."

Well Summed Up.

[Le Sueur Sentinel.]

The inutility of the school text-book law, which is now under discussion in the Legislature, some of the defects of which it is now proposed to remedy by amendment, are well summed up in the following from the St. Paul DAILY GLOBE:

First—To compel district clerks to make estimates.

Second—To compel County Superintendents to make requisitions upon the State Superintendent.

Third—To compel the State Superintendent to make requisitions upon rhe contractor for books, and transmit the same to County Auditors.

Fourth—To compel County Auditors to transmit the books to the several school districts of his county.

Fifth—To compel the State Treasurer to pay for the books as soon as delivered by the contractor.

Sixth—To compel County Treasurers to pay the State Treasurer "out of any moneys belonging or payable to school districts arising from taxation then in his hands or which thereafter may come to his hands."

Seventh—To compel district clerks to receive and sell the books, and turn over the money under penalty of fine and imprisonment.

Eighth—Last and more than all, to compel the people to use the books for fifteen years.

The School Book Outrage.

[Faribault Democrat.]

A bill has been introduced by Senator Hall to make the school book outrage operative, and elsewhere in this issue, the bill will be found in full, with pertinent editorial remarks from the editor of the DAILY GLOBE.

It is quite as well that our legislators examine into this matter pretty thoroughly before they get the State into the proposed fifteen years' scrape, under the demagogical cry of cheap text books. Text books bought under the form proposed, will prove to be like old Mrs. Toodles' investments in door and coffin plates.

Why Don't They Answer.

[Wells Advocate.]

The daily St. Paul GLOBE of the 26th, contains a lengthy article upon the detriment the Merrill law will produce if allowed to go in force. If the great and majestic supporters of that unwise law can honestly answer the objections, we would like to hear from them.

A Fifteen Year Monopoly.

[Hastings Gazette.]

The school book bill adopted at the last session of the State Legislature has proved so defective that its best friends are sorely puzzled as to the necessary legislation requisite to perpetuate a monopoly for the next fifteen years. Why not let each district buy its own books at wholesale in the general market, and not attempt to enrich an individual for merely acting as a go-between for the State and Eastern publishers?

The Opposition.

[St. Cloud Journal-Press.]

The Minneapolis *Tribune* of Tuesday contains a lengthy and able article in opposition to the text book law. It will now be in order for the St. Paul *Dispatch* to rise right up on its hind legs and charge that "virtually all the clamor against the Merrill text book bill comes from the newspapers at Winona, Mankato and St. Cloud—the seats of the Normal schools."

Unwise Legislation Forced Upon Us.

[Pioneer Press, March 1, 1876—Before it had been "seen."]

"If, then, the bill is bound to pass in spite of all prudent, all constitutional authority, all governmental propriety, and all regard for the character and excellence of the books that are to be used in the schools for fifteen years, we hope that on all accounts the section giving per diem to the commissioners who are to supervise all the extensive and complex machinery for inaugurating the scheme, will be restored. But the number of such commissioners should be reduced to three, or, at the outside, to five; and these should be appointed, as is customary in such cases, by the governor. If we must have this unwise legislation forced upon us in behalf of a few speculators in book-writing or book-printing, let us by all means see that it is guarded by all proper limitations, and as nearly as possible entrusted to men who will do the best they can in a work which will necessarily be done very poorly."

Denies the Accusation That it Has Been Subsidized.

[Minneapolis Tribune.]

