

The Weekly Globe is a mammoth sheet, exactly double the size of the Daily Globe. It is published for the people, containing in addition to all the current news, choice miscellany, agricultural matter, market reports, etc. It is furnished to single subscribers at \$1.50, with 15 cents added for pre-payment of postage. Subscribers should remit \$1.15.

ST. PAUL, SUNDAY, MAY 22, 1881.

THE INSIDE PAGES.

The pressure of advertising upon the columns of the SUNDAY GLOBE compels some change in the usual "make up."

In addition to the ordinary miscellaneous matter on these pages there will be found on the sixth page the Minneapolis news, the markets, the official proceedings of the board of public works, court reports, brief telegrams and the "want column" advertising.

On the seventh page the official proceedings of the board of education, together with business advertising, railroad time cards, etc., appear.

The SUNDAY GLOBE appears to be duly appreciated as an advertising medium. It is the best.

The Republican majority in Minnesota is not likely to be reduced the current year. Four thousand Scandinavians reached New York during last week bound for Minnesota.

A NEW JERSEY bank cashier has been sent to the penitentiary for embezzling the funds of the institution of which he had the partial charge. These foreign countries are getting altogether too particular in small matters. It is evident that New Jersey is not desirous of securing an extensive immigration.

The Democrats in New York should prevent, if possible, any election by the present legislature of Senators. If unable to do this the next best thing will be to elect an "unholy alliance" of make Conkling and one Democrat. While it would be preferable to refer the whole matter back to the people and thus secure a Democratic legislature and two Democratic Senators, there certainly should be one Democrat sent to the Senate out of this middle. With one more Democratic Senator, it will be in order for Mr. Dawes to arise and move to go into an election of officers.

WHICH?

Search the scriptures.—JOHN V. 39. The revision of the New Testament is announced as complete, and between two and three million copies have been sold in a single day. This demonstrates an earnest desire to follow the inculcation of the text, but whether the world is to be profited thereby may be considered an open question. There has for years been a growing element of doubt relative to the authenticity and inspiration of the scriptures. The common title page of the now old "New Testament," runs in this wise: "The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, translated out of the original Greek, and with the former translations diligently compared and revised."

As if to encourage the doubts noted, we are now confronted with another "revision" which has been prepared by those who rank as the ablest biblical scholars of the century, and are gravely informed that we have been for generations following false lights. Our idols are ruthlessly smashed by the multitude of "errors" which the savans now discover. Men have come and gone under the supposition that they had been enabled to "search the scriptures," and we are startled to find that it has been an incorrect copy which has been extant all these years. The Sabbath school education which has been inculcated in the present generation, must pass for naught, and the venerable men and women of to-day must needs revise their early teachings, to ascertain what ground to stand upon.

The new revision will now be endorsed as "diligently compared and revised," and like the "original" Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla, will be claimed as the only correct guide to point the footsteps of the multitude heavenward. This will, perhaps, prove satisfactory to the people on earth at this date, but what is to become of those who have gone before with the crude and erroneous "translation out of the original Greek" as their guide board? Are they to be considered as lost through ignorance? What adequate penalty can be inflicted on the false guides who have kept the world groping in darkness over a blundering edition of the scriptures? Perhaps they have their reward in punishments inflicted in the other world, but it can hardly be considered fair for those they have misled to suffer for their sins. If people have been able to reach the bright and shining shore by means of searching an erroneous edition of the scriptures, what boots it to now have a correct copy?

And after all what assurance have we that the present version is correct? The two or three million people who are industriously engaged to-day in searching this new edition of the scriptures, and the other millions who will put in the hot weather in similar work, ought to have some assurance that they are right at last. It is harrowing to think that all this research may be again upset in a few years by more wise men who may come after us, and adjust their eye glasses upon the crooked Greek letters, only to find that the wisdom of to-day is another comedy of errors.

The GLOBE cannot conscientiously welcome the new revision. It may be a good thing for controversialists, but as a guide board for the future state, we doubt its efficacy. The clergy can discuss the respective versions *ad libitum*, but the rev-

elation thus made, unselfish things. We are instructed to "search the scriptures," but we are at a loss to know which scriptures. Millions of people will perish before the new version can get into general circulation. A great many poor people and those in heathen lands will for years continue to grope about with the old edition, either unable to procure the new copy or unaware that there is such a document. This may or may not be a case where ignorance is bliss. It is a big chance the public are called upon to take, and we are forced to the conclusion that the cause of Christianity would have been advanced if this thing had not happened.

