Daily Globe.

Official Paper of the City and County.

Printed and Published Every Day in the Year BY THE ST. PAUL GLOBE PRINTING COMPANY, No. 17 Wabashaw Street, St. Paul.

THE DAILY GLOBE.

SEVEN ISSUES PER WEEK,

Daily and Sunday GLOBE; ONE DOLLAR per month.

SIX ISSUES PER WEEK—BY MAIL,

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Three months.....$2.50 | Twelve months.. 10.00

THE WEEKLY GLOBE.

An eight page paper published every Thursday sent post paid at $1.15 per year. Three months on trial for 25 cents.

ST. PAUL, SATURDAY, SEPT. 9, 1882.

TWENTY-FIVE PRINTERS WANTED!

STEADY EMPLOYMENT AT 40 CENTS PER 1000 EMS FOR COMPETENT MEN.

The GLOBE desires o Secure vices of twenty-five first-class compositors. The work will be steady and situation permanent to competent men. Forty cents per 1,000 ems will be paid, which is a higher rate than any other office in the state pays.

Union men will not be accepted on any terms.

The Globe on the Trains.

The GLOBE has always been supplied to the news men on the trains, but at the previous size encountered difficulties which do not now need to be recounted. At the present size it ought to be found everywhere. Parties who cannot in the future obtain it on the trains or of newsdealers will confer a favor by reporting the matter to this office with particulars.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The enlargement and improved news facilities of the GLOBE necessarily involve an advance in subscription rates. This advance is quite moderate in comparison with the increased expense of conducting the paper. Hereafter the subscription price of the GLOBE will be as follows:

Seven issues per week, delivered by carrier, mail or supplied by newsdealers—ONE DOLLAR PER MONTH.

Six issues per week (omitting Sunday) by mail, as follows:

One month, 90 cents; three months, $2.50; six months, $5; twelve months, $10. Postage is prepaid on all papers sent by mail.

EXPLANATORY.

The GLOBE has been met at the outset by the temporary embarrassment occasioned by the departure of the larger portion of the printers employed in its office. This will account for the paper on yesterday and also to-day appearing without its full complement of news. In a day or two the places of the absentees will be filled and we trust there will be no further occasion for similar explanations.

WHILE a good deal of news in detail is necessarily omitted from the GLOBE this morning, the gist of all current events will be found recorded in our columns.

THERE is no longer any doubt that Jay Hubbell proposes to make a break for a seat in the senate in place of Mr. Ferry, for he has permitted the nomination of a successor to himself in the House. This fact also indicates his confidence in success and will be likely to cause Mr. Terry's friends no slight degree of anxiety. Hubbell will find a good many congenial spirits in the upper house of congress.

THE attempt of the friends of the star route thieves to corrupt the jury sitting in judgment upon their case is thoroughly characteristic of their methods. Men who make false returns of services rendered, and perjure themselves in order to obtain money from the treasury, would not scruple to use means of the most disreputable sort to secure acquittal. The charge is no doubt well founded, for Judge Wylie would not have made use of the language he did unless he had testimony of the most unquestionable character as to the fact.

THE CONTROVERSY BETWEEN THE GLOBE AND THE PRINTERS.

The GLOBE put on a new dress of type on Monday, and a question was raised by the printers employed in the composing room as to how it should be measured. The GLOBE claimed that it should be measured in the usual way, by the em quad, while the printers claimed that it should be measured by the face of the type. To settle the controversy the publisher of the GLOBE offered to leave the matter to Marder, Luse & Co., of Chicago, who made the type, or to Johnson's Type Foundry, Philadelphia. To this end the following letter was written:

ST. PAUL, Sept. 6, 1882.

Messrs. Marder, Luse & Co.,
Chicago, Ill.

Gents—The printers employed in the GLOBE office claim that the new dress I bought of you should be measured by the face instead of by the em quad. I claim that it should be by the em quad. We have agreed to submit the matter to you as an umpire to decide between us. What I wish is that you should send me by return mail what you consider the proper, legitimate, thousand em measure for the brevier, minion and nonpareil I purchased of you. I only want what is fair between man and man, and if I am wrong I shall be perfectly satisfied if you decide against me. Yours, etc., H. P. HALL.

The committee of printers, who waited on the publisher, took a copy of the proposed letter as above, and, after conferring with some of their comrades, returned and announced the plan to be satisfactory and resumed work. The letter was accordingly mailed, supposing that the reply would settle all points of difference. A few turbulent spirits, however, were able to induce the men to leave their cases the second time on Wednesday. Still later in the day the printers agreed among themselves to submit the matter to their Typhographical union on Thursday, and at 8 p. m. Wednesday they again resumed work. On Thursday the Union voted that the position of the GLOBE was correct, and directed their men to resume work, instead of which about one-half of them called for their pay and left.