The *Pioneer Press* is doubtless quite honest and quite public spirited in its championship of the school text book bill, but it strikes us that it is a trifle weak when it avails itself of the common and cheap resort of the persons who are made unhappy by the views of a newspaper, and allege as this last and clinching argument that "of course it has been bought up." It may be the school-book publishers, or the "ring," or whatever you call them or that they deserve to be called, are "subsidizing cheap newspapers" to aid them to defeat the Merrill bill, but we trust the *Pioneer Press* does not mean to intimate that the papers which condemn the whole text-book bill as contrary to sound policy and true economy, and as a surrender of republican simplicity to paternal or "papa" government, are necessarily among the subsidized. The *Pioneer Press* will allow us to recall to its decaying memory the fact that when the text-book bill first came before the Legislature in 1876 it unlimbered its whole batteries and fairly riddled the measure out of existence. It was doubtless to these powerful assaults of the great St. Paul columbiad that the defeat of the bill was then due. The next winter the bill came up again, however, and meanwhile the *Pioneer Press*, as many another independent journal has done before it—experienced a change of heart, and either maintained a judicious silence or helped the scheme along by such mild arguments as, in its changing and transition state, it could muster up courage to afford. Now we know the *Pioneer Press* was honest in its original opposition, and we are equally sure that it is honest in its present approbation. Why, then, need it hint at subsidization in the case of journals which have made no change in their opinions, but hold on as they begun when the *Pioneer Press* was ranging in their company, the loudest and fiercest hound in the pack?

COMMISSIONER OF STATISTICS.

Irgens' Unfortunate Appointment--Give Us an Independent Bureau.

[Red Wing Republican.]

The Assistant Secretary is ex-officio Commissioner of Statistics, and, excepting that he must represent the Secretary when he happens to be temporarily absent, his duties are almost wholly connected with the bureau of statistics. As these are the chief duties of the office, the officer should be selected for his qualifications to discharge them. He should have the highest appreciation of the value of statistics. He should comprehend on what matter detailed statistical information is desirable. He should have ingenuity to devise means to obtain voluntary returns of such matters where the law fails to require them, and tact to get prompt and accurate returns from the officer required by law to make them. Finally, he should have that conscientious and, if you please, prosaic accuracy that will content itself with the fact as shown by the returns, without additions or modifications.

But Mr. Irgens has thought best to try an experiment. Having the opportunity to appoint either Mr. Solberg, the most experienced, and, on the whole, the best commissioner, or Mr. Metcalf who perhaps would make a better, he has appointed a new and inexperienced man.

Mr. Jacobson is represented as a young man of good intelligence and education. He may make a good officer. But if Mr. Irgens had consulted the public service solely, we believe he would not have experimented.

A Change Demanded.

[Hastings Gazette.]

The recent change in the office of assistant secretary of state has attracted public attention to the fact that either the duties and responsibilities of commissioner of statistics should be vested with the secretary himself, or else turned over to a separate department and the appointment made in the usual way by the governor and confirmed by the senate. It is clearly evident that the position is too important to be trusted to the exigences of modern politics, and a change is imperatively demanded.

The State must Suffer.

[St Charles Times.]

Secretary of State Irgens, has appointed J. P. Jacobson, of Swift county, assistant Secretary of State. The person holding this appointment is also by virtue of the statutes Commissioner of Statistics, a very important office. The qualifications of Jacobson for this position are as yet unknown, and the neglect to retain the efficient T. M. Metcalf is owing, no doubt, to the clamor of nationality, for which the State may suffer.

AN ARTIST IN WALKING.

The Peculiarities of Bertha Von Hillern.

[Washington Cor. Cincinnati Commercial.]

We saw this little woman finish her walk of eighty-nine miles in twenty-six hours, without sleep. She walked the first heat from 8 o'clock at nightfall till about 5 next morning, without stopping. Then with a few minutes' rest, twice, she continued the walk and finished the walk nine minutes before the specified time, 10 o'clock. She is making money, too. There is no doubt of that. She will not walk for a wagger or in competition. She receives challenges to walk matches every week, but will accept none. She seems to arouse in women a sort of infatuation to go on the tramp, wherever she travels. A club of ladies has already been started here in Washington for walking expeditions. Ladies, wherever Bertha goes, begin to straighten themselves up, and to feel the muscles of the calves of their legs.

