Daily Globe.

BY H. P. HALL.

NO. 17 WABASHAW STREET, ST. PAUL.

Official Paper of the City of St. Paul

Terms of Subscription for the Daily Globe.

By carrier (7 papers per week) 70 cents per month.
By mail (without Sunday edition) 6 papers per week, 60 cents per month.
By mail (with Sunday edition) 7 papers per week, 70 cents per month.

THE SUNDAY GLOBE.

By mail the SUNDAY GLOBE will be one dollar per year.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE.

The WEEKLY GLOBE is a mammoth sheet, exactly double the size of the Daily. It is just the paper for the fireside, containing in addition to all the current news, choice miscellany, agricultural matter, market reports, &c. It is furnished to single subscribers at $1.00 per year.

Postage prepaid by the publisher on all editions. All mail subscriptions payable invariably in advance.

Daily Globe Advertising Rates.

Fourth Page 5 cents per line every insertion.
Third Page 5 cents per line for the first week. All subsequent insertions 3 cents per line.
Display Advertising (on Fourth Page only) double above rates. All Advertising is computed as Nonpareil, 10 lines to an inch.
Reading Matter Notices, First, Second and Fourth Pages, 25 cents per line.
"Special Locals," Second Page, 15 cents per line.
Reading Matter Notices, Third Page, 20 cents per line.
The GLOBE offers no yearly space, but proposes to charge by the line for the space occupied, and the charge for the last day will be the same as for the first, no matter how many insertions are made. Rates are fixed exceedingly low, and no charge is made for changes, as it is preferable to have new matter every day if possible.

ST. PAUL, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1878.

TAMMANY HALL got a black eye on Tuesday. This seems to be a bad year for rings of every sort, for the people are bent on bursting them.

THE Republicans didn't seem to have much of a show in the South on Tuesday. They will not have a solitary representative in the next Congress.

IOWA will be represented in the next Congress by a full delegation of Democrats for the first time in her history. The Republicans took little part in the election on Tuesday last, as they hold that the election in October was valid. This view has been held to be erroneous by some of the best constitutional lawyers in the country, and was decided by Congress against such a claim in the case of Balford, of Colorado. There is little doubt but those persons elected in October will be excluded unless they happened to be elected also on last Tuesday.

DISPATCHES from Washington say that the conviction is spreading there that whatever may be the design of the imposing Embassy sent by the Chinese Empire to that city, it is believed to be a good deal deeper than for the mere pleasure which Chin Lan Pin and his suite now so elegantly stimulate. It is believed by many that active steps will be taken by those interested to persuade Congress to some act of legislation which will put a stop to the further immigration of Chinese. At the last session of Congress this subject was agitated, but all that was accomplished was the adoption of a resolution instructing the President to notify the Chinese Emperor of a desire for a revision of the Burlingame treaty, so as to bring the subject of Chinese immigration more directly under the control of this government. The Pacific coast people, in securing this initial step, meant it as an entering wedge to control such immigration by prohibiting it. Secretary Evarts, soon after Congress adjourned, communicated this resolution to the Pekin authorities, and it is believed that the embassy was sent here to protect China's interests.

MINNESOTA GRADE OF WHEAT.

Although the election is over, the farmers must see to it that the war upon the swindling brass kettles does not cease. It is not a question they can afford to ignore, for their grievances, of whose genuineness no honest man has any doubt, must continue to be agitated until they are righted. The present system of weighing wheat so as to determine the grade is manifestly wrong, for it is a variable standard. The brass tester can be manipulated and has been so manipulated as to defraud the farmers out of a grade of wheat, and the farmers must devise some way to protect themselves against the impositions that have been practiced upon them. We must carry the fight into the legislature and secure such legislation as will remedy the evils. We must also declare our independence of the Chicago and Milwaukee chambers of commerce, and establish a grade of wheat that shall be known all over the world as a Minnesota grade. Our wheat must find its way to market, and if known as a distinctively Minnesota grade will command better prices on the seaboard and in European markets. Now is a good time to make the fight necessary to win success. The people are alive to its importance, and will act as one man for their own and their neighbors' defense and for the interests of the State in which they have cast their lots. It is just the opportunity for them—is an opportunity that will not again occur for a life time. The farmers and their friends must see to it that this matter is not lost sight of. Keep up the battle till the rings are beaten and the swindling brass kettle driven from the State.

A LIVELY CAMPAIGN.

Another political campaign is over, and the animosities that have had their origin during its progress will soon be among the things of the forgotten past. In this Congressional district the canvass has been more than usually animated, and some sharp blows have been struck. There are a great many sore heads to-day, and it will require many days for the wounds given to heal. In some respects the fight has been a disgraceful one, but the Democratic party comes out unsmirched and clean. They have fought against tremendous odds, have fought valiantly, and if they have not won a victory they have at least come near it. The enemy has been active, vigilant and unscrupulous. There has been no hesitation in employing the most corrupt means to gain votes. With an unstinted supply of money at their disposal, and possessed of the powerful enginery of the most profitable offices in the gift of the people, the Republican party managers have sought by corrupt means to defeat the will of the people. We regret that any sectional feeling has been engendered, but St. Paul cannot be blamed for resenting an indignity that was thrust upon her. That kind of a quarrel was not of our seeking. It was disgraceful to whoever inspired it, and cannot be too severely condemned.