There is danger that in the multitude of counsels many will go astray and decline to accept either version for fear of making a fatal error. Bob Ferguson's developments relative to the "mistakes of Moses" and other ancient individuals, has disturbed matters considerably, and now to have the New Testament all shaken up demoralizes things generally. It is a question whether those who have died supposing that they were on the right track, will not have a better claim for immunity than those who remain and are obliged to determine which version to rest their chances of salvation upon, or in their dilemma reject both and rely entirely on the by-laws. These are questions which the GLOBE will not attempt to solve.

They extend to a domain which the human mind cannot penetrate, and each man and woman must cast the die for himself or herself and take the chances on the future. Perhaps the best solution will be to encourage the study of Greek in preference to all other languages, and allow each searcher after future life to harrow up things by making a "diligently compared and revised" edition for himself. This will at least afford a plea of an attempt to do the right thing without having the least idea of how to attain the desired end. The present revision seems to have established such a precedent.

DEATH OF TOM SCOTT.

The death of Col. Thomas A. Scott occurred last evening at Clifton, Pa. As a stroke of newspaper enterprise his death was announced yesterday morning, but it was untrue, as it did not actually occur until 9 o'clock last night.

Col. Scott is another of the numerous instances of an early death caused by the over-taxing of the mental energies in scheming for wealth and power. He secured both, but at the comparatively early age of fifty lays down the burden of life, and others take up and continue his enterprises from the point where he left them. He succeeded J. Edgar Thompson in the command of that great railroad enterprise, the Pennsylvania Central. Mr. Thompson also fell a victim to the overwork which the care of that mammoth institution produced. Like Mr. Thompson, he was not content with that single enterprise, but sought other railroad worlds to conquer, and was conquered instead. Col. Scott's efforts in behalf of the Texas Pacific brought him more anxiety and trouble than all his other work combined. His labor to secure a subsidy from Congress threw him into the arena of politics and involved him in controversies and political machinations not altogether creditable. If he had been content to enjoy his millions without striving for more, the announcement of his death might have been postponed many years. A year or two ago he discovered that his vital energies were rapidly becoming exhausted and he sought relief and relaxation by retirement from active service, but it was too late. It was the old story which has its counterpart on a smaller scale in almost every community. The cemeteries of the country are dotted with the graves of enterprising Americans who have left their impress upon the business of the land, and rendered valuable services to the public, for which they have paid the penalty with their lives.

The death of such a man as Col. Scott is a public loss, but though closely identified with great projects, the world moves on as though nothing had happened, and the snuffing out of the candle of life causes only a passing comment from the busy multitude. The man labors as though the destinies of creation rested upon his shoulders, and, aside from his immediate relatives, he is forgotten in a day. The lesson of such men's lives make no change, and apparently bring no wisdom, for no sooner does the financial or political giant fall than another stands ready to occupy the gap, and history repeats itself.

PUBLIC SPORTS.

The season of summer sports has arrived, and the newspaper columns are teeming with the reports of the result of this or that contest between men or animals, and these reports are eagerly perused by a large proportion of the people, especially those of the masculine persuasion. We have had base ball matches, pedestrian tournaments, horse races and boat races in plenty, but as yet the season has hardly begun.

The article offered to the Irish that day prompted me to have the following section of article 15, inserted in the constitution: "The legislature shall provide for a uniform oath or affirmation to be administered at elections, and no person shall be compelled to take any other or different form of oath to entitle him to vote."

Thus it will be seen how fallacious the charge is of voting early and often, and also how groundless the charge is of being the contractor of the other day's vote, for whom I never cast a vote. The reply being, is pregnant with irrelevant matter, which, if eliminated therefrom, would leave but a few quotations to be dealt with. One of those quotations is the official record of the vote cast at the election from another day, when he received 115 votes more than he possessed, which was a sufficient argument that he did superior fitness for framing a constitution for our State, what the judge ironically says to the contrary notwithstanding.

PATRICK NASH.