Then began an effort to induce those remaining to leave, which was so far successful, that on yesterday every Union man on our night force had left the office. Meantime, the publisher of the GLOBE had been authoritatively informed that if he would consent of the GLOBE becoming a "union office," with a "chapel" organization among the printers to regulate affairs in the composing room, the cases would be filled. As this would remove the management of the internal affairs from the proprietors to the employes, the offer was declined.

The issue having been thus presented the GLOBE announces that it will not employ Union men but will regulate its own business in its own way. There has been no dispute or demand relative to price per 1,000 ems and no formal strike has taken place. The GLOBE is now paying 40 cents per 1,000 ems, which is higher than any paper in the State pays. This explanation is given for the benefit of printers desiring employment at high wages.

On yesterday the following reply from Marder, Luse & Co., came to hand, which fully sustains the position of the GLOBE:

CHICAGO, Sept. 7, 1882.

H. P. Hall, St. Paul, Minn:

DEAR SIR: Yours received. Your printers are certainly wrong, as type cannot be measured by the size of the face. This may vary in more than one way, as it may be short or tall on the body. The Chicago *Times* face is very tall, and still it is cast on the same body that we cast yours. The Typographical union lays down a standard for measurement to the lower case alphabet, as follows: Brevier 13 ems; minion 13 ems; nonpareil 14 ems. This measurement, as far as we know, is accepted by the Unions all over the United States. The type we furnished you all comes within this measure, and both the nonpareil and minion overrun considerably, and the brevier is full measure. The face of your type is very short, but still it is more extended than some faces that are very tall. Our book shows the brevier as 12⅔ ems, but this is an error in figures, as the alphabet measures full 13 ems. Your printers may have taken their basis from these figures without testing the type. Yours truly, MARDER, LUSE & CO.

CRIME.

A Sensational Murder in Chicago.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

CHICAGO, Sept. 8.—This afternoon a shooting affray occurred at 158 West Adams street, between Eden Garrett and Joseph Felargo. The men are neighbors, Garrett living at 146 West Adams street, and Felargo at 158. As far as could be ascertained Mrs. Garret left the home of her husband last eve, and remained all night at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Felargo. This morning, Garrett having ascertained her whereabouts, went to Felargo's house and demanded that she should return. A stormy scene followed, in which Mrs. Garrett finally refused her husband's demands. Mr. Garrett had by this time become furious. Mr. Felargo interposed in behalf of the woman. This excited the ire of Garrett to a frenzy, and he drew a revolver, and Felargo followed his example. In the firing that followed instantaneously four shots were fired by each of the combatants. Felargo was unharmed, but Garrett recived two wounds one on the right jaw and one in the left breast near the nipple. He now lies in a critical condition at the county hospital. Felargo was arrested and taken to the Desplaines street station. Mrs. Garrett was also shot in two places. The first ball struck just above the left ear, but the bullet glanced off on a bone and did not make a serious wound. The other bullet struck her in the back, but her corsets saved her life, the ball likewise glancing off. Both shots were fired by her husband before he attacked Felargo.

FOREIGN DOTS.

A Variety of Intelligence From the Seat of War in Egypt—Interesting Notes From Europe.

Arabi Pasha is ill with dysentery.

Minister Sargent has arrived at Weisbaden.

The difficulty between Japan and Corea has been arranged.

The British forces at Kassassin number 15,000 men, with fifty guns.

A British reconnoisance at Mandarus yesterday resulted in six of the enemy being killed.

Earl Spencer has ordered the restoration of 298 of the 224 dismissed Dublin policemen.

Two French officers of high rank in civilian dress were arested while watching the cavalry manœuvers at Berlin.

The Anglo-Turkish convention has not yet been signed by Lord Dufferin, who is waiting for advices from London.

The body of the murderer of the Englishmen Richardson and Dobson, who was executed Thursday, was left hanging in charge of twenty native policemen. Late that evening an Arab mob overpowered the policemen and carried off the body, together with the rope with which he was hanged. They intend to send the murderer's clothes and the rope to a mosque as relics. The body will be embalmed as that of a saint.

A Model Political Prayer.

At the Illinois Democratic state convention held at Springfield on Thursday Chairman Gillman called the convention to order, and announced that Rev. A. G. Ross, of Springfield, a Baptist preacher, would open the proceedings with prayer, which, though brief, touched the Democratic heart. It was as follows:

"Oh Lord, we beseech thee to save us from the Devil. We beseech thee to save us from star route thieves. Oh Lord, we beseech thee to save us from Republicans, for Christ's sake, amen."

This invocation was greeted with roars of laughter and prolonged applause.

How it Looks at Minneapolis.