It will require several days yet to determine what man and what party has been successful. But of one thing the Democrats may well boast. They have made a gallant fight, without the backing of money or political influence. They subordinated their personal prejudices to the good of the cause, and can point to their record with a feeling of pride and satisfaction. Another such campaign and the enemy will be completely routed, horse and foot.

A PLAIN STATEMENT.

During the forenoon of Tuesday the GLOBE received a telegram from Minneapolis, duly signed by one of her citizens, which read as follows:

> MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 5th., 10 A. M.
> Bands are parading with banners inscribed, "Minneapolis against St. Paul," "Washburn the friend of Minneapolis." Also this, "Beat St. Paul by voting for Washburn."

Having no reason to suppose that there was anything untrue in the telegram, and it being in keeping with the published utterances of the Minneapolis *Tribune* and the *P. P.*, the GLOBE issued the telegram in circular form and distributed it about the city.

Later in the day we received two telegrams from Minneapolis from different parties, one reading as follows:

> "Wagons containing bands of music and with banners posted on the sides, printed as follows 'Minneapolis forever; vote for Washburn and Minneapolis,' are parading the streets."

The second telegram was similar to the above, and read as follows:

> Band wagon just passing with banner, "Minneapolis forever, vote for Washburn." Charley Johnson, Doc Keith, Mannor Hale, and all leading Republicans insist that it is a Minneapolis fight. Judge Atwater, Col. Bradley, J. K. Sidle, H. G. Sidle, and other leading Democrats sing the same tune.

These telegrams were in response to an inquiry as to what was going on in that line in Minneapolis, and practically confirmed the first dispatch received.

The publication of the first telegram given above seems to have worried the Washburn gang, and from the piddling "little lying *Dispatch*" down to Bill King they set up a howl of rage and pain. Mayor Rand, who does not attend to his official duties sufficiently to know that he was required by law to issue an election proclamation, finds time to proclaim on this question as follows:

> I have seen the placard circulated in St. Paul yesterday. No such banners or inscriptions were paraded on our streets. No handbills nor posters of any description, embodying such sentiments, were circulated during the day. The report was a deliberate lie.
> A. C. RAND, Mayor.

There seems to be something a little peculiar about all of these denials. Bill King, for instance, acknowledges that one objectionable banner was destroyed by Mr. Washburn "with his own hands," while the Minneapolis *Tribune* says:

> The simple truth is, that not a placard—not a poster—not a circular—was issued in Minneapolis yesterday to catch votes by an appeal to local prejudices, local interests, or local pride.

If there were no banners or placards it is not easy to see how Washburn could destroy one "with his own hands." Notwithstanding the zealous denials, there is abundant evidence to show that the appeals to local pride *were* used. It is charitable to suppose that Mayor Rand has rushed into print without knowing any more on the subject than he does about the election law which requires him to issue a proclamation. Because he happens to be Mayor of the city, it does not follow that he knows, personally, every act of his constituents, and it is quite possible that a great many objectionable banners might be devised, and destroyed by Mr. Washburn "with his own hands" or by somebody else's hands, and the mayor know nothing about it. The *Pioneer Press*, in the St. Paul department, noticed the first telegram quoted above, and said editorially.

> It was in vain that leading Republicans denounced it as a roorback and a fraud. Unfortunately there were several reputable witnesses to the authenticity of the statement.

This was written before Bill King was heard from, but when orders came from Bill, later in the evening, requiring the whole thing to be denied, the St. Paul subordinate added:

> Since the above was in type we learn that the whole thing was a rascally fabrication.

How there could be "reputable witness" to the "authenticity of a statement" which was "a rascally fabrication" would puzzle any one other than a straddle-bug newspaper which daily faces in opposite directions in the same issue.

There are, however, reputable witnesses to prove the falsity of the after election denials. A citizen of Minneapolis called at the GLOBE office, in St. Paul, about 3 P. M. on Tuesday, for the express purpose of reporting this appeal to local prejudice, and on being shown the telegram which is now denied, said, "That is it. I did not know you had it." At least two citizens of St. Paul saw the banners in question, and they hurriedly returned home to cast their ballots in such a manner as to resent the insult. The *P. P.* simply stated the truth in declaring that reputable citizens substantiated the report, and the disclaimer which Bill King crammed down its throat does not alter the fact.

No desire for political success or other motive would induce the GLOBE to give currency to such a telegram as that issued on Tuesday, if we did not fully believe it to be true. The telegram came in the usual way, duly signed by a citizen of Minneapolis. The original copy, as well as the copy of those subsequently received, has been preserved, and we hold them as evidence of the good faith in which we were acting. No mere temporary political advantage would warrant any newspaper in giving currency to such a report, knowing it to be false, and while the GLOBE is liable, the same as any journal, to be imposed upon, we are forced to believe that this was not such an instance. If it was an imposition no one would more cordially denounce it than the GLOBE. The explanation of the matter doubtless is that some indiscreet person or persons, imbued by such mad local zeal as animates Dave Blakely, Bill King and their class, procured the banners, and upon shrewder heads ascertaining it they were destroyed, and the others, given in the later telegrams quoted above, substituted.