Capt. Paul Boyton, of swimming fame, in a recent communication says: "Of late I carry a stock of St. Jacobs Oil in my boat, and I have but little trouble. From constant exposure I am somewhat subject to rheumatic pains, and nothing would ever benefit me until I got hold of this great German remedy. I would sooner do without food for days than without it." This is a good thing for a boatman. In fact, I would not attempt a trip without it.

hold its place as long as it shall be conducted, as of late years, by men interested in the breeding of fast horses, but not interested in the outcome of the pool-box.

Base ball is a distinctively national game. It had its origin on this soil, and will continue to be indigenous to the climate. It is a pleasant game to look at, though laborious to play. Thus far the patrons of this game have kept it aloof from the domination of the gamblers, and it can be patronized by all classes without danger of compromising their social standing.

Boating is an athletic exercise—a gentleman's sport. The contests that have thus far taken place have been simply trials of skill in an exercise that is not too taxing upon the human frame, but calculated only to develop the muscle of the crews. It is an employment that does not tax the moral or the physical endurance of the participants beyond their proper sphere. The increasing popularity of boating is one of the salutary signs of the times, and it is to be encouraged under all circumstances.

Fortunately pedestrianism has fallen into disrepute. It was at best but a low and brutal sport. As it has been conducted it has compelled its devotees to endure physical torture that is a disgrace to modern civilization. Three different tournaments have been held in as many different cities during the past week, and it is a satisfaction to record that all of them have proved to be financial failures. Billiards, too, have fallen into disrepute for the simple reason that the matches played recently have been used as gambling devices by which the unwary might be fleeced out of their surplus cash. No sport can become popular or retain favor that is in the hands of the gamblers, and even the sporting fraternity are beginning to recognize the fact.

The sports that will be best patronized in this country during the year are those to which a gentleman can take his wife without offending her sense of delicacy. He will be able to take her to a majority of the horse races, the base ball games and the boat races, but there he will be compelled to suspend. The other public sports are either partially developed, or are controlled by an element with which neither gentlemen nor ladies desire to mingle. It should be the aim of all citizens to strive to reform and elevate all places of public resort, and to drive away the class that have in the past brought opprobrium upon them.

Judge Goodrich at it Again.

To the Editor of the Globe.

In Judge Goodrich's first communication, he asserted he had to sell a corner lot on Jackson and Fourth streets to pay his assessment for building a sewer in the ravine on this lot.

That assertion I proved to be a fable or a joke, showing that he never paid a cent for said sewer, and as a further proof I stated that he and an alderman (who lives no longer in the flesh) promised to see that I would be paid for it if I would step down and out and let him step up and into the convention, there to be a witness of the judge's money bag (whether through necessity or avarice) was very sensitive. His corner lot was a cavity which required (if the given depth be correct, 45 feet) from six to seven thousand cubic yards of masonry to be put on it, and which would cost him at least \$100,000. The judge's money bag (whether through necessity or avarice) was very sensitive. His corner lot was a cavity which required (if the given depth be correct, 45 feet) from six to seven thousand cubic yards of masonry to be put on it, and which would cost him at least \$100,000. The judge's money bag (whether through necessity or avarice) was very sensitive. His corner lot was a cavity which required (if the given depth be correct, 45 feet) from six to seven thousand cubic yards of masonry to be put on it, and which would cost him at least \$100,000.

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But had you ever so slight an inkling of the personality, you might be justified in returning the work, as the original of Charlotte Bronle's, Mr. York, in Shirley did, with the remark that "it wasn't strong enough."

Charles Sumner's Memoir and Letters are mainly remarkable to a few readers because at Gore House, Kensington, the home of Lady Blessington, he met two persons of whom he invariably speaks with some contempt, Balzac and Benjamin Disraeli. You will infer that like the peevish and satirical Charles, you too, might be slow to see the unpretentious merit of St. Paul's foremost representative woman.

Every church and meeting house and little eddy of social congregation has its leader who is willingly conceded, or is naturally pre-eminent enough to be representative.

But above and beyond sects and their claimants, coheres and their skin-deep concessions, there is one woman whose right is hereditary and familiar. Aye so familiar with dignities and social distinctions that her manner has the gracious ease which courses in the blood and is a royal inheritance—in salutory contrast with the put-on and put-off manner of nineteenth century St. Paul's society ladies—"who are never quite sure you know"—thereby proving how accidental their tenure is.