[Evening Journal.]

If directory names are an accurate index St. Paul has a larger population than Minneapolis. Her directory gives 30,334 names, while the last Minneapolis directory contains only 28,938 names. Minneapolis has felicitated herself on the possession of from ten to fifteen thousand more population than St. Paul. The last census of 1880 gave Minneapolis nearly 6,000 more, but if the new directories are accepted as authority, St. Paul has already caught up and gone a little ahead. There is no doubt that both cities are growing at an astonishing rate, and each has reason to be glad that the other is so equal a competitor as to put it to its mettle. Keep up the healthful competition.

Base Ball.

At Chicago—Chicagos 7; Troys 1.

At New York—Metropolitans 23; Alaskas 0.

At Cleveland—Clevelands 0; Providence 2.

At St. Louis—Cincinnatis 4; St. Louis 1.

At Detroit—Bostons, 10; Detroit 3.

At Baltimore—Alleghenys 7; Baltimores 5.

A fire in Quebec yesterday burned an entire block in St. Roch's district, causing a loss of $100,000.

SETTLED AT LAST.

THE GRAND FORKS CONVENTION NOMINATES A CANDIDATE.

John B. Raymond the Fortunate Man—Thad. Pound on the Political Situation in Wisconsin—Congressional Nominations.

Raymond Nominated in Dakota.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

GRAND FORKS, Sept. 8.—The convention terminated this evening by the nomination of John B. Raymond, of Fargo, for delegate to congress. Pettigrew declined and made a speech nominating Raymond.

GRAND FORKS, D. T., Sept. 8.—John B. Raymond, of Fargo, was nominated by the Republican Congressional convention. Pettigrew, finding his own nomination impossible, threw his strength to Raymond.

Thad. Pound on Politics.

[Special Telegram to the GLOBE.]

CHICAGO, Sept. 8.—"I have come down to Chicago simply on business," said Thad. C. Pound, of Chippewa Falls, Wis., to the GLOBE representative this morning, at the Tremont. "In fact I may say I am out of politics, having declined to be again a candidate for congress."

"Are you tired of congressional life?"

"Yes; the novelty has worn off. I have had three terms of it, and my business needs my close attention, which I could not give to it if in Washington."

"You voted for the late river and harbor bill which has created so much talk throughout the country."

"I did, and I do not regret it in the least. The bill was as wisely and carefully drawn as any measure every submitted, every item being considered and passed upon in the committee of the whole. The people have been made to believe that it was an omnibus bill logged through in a hurry. Such was by no manner of means the case.

"Has the redistricting of the state changed your district materially?"

"No; the new Ninth is not so thoroughly Republican as the old Eighth. Still, Mr. Stephenson, of Marinette, the Republican nominee will carry it without doubt. I have been absent from the state so much that I am a poor person to come to for news. Besides, the fight is so mixed, there being so many tickets in the field, that it is hard to prophesy the result. The Anti-Monopolists have nominated the present mayor of Eau Claire against Senator Price, Republican nominee in the Eighth, and the Democrats will probably indorse him, but to offset that the temperance men have indorsed Price, and as the Republican majority is large, he will be elected.

Secretary Lincoln and the Illinois Senatorship.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8.—It is currently rumored here that Secretary Lincoln is to enter the field in Illinois as a candidate for the succession to Judge Davis in the United States senate, and that he is to have the support of the administration in the race. In certain contingencies it is known that Senators Davis and Logan will both lend him their influence. The young secretary has always been a sort of protege of Judge Davis and a warm personal friendship exists between him and Senator Logan, so that if he has senatorial ambitions he will, at least, not find them antagonized by these gentlemen. Mr. Lincoln is now in New York.

Gen. Bragg's District.

WEST BEND, Wis., Sept. 8.—The situation in the Democratic convention remains unchanged, 806 ballots having been taken without result.

Congressional Nominations.

DETROIT, Sept. 8.—The Republican congressional convention of the Seventh district this afternoon renominated John T. Rich by acclamation.

SCRANTON, Pa., Sept. 8.—The Republicans of the Twelfth district renominated J. A. Scranton for congress.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Sept. 7.—W. C. Oates, Democrat, present member of Congress from the Third district, was renominated by acclamation.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 8.—The Greenback state convention nominated to-day Thos. J. McQuiddy for governor unanimously.

OMAHA, Sept. 7.—Judge Weaver was nominated for congress from the first district by the Repnblicans of Nebraska.

FREMONT, Neb., Sept. 7.—The bolters from the Third district Republican convention to-day nominated M. K. Turner for congress.

ALLIANCE, O., Sept. 7.—Jonathan W. Wallace was nominated for congress by the Democratic convention of the Eighteenth district.

