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ST. PAUL, SUNDAY, MAY 21, 1882.

The Republicans of Texas threaten to wash their hands of Wash. Jones' candidacy for Governor on the fusion ticket at the coming election.

There is a general feeling of condemnation in the community over the style of revolver discipline at the State university. It would not be surprising if that bullet went a good deal farther than Painé's thigh.

David Davis seems to be quite at home in Republican councils now. He calls at the Executive Mansion with as much regularity as Cameron, Black Jack Logan, or John Sherman. He is now looked upon by hungry patriots and place seekers as a man of "inflows."

Dorsey, the star-route swindler, seems to be getting deeper into trouble instead of getting out. The grand jury has returned several new indictments against him, to which he will be called on to plead in the criminal court. Dorsey's only chance is to take leg bail and join Howgate.

There seems to be some question about the title to the cemetery in which Thomas Jefferson was buried, and it has been suggested that his remains be removed to the grounds of the University of Virginia and there erect the monument to his memory. The Secretary of State is now investigating the title, and it is said, will be largely governed in the matter by the wishes of Mrs. Meikleham, the only surviving grand daughter of Mr. Jefferson, and who is the sole custodian of his remains.

Ex-Speaker Grover, of Pennsylvania, who seems to have had some misgivings as to which way the cat was going to jump at the Harrisburg convention, has become so far reassured as to venture the opinion that Beaver will be elected unless some strong man is nominated against him; and some people are so suspicious as to believe that Grover has an idea that he would exactly fill the bill. Grover would no doubt be welcomed to a seat in the Democrat coach-and-six, but Wallace will be pretty apt to insist on holding the strings.

Tuesday last was the anniversary of Conkling and Platt's resignations as United States Senators, and it was so arranged in Washington that the event was duly observed in the Senate by administering to Hoar and Dawes the medicine they gave Conkling and Platt one year ago. Referring to the incident the Utica (N. Y.) Observer says:

Guibau's pistol has worked many strange changes, but of them all the most striking is this conversion of Phisreus Hoar and Dawes from being rampant defenders of the President's right to do as he pleased with collector ships, to being violent assailants of that right. And, as the Tribune would say, Guibau is not hanged yet.

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man may be flattered by the crowd of sycophants who surround him, but unless he possesses these qualities he is as debased in the eyes of the world as the meanest pauper.

No talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a man a gentleman without them. No person need deceive himself in regard to this fact, his conduct will betray his rank, "character will always have its clear insigina." The members of God's order of nobility are compelled to deeds of honor, courage and tenderness, "their nobility obliges them."

Other people may be false, revengeful, cowardly and mean, but the noble man must be one whom others trust, to whom mankind listen for counsel and feel safe. The world instinctively recognizes this and pays its homage in the trust, confidence and reverence, which no wealth or circumstances of fortune can create. When Robert Burns was walking with a Scottish lord he bowed to a farmer in the open street. When the lord took him to task for it he replied, "Why, you fantastic gomeril, it was not the great coat, the scene bonnet and the saunders' boot hose that I spoke to, but the man who was in them; and the man, sir, outranks you and me ten more such any day." Not only do a man's acquaintances place him where he belongs, but he accepts the position himself. When he lies, cheats or talks obscenely he acknowledges to all about him that he is a low, mean person. When his business associates keep a close watch upon him for fear of treachery, no need of words to brand him as a liar and thief. When a man or woman is arrogant and tyrannical, unmindful of the feelings of others, a listener to and retailer of scandal, it is an open confession of ignoble position.

God's gentlefolks have no occasion to put on airs, their honesty, purity and worth are a part of themselves, they form their daily lives. Without these virtues they would not be such men and women as they are. Quintal old Fuller sums up in a few words the character of a true gentleman.

"Chaste in his life, just in his dealings, true of his word; careful to those who were under him; and hating nothing so much as idleness in others especially of men; he never trusts to rely on other men's care, how trustworthy or skillful, soever they seem to be, but always containing danger, and refusing no toil. Whose word of honor was a surer guarantee than the vigilance of sentinels."

WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR FLANAGAN. The most unkind cut yet received by any politician at the hands of the present administration, seems to have fallen to the lot of the distinguished leader of the Texan Stalwart delegation to the Chicago convention—ex-Senator Flanagan, who seems to have had his eyes on the flesh pots of Egypt; to have longed for the emoluments of one of the Marshalships of the Lone Star State, only to see his hopes vanish, and the promises made him, like the dead sea fruit, "turn to ashes on the lips."

Why Flanagan has been turned out to grass—to browse a precarious existence from the political canon, can only be explained on the hypothesis that he has fallen a victim of some foul conspiracy. His services to the machine at Chicago were of the most important character, although not crowned with success. When the tide turned against the 306, and the critical moment for decisive action had arrived, Flanagan surveyed the sea of anxiously up-turned faces before him, and paralyzed every loyal patriot of them by the inquiry, "What are we here for if not for the offices?" The convention caught the spirit of Flanagan's speech, and the desperate struggle which followed with varying fortune to the contending factions until the colors of the 306 were struck, forms one of the most thrilling chapters in the political annals of the country. Flanagan wears honorable scars received in that memorable conflict. His 306 brass medal—the honorable scars he bears in testimony of his loyalty to the Stalwart cause—all cry out in stentorian tones, "What are we here for if not for the offices."

Church Services To-Day. St. Paul's church (Episcopal), corner Ninth and Olive. Rev. E. S. Thomas, rector. Rev. F. B. Nash, Jr., assisting priest. Services 11 a. m. and 5 p. m. Sunday school 9:30 a. m.

Special revival services at Jackson street Methodist church to-day, conducted by Mr. Harrison, the evangelist, at 7:30 and 9:30 and 10:30 a. m. and 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Seats free. Welcome.

Unity Church, on Wabasha street, Summit avenue. W. C. Gannett, pastor. Service at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Free reading room open to all from 2:30 to 6. Many magazines and papers.

First Presbyterian church, corner Lafayette avenue and Woodward street. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. J. C. D. Sunday school at 12 m. Young people's meeting at 7:15 p. m.

Christ church (Episcopal), corner Fourth and Franklin streets. M. N. Gilbert, rector. Services 10:30 a. m.; 8 o'clock p. m.