

AGREE TO DISAGREE.

The Attempted Compromise of the Railroad War at Chicago a Failure—Porter's Firmness Bursts Things—Another Meeting in New York.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.] CHICAGO, Nov. 2.—The meeting of the presidents and general managers of the railroads engaged in the war in the Northwest, held at the office of President Keep, of the Chicago & Northwestern, failed to arrive at any agreement regarding the matters in controversy. President Alexander Mitchell and General Manager S. S. Merrill, of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, were first to arrive on the scene, and a short time afterward, President Hugh Riddle and Vice President R. R. Cable, of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific came in. Assistant President E. H. Winter, of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha, was the next to appear, but President Baxter, of the same line, did not join the party until the hands of the clock indicated the hour of 11, the time for which the meeting was set.

The visitors were welcomed by President Keep and Vice President Marvin Huggitt, of the Northwestern, and after a hand shake all around the antagonists retired into the president's room to endeavor to settle their difficulties.

The conference lasted from 11 until 1 o'clock, and when it was over, President Keep informed the GLOBE representative that nothing decisive had been arrived at, and that the meeting had adjourned to meet at the Windsor hotel, New York, Dec. 8.

"You may say," said Vice President Huggitt, "that all the subjects in dispute were discussed in good temper." It was evident from the expression of perplexity and dissatisfaction on President Keep's face that the outcome of his little plan to restore peace or patch up a truce was anything but what he had hoped it would be.

In a general way it was learned that President Porter of the Omaha line, was fixed and immovable in the position he has taken, which is that the Milwaukee & St. Paul people must relinquish the aggressive policy of extending their line and building new roads into the territory of other roads, where such new roads are not required, before he will consent to a cessation of the present war.

President Mitchell, of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, defends the right of his company to build new roads wherever they were wanted by the people, and declined to make any concessions in this respect.

President Keep, in calling the meeting, evidently thought that the question of the division of the Northwestern business was the principal thing to be settled, but President Porter's statement of his position has changed the situation entirely, and the prospects of an early adjustment of the troubles are exceedingly gloomy.

Messrs. Riddle and Cable, representing the Rock Island and the Minneapolis roads, were of course ready to enter a new pool, provided it was agreed that their interests should have an equal share of the earnings, but the new phase of the war put the consideration of their proposition out of the question for the present.

President Porter was the first to leave the meeting, and was followed by Messrs. Riddle and Cable. Messrs. Mitchell and Merrill remained in conference with Messrs. Keep and Huggitt for five or ten minutes longer. It was reported that President Porter had lost control of the Omaha line, and had taken his present attitude in order to prolong the war and depress the stock market and regain his hold on the road.

Shortened Life in the Human Race.

The maturity of man, calculated by the completed condition of the skeleton, is twenty-one years. Twenty-one years multiplied by five—105 years—is therefore the natural duration of the life of man on this estimate, and, with a certain natural limited range, may be accepted as the true and full duration. But when the actual value of life is taken it is found to present, in this country, an average of forty-two years, so that there are grand agencies at work which are reducing the national life to a very low value. If the inquirer enters further into the matter he will observe that the grand agencies leading to this reduced value of life must be in some way removable, because they are not always in action to reduce every form of life to the same level of duration. He will discover that the domestic animals which surround us, if we do not kill them outright by hard labor, exposure to the vicissitudes of the seasons or privation, are so much longer lived than we are, and they exist, practically, to their full term with as much exactitude as we exist to the first of our second state of existence. Or, to put the matter in another light, he will discover that, if our lower domestic animals were to die in the same ratio that we die, their duration of life, as it is now known, would be reduced to nearly half what it is. The dog would have an average term of 8 years, and other animals a similarly-reduced term of life. Such observations as these will lead the sanitarian to find a uniform object in his labor. He will ask what is the reason why man, who holds all the knowledge and skill above the brute creation, should have so little control over his own destiny that he cannot control it in respect to health and life as well as the inferior creature which, compared with himself, has neither reason nor skill. He will wonder in vain so long as he looks simply at the general fact. He will not wonder at all when he proceeds to an analysis of all the details upon which that general fact depends.