It will be seen that neither Mayor Rand or the papers deny the second telegrams, which were also circulated at the polls in St. Paul, and which only modify, without changing the sentiment of the one first given. The very issue of the *Tribune* which denies the inflamatory placard, in the next sentence gives the following evidence of the feeling there:

> The magnificent vote of W. D. Washburn in this city yesterday represents the thoughtful, matured purpose of our citizens to stamp into the ground the damnable libels against Minneapolis and her honorable citizens which owed their origin to members of the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce, and formed the dirty ground work of this whole infernal campaign.

The above sentiment is really confirmatory of the alleged placard, as it shows that hostility to St. Paul was the governing motive which actuated the citizens of Minneapolis on Tuesday. Such a sentiment confirms the alleged band wagon banners, in face of the denials and "reputable witnesses" of the *P. P.* and other organs.

THE OLD WORLD.

Miscellaneous, Political and General News from Over the Water.

RUSSIANS CREATING INSURRECTION.

LONDON, Nov. 6.—Two russian officers, Alexandroff and Calaski, are said to be in command of the insurgents in Macedonia. The district of territory affected extends from the foot of the Balkans to near Salonica.

STARVING REFUGEES.

Vast numbers of starving Mahommedan refugees from the Rhodope mountains, seeking to return to Roumelia have been stopped at Gunuldjui. It is stated 250 Greek refugees' families who asked aid of the British commissioner, were exiled from the Balkans by the Russians.

BAD FOR THE KING.

A Lisbon dispatch announces that Portugal, France and England will act against the king of Dahomey.

A DUEL.

PARIS, Nov. 6.—The *Evenerrent* says that a duel will probably take place between Paul DeLassognac and Marion, members of the chamber of deputies, in consequence of the dispute in the chambers yesterday.

BOSNIAN OCCUPATION.

VIENNA, Nov. 6.—The lower house of the reichstrath by a vote of 160 to 70, adopted an address in reply to the speech from the throne, after debate, during which Baron Von Pretis Cognodo demonstrated that the occupation of Bosnia, which was authorized by all the powers, including Turkey, was necessary to prevent the development of forces in the Balkan peninsula, which would sooner or later clash with the interests of Austria.

TREATY OF BERLIN.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 6.—The *Golos* declares western Europe must be given to derstand it is impossible in the present situation for Russia to fulfil the treaty of Berlin.

DEAD.

GENEVA, Nov. 6.—Jean Jacques Fazy, Swiss politicial and economist, is dead.

GORTSCHAKOFF.

LONDON, Nov. 6.—A dispatch from Berlin says Russia has repudiated confidentially previous assurances that she is fully resolved to carry out the treaty of Berlin faithfully. It is doubtful if Prince Gortschakoff will return to St. Petersburg before spring, his physician advising him to spend the winter in the south of Europe.

NEW FOUNDLAND FISHERIES.

TORONTO, Nov. 6.—Advices from New Foundland state the colonial goverment has been requested by cable from the foreign office at London to send a statement respecting the Fortune Bay trouble A case has been prepared by the New Foudland government showing American crews are violating both the treaty and colonial fishery laws, and contending that American fishermen when in New Foundland fail to respect the general laws of the colony.

HEAVY SNOW.

LONDON, Nov. 6.—The snow storm at Vienna Sunday last was very heavy, all railway and telegraph lines in that section interrupted; thousands of telegraph poles prostrated, and parks and trees in the city were greatly injured. The snow lies several feet deed. The storm extended throughout Austria.

ANOTHER CONGRESS.

LONDON, Nov. 6.—A dispatch from Vienna says it is romored Schouvaloff, who is going to Pesth, is charged with a mission to propose another congress to amplify the treaty of Berlin.

MARRIED.

BERLIN, Nov. 6.—Countess Marie, daughter of Prince Bismarck, was married to-day to Count Kantzeau. Crown Prince Frederick William and Princess Victoria were present at the ceremony.

ADVANCING.

LONDON, Nov. 6.—The following dispatch from Fahone is received: It is stated the Ameer is advancing from Jullalabad to Lapoora, doubtless intending to strengthen the Kyber Pass.

SCHOUVALOFF.

LONDON, Nov. 6.—The Cologne *Gazette* says according to private telegrams, Count Schouvaloff has already been appointed vice chancellor. Other accounts say he has been made minister of the interior.

EFFECTUALLY BULLDOZED.

LONDON, Nov. 6.—A dispatch from Vienna states Gen. Phillipovich has no fears now concerning the situation in Bosnia, and has asked to be allowed to return to Prague.

COINAGE DECISIONS.

PARIS, Nov. 6.—The convention concluded here between the countries of the Latin union provides that the coinage of gold shall remain free, and the coinage of silver, suspended indefinitely, cannot be resumed without the consent of all the members of the union. The con vention requires ratification.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6.—In the kid glove case the secretary of the treasury has decided upon the report of Assistant Secretary French, that the action of the collector at New York will be affirmed, leaving to importers the remedy they may have in the courts.

In the case of the steamers Denmark and England, seized for silk smuggling at New York, the secretary of the treasury has remitted all fines, penalties and forfeitures on the payment by the owner of $10,000 and costs.

Bids for the sale of silver were opened to-day at the treasury department and over half a million of ounces were purchased at prices slightly below London.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6.—Secretary Schurz today decided that no portion of the money appropriated by Congress for public surveys during the present year can be used for the purpose of tracing former surveys in the field, to aid in the investigation of depredations upon public timber lands, etc. He holds there is no warrant to add to the amount granted by Congress for the prosecution of that investigation, the appropriation for it having been specific and definite.