FREMONT, Neb., Sept. 7.—E. R. Valentine was renominated to-day for congress in the Third district by the Republican convention.

JACKSON, Mich., Sept. 7—The Democratic congressional convention which assembled here to-day adjourned to September 19th, without making any nominations.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 7.—The Twentieth district Democrats nominated David R. Paige, of Akron, for congress.

MAUCH CHUNK, Sept. 7.—The Democrats of the Eleventh congressional district, nominated ex-Congressman Storm, on the sixty-seventh ballot.

GALVESTON, Sept. 7.—J. C. Buchanan was nominated for congress by the Democrats of the Sixth district.

ST. IGNACE, Mich., 7.—The Republican congressional convention for the Eleventh district, nominated, by acclamation, Hon. Edward Breitung, of Negaunee, to succeed Jay A. Hubbell in congress.

London Children.

The sight of the holiday-makers in the London parks suggests somewhat chequered reflections. On the one hand, how well-behaved the people are, how sober in comparison with past years, and on the whole how comfortable-looking! The children, of course, are especially delightful to look at. The habit of "taking their pleasures sadly" which has become confirmed in their seniors, has not as yet gained the slightest hold upon them. The boys romp or play rudimentary cricket, while the girls ply the skipping rope or dance to the music, when they can get it—and why is there not more music?—with genuine glee. But here comes in a somewhat sadder thought. Look at these swarms of active well-grown children—for London children, save in the veriest slums, are wonderfully healthy as a rule—and then at these other swarms of weedy, listless, youths and pale, ungraceful maidens. What are we about that with such fair material we produce on the whole so poor a result? Perhaps the "320,000 shop assistants," whose representatives are soon to hold a meeting at Hyde Park, might throw some light on one branch of the subject.

THE word "laughter" is always printed in the speech of a Congressman so the reader may know when to laugh.

AN ENTERTAINING DAY.

THE MINNEAPOLIS RACES AS CONDUCTED YESTERDAY.

Buffalo Girl Wins the Pacing Match—Monroe Chief and So So Try Conclusions—Miss Cook Scores Another Victory.

Probably from 5,000 to 10,000 people visited the fair grounds yesterday. The announcement that Von Arnim could not appear on the grounds to trot with Monroe Chief, doubtless kept thousands away.

Mechanical hall attracted its usual quota of admirers who lingered over its displays, but no new exhibits or matters of particular interest were noticeable. In

AGRICULTURAL HALL

free lunch business continued under the auspices of the baking powder philanthropists, and was about the only institution on the grounds that enjoyed an unremitting boom all day.

Bismarck enthused a little, but the first of its enthusiasm has cooled, and its more bombastic boomers subsided.

THE RACES.

The first race of the afternoon was the completion of the pacing race left unfinished the day before. Gem had taken two heats and Buffalo Girl and Mattie Hunter one each. The race was for $2,500 to the first, $1,250 to the second, $750 to the third and $500 to the fourth. Buffalo Girl took both heats yesterday, winning the first money. The following is the summary of entire race:

SUMMARY.

Buffalo Girl, b. m	2	1	3	2	1	1
Gem, b. m	5	2	1	1	2	2
Mattie Hunter, ch. m	1	4	2	3	4	3
Flora Belle, blk. m	5	3	4	4	3	
Lucy, gr. m	2	5	5	5	5	

Time, 2:19½, 2:15½, 2:15½, 2:17½, 2:15, 2:16½.

Little Brown Jug was drawn and Sleepy Tom not allowed to start on account of suspension.

THE 2:26 CLASS.

In the 2:26 class the starters were the gr. g. Pedro, owned by F. C. Pillsbury; the ch. m. Sammie G, owned by Commodore Kittson, and the ch. m. Flora Belle, owned by J. C. Oswald, the horses going in the order named. The big Prince Arthur was withdrawn. Pedro was a comparative easy winner in three straight heats. Sammie G. second and Flora Belle third. Time 2:26¾, 2:29, 2:27¼.

The Match Race.

The race designed to have taken place between Von Arnim, owned by Commodore Kittson, and Monroe Chief, owned by Budd Doble, for $5,000, was next on the list. As announced yesterday, Von Arnim had contracted a cold and So So was substituted.

The race was closely contested and won by Monroe Chief in three straight heats. Time 2:28, 2:20½, 224:¼.

THE EQUESTRIENNES.

The closing event was the ten mile race between Miss Belle Cook and Little Cricket.

Cricket used but three horses and made but three changes. Her changes were not as rapid as those of Miss Cook and one horse went four miles instead of three, because he eluded the group of attendants. This gave the race to Miss Cook by twenty lengths. Time twenty minutes and two seconds.

A PROTEST.