In the first place, he will learn from an analysis of the data he may collect that man is the subject of many more diseases than the inferior animals are; that he suffers from certain diseases of the mind incident to his possession of a mental organization superior to that of theirs, and from which diseases they are exempt; and that he suffers from some diseases springing from human vices, from which the lower animals are also exempt; that he suffers from contagious diseases from which they are exempt; that he suffers from diseases connected with the industrial pursuits from which they are exempt; that he suffers from indulgences in certain luxuries of a deadly kind from which they are exempt; that he suffers from various accidents from which they are exempt; that he suffers from hereditary taints of disease from which they are exempt.—Our Homes.

Customer—"I don't know how it is, but my clothes never fit me nicely. Now you always make my friend Capt. Stollert's coat to fit beautifully." Tailor—"Yes, sir, but he's got shoulders to hang 'em on. If gentlemen's made like a champagne bottle, no tailor can fit him!" [Exit customer in indignation.]

DANCING IN MEXICO.

Solemnity of Ball Room Ceremonies—No Talking Allowed.

It must be confessed, writes a correspondent of the New York Times, that a rural "dance" in New Mexico is a most dismal affair, but that the active participants in such entertainments derive some sort of enjoyment therefrom is proved by the frequency with which bailes are arranged. There is not much preliminary talk about these rural gatherings. Whoever takes part in the dancing strong within him engages the services of the village musicians and sends forth word to the neighborhood at large that on a stated night there will be a baile at a given house. Everybody is free to come without further ceremony. There are no restrictions of fashion as to costume. The sheep herder in his patched overalls and cowhide moccasins will be as welcome as the don in his best attire. Nevertheless, most of the people who attend the baile have done something for the betterment of their customary appearance. The women are dressed in the same style of magnificence which we have seen at the horse race, and their white blouses the men have added paper collars and bright-colored neckties, the knots of which persist in working around under the wearers' ears.

Mexican etiquette is not strict in demanding washed faces and hands under any circumstances, but there are at least some among the company who have gone through the motions of ablution, and whose complexions are consequently a shade lighter than usual. The ball-room is not imposing either by its size or decorations. Each townlet has some one room, which, by reason of its broad floor and superior dimensions, is recognized as the regular place for social festivities. Benches and a few chairs are ranged round the sides, half a dozen candles stuck into bottles and other candleabra improvised for the occasion are fastened to the walls, and then everything is in readiness for the ball to go on. The music is that of a fiddle and an accordion, sometimes of both, when the village rejoices in the musics. Although the Mexican musician is self taught, he is often able to produce quite tolerable sounds from his instrument, some allowance being made for the cheap quality of the latter. At all events he plays well enough to content his audience. Except when actually dancing, the men and women do not mingle. The women stand themselves at one end of the room, and the men cluster at the other end.

Nor is conversation between partners in a dance permissible. A Mexican who should see his wife or daughter talking with her partner while dancing would at once suspect that some intrigue was hatching between the pair under cover of the noise of the music and dancers' feet. Americans who are not familiar with ways of Mexicans, and those who are aware of the interdiction against conversation but who choose to trespass against the rules are likely to meet with a blunt admonition to the effect that dancing and not talking should be the admitted business in hand. And the Mexicans themselves dance as if in fact they were engaged in some very grave and rather doleful ceremony. At a note given as a signal by the musician, such men as propose engaging in the quadrille, or whatever may be the dance announced, walk solemnly across the room and hold out each a hand to his chosen partner. Then, in all silence, they take their places on the floor, and the music begins. There is no "calling off" of figures as is the custom among rustic Americans. All the dancers know what to do, and they do it with serious deliberation. Neither dawdling indifference nor frolicsome capering is a habit of Mexican dancing. Sober modesty, reminding one of the trapeze artist's performance of the trained elephant in a circus, is the prevailing characteristic of the movements of the women as well as the men. The dancers are oppressively observant of time and the proper step, and all move together with the precision of machinery. When the music ceases the lady hand the ladies to their seats with an air as if they were confiding dear friends to the grave, and then return to the men's part of the room.