Ex-Gov. Fletcher, of Missouri, who is in the city, has secured unconditional pardons for Mr. Henreichhoffen, Bernard Eagle, John L. Berhecker, A. M. Everst and Henry Hardaway. These five pardons dispose of the last of the men who were convicted as participators in St. Louis whisky ring frauds. All others convicted for this offense have either been pardoned or terms of imprisonment to which they were sentenced have expired.

Ohio's Delegation to the Chicago Commercial Convention of Nov. 12th.

COLUMBUS, Nov. 6.—Gov. Bishop has appointed the following delegates to represent Ohio at the Chicago convention for the promotion of American commerce: Frank Hurd. Toledo; Henry O. Hogan, Sandusky; W. L. Brown, Youngstown; James E. Neal, Hamilton; George L. Converse, Columbus; Chas. H. Grosvenor, Athens; Frank McKinney and Wm. Dixon, Cincinnati; Wm. Edwards, Cleveland; W. W. Scarboro, Cincinnati; W. D. Bickham, Dayton; D. W. Caldwell. W. L. O'Brien and Sam. Thomas, Columbus; J. K. Newcomer, Marion; J. H. Denercam, Cleveland; G. W. Andrews, Wapakowetta; W. W. Peabody, Cincinnati; Oscar F. Moore, Portsmouth; Jefferson Palm, Warren.

Mrs. Don Cameron and Mrs. Hastings (formerly Miss Platt), will spend the winter in Washington.

TIRED OF IT ALL.

An Old German Lady's Death by Suicide—A Touching Farewell Letter and a Last Will.

[St. Louis Republican.]

For some time Mrs. Ida Mayer, a widow lady, 59 years of age, has been living with the family of John Seckler, at No. 612 South Second street. She came from Germany, leaving all her relatives there, and after the death of her husband, which occurred several years ago, Mrs. Mayer was forced to depend almost entirely upon friends for support, as her husband had left her but very little means. Several days ago the family of Mr. Seckler observed that the old lady was engaged in writing what seemed to be a long letter, prepared with unusual care, but no one questioned her in regard to its contents and she did not say anything which even suggested the character or purpose of the letter. It was finished last Friday evening, and about 8 o'clock Saturday evening she put it into an envelope, with two or three short slips of paper, and placed it on a table in the sitting room. Soon afterward the old lady disappeared, and was seen no more until 8:30 o'clock yesterday morning, when an officer found her body lying in the edge of the river at the foot of Plum street, and conveyed it to the morgue. It was evident that she had not thrown herself into the river, but had simply laid down in the water, which was not more than two feet and a half deep at the place where she was discovered, and thus ended her existence by drowning. Saturday night Mrs. Seckler and family retired at the usual hour, thinking that Mrs. Mayer was somewhere in the house or not far away, and would make her appearance soon. But as the hours passed they began to feel

UNEASY AND SUSPICIOUS

that something had happened to the old lady. Mrs. S. noticed the envelope on the table and opened it, finding a letter addressed to them all and a will, both written in German, and neither bearing any date. The following is a translation of the letter:

"DEAR MRS. SECKLER AND FAMILY: This is the last letter I will ever write you, for I am tired of my life and will end it. I have not the courage to bid you farewell, and earnestly hope that I may be successful in my undertaking. Take charge of all I possess, and divide it between Rosa and Malwine. To Louis I leave my watch as a keepsake. I am old and cannot work much, and what would be my lot but the poor house? I am going to jump into the river, where so many find rest from life's trouble, and may God help me, if there is a God. To-night (Friday) I will commit suicide. My relatives cannot assist me any longer, because they cannot afford it. Nobody will weep for me. You, dear, have taken care of me, and therefore you shall have all I possess. I have rest nowhere in this world. If anybody should ask for me, tell all you know. My mind, I think, is deranged. I dare not take leave of you in person, for my heart is heavy and sorrowful. Farewell, my dear; think of me sometimes. The future is so dark that it is far better I should be dead. I pray you not to search for me; I shall be drowned when you read these lines. When the night comes I shall jump into the river. I cannot write to my friends in Germany any more. Perhaps you think it impossible that I should

COMMIT SUICIDE,

but I have intended it for some time. You asked me often whether I intended to kill myself. Yes, it is so. Who would like to take care of an old woman like me, without means? After my body is found, I do not care where it is buried. My sorrow is too great for me to bear, and I do not wish to live longer. The pictures of my husband and myself you may keep, if you like. If I was not homeless, I would not take my life, but an existence like mine is miserable and without any consolation. I cannot hesitate—it must be done. I can write no more, and must now take leave of you. My hand trembles when I think of my last moments, and how fortunate it will be for my friends when I'm out of the world. I do not know which street I shall take to the river. Lie down and go to sleep, and don't wait for me. Farewell forever."

There was no signature to the letter. It appears that she intended to carry out her design Friday night, but for some reason did not do so. The will found in the envelope is as follows:

"My last will: My watch and umbrella I give to Louis; all my clothing to Mrs. Seckler, Rosa and Malwine. Everything is good and may last them for a long time yet. There are some pictures in my trunk, and I would kindly request you to save them. My spectacles I give to Mr. Seckler. Nobody knows that I have willed you all."

DISGRACEFUL DOINGS.