The representative woman's manner is neither free, frivolous nor fribbling, but taken altogether the presence is as bland as sunshine. Her eyes are large and dark. They are eloquent, and intellect and blaze out her thoughts and sentiments like the heliograph. They will flash with quick responding indignation over any injustice or wrong, and they will soften and suffuse in sympathy with sorrow and loss.

She is modestly unaware of the splendid capacities of her gay and spirited temperament for supreme dominance in society, but she will tell you, at any covert allusion to such a tempting away, that life has much more earnest claims upon her time and intellect. So it has, and you tacitly recognize the force of her observation of the better part when you see her daughter sweet, simple and girlish, in no wise the "girl of the period."

The other night in the Opera House when the "Gaiety" was played the "girl of the period" was alarmingly apparent, and it was a relief to glance now and then at the fair, unaffected modest girl sitting opposite you, who has an enviable freshness of feeling when she "comes out"—remindeing one of Sala's anecdote of Queen Victoria.

When her uncle, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke of Sussex, brought her the news that she was Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, she calmly drew herself up and said: "A cup of tea and the Times newspaper." Inquiries which had been denied to her during her nuptials by her sisters mamma.

Why, says Mrs. Harris, don't you say some thing about the Representative Woman's superb home, her costly India shawl, her many beautiful things and her husband's wealth? The rest is fol-de-dol. You'll scare away

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

The Philadelphia Times has an article entitled "How Fashions in Women Change," but it would be more suggestive if it read "How the Fashions Change Women."

For instance you may have admired Arabella's fine brow, which is the index of sweet and tender womanliness; when, presto, she hides it behind a mat of frothy hair down to the very eyelids; and where's your bonny brow?

There is no redress, although you are debarred from the sight of a charming face. Fashion decrees that the forehead shall be so shrouded, and there is no evading its mandates if one wishes to be recognized as anybody in the "world."

To persons of ugly high foreheads the style of wearing the hair is a mercy, but why should more favored folk disguise a beauty? Look at the changes in feminine hair dressing, say only from the day of Marie Antoinette to our own, which will make the illustration antipodal. Then the hair was drawn with high handed severity to the crown of the head, where it was formed into a towering structure, and powder was resorted to, to give such a stupendous coiffure some softening spell.

In that frothy time the hair receded from the face, and the headman's work was facilitated in many instances by the obliging fashion. Now the rebound has come, and tresses have a downward and forward tendency. To have the hair very fashionable is a suggestion of puddles and skye terraces—the eyes peering and showing amid tangles of hair, which, unlike the canine prototypes, hasn't in most cases the primary merit of growing on the head so garnished.

But what of all this? What real difference does it make in the long run? Only to be noted by some curious observer like the Englishman in a recent communication to a London newspaper, after a long absence in India. He chronicles as one of his disagreeable surprises the disappearance of the forehead among women of fashion.

The very evident that the brow must be left out in the songs and stories of the time—or be very much understood in the license of the imagination. To kiss it is out of the question; to praise it is ambiguous; to speak of it, to frown, or any expression peculiar to it, is fiction, and so the brow has had its day in the literature of the past, for now as the frontispiece of any of the old-time emotional business it is obsolete.

Its beauties, its wrinkles, and its ugliness are impartially withdrawn from sight. So much the better, you may ejaculate. Time's unwelcome tracery and mental disquiet are alike draped from invidious scrutiny by the fashionable vagary of frizzing and frizzes.

You follow the fashion, and wear a partial mask at the same time. 'Tis when desirable an opportune subterfuge where you may be said to double your advantage.

People's faces tell upon the record of the age. Men are obliged to stand the brunt of scrutiny without any of the elegant equivocations of the toilet. Women dodge a literal verdict, while inviting the record according to their own rating of their deserts. Perhaps in a score of years there will be some surprised comments on the portrait of Mrs. President Hayes, because of the smooth hair brought down close to the cheek and over the ear, in an epoch when the fashionable edict was for excessively ruffled locks over the brow and temples.

On the other hand, her husband's formidable antagonist, Mr. Roscoe Conkling will show upon this facial record as about the only man of mark with a curled "peninsula" extending over his forehead.

With his almost Casarian baldness, what subterfuge is going to be available to the late Senatorial Apollo? A crown? Surely he's had his cross.