Bill Nye's Advance Notices. While we think of it, we desire to state right now that, no matter how suspicious may be the circumstances connected with our death, we do not desire to have the matter investigated. Others may enjoy having their vitals preserved in alcohol and put in a cabinet filled with antiseptic powders, but the humble author of this sketch would rather not contribute anything to science than to make a feeble Cramer of himself, and have Gabriel advertising all over Christendom for a strayed or stolen liver which belonged to us, and had been carelessly misplaced by an arsenic hunter.

Don't. Don't live on the shady side of the street; flowers need sun. Don't live in the midst of gloomy and dark surroundings; you cannot afford it; economize in some other way. Don't live in a room with bare walls. Chromes, heliotypes, wood-cuts and prints are all cheap, and for frames you may make them of straws or "splints." A cross made beautiful with twining tendrils of crimson woodbine may suggest that other cross, on which the hopes of men are placed. A picture of clasped hands and raised eyes will suggest the All-Father, who hears our supplications. Pictures of a sunset sky, a running brook and waving meadow-land, lead us away into the fresh, still country, even though the sound of drags and railway whistles and street-car tinkling bells be in our ears. If possible do not have a home without music; let it soften and mellow the home-life and hold young hearts together.

Don't read books and papers which suggest thoughts you would not utter. They stain the soul; they burn the heart. Can you thrust your hand into soot and bring it out white and clean? Can you sing your clothes and not have the smell of fire on your garments? Beware of books which are suggestive of evil, though they be clothed in the purple and gold of fine language. Don't watch for dishonesty and evil intention in those around you. Hold every man honest until proved otherwise. Thus believing in others, you will draw out of them their best; for men, ordinarily, are their best; those who believe in them. Also keep your heart young and green by faith in your fellow-man. Don't forsake your church, even though its privileges are poor. Sermons will be helpful influences in your life. You may only carry away a single sentence of a sermon, thus: "Make the best of yourself." The sound, too, of music will help to drive away the evil spirit of your soul, and raise you into a higher atmosphere; nearer to truth and to God. Don't live your life alone, without forming friendships and love; for nature needs love, you were made for it, and other nature need you. You are robbing yourself, you are robbing others, if you live like a hermit. Therefore go out into God's world and live your life out for others.

Longfellow and the Children.

Longfellow loved all children, and had a word for them whenever he met them.

At a concert, going early with her father, a little girl espied Mr. Longfellow sitting alone, and begged that she might go and speak to him. Her father, himself a stranger, took the liberty of introducing his little daughter Edith to the poet.

"Edith?" said Mr. Longfellow, tenderly. "Ah! I have an Edith, too; but my Edith is 20 years old." And he seated the child beside him, taking her hand in his, and making her promise to come and see him at his house in Cambridge.

"What is the name of your sled, my boy?" he said to a small lad, who came tugging one up the road toward him, on a winter morning.

"It's 'Evangeline,' Mr. Longfellow wrote 'Evangeline.' Did you ever see Mr. Longfellow?" answered the little fellow, as he ran by, doubtless wondering at the smile on the face of the pleasant gray-haired gentleman.

Prof. Monti, who witnessed the pretty scene, tells the story of a little girl who last Christmas inquired the way to the poet's house, and asked if she could just step inside the yard; and he relates how Mr. Longfellow, being told she was there, went to the door and called her in, and showed her the "old clock on the stairs," and many other interesting things about the house, leaving his little guest with beautiful memories of that Christmas day to carry all through her life. This was characteristic of the poet's hospitality, delicate and courteous and thoughtful to all who crossed his threshold.

It is often said, and with reason, that we Americans do not think enough of manners—that politeness of behavior which comes from genuine sympathy and a delicate perception of others' feelings. Certainly our young people might look to Mr. Longfellow as a model in this respect. He was a perfect gentleman in the best sense of that term, always considerate, and quick to see where he might do a kindness, or say a pleasant word.

A visitor one day told him in conversation of a young lady relative, or friend, who had sent to Mr. Longfellow the message that he was the one man in the world she wanted to see.