Two Naughty Women of Scottsville, Ind., Stripped and Whipped by a Masked Mob—Warrants Sworn Out for the Arrest of Eleven of the Alleged Whippers.

[New Albany, (Ind.) Special to Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Letitia Broeck, living at Scottsville, in the extreme western portion of this county, came to the city to-day and made complaint, the complaint to be laid before the grand jury, that on Tuesday last Sam and Jack Ferrell, George and James Holloway, George Broeck, Alex. McFall, Charles Clark, Walter Wesley, Herman and Robert Scott and Henry Todd, did most brutally beat herself and Miss Maggie Wilson.

The facts of the case are that the two women are a bad set, and have scandalized the neighborhood in which they lived for years. Some two years ago Mrs. Broeck's husband committed suicide, and since then rumor has been busy in connecting her name with his death. About the same time Mrs. Wilson's husband died. Soon an illicit intimacy sprung up between Mrs. Wilson and one William Broeck, who was a married man, but no relative of the other woman in the case. They soon eloped, and intense indignation prevailed, threats being freely made that there would be a first-class lynching if either ever returned. A few weeks ago Mrs. Wilson returned, followed by her paramour. They took up their residence with the widow Broeck, and, although warned to leave the neighborhood, they refused to go. Meanwhile one Bud Davis, who had been about the place at the time of Broeck's death, had returned to the scene, after having served a term in the penitentiary for robbery. He renewed his visits to the house. Then there were more robberies and more indignation.

On the Tuesday night referred to the house was visited by about fifty masked men who demanded admission. This was refused and the door was battered down. The women were taken and bound to a post, after which their backs were laid bare from the armpits down, and they were most cruelly scourged with hickory withes. The cruel whips were laid on until the blood ran down their backs in streams. The women both fainted, and were then released. The men left after warning all the victims of the outrage to leave. Mrs. Wilson and paramour have left the country, but Mrs. Broeck, who is a woman chock full of pluck, says she will stay and fight it out, and intends to have revenge.

New Railroad Organization.

SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 6.—A dispatch says articles of incorporation were filed to-day by the Danville & Pekin Railroad company, capital, $2,700,000, with the secretary of State. The company is formed for the purpose of operating the J., B. & W. R. R., which was recently sold under a decree of the United States court.

Olive Logan says she knows that man existed over 600,000 years ago. That can hardly be, as Olive was only a year old then.

A CORNER IN GODS.

Bob Ingersoll Buying up all the Deities in the Market—What Will He Do With Them?

[New York Sun, Nov. 2.]

For more than a week past the proprietors of the Old Curiosity shop, in Broadway, near Bleecker street, have been selling out by auction their heterogeneous stock of rubbish and rarities from all parts of the globe.

One of the most constant attendants at the sale is a portly, well-favored old gentleman, dressed in black, who comes early, chooses a seat near the auctioneer, and remains to the end of the day's proceedings, watching everything with a nervous and slightly quizzical expression.

The old gentleman is evidently not a habitual frequenter of auction rooms. For the first two or three days his manners, though hearty, were a little shy and self-conscious, and he shrank from the general attention which he drew upon himself by the singularity of his actions. After he had become better acquainted with the surroundings, he gained courage; spoke up louder when he made a bid, and on one or two occasions even ventured to bandy jokes with the nimble tongued-actioneer.

The gentleman in black is Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, of Peoria, Ill. His presence in this city is due to lecture engagements in this neighborhood, and has no connection with the sessions of the millenial conference.

Col. Bob Ingersoll attends the auction at the Old Curiosity shop with a well-defined purpose. He is not engaged in stocking a private museum, nor is he particularly interested in bric-a-brac or pottery. So long as the auctioneer vends Nankin china, or Aztec jugs, or Tunisian tobacco-pipes, or alleged Satsuma ware, Col. Ingersoll either settles back in his seat with an air of indifference, or patiently scans his catalogue. But as soon as a god is to be put up to be bid for his whole manner changes. He is alert and eager. He leans forward in his chair, his face slightly flushed with excitement, and caps bid with bid in rapid succession. Everything in the shape of a god that is offered for sale Bob Ingersoll bids for, without regard to cost.

As there are several other regular attendants with a taste for deities, Col. Ingersoll's reckless bidding sometimes meets with lively competition. Napoleon Sarony, the photographer, is also buying gods, but he selects them on æsthetic principles and for artistic purposes. He bids for only symmetrical gods. Col. Ingersoll's appetite, on the other hand, is omniverous. The rudest Hindoo idol of baked red clay and the most handsomely carved Japanese deity, splendid in paint and gold leaf, seem to have equal value in his eyes. His theology is purely democratic, comprehensive and impartial. "A god's a god for a' that," he whispered, as a dingy, stupid-faced and thoroughly disreputable Hottentot idol was knocked down to him for 37½ cents.

Under the stimulus of Col. Ingersoll's wholesale purchases, Sarony's competition, and the eagerness of an occasional Wall street man who drops in on his way up town, hoping to buy a good short for the adornment of his mantelpiece, the market price of divinities has been greatly enhanced since the beginning of the sale. Styles that brought only seven shillings or a dollar on the first day now easily run up to $2.50 or $2.75 at five cent jumps. The shrewd auctioneer takes advantage of this unexpected vogue and dwells eloquently upon the good points of the gods he offers, while Col. Ingersoll nods acquiescence in all that is said in their praise, and never relinquishes the battle until the prize is his.