When not on the track, Bertha Von Hillern lives and eats and dresses like other people, with a few exceptions. She sets her face like iron against alcohoic stimulants, sweet things, and pastry. She will not even let her agent rub whisky inside her shoes to keep her feet from swelling, for fear people will smell the whisky and think she is a tippler. Rare beef, vegetables, oatmeal, and plain, solid food, form the "chief of her diet," like that of the little old man who would never be quiet. After finishing one of her public walks she goes to bed and drops asleep at once. Toward morning, about 3 or 4 o'clock, her maid awakens her, and walks her about her room a little time, to keep her limbs from becoming stiff. After one of her severe walks she suffers somewhat from what are technically called "walking-cramps," which are pains around the knee joints. To alleviate this her legs are rubbed with salt and water.

Physically there is nothing abnormal or startling about her. She weighs one hundred and ten pounds, is rather below medium height, and has the face which, after all, is the best for steady wear in this world—a face which would not be noticed for being either handsome or homely. Her hair is very heavy, and of the fashionable blonde gold color. She would like to wear it cut short, but, out of regard to people's prejudices, wears it long. Furthermore, it may interest some dress reformers to know that she wears an ordinary corset during her walks. Bertha came to this country about two years ago. She was famous among her acquaintances in Germany for her walking feats as a school girl. She is a native of Freiberg, in Baden, and is a zealous and pious Roman Catholic. Along with her piety is mingled a shrewd business streak.

Her money is invested in Boston, and she looks after it shrewdly, too.

"Mine father he wants me to send my money to him in Germany," said she, "but I won't do it. I don't like to do dat."

She carries about her a little instrument called a pedometer, which registers every mile she walks. It is kept going by the motion of her body in walking. When we saw her, she wore a sort of flowered polonaise, reaching down a little below the knee, with a light felt hat, of the "pork pie" shape, upon her head. She is more muscular than pump, and her movements are energetic as well as graceful. As she races around the track she looks like a fish darting through the water. She is straight as an arrow, and her shoulders are very broad and square for a woman's. Her walking is not in the least like that of ordinary persons. It is like that of an Indian on a long journey. She seems to propel herself along with her arms and shoulders almost as much as with her feet. The peculiar swing of her elbows and shoulders reminds one continually of the motion of a bird's wings. Her toes do not turn out, as civilized people's are supposed to. They go straight ahead, and the left foot, perhaps, points slightly inward. She always turns upon her left side as she rounds the curves of her track, and this constant turning to the left has made a slight difference in her sides.

She is very popular with ladies everywhere, but dislikes exceedingly to have them kiss her. We noticed a lady bidding her good-by, and observed that at the hand-shaking moment Bertha slightly drew her head back.

"There," said the agent, smiling, "she's afraid that woman is going to kiss her. She hates awfully to have women kiss her."

I hope nobody will go now and say Bertha von Hillern is crazy.

Only one man in America can make her walking shoes, and he lives in Chicago. Her fast walking gait is so different from her ordinary one that, when she stops to take her brief rests during the walks, the moment she stops an attendant lifts her in his arms and carries her to her room, and she does not take a step till she is carried back. She would lose her gait if she did, and it would require some little time to get it back again. The human mind is a very strange machine. Music and applause helps her along wonderfully in her walks. If a band can catch time of her step, it increases her speed several seconds on the mile. The bottoms of her feet are soft and tender, like other people's, and she is not particularly muscular, except in the calves of her legs. They are as hard as the back of a Cincinnati sugar-cured ham.

The last mile of her walk was as exciting as a horse race. The whole audience was excited, and I'm ashamed to say that I felt interested myself. Men cheered and applauded, and several women cried like babies. It is no use for anybody to say he wouldn't care to see her walk. He would be interested, and he couldn't help himself.

THE FASCINATING DUCHESS.

Mark Twain's Adventure in the Jardin Mabille.