Well, the puzzling trio of would-be beauties, and local celebrities in their distinctive way, has been drawn to the life, and hung advantageously in the best light of the GLOBE gallery. Not a line, shade or tint has been omitted, and yet few save the absolute likeness to the originals.

Some of the most accurate portraits are not always so satisfying at the first glance but the more you see them, whether it be carefully or cursorily from time to time, you are astonished at a gradual development of resemblance which in the end becomes the cumulative fidelity of portraiture.

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readers with your fine idealizing touches. Money's the thing to praise, and well as put in your purse. Mind that, and tell us more about the Representative Woman. Perhaps.

THE CHURCHES.

Announcement of the Only Instructive and Entertaining Discourses in St. Paul To-day.

Catholic Churches. St. Michael's church, Sixth ward—Rev. P. J. Gallagher, pastor. Mass at 7 o'clock A. M. High mass and sermon at 10:30 o'clock A. M. Vespers at 3:30 o'clock P. M.

St. Joseph's church, Carroll street, between Western and Virginia avenues—Rev. J. W. Nealis, pastor. Low mass at 7:30 o'clock A. M. High mass at 10:30 o'clock A. M. Vespers at 3:30 o'clock P. M.

Church of St. Louis, corner Tenth and Cedar streets—Rev. A. Payet, pastor. Mass at 7:30 o'clock A. M. High mass and sermon at 10:30 A. M.

St. Mary's church, corner Ninth and Locust streets—Rev. J. B. Callahan, pastor. Mass at 10:30 o'clock A. M. Sunday school at 2:30 o'clock P. M. Vespers at 3:30 o'clock P. M.

Assumption church (German) corner Ninth and Franklin streets—Mass at 7 o'clock A. M. for children at 8 o'clock A. M. High mass and sermon at 10:30 o'clock A. M. Sunday school at 2 o'clock P. M. Vespers at 3 o'clock P. M.

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WAS IT MURDER?

Finding the Body of Geo. Fletcher—Official Notice Taken of His Death After a Week's Delay—Peculiar Circumstances.

Yesterday morning a man drove into St. Paul and reported that the remains of George Fletcher had been found in a swamp at Pig's Eye. Coroner Davenport and officer Baer visited Pig's Eye yesterday afternoon and had the remains brought to this city. They were turned over to McCarthy and Donnelly and are at present in the morgue.

Concerning this man's death the GLOBE has had something to say ever since his reported disappearance. The strange rumors concerning the man, the threats of violence, the reported discovery of the body with a rope around the neck, have all been given due and exclusive publication in this paper. Last Monday a carpenter who is at work on Mr. Mayall's new building, reported that he had found the body while fishing. No official attention was given the report and the matter rested.

The next day a lawyer of St. Paul stated that a man had called at his office to see about collecting \$10 from Fletcher; in the presence of the lawyer this man threatened the life of Mr. Fletcher.

Yesterday the remains were found among the willows by a man named Zahn and his son. Mr. Zahn states that he passed by the same spot on the day previous and saw no body. The remains are horribly disfigured. The face is black, swollen and bloody, and might be taken for anything but a human body. The limbs were also bruised. The testimony shows that the life of deceased had been threatened by a shiftless fellow named Kelly. There were two brothers, Fat and William, who had fused with Fletcher about a barge which they wanted. They had also had trouble about a settlement. The large man with whiskers is described all the way through as having made the threats. He has suddenly disappeared from the scene, as has the barge. The case is involved in mystery.

At the beginning of the week two tramps were at the police court named Kelly; some one remarked that they were suspected of killing Fletcher.

As the latter suspicion did not come before the court, they were ordered to leave town. From the various reports of this most tragic affair, there is an ugly depth about the business which has not yet been sounded.

A partial inquest was held at 5 o'clock last night, with the following jury: Arthur Mullen, M. J. Sullivan, S. G. Sherburne, Ohas. Ringwald, J. G. Donnelly and R. Ireland.

MRS. FLETCHER.

Mrs. Fletcher, wife of the deceased was first sworn. She testified as follows: My husband's name was George Fletcher; he had been married about ten years; resided at Pig's Eye; last saw deceased a week ago Friday; he was picking up drift-wood in Mayall's meadow; he was working alone; he was in good health; he engaged two men to work for him; they wanted to take the barge; he refused to let them take it;