"Tell her," said the poet, instantly, "that she is the one young lady in the world whom I want to see." Some young girls, from a distant part of the country, having been about Cambridge sight-seeing, walked to Mr. Longfellow's house, and, venturing within the gate, sat down upon the grass. He passed them there, and, turning back, said: "Young ladies, you are uncomfortably seated. Won't you come into the house?"

They were overjoyed at the invitation, and, on entering, Mr. Longfellow insisted upon their taking lunch with him. They saw that the table was set for four, and were beginning to be mortified at finding themselves possible intruders upon other guests. They so expressed themselves to their host, who put them at ease at once, saying that it was only his regular lunch with his children, and that they would be happy to wait.

One of a group of school-girls whom he had welcomed to his house sent him, as a token of her gratitude, an iron pen made from a fetter of the Prisoner of Chillon, and a bit of wood from the fragile Constitution, ornamented with precious stones from three continents. He wrote his thanks in a poem which must be very precious to the giver—"Beautiful Helen of Maine"—to whom he says of her gift that it is to him—

As a drop of the dew of your youth On the leaves of an aged tree.—Lucy Larcom, in St. Nicholas.

Watering Horses.

One thing in the treatment of working horses in hot weather we are disposed to deprecate, viz. The custom of watering them three times a day, and no more. It is simply cruelty on the part of man toward his beast to compel the team to plow or mow from early morning until noon, or from noon until night, without allowing it the privilege of a refreshing draught. It is inconvenient, many times, to water the team during the forenoon or afternoon, and we are apt to think the time thus taken lost, but when the farmers' millennium comes there will probably be water in every field, supplied from some elevated spring, or from a running stream. In the meanwhile, time "lost" in doing good, even though it may be in behalf of the dumb animals, is well "lost"—it may be regained. Could they speak, it might be to say that they would like to be treated in the matters of times for food had drink somewhat as we—their wise masters—are accustomed to treat ourselves.—Indiana Farmer.

Life's Spring Blessings.

He came out of the side gate with a kangaroo motion to his legs, and an expression of countenance that would have frozen a tramp into a solid block of ice in six seconds. Then he turned, and while he held to the fence with one hand he shook the other at the house in a wild, strange manner. Then he stood on one foot and felt of the other as tenderly as if he was caressing a new-blown rose. "Was it all there?" He seemed to doubt, and that same wild expression floated over his countenance again, and again he waved his arm around his head and shook his fist at an unseen enemy.

A white, scared face appeared at a window, and the man danced up and down on his leg and cried out: "Never! Never again on earth!" A white hand behind the glass beckoned to him, but he waved his arm and replied:

"I won't! I'll send up six men with blocks and tackle!" The white face was pressed against the pane and the man's eyes had a beseeching look, but the man bobbed along on the grass and growled out:

"I'll smash the infernal thing with an ax!" Then a lady appeared in the door and seemed to want to explain something, but he threw down his hat with an awful whack and interrupted her with: "I tell ye I'm going down and have this foot amputated, and when you see me clumping around with an old wooden pedestal you'll remember that I told you we ought to try to move that old cock-stove into the back kitchen!"—Detroit Free Press.

It takes a girl about four hours longer to wash the front windows of a house than the back windows.

A West end boy, whose schoolmates had put a pin in his chair, had the nerve to keep his seat and even look unconcerned until he had a chance to extract it unnoticed. It was tough for him, but he knew he had the satisfaction of filling their souls with disappointment.

Oriental Philosophy.

BUDDHA.

Better than sovereignty over the earth, better than going to heaven, better than lordship over all the worlds, is the reward of the first step in holiness.

He who lives pure in thought, free from malice, contented, leading a holy life, feeling tenderness for all creatures, speaking wisely and kindly, humbly and sincerely, has the Deity ever in his heart. A wise man must faithfully discharge all his moral duties, even though he does not constantly perform the ceremonies of religion. He will fall very low if he performs ceremonial acts only, and fails to discharge his moral duties. There are two roads that conduct to perfect virtue—be true, and to do no evil to any creature.