"Here, now," said the auctioneer on Thursday afternoon as his assistant held up to the light a hideous, chocolate-colored Buddha from Thibet, about two feet high and apparently 200 years old. "Now here's something worth having. How much am I offered for the god?"

"Forty cents," ventured a bashful gentleman in the rear of the room.

"Forty cents!" repeated the auctioneer, with withering scorn. "Forty cents for a fine oriental deity like that! That god has been worshiped by hundreds of thousands of ingenious and devout heathen. Forty cents! Why, he's worth more than that to put in your hall-way to frighten off burglars."

"Forty-five," said the abashed gentleman, bidding against himself.

"Well, I'll take it for a starter," said the auctioneer, "though it's a shame to mention 45 cents in connection with such a god. See how he blushes himself! Forty-five, tee-five, tee-five, seven-half, sev-naf, sev-naf——."

"Fifty cents!" said the original bidder.

The auctioneer's face wore an injured and almost disgusted look. "It's very plain," said he, in a confidential but perfectly audible aside to Col. Ingersoll, "that these gentlemen don't understand the value of a really authentic god."

"I'll give 75 cents for the god," said Col. Ingersoll, firmly.

"Col. Ingersoll bids seventy-five," said the auctioneer. Now he knows what a god is. Seventy-five, tee-five, tee-five. "Eighty," by half a dozen gentlemen in the back of the room. "Tee-eight, tee-eight, tee-eight——"

The chocolate-colored Buddha ran up to $1.35, and stopped there.

"Gone!" said the auctioneer, after a brief pause; "gone to Ingersoll for $1.35."

The next exciting episode was over a very large Japanese idol of carved wood, in a sitting posture, with hands raised in the attitude of benediction. The deity wore a handsome red cloak trimmed with gold. He was carefully hoisted up into the glare of the gaslight, and auctioneer and audience gazed upon it in silent admiration for fully a minute.

"Look at him well, ladies and gentlemen," said the auctioneer, lowering his voice to the tone of reverence. "Observe all his points before you begin to bid. Now there's a rare treasure for some household. There's a god that the most fastidious purchaser needn't be ashamed of. In all my experience in this line of business it has never been my privilege to offer a finer article. What d'ye say, gentlemen? Speak up lively. Who's going to secure the god? How much for the god?"

After a resolute and protracted struggle between Col. Ingersoll and the captain of the Hudson river steamboat Drew, the Japanese god in the red cloak trimmed with gold was knocked down to Ingersoll for $4.95.

A small copper idol, from Bombay, green with rust, went to Col. Ingersoll for three shillings. After examining it in every part with a peaceful expression on his face, he wrapped it up carefully in a newspaper and put it into his pocket. The little copper god evidently was a bargain.

A crackleware Chinese god of uncouth shape was sold to Col. Ingersall for $2. It was probably worth thrice that sum at private sale.

A gaudily decorated porcelain idol from Kioto went to Col. Ingersoll at $3.15. He also secured a lot of four smaller divinities of the same manufacture for $3.

Among his other purchases were a primitive Mexican idol from Yucatan, a huge wooden god with six arms, from upper India, several rudely carved deities from the Marquesas and Friendly islands, and a variety of African fetiches.

During three days of the sale, Col. Ingersoll bought between forty and fifty gods. The smaller specimens he carried away from the auction room in his pockets, leaving the bulky and unwieldly divinities to be delivered by express.

Women's Temperance Union.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 6.—The annual meeting of the Women's National Christian Temperance union convened here to-day. One hundred and eighty delegates present from nineteen States, including the New England and Middle States, and most of the Western States.

Evangelist Moody is announced to preach in the Baltimore city jail every Sunday morning during the winter.

MURDEROUSLY DELIRIOUS.

Exciting Scene in the California Constitutional Convention.

[New York Mercury.]

The assembly chamber at Sacramento, Cal., recently was the scene of a murderous attack, which, for the time being, caused great excitment, and has since been the chief topic of conversation. The constitutional convention adjourned before noon, but after lunch a great many delegates returned to the capitol and remained in the chamber throughout the afternoon. Shortly after 2 o'clock an individual named Hale, considerably under the influence of liquor, put in an appearance, and by his actions succeeded in making himself obnoxious. Sergeant-at-arms Sherwood was called in, and took the man by the arm to put him out. At that moment J. Berry, joint delegate from the counties of Siskiyou, Trinity and Modoc, was passing out. The Sergeant-at-arms and his drunken charge followed, the latter expostulating wildly. Suddenly he called out: "Where in h——l are you going?" Berry, thinking doubtless that the question was addressed to him, turned and used an indecent expression. The drunken man made some remark to the effect that he was not addressing Berry, when the latter said, "D——n you, I'll kill both of you," at the same time

DRAWING HIS POCKET-KNIFE AND RUSHING ON THEM.