At the conclusion of the race Little Cricket and her father entered a protest claiming that she lost the race owing to Miss Cook obstructing the track when making her change on the eighth mile. The judges however gave the race to Miss Cook.

Arrested for Cruelty.

The society for the prevention of cruelty to animals caused the arrest of Col. King and Espanosa yesterday on the ground of the latter's cruel treatment of his horses in the twenty mile race on Thursday.

To-Day's Programme.

The programme to-day includes a twenty mile race between Little Cricket and Myrtie Peek. The programme in full appears on the second page.

All pain leaves when St. Jacobs Oil comes.

A Slap-dash Portrait of Anthony.

"Yes," he said, "Anthony is a courious Senator. He hardly ever makes a speech on any subject, but his fidelity and stability make him a safe counsellor, while his dining out with good fellows give him an epicurean status. He was treated very badly by Judge Davis."

"Indeed! Did the the Judge treat people badly?"

"Well, Anthony was the President of the Senate pro tem, and the Republican caucus wanted to put him back there; but Davis refused to vote for him, and either had to keep Bayard in the place or elect Davis. So Davis got it."

"Well, between two place-seekers there cannot be much choice."

"Well, Anthony is a very good diner. He is one of those placid feeders, always ready with his napkin and knife and fork. He gives such a wholesome flavor to the table when the wine is to be opened; and then you know that, like Lazarus, he has escaped from the grave, He was taken with apoplexy once through eating too many quails, which had been feeding on Maryland laurel in the snowy season, and for some time it was thought he would be a permanent paralytic, but Lord bless you! how he eats now! He has eaten his way through four full terms of the senate, and is about to attack the fifth with his knife and fork."

"But," said I, "can he out-eat Judge Davis, who shows such signs of good living?"

"Oh, bless your soul," remarked my friend, "Antony is one of those famished fellows who operate on food like aquafortis. It just disappears before him. He can almost repeat the miracle of looking on water and it turns into wine. The man who can have him for dinner and not open a bottle of champagne is without the instincts of sociability."

"Well, what has he done to put him back in the senate again?"

"Oh, he has stood there and voted among the Stalwarts, opposed changes in the interest of anything particular, kept the printing records and handled the paper bills. He is a great man in New England."

Whatever the number of a man's friends, there will be times in his life when he has one two few; but if he has only one enemy, he is lucky indeed if he has not one two many.—Bulwer Lytton.

We ought not to look back unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors and for the purpose of profiting by dear bought experience.—George Washington

Humility is to make a right estimate

Artemus Ward's Fun.

The late Artemus ward (Chas. F. Browne) knew what he was about when he courted the company of actors and journalist so assiduously. He took from them much more than he gave, good companion as he was, and it was the actors who taught him to give expression to his irresitible flow of spirits in a succession of practical jokes of a harmless sort, yet comical beyond measure by their very oddity and unexpectedness.

"Come in here! come in here!" said he one day in Boston to the companion walking with him. "Come in here; we will have some fun." It was a Boston pie-bakery which they entered—a place pies were a specialty—where pies and nothing but pies were sold, wholesale and retail, all the livelong day. Browne approached the counter, behind which the proprietor of the establishment was standing, and asked, in his bland insinuating voice, "Have you any pies?" "Pies!" replied the astonished proprietor. "Yes, pies." "Pies! !" repeated the man still more dumfounded. "Of course — Pies! Have you any pies?" "Pies! !" gasped the shopman once more, gazing at Browne as if he thought him an escaped lunatic. "Oh, well, if you haven't got any pies, I'll inquire somewhere else; Come Jack?" and he marched his friend out of the shop again before the salesman could recover his wits.

Artemus delighted to fillip the sedate respectability of Boston, while loving the place sincerely. One day, in the early afternoon, having a lecture to deliver that evening' some of his friends concluded that he would not be able to talk so well at night if he kept on talking in front of the bar at the Parker House. They accordingly insisted on an immediate adjournment, and Artemus suspecting the game, determined to revenge himself. He locked arms with two gentremen very well known, indeed, in she city—one a manager of the leading theater, the other a public officer, high in the confidence and books of the commonwealth, and walked off with them along the city's most crowded and fashionable thoroughfare. Acting as if he was in custody and needed the care of his companions, and making his voice conspicuously loud, Artemus began: "Gentlemen, you are probably aware that the noble red man, the incomparable savage of our plains, forests and mountain fastnesses, whom I have studied closely in his native wilds, has various modes of expressing the emotions which swell his generous bosom, and of giving voice to the ceremonial traditions inherited from an immemorial ancestry. His cries and dances are equally peculiar, and he has a particular sort of whoop for each particular occasion. The scalp dance, the war dance, the beer dance, the dance of skulls, each has its appropriate halloo, and so has the feast of the moon, the harvest feast, and so forth, But no verbal description, gentlemen, can give you an idea of the these vigorous cries. They must be heard to be appreciated; and to him who has never heard them they are startling as the revelations of a lifetime. In illustration of what I have said, gentlemen, I will now proceed to give you an imitation of the yell of the noble savage as, tomahawk in hand, he springs exultant from his ambush upon the astounded foe.