On my arrival at Paris I inquired what was the best place to spend an evening, and was told the most aristocratic place of resort was the Jardin Mabille. I took a cab and proceeded thither. I found myself in a beautiful garden, brilliantly lighted. There was a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, a fine band was playing, and a quadrille forming. While I was gazing about a gentleman asked me if I wished to dance. I said I would like to, but that I was a stranger, and not acquainted with any of the nobility present. He smiled and said the French nobility were exceedingly affable and obliging, and that he would be pleased to introduce me to a lady of high rank and varied accomplishments, who would dance with me if I wished. Then he presented me to the young Duchess d'Asafœtida (that's as near as I could catch the name.)

I had never stood face to face with a Duchess before, and therefore felt diffident and ill at ease. This graceful creature understood my case at once, and within two or three minutes made me feel perfectly at home—more than at home, I may say. I never met a lady so easy to get acquainted with as she was. It must require a high cultivation, only to be attained in the upper ranks of society, to give one such self-possession as hers. This Duchess smiled upon me in the most encouraging way, and tapped me on the shoulder with her fan, then she looked up into my face and charmed away all my embarassment with a burst of cheery laughter that was full of happiness and garlic.

Next she took my arm, beating time to the music with her fan, and still uttering that fragrant laughter. And next she put her arm around my neck. This was somewhat unexpected, I must say. It made me feel blissfully uncomfortable. I enjoyed it, but, at the same time, I was afraid it might attract attention. I intimated as gently as I could that the Duke, her father, might be in the crowd somewhere; but she only laughed more odorously than ever. I feared the paternal Duke might invite me to breakfast on pistols and coffee. I like coffee, but I do not consider that it improves it to mix it with hardware. This I hinted to the Duchess, and she received it with one of those peculiar laughs of hers that was perfectly smothering.

Just then the music struck up furiously, the Duchess exclaimed "Come!" and dashed away with me. The crowd closed up to our set, and walled it on every side. I had never before seen so much curiosity displayed in a mere quadrille by disinterested parties. Dukes and Duchesses began to prance to and fro in the dance with wild energy of purpose and extravagance of gesture.

I began to get interested. I glanced across, my partner was just turning; she miscalculated the length of her limbs, and lifted her dress accordingly; she came prancing over; I sallied forth to meet her, and when we were within a yard of each other, I wish I may never be believed again if she did not kick the hat off my head! I stooped to pick it up and a noble aristocrat fell over me; others followed him—both ladies and gentlemen—and I never saw such a chaos of struggling limbs and frantic drapery since the benches broke down at the circus when I was a boy. It was pure good fortune that nobody was hurt.

When I got out I went to my place at the head of the quadrille and staid there. I had lost confidence; this dance was too high-toned for me. It had peculiarities about it that were new and unexpected. I had seen plenty of quadrilles, but I had never seen one with the variations before. The Duchess resumed her mad career, and the rest of the nobility danced just as she did. Each sex seemed to have but one object in view—to outdo its opposite in violence of action and eccentricity of conduct. These French people are very Frenchy. If I had not known that these people were the flower of the French nobility, I should have thought that they began their education in a gymnasium and graduated in a circus.

The first time the Duchess halted by my side for a moment, I whispered to her to calm her gushing spirits, not to meddle with her dress, and for public opinion sake, not to step so high. I said she could get over just as much ground at a moderate gait; and beside, the noble grand Duke, her father, might happen along at any moment. I might as well have talked to the wind. She only laughed that characteristic laugh of hers, that silvery laugh that I could recognize anywhere, if I were to the leeward, and then, bending a little, she grabbed up the sides of her apparel with both hands, began to jerk it to and fro in a violent manner, threw her magnificent head back, and skipped furiously away on an Irish jig step, all excitement, wild hilarity, distracted costume, frenzied motion! A spectacle to seal the eye-balls and to astonish the soul of a hermit! And when she reached the center she snatched her cumbering dresses free, and launched a kick at the hat of a tall nobleman that fairly loosened the scalp on the top of his head. I fled the scene, exclaiming, "what can she mean by such conduct as those?"