The sergeant-at-arms, whom Berry evidently did not know, seized his arm and attempted to reason with him and explain that he was removing a drunken man, but Berry was greatly excited and struggled to get free. He applied severe epithets to the drunken man, and shouted: "Let me get at him, why don't you let me go; I'll kill the — of a ——." Suddenly he loosened the sergeant at arms' clutch on him, and darting at the unoffending man, seized him by the whiskers with one hand, and drove a knife twice or three times into the right side of his neck. The sergeant at arms and Delegates Tinnin and Farrell rushed on him and forced him back over the desk, where they attempted to get the knife out of his hand. In the fierce struggle the sergeant at arms relaxed his grasp of Berry's hand, and in a twinkling

HE DROVE THE KNIFE INTO THE BACK OF THE SERGEANT'S HAND,

inflicting painful wounds. Thereupon all parties relinquished their hold upon the infuriated man and retreated to a safe distance. Berry pocketed his knife and walked up and down the center aisle, brandishing his arms and calling upon the chairman to call him to order if he dared, and kindred nonsensical remarks. In a few moments Officers Woods and Coffee arrived, and taking him in charge conveyed him to prison. The wounded man walked off alone to the drug store. The conduct of Berry was extraordinary under the circumstances, but subsequent explanations by Mr. Tinnin, of Trinity, and others acquainted with him, tend to clear up the mystery. It appears that Berry, who resides in Yreka,

WAS FORMERLY A HEAVY DRINKER,

and has suffered the customary results of excessive intemperance. He was formerly in the Stockton asylum, but for some time has been vigorously abstemious, and his constituents, who deem him, very justly, an able man and a talented attorney, became convinced that it was safe to intrust him with election to the convention. He has not participated in the proceedings of the convention to any marked extent, not having introduced a single proposition or amendment to the constitution. It is thought the

INDULGENCE IN LIQUOR

induced a sudden attack of his old ailment, resulting in the unfortunate affair. An effort will be made to have him committed to the insane asylum, and as a necessary consequence his seat will be declared vacated by the convention.

THE KREMELBERG DIVORCE SUIT.

A Sensation in Social Circles—An European Tour Concludes with a Scandalous Separation.

[Baltimore Special to Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Extraordinary interest has been excited in the divorce suit of John D. Kremelberg vs. Gertrude S. Kremelberg, nee Miss Jenkins, and the decree granted to-day by Judge Gilmer, giving to the complainant an actual divorce, a vinculo matrimonie, has produced a decided sensation in society circles.

Mr. Kremelberg is a wealthy merchant, and his wife was one of the most brilliant and beautiful debutants in Baltimore society a few years ago. She is now about 28, and preserves all those charms which, in her youth, brought hosts of admirers to her feet. Her family is of the highest social distinction, wealth and influence in Maryland, and she has moved in the most aristocratic circles, where she was distinguished for her beauty and culture.

In 1872 Mrs. Kremelberg went to Europe with her three children and a maid, Mrs. Jennie Kremelberg and the daughter of her husband by his first wife. At Baden-Baden Mrs. Kremelberg met Baron Albecht Von Bruneck, a man of good position in society. The acquaintance ripened into love, and when the baron left for Switzerland, in his first letter to Mrs. Kremelberg he speaks of the memory of the kiss she gave him in parting, and fills his letter with other endearing expressions. In other letters he invites her to come to Switzerland, which she accepted, and together they visited Luzerne and other places of interest. The baron planned the hotel accommodations, and they were so arranged that he either occupied a communicating room or one near that of his fair enchantress.

Miss Kremelberg wrote to her father of the intimacy, and he went to Baden-Baden at once, when his wife told him that she loved the baron next to her God, and that he had been sent into the world to make it a happy world for her. Her husband forced her trunk, and discovered a bundle of letters from the baron, couched in the most affectionate terms, and of such a character as to prompt him to the belief that she had dishonored him. In one letter to the baron, captured by her husband, she describes this scene, and apologizes for not having destroyed the baron's letters by saying: "I loved them and you too well to part with them." Mr. Kremelberg at once brought his wife to Baltimore, and, wishing to avoid a scandal, took up their residence in separate apartments at the Carrolton hotel.

Her family refused to credit the story of her guilt, and she resumed her place in society. Testimony was introduced to prove the purity of Miss Jenkins during girlhood, and not a single cloud was found on her reputation down to the time of her trip abroad. Six months after her return she consulted counsel, and wrote to her husband demanding a restoration of conjugal rights. This was refused, and a formal separation took place, he agreeing to pay her $2,000 a year. It was also shown that during her year's trip abroad her personal expenses were $20,000.

Several months after her separation Mrs. Kremelberg visited her husband's palatial residence on Mount Vernon Place, and installed herself in his chamber, but her father and other friends finally induced her to withdraw, after being assured that a reconciliation was impossible. After this Mr. Kremelberg's counsel filed a bill for absolute divorce and the custody of the children, which has just been granted. Mrs. Kremelberg has, for some time, been residing at the Convent of Notre Dame. Her counsel at once filed an appeal, under which the case may go to the [illegible]t of appeals of Maryland.

GLOBELETS.

Senator Sharon does not expect to resign his seat.

Gossips say the Duchess of Edinburgh smokes cigarettes.

Mr. Edison has recovered from his illness, and is hard at work again.

Dora Goodale, one of the regular contributors to *Scribner's*, is only 11 years old.

Miss George Hamlin is a member of the editorial staff of the Boston *Transcript*.

A man in Charleston calls himself a saw dentist, having to do with filing the teeth of saws.

It is no wonder that the arm of a young man who goes courting should grow thin, because it goes so much to waist.

Baron Von Wydenbruck, who was Austrian minister at Washington during the reign of the Emperor Maximilian, is dead.