Why say I will go on a pilgrimage to the holy city of Benares? Why long for the sacred wells? How shall the true Benares be obtained by a wrong-doer? Though we live in the desert, sanctity is not there, nor is it in the sky, nor on the earth at the confluence of holy streams. Convert thy body into a temple, and govern thyself. Give up evil thoughts, and see God with thine internal eye.

CONFUCIUS.

For one word a man is often deemed to be wise, and for one word he is often deemed to be foolish. We ought to be careful indeed what we say.

When the multitude hate a man it is necessary to examine into the case. When the multitude like a man it is necessary to examine into the case.

When we see men of worth, we should think of equaling them; when we see men of a contrary character, we should think of avoiding them.

Things that are done, it is needless to speak about; things that have had their course, it is needless to remonstrate about; things that are past, it is needless to blame.

"It is according to rules of propriety," they say. Are gems and silk all that is meant by propriety? "It is music," they say. Are bells and drums all that is meant by music?

The man who is fond of daring, and is dissatisfied with poverty, will proceed to insubordination. So will the man who is not virtuous, when you carry your dislike of him to an extreme.

What is the goal of being ready with the tongue? They who meet men with smartness of speech for the most part procure themselves hatred. I know not whether he be truly virtuous, but why should he show readiness of the tongue?

Do not be desirous to have things done quickly; do not look at small advantages. Desire to have things done thoroughly. Looking at small advantages prevents great affairs from being accomplished.

I would not have him to act with me who will unarmed attack a tiger, or cross a river without a boat, dying without any regret. My associate must be the man who proceeds to action full of solicitude, who is fond of adjusting his plans, and then carries them into execution.

A Self-Poisoned Woman.

The tramp ascended the front steps, and, after giving the precaution to read the door plate, rang the bell with a frequent and easy confidence born of previous success. The door was opened by a woman, as the tramp had anticipated.

"Is Mr. Brown in?" he asked. The woman took an inventory of his face and clothing, and replied:

"No, Mr. Brown isn't in, but Mrs. Brown is. I've just sent Brown for a cent's worth of yeast; when he comes back he'll have to put out the line and hang out the wash; then I shall send him out with the baby, and after that he will have his sweeping and dusting to do. No, you can't see Brown to-day, and I wouldn't make any difference if you could; I attend to the business here."

The tramp said he guessed he'd mistaken the house and Mrs. Brown, as she slammed the door in his face, said she reckoned he had.

Conditions of Health.

The conditions of health are few but imperative.

- 1. Pure air.
2. Pure and nutritious food.
3. Proper exercise.
4. Undisturbed sleep.
5. Regularity.
6. Temperance in all things.
7. Pleasant and active mental, moral and social conditions.
8. Right bodily positions.
9. Cleanliness.
10. Sunlight.—Herald of Health.

We think we go in for pretty costly trousseaux, but they are nothing compared to those provided among Parisian swells in the last century. That of Mlle. de Matignon, who in 1783 married the Baron de Montmorency, cost \$125,000. It included 1,200 shifts.

The Mule.

This is a Mule. He feels sick. Do not pet a Mule because he feels sick, for he may make you feel sick. The Mule's Tail is short and slim. He cannot brush off the Flies with his Tail. His Ears are large and long. He can brush Flies on one foot with his Tail. With his Ears he can fan himself, too. With his Legs are quite short. His hind Legs are exceedingly long. Many naturalists have tried to measure the Length of a Mule's hind Legs; but have only succeeded in having their own Legs measured. A wise man has said "there are some Things in Nature past finding out." This is one of those Things. It is safer to play with a Mule's Ears than with his Tail. It is safer to play with a Can of Nitro Glycerine than either. Dear Children, if your Pa-pas have Lots of Money, do not let them buy any Mules with hind Legs on to celebrate Fourth-of-July with, for Mules with hind Legs on are apt to go off suddenly. Let us move the Sweet Young Soul from Life's pleasant Scenes.—Yonkers Gazette.

Mines of Precious Stones.