I admire Paris: but, in my opinion, the ways of its nobility are not what they ought to be.

A Scene in San Francisco.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle, Jan. 19.]

Yesterday afternoon about half past 4 o'clock the corner of Sixth and Howard streets was the scene of great excitement. An adventurous Chinaman, in pursuit of his business as laundryman, was gliding noiselessly along Howard street when he had the misfortune to come within range of one Michael McGrorey's vision. Mr. McGrorey was saturated with whisky, and the vision of the harmless Mongolian, with the insignia of his business reposing lightly on his shoulder, in the shape of a capacious basket, produced the same effect as a red blanket fluttered at a wild bull. Mr. McGrorey made a tortuous dash at the object, and the Chinaman intrenched himself behind his basket and appealed to the winds in alien yells for protection. The incident drew about the vicinity a very large crowd, whose members were sadly in accord with Mr. McGrorey and vehemently opposed to the Chinaman. The latter was in a remarkable tight place, and was being gradually closed in by the crowd when an elderly gentleman named Samuel Adams, who was in the front rank, presented the Chinaman with a knife with which to defend himself. The Chinaman seized it with avidity, and the vengeance of the crowd was turned on the respectable white haired man who had determined not to see a human being maltreated without a chance of defending himself. Mr. McGrorey caught Mr. Adams by the collar and pronounced him his prisoner, but at this moment Officer Libbing interfered and took both in charge. The crowd followed the officer as far as Mission street, but in obedience to his stern commands to keep back, fell off one by one, and Mr. McGrorey was locked up on the charge of disturbing the peace.

SENATORIAL TRIALS.

The Perils of Maiden Efforts in the Senate With a Wife in the Gallery.

[Washington Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.]

I crowded into a seat, one of many hundreds attracted by the announcement that a man of the people was to expand his lungs on behalf of his class in the cold, thin atmosphere of our State-created fog-bank. Looking down upon the Senatorial fathers with their bald heads, round stomachs and slender legs, all indicative of wisdom and propriety, the subdued light, the extreme quiet, the very space allowed the Solons, adds to the impression of conservative dignity and Roman grandeur, so to speak, and one realizes how impulse, the motive power of orarory, may be frozen out. A man to break through these and be himself must be a bold man.

With this the condition at all times, how appalling it must be to one who steps forward to make his maiden speech! I have seen many a fine fellow who has roared to you like a lion on the stump quasi-inglorious in the fog-bank. I do not forget a first effort of a popular orator once that was positively painful. I sat in the gallery when the late George Pugh went to the front. George was the finest declaimer upon the stump ever blessed with lungs, language and audacity. He had, in addition, a magnetism that won upon the crowd in advance of his utterance. His progress to the capitol was a continuous triumph of popular oratory, and expectation was wrought up to a climax when he appeared. So assured were his friends of a great success that his beautiful wife made one the audience.

This presence of one's wife to a sensitive man is a dangerous experiment when he is on a trial of this sort. Of all people the wife is the one a man hopes to appear well before. And then comes the depressing fact that the dear, confiding heart that so feels for you, loves and looks up to—and probably is the only one in the wide world who truly believes in you—suffers more anxiety in the trial and more grief over your defeat than you do. Mrs. George Pugh will long be remembered in Cincinnati and Washington as one of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies the West ever produced. She was no less ambitious and sensitive. So that I could not look in her fair face while the effort continued.

That effort was a disastrous failure, from which the young Senator never recovered. When he arose, presenting his young face and slight figure to the Senate, it was evident at once that he was cowed and embarrassed. Instead of the confident, easy manner, the bright, intellectual look that had so often greeted and controlled great crowds, there was hesitation and fear in every lineament and move. Anticipating this, he had written his speech. Now, George never did write anything that was worth reading. Take from him the graces of oratory, and all that was left was not worth preserving. He read badly, in a low, hesitating tone, and the crowded galleries soon thinned, and the Senators who had gathered about him in great expectations returned to their seats.