Thereupon Browne executed a startling and tremendous war-whoop, which made people turn for blocks around and drew upon him the attention of thousands.

"I will now give you," said Artemus after regaining his breath, "a faint imitation of the warrior's cry as he returns to his wigwam, the scalp of his slain enemy dangling at his belt."

Another war-whoop; and thus the scamp kept up his game for a mile or so, until his friends got him at last to his hotel.

Russian Nihilism.

In a notice of Victor Tissot's "Russians and Germans" the London Spectator says: "The author confirmed what has always been our opinion—namely, that the Nihilists in Russia are numerically unimportant. Wherein, then, does their strength lie? How are they able to paralyze a vast military Empire, and make the absolute master of 80,000,000 of subjects a prisoner in his own palace? The author answers the question in a sentence. 'Their strength,' he says, 'lies not in their number, for they are but a handful, but in their fanaticism, in their mystic exaltation, in their somber energy, in their steadfast resolution to perish to the last man, whether by torture or the gallows, with the heroic firmness displayed by the early Christians struggling against the Emperors, and against the pride of strength and the rotting Pagan society. Political assassinations are rare, and attempts at them generally unsuccessful, because the assassins take too many precautions to insure their own escape. The Russian Nihilists, a handful as they are, are formidable because they gladly sacrifice their lives in the prosecution of their designs. Their self-sacrificing zeal is, after all, only a perverted form of the splendid heroism which conquered Napoleon by the conflagation of Moscow. But who are the Nihilists? 'The majority of them,' says M. Tissot, 'consists of students who have failed in their examinations, or whom poverty has driven from the universities; embittered schoolmasters, underpaid public officials who are dying of hunger, Lieutenants and subalterns who have been disappointed in their ambitions. Pessimist ideas have invaded these brains, and from pessimism to Nihilism there is but one step.' M. Tissot calls attention to the notable fact that the Nihilist ranks are largely recruited by Jews. 'There are ten times as many Jews as there are Russians, Poles or Germans.' And what is still more remarkable, the Jewish women are prominent than the men in the Nihilist movement. They appear to be impressed with the spirit and resolution of Judith, prepared to risk everything in avenging themselves on their oppressors. Even young unmarried Jewesses, 'of remarkable beauty,' discarding the ordinary restraints of their faith and sex, are found in the forefront of this crusade against the existing order of things. For it must be borne in mind that the Nihilists do not aim at reform, but at universal anarchy. They have persuaded themselves that society, social, religious, and political, is so irredeemably rotten that reform is impossible. The whole system must be divided into its elements—that is the mission of the Nihilists, and it is useless, from this point of view, to think of reforms till that mission has been completely fulfilled. In the programme of the Nihilists, therefore, there is no place for God, or marriage, or the institution of property. These lie at the root of the present order of things; it is therefore necessary to sweep them all away."

Francatelli is authority for the statement that the palate is as capable and nearly as worthy of education as the eye and the ear.

Nilsson's Early Life.

It is interesting, says London Truth, to trace a glorious career to its origin. Mme. Nilsson is the daughter of very poor parents, natives of the province of Gottland. They were jacks-of-all trades and very musical. Christina had, at a very early age, to do for herself, and was patronized by the owner of a ferry, who took country folk across one of the many lakes about the town of Wexo. She was started by him as an infant prodigy, and her singing and violin-playing drew customers from a rival boat. When she was big enough, she "tramped" with her father and mother from fair to fair. It must not be supposed from this that she was on the low level of the English women and children who tramp through Kent in the hop-picking season. Poverty is not so degrading in Sweden as in Great Britain; and, as hospitality is a universal good quality among the peasantry of Scandinavia, Christina was not exposed to degrading hardships in roving childhood. It was at a country fair that an influential Swedish gentleman discovered her musical genius. His name was Tornerhjelm, and he had heard her sing to a violin accompaniment, which she played herself. At this time she was 14. M. Tornerhjelm opened to her successfully the academies of Holmstadt and Stockholm, obtained for her the protection of the king and queen, and had her, when she was fit to go to Paris, sent there to study under Wartel. If she forgets these benefits it is unfair to tax her with a short memory for them. What prima donna was ever grateful to a benefactor that she could do without or neglect without serious consequences to herself? A successful operatic star accepts tokens of admiration as her due. Were all the gold of California and diamonds of Brazil piled up and given to her the thanks she might deign to offer in return would be only a polite formality. Nilsson's qualities as a lyric artist were manifestly, from the outset of her career, of a very high order. From the moment she obtained an opportunity to sing in public she wanted neither puff nor claque. However, that opportunity she would not have had had it not been for the clever management of M. Tornerhjelm. He got hold of the emperor and empress of the French through the king of Sweden and Dr. Evans, the dentist. A wish expressed by them to the directors of the Theatre Lyrique and the opera-house was taken as an order. Christina Nilsson made her debut at the former as Queen of the Night in the "Magic Flute." When she was there Ambroise Thomas wrote for her the score of Ophelia as it now stands. Without fitting well the role, as she was admirrble in it. Ophelia has not much character. Nilsson has, and always had, a great deal.