Gems of all kinds possess a curious interest to human beings. From the earliest times precious stones have had a strange attraction for the wealthy and powerful of the earth. So far, no diamond fields have been discovered in the United States, but precious stones are found in several localities. In New Mexico there is a famous turquoise mine which must have been worked literally a thousand years ago, for it yielded up its treasures to the Aztecs and to other prehistoric races which dominated in Mexico and adjoining countries. It is believed this mine can still be used for bringing out its peculiar treasures, but in the eager hunt for gold and silver the mining of gems is overlooked. An Alexander county, North Carolina, they are discovering, and in such quantities that the mining of them is likely to become a profitable industry.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The ancients believed that the lynx could see through stone walls.

The tusks of a full-grown male elephant sometimes are ten feet long.

In Rome, bankrupts were condemned to wear in public black bonnets of a sugar-loaf form.

In an edition of Ptolemy's geography, 1540, a double-tailed mermaid figures in one of the plates.

The Hottentots say that if a lion, in taking his prey, misses his leap, he will not follow it any further; but, as though he were ashamed, he turns round and slowly, step by step, measures the exact length between the two points, as if to find how much too short, or how much beyond the mark, he had made his leap.

Among the latest uses to which sawdust has been applied is the manufacture of car wheels. A writer states that sawdust car wheels, sawdust brick, sawdust fence post railroads, ties, and even sawdust window and door frames, waiting and molding, begin to appear among the possibilities of the immediate future.

A curious proof of the prevalence of the English language throughout the globe is afforded by a statement in the "Newspaper and Bank Directory of the World," that out of 34,274 newspapers and periodicals which were published in 1880, no fewer than 16,500 were printed in our own tongue. Nearly half the remainder were in German, a quarter in French, and the greater bulk of the rest in Spanish. Daily papers numbered 4,020, and the gross circulation of the whole periodical press is estimated at 10,592,000,000.

In Switzerland, razors, pocket-knives, etc., made from English cast steel are tempered by immersing the blades at a dark cherry red in a bath composed of four parts of finely powdered yellow resin, two parts of fish oil, to which is added, in a very hot state, one part of melted tallow, and allowing them to cool perfectly; after which they are heated without wiping them, and hardened in water in the ordinary way. The blades hardened by this process are found to be more uniformly tempered than by any other, making it possible to produce an exceedingly fine cutting edge.

Trenns died in England not long since a madman, in whose body was found twenty buckles, fourteen pieces of glass, ten pebbles, three knotted strings, a piece of leather, a fish-hook, a pin, nine copper buttons and 1,782 nails and tacks. A French convict carried around in his stomach fifty-two objects, including several knives and a piece of hoop-iron four inches long. A sailor died in a London hospital a few years ago who, when he was drunk, swallowed pen-knives and clasp-knives by the half-dozen. In Boston, in 1805, he swallowed four in one evening, and next morning, encouraged by the notoriety, swallowed eight more. He was finally seized with vomiting, and was only relieved by heroic measures, but his stomach was ruined. But the next December, being again drunk, he swallowed nine clasp-knives, and was several months in getting rid of them. He did not, in fact, get rid of all of them, and died of slow emaciation four years afterward.

How It Looks to a Working Journalist.

There was a time when the editors of New York papers were working men, who came to their offices and worked among their staff, and gave spirit and competition to the whole thing. You will not find old men around the newspaper office, and giving enthusiastic editorial work when the editor from his house obtains the news through the telephone, through which he sends down his orders, and has the proofs sent to him. That was not the way Bennett, Raymond, Greeley and Bryant worked. But the system has gone through those New York papers until they are spiritless, heavy and formal, and the workers on the papers get no encouragement from their editors.—Thomas Kinsella, in an interview.

About Worms.

Darwin, in his latest work, estimates that there are in gardens 53,767 worms to the acre, and that they would weigh 355 pounds. Having four or five gizzards apiece, each worm is able to digest a large amount of coarse food, and to bring sixteen tons per acre to the surface per annum. Mr. Darwin says that a field near his house has been cleared of cobble-stones within his remembrance, and this not so much from the fact that the pebbles have been undermined as because fine earth has been brought to the surface. Many of the foundations of Roman buildings recently discovered in Great Britain are preserved underneath this constantly-accumulating deposit of "earth mold," which is from two to three feet deep over the ruins at Wroxeter.