John Jackson eloped from Muncie, Ind., with Mrs. Decker, taking her five children along, but leaving her husband behind.

Dean Stanley during his short visit here traveled more and faster than the most enthusiastic Yankee who tries "to do" Europe in a fortnight.

Monsieur Octave Feuillet, the distinguished French novelist, rents two stories above the one he lives in, so as to secure a quiet place to write in.

"Economy is wealth," muttered the man in the procession, as he blew out his torch and poured the oil into a bottle, to carry home to his wife.

Smith and Jones were examining a gun that was not loaded. Of course it went off. Smith was filled with remorse, and Jones with bird shot No. 2.

Augustin Daly, who made and lost three fortunes in New York, is now deputy manager of the Sadler's Wells theatre in London at a moderate salary.

The veteran Abolitionist, Parker Pillsbury, of New Hampshire, spoke at East Boston last week in favor of the election of Wendell Phillips to Congress.

Mrs. Caroline Richings Bernard and her husband have given up traveling and will open a musical conservatory in Baltimore, their future place of residence.

In Edinburgh, Scotland, no man can kill a cat unless he first notifies the chief of police in writing, and then his reasons must be endorsed, "Good and sufficient."

If Mr. Edison desires to give the people of Pennsylvania something which will be utilized immediately, let him trot out an instrument for scratching election tickets.

Senator Sargent, who returned to Washington from California last week, has for several days been confined to his bed by a malarial fever, but is now rapidly recovering.

The Prince and Princess of Wales entertained Sir Philip Owen and Commissioner McCormic at breakfast on Saturday. The only other guest was the crown prince of Denmark, the princess' brother.

A North Carolina paper says of an official: "His mule threw him, dragged him some distance, and but for a rotten saddle girth would have caused a vacancy in the office he now so acceptably fills."

Mr. David G. Croly has retired from the editorship of the New York *Graphic* to obtain rest and recreation, after a career of twenty-four years, during which he has had no vacation of more than a fortnight.

Shere Ali, the Emir of Cabul, is represented in the pictorials as a good looking man under 40. He is really 65, with a long gray beard, white eyebrows, a large hooked nose, and broad shoulders. His face is of the Jewish type.

Mr. John S. Gourlay, Grand Worthy Chief Templar of the Good Templars of the District of Columbia, and one of the most active temperance workers in Washington, is spending a few days at his former home in Cambridge, Mass.

Mlle. Litta, whose right name is Maire Von Elsner, the new prima donna, is the daughter of a poor musician residing in Bloomington, Ill. She is now singing under a contract to pay off the money advanced to procure her musical education.

John Chamberlain swore in open court in New York a few days ago, that he and his brother paid General Butler, while he was in command at New Orleans, $1,800 per month for the privilege of keeping their faro bank in full blast.

The religious powers of England are discussing the momentous question, "Ought clergymen to wear moustaches?" We think, as cold weather comes on, they should, and on days of extreme severity they might add a pair of trousers and a thick vest.

A showily-dressed lady was telling a friend about her reasons for visiting town, which was Boston, and said: "I do so want to attend one of Messrs. Handel and Haydn's concerts. I am told they are very fine, especially one piece they give, called the Oratorio."

James H. Wheatley, a well-known citizen of Brooklyn, left that city in the latter part of August for Philadelphia, and since that time nothing has been heard about him. His life was insured for $50,000 in the Equitable Life Assurance society on a Tontine policy, which lapsed last Monday.

Miss Ida Hutchings, daughter of Professor Hutchings, the lightning calculator, has become a sort of worldly amanuensis for dead poets. She writes and recites verses by the hour, and attributes the inspiration to Poe, Byron and others, the verses, however, are marvelous only for their mediocrity.

As a good joke on the inland secretary of the navy, the papers are telling that, when he was inspecting a war ship at the Philadelphia navy yard, it was thought proper to show him the depth of the vessel by removing one of the hatches; when, to the astonishment of all present, he exclaimed: "Why, the old thing is hollow!"

Of Edgar Allen Poe, Dr. Bransby, his English schoolmaster, once said that he "was a quick and clever boy, and would have been a very good boy if he had not been spoiled by his parents," meaning the Allans, "but they spoiled him, and allowed him an extravagant amount of pocket money, which enabled him to get into all manner of mischief."

Breakfast Table: A man can always tell exactly how tall he is by walking through a low door in the dark. Next morning he can measure the height of the door, and then measure from where it struck it to the top of his head, add the two together, substract the swearing and multiply by what o'clock it was when he got home, and the result will be his net height.

The Empress Eugenie, on leaving the Ostend boat at Dover, the other day, turned round to speak to one of her attendants, when being near the edge of the curb, her foot turned and she fell to the ground, striking her right cheek. She was much hurt, and when her son lifted her, she leaned on his shoulder in a fainting condition. She was able, after resting and the application of restoratives, to depart for Chiselhurst during the evening.

A story to the effect that Robert Heller, the magician, had years ago deserted his wife in Washington, and that she died of a broken heart, is contradicted by a writer in the Washington *Star*, who says: Robert Heller's wife (formerly Miss Kieckhœffer) is residing in Paris, educating and caring for their children and provided for by him; her health is as fine as it ever was; she mingles—with her eldest daughter—in society, and her husband only left her a few weeks since, after a delightful summer passed with her and their children.