Good Suggestions.

Don't live in the back end of your house. The boys will prefer the saloon to the kitchen. Don't be afraid of the coal or wood pile. It is cheaper to have a warm parlor than to pay liquor bills. Put books and papers upon the table instead of wine and cider. Clear brains will honor the family record more than drunkards. Marry into the cheerful family and keep clear of the grumblers. Pull the latch string in for gossip, and hang it out for the poor, that yours may be the house of mercy. In a dying world don't spend much time on ruffles and killing flies. Your children's bodies are more valuable than fine clothes, lace curtains and Brussels carpets, and their souls are of eternal worth. Don't starve to-day, to riot to-morrow; don't hoard scrimp for years that you may be generous in your grave. Be your own almoner, and see your children's happiness while they are still under the paretnal roof Better have a Sunday home service than break your neighbor's Sabbath by visiting and dining that day. Money laid out in song books, organs, music teachers, and tuners, pays compound interest, bringing health to the body, quiet minds, balm to minds, and makes the home an ante-chamber to the choir aboae.

The Kind of Man for a Milk Cart.

He applied for a position as driver o a milk-cart. He said he could give references as to honesty and knew al about driving a horse and handling milk But they wouldn't hire him. Said the owner of the route: "Your qualifications don't amount to a drat, sir! What I want is a real handsome man, who'll be on hugging acquaintance with every cook before he's been on the route a week. Why, the best driver I ever had, I hired because I heard he was at one time defendant in six breach of promise suits. Such a driver gets custom.

The Seductive Peanut.

"How many gobbers do you sell a day, Miss Mary?" was asked of Atlanta's well-known confectioner.

"Oh, I don't know. Some days I sell a half-bushel and some days a bushel. But there are stands in town that sell more peanuts than we do. You see we don't pay much attention to them. In fact I had rather not handle them. They don't set off a pretty stand like mine."

"I thought you would sell more than a bushel a day."

"Well, I don't often sell over a bushel, but when you put what passersby take from the boxes to what I sell it will make nearly twice as much."

"To whom do you sell gobbers mostly?"

"To darkies. They all like peanuts, and when they pass the stand and catch the aroma arising from a bag of hot peanuts they are sure to feel for a nickel. Then I sell lots to business men who don't go home to dinner, and who won't go to a bar for beer and lunch. Why, there is one gentleman, a lawyer, who hasn't been home to dinner a half-dozen times in as many years, and he always buys a pint of peanuts about 12 o'clock. So regular is he in the purchase of this cheap meal that I really miss him when he fails to come."

"Do ladies like gobbers?"

"Oh, yes, but they don't like for it to be known. They walk inside the store, and ask for a nickel's worth of peanuts in a paper bag, and then go home and eat. Little children are fond of them, and I catch many a 5-cent piece from a boy or girl who goes away happy munching his peanuts."

"What do your customers call them?"

"Oh, different names. Young ladies ask for peanuts in a bag. Darkies ask for ground peas, while the school girls always say gobbers."

"What! do school girls eat gobbers?"

"Oh, go away. I shan't tell on them. They are good customers. They buy themselves, and then make the boys buy for them too," and off she went to dish up a box of fine candies.

Education is the only interest worthy the deep, controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man.—Wendell Phillips.

Warming Houses by the Sun's Rays.

Prof. E. S. of the Essex Institute, has devised an ingenious arrangements for utilizing the heat in the sun's rays in warming our houses. His invention consists of a surface of blackened slate under glass fixed to the sunny side or sides of a house, with vents in the walls so arranged that the cold air of a room is let out at the bottom of the slate and forced in again at top by the ascending heated column between the slate and the glass. The outdoor air can be admitted also if desirable. The thing is so simple and apparently self-evident that one only wonders that it has not alwys been in use. Its entire practicableness is demonstrated in the heating of the Professor's study in his cottage at Salem. The value of the improvement for daily warming buildings like churches and school-houses, which, when allowed to get cold between using, consume immense quantities of heat before they are fairly warmed again, is evident. Of course some other means of heating must be available when the sun does not shine. But in the colder regions, say in the far Northwest, the sun shines a greater part of the time, and hence the saying of artificial heat would be very large if the sun-heat could be "turned on" for eight or ten hours out of the twenty-four.