"I've stolen a coat," said a man to a lawyer, "and I want you to defend me. Think you can prove me innocent?" "Oh yes; we can prove that you were in an adjoining township when the coat was stolen and that the prosecution was malicious." "How much will you charge?" "What sort of a coat is it?" "First rate; never been worn any." "Well, I want charge you anything. Just give me the coat."

A French photographer boasts of having been able to catch the impression of a flying bird. There is nothing at all wonderful about that. An Australian man who has no scientific attainments whatever, without any effort on his part, caught the impression of a flying bat. It was a very clear impression. The flying bat was a brick-bat. He was offering a resignation at a ward meeting when the accident occurred.

A jolly-looking German was quietly walking down the street when he was approached by a man who said: "Hallo, Joe! What are you doing here?" The old man looked up and said: "But I am not here at all." "Not here?" said the man; "what do you mean by that?" "Well, now, you see my name is not Joe, and so how could I be here? You must mean some other man."

A man never loses anything by being polite. A Benalo gentleman waiting for a train at Ayr, Ont., saw a woman slip upon something, and nearly fall. He hurried to assist her and nearly fell, rise, and as he did so she dropped a valuable which proved to be a diamond. He had left in the depot a few minutes before, and which she was attempting to steal.

"Talk about stopping the drinking lecturer," "There is but one way to do it—'You must remove the cause.'" "True for you, old fellow," shouted a demoralized hearer, "see for you. That's what I've been trying to do all my life. Bring on yer cause as if yer want it removed."

SOLID COMFORT!

Now that Jack Frost has at last arrived, those who had thought to push through without a NEW OVERCOAT. Will look for the House That Sells Cheapest. To this we answer, visit the NEW YORK ONE-PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE CORNER OF THIRD AND MINNESOTA STS., ST. PAUL.

FACTS ABOUT FURS!

1st. Most people buying furs are dependent on parties they buy of, therefore buy of a reliable well-known house, and time will prove you wise. 2d. Ladies "shopping" on furs will do well to remember that good and bad dyed Seal look about alike when new, and "English dye" is what they want, and the fact is, to get it they must buy of parties WHO KNOW THE DIFFERENCE. 3d. A well established Fur House can not afford to misrepresent goods, and the trade can only increase by honest dealing. 4th. IT IS A FACT that Ransom & Horton are at the head of the fur trade in the Northwest. IT IS A FACT that they never sell any but English dye. It is a fact that they are the best judges of fine Seal goods in St. Paul. IT IS A FACT that they never sold a Seal garment that was unsatisfactory. IT IS A FACT that they have the best stock and (though making no claim to sell goods for no profit) sell FIRST QUALITY goods for a REASONABLE price. IT IS A FACT that their old customers will all recommend them.

Ransom & Horton, 111 East Third St., St. Paul.

50 FINE OUTSIDE GARMENTS

Will be Opened THIS MORNING. Anybody in want of a Fine Garment will do well by calling on us.

Mail Orders will receive careful and prompt attention. On a crowded sidewalk: Indignant Female—"Sir, I would feel obliged to you if you would keep that umbrella of yours to yourself and not poke me with it again!" Insolent wretch—"O ma'am! Yes, ma'am! I didn't mean to do it! I 'ut the prod-a-gal son, ma'am!"

Christmas and New Year's Cards

In Great Variety. Miscellaneous, Gift, Juvenile and Toy Books, The Largest Stock West of New York. SEND IN YOUR ORDERS NOW. CONFECTIONERS. Candy, Send \$1, \$2, \$3, or \$5 for a retail box by Express of the best Candies in America, put up in elegant boxes, and strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Express charges light. Refer to all Chicago. Try it once. Address C. F. GUTHRIE, Confectioner, Chicago.

STORM Sash.

FOR SALE—Matched team of black driving horses; fine, sound and handsome. As owner has no further need of them, will sell at a bargain, together or separately. Call at "King's" boarding stable, Fourth and Minnesota streets. 337-340. FOR SALE—Buffalo robe and Wolf robe, little used. Call at 154 East Third Street. 337-339. FOR SALE—Horse weight 1,250 pounds, M. Lark, 14 Mississippi street. 320*