"Let me carry on the trunks in your play," said a youth studying for the stage.

"What the devil do you want to do that for?" asked the astounded manager.

"That I may get accustomed to the footlights," was the response.

Now, one can never get used to the footlights of the Senate. Senator Jones' first effort was a success, because he had something to say and was so eager to say it that he forgot his surroundings. John Logan soared on with ungrammatical fluency and ease because the gallant, handsome soldier's cuticle is so thick that it makes up his entire body. But all others have failed. And the fact is, the rule is general that a man who has stuff in him is almost sure to fail in his first efforts. Fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and in a majority of instances rush in successfully, in their first dash. But after it is found that every absence of sensitiveness is an indication of a lack of power.

However, let us drop these speculations and return to our Indian mutton—meaning thereby no disrespect for the Tall Sycamore of the Wabash. I saw him rise from his seat, cool and collected as if about to address a jury of Indiana pith—

"Three of them Johnsons and the balance Smith."

There was no question that Dan was going to give those old solons of the fog-bank a piece of his mind—which, as Dickens says somewhere, is generally the most disagreeable piece a man has about him—and it was very evident that he didn't care a Northern Pacific bond for all the solemn old sleds about him, or their Chamber. Tall and well formed, and imposing in his appearance, as you well know, he has a confidence in himself that is perfectly amazing. I took intense delight in the display. It was so dramatic.

To tell you the truth, I never could read one of Dan's oratorical efforts, for one has to worry through such a sea of words in search of one idea, and then when found it is not whole. Dan is not, never was, and the probability, therefore, is that he never will be, a student. He belongs to that class of disagreeable people who know all about everything without studying anything. He has the fatal gift of facility of utterance that is aggravated by the charm of personal magnetism. He has, in consequence, a hogshead of sound to a teacup of sense.

On this occasion, however, I listened to him with great delight. A new, fresh and powerful voice was ringing in that chamber. It was the voice of oppressed labor, and fatherless owls and antiquated crows, known as Senators, blinking in amazement as this voice rolled in on them. Conkling sat with his elbows on his desk, and actually listened—a compliment he seldom pays anyone. This legislative creation of corporations had, of course, a sneer on his countenance. Conkling and Voorhees have one thing in common: their ideas are barnacled over with words, and the New York Senator, making a note from time to time, was evidently preparing a little discourse of a few hours in length in which a whirlwind of words would sweep down the Tall Sycamore. Edmunds, leaning back, resembled "Mephistopheles" in Faust when he tries to shake to the widow. Blaine, stout and hearty, once more seemed to be exceedingly amused. Thurman fingered his snuff-box and gazed thoughtfully upon the floor as if speculating as to how far this audacious tribune of the people would talk himself toward the Presidency, while the Southern Senators, who have no sympathy with labor or laborers, and yet have a tenderness for this style of oratory, looked on admiringly.

There was nothing new in what this Danton of to day had to utter—nor was it offered in a new form—but it was novel to listen to such bold utterances in this place. One could almost imagine that outside, within hearing, were the surging masses of oppressed people, opposing violence against fraud, and ready to strike down and oppose what they could not control.

The insolent stupidity of the money-changers in the Eastern and Middle States is cultivating a sectional difference that will astonish these gentlemen ere long. Ewing told the truth when he said at Columbus that the Democracy of the South and West would cut loose from their helpless allies in the East, and take possession of the Government on their own account. In other words, they, to use a homely bar-room phrase, want no more Tilden in their'n."

Mr. E. Curtis, a well known grocer of this city, died very suddenly this morning. He had been feeling slightly indisposed for a few days, but nothing serious was apprehended. He was attending to his duties almost to the moment of his death, and had been engaged in loading a load of wood only fifteen minutes previous to his death. The cause is pronounced by the Doctors to be heart disease. His relatives, who reside in the State of Connecticut were immediately telegraphed.—*St. Cloud Times.*