Exchange of Professional Courtesies.

"I have been grossly swindled by a heartless rival, and I want the press to expose him," remarked a well-known undertaker one day.

"How was that?" we inquired.

"Well, some time ago, Beckle, the undertaker, came to me and said: 'Clayhead, all other professions exchange courtesies, why should not we? For instance, the newspapers exchange with each other; even the lawyers lend books. The doctors swap points and the preachers fill each other's pulpits. Now, I want to awaken a kindly feeling among undertakers. "I want them to feel that they are not removed from the great and glorious empire of good feeling. Suppose we start the thing. Suppose we interchange courtesies? Then all the newspapers will speak of us, and such a halo of good fellowship will be thrown around the coffin that—'

"'I don't understand you,' I said to Beckle. 'What do you mean?'

"'I mean,' he went on, 'that when a member of your family dies, I will furnish the burial outfit, nice metallic case, you know. Then when a member of my family dies you can furnish the outfit. In this way we can help each other. We will be so moved with good fellowship that we'll be glad when a member of our families passes away, merely to show this unfeeling world that undertakers are men.'

"The idea struck me. A new departure was something that I had hankered ater. I agreed to Beckle's proposition. Well, about ten days afterward, I received a note from Beckle, stating that his ten year old boy was dead. I was glad to have the opportunity of complying with our contract. I sent a man around and the boy was buried in elegant style. About a week afterward I received intelligence that Beckle's six year old daughter was dead. The idea of devastation in the Beckle family did not impress me nearly so much as the gratification I experienced in promoting the principles of courteous interchange. The girl was elegantly deposited. A few days afterward Beckle sent me a note stating that his wife had died and that he could congratulate me upon the success of the interchange scheme. Mrs. Beckle was buried in a magnificent case. All this time my family had remained in a discouraging state of health, with the exception of a maiden aunt who live with me. One day she was taken ills and insisted upon my sending for a doctor. I explained to her how necessary it was for her to die, but she persistently refused and recovered. Leaving the bedside of disappointment, I went down town and found a note from Beckle, stating that his wife had just died. You see, I had buried his wife a few days before, and did not understand why another wife's funeral should occur so soon, so I called on Beckle.

"'Did I say wife?' he asked in surprise.

"'Yes, sir.'

"'I meant my wife's mother.'

"Of course it was all right, but I concluded to investigate the matter. I soon found that Beckle had never been married, and that he was burying the neighbors at half price, provided the bodies were all buried from a house which he rented for the purpose. All I want you to do is to state in the next issue that there is something about Beckle's character that I don't admire.

Peculiarities of Speech.

Just as the native Southerner is betrayed in his speech by the peculiarity of voice and pronunciation, so is the Western Yankee distinguished from the New Englander. The typical Yankee, slow of words, talking with a nasal twang, and answering a question by asking another, is still to be met with occasionally. Then the total absence of r-sounds in the words of the inhabitant of Northern New England is another peculiarity; he pronounces such words as warm, storm and the like as if written wahm, stohm, etc., just as the Kentuckian does. He says obleege, deestrict and pictur', but he pronounces can't correctly. In fact he is given to broad vowel sounds, and pass, lass, class, etc., are pronounced after the British method. He likewise enunciates half as correctly as the best school ma'am of Ohio, and he would laugh himself hoarse at the bare idea of calling a calf a "caff." Such barbarisms as cam, sam and pam, for the pure, noble-sounding words calm, psalm and palm are never heard in this part of the Union. I wish I could say as much for Ohio, for it really seems when one hears a man who has received a university training give utterance to such flat, vapid sounds, that a portion at least of that man's education has been in vain. On the whole, the New England Yankee, who has never left his native hills, and whose schooling has been so little that he spells college with a d, speaks, I think, better English, and speaks it more grammatically, than men of other portions of the country whose educational advantages have been greater. Of course, habit has much to do with it; children learn to talk as their parents and grandparents talk, and often years of contact with the world fails to smooth the jagged edges of certain inherited colloquial expressions. For instance, a Maine Yankee will insist upon calling a single horse and buggy a "team;" he says of a pauper, that he is "on the town," of a bankrupt that he has "failed up;" beside pronouncing all words ending in er, exactly as though a were the termination. He repudiates the soft impeachment of saying naow, caow and taown, and declares that that system of pronunciation is peculiar to Vermont and York State, and has no place in the vocabulary of a Downeaster.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*