

The resignation of Hon. W. W. McNair, from our ticket leaves the nomination of a candidate for Governor in the hands of the State Central Committee. I would therefore invite the Democratic State Central Committee to a meeting to be held at the Merchants Hotel, St. Paul, on Friday, August 17th, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of filling said vacancy on the ticket and such other business as may be necessary.

I would also hereby invite all the candidates on the ticket, and the members of the late convention and such other Democrats as can make it convenient to attend to confer with the committee.

MICHAEL DORAN, Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee.

CONGRESSMAN THOS. L. YOUNG is a candidate for nomination for county auditor, in Hamilton county, Ohio. It's a cold day when Tom Young cannot find an office that he wants. He is pretty lucky, Tom is, but his luck is out this time.

ANOTHER day has passed and still no intelligence of the whereabouts of the Hon. Wm. E. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Hatton, who has entire charge of the Government, should suspend all his duties until it ascertained what has become of the missing statesman.

Hon. H. L. GORDON contributes epistle No. 2 to the GLOBE this morning. Mr. Gordon deals very plumply with the pine land men and they will realize, if they have not already done so, that they have taken a large contract in attempting to crush him. Mr. Gordon knows the weak points of his enemies and he is puncturing them.

The Republican state central committee organized yesterday with "the Old Guard" in the front seats, as the GLOBE announced weeks ago. It was rather novel for the chairman of the committee to feel it necessary to protest that he was loyal to the ticket. The "insiders" well understand that nothing would please "the Old Guard" better than to see the Republican majority go under five thousand. Here's to "the Old Guard."

The St. Louis Post Dispatch fears the New York Sun is over advocating Holman for the presidency. Some good men have been destroyed in that way, it says. But that can hardly apply to Mr. Holman, who is tall and angular, his cheekbones high and a straggling crop of whiskers adorn his face. From a pair of slippers shoulders a limp coat hangs, and his trousers always bag at the knees. The Sun which shines for all, is not likely to hurt a man like that.

The Republicans have been chucking over alleged Democratic disaffection toward Judge Hoadly in Ohio. The Cincinnati Enquirer has been named as fighting him. But this is all Republican moonshine. Darbin Ward is on the stump for him. The old liners will all vote for him, and they will be Democrats. So far as the Enquirer is concerned this is the way it talks about Hoadly:

Judge Hoadly made a speech at Ironton two or three days ago, and, in the parlance of the times, "made a monkey" of a conceived fellow who met him with a lot of questions. Judge Hoadly is an able speaker, full of information on the topics of the day; and he has the faculty of instantly formulating his views and driving ahead to suit the emergency. He has made an excellent impression on the stump.

MAN'S ingratitude to man has had no more vivid illustration of late, than in the course pursued toward Wm. E. Chandler since his political downfall. Before his days of adversity he was good enough to steal the Presidency, and was praised and honored as a pure patriot. But now, in the language of the Philadelphia Press, he is a "retired boss," and the sooner he takes himself "to the rear in company with Conkling and Blaine and other statesmen who have found it impossible to keep up with the progressive and patriotic element of the Republican party, the better it is likely to be for him." This is the style of the truly good Republicans. The more dirty work a man does the harder he is kicked. Chandler has done enough of that kind of work to be canonized as a Republican Saint, instead of being treated in this beastly manner.

PUT ON THE MUZZLE.

The Republican press with partisan fear and trembling are baying on the track of Judge Hoadly the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio. A black Friday stamped in Wall street is a hissing down beside the panic these tremulous people are in. But all the organs are not purblind. The Washington Gazette ladies out a few stern facts that in the hoot and cry after Hoadly the panicky fellows have overlooked. That sentiment on the watchtower says that it must be clear to every Republican of sense that unless Sherman and Foster are muzzled and kept out of sight during the remainder of the campaign in Ohio, that state will go Democratic. The Republicans of Ohio have satisfied themselves with regard to John Sherman and Charles Foster and they don't want any more of either. Neither could be elected to any office of consequence, national or state, by Ohio voters. Both know this and will deal exclusively with the legislature hereafter. It would seem, of necessity, to follow that men who do not command the confidence of their state are the wrong kind of advocates to put in the field in the important campaign now in progress. There has been nothing said this year that contains more frozen truth to the square inch. It is an honest sizing up of the big and

little boss of Ohio. It will do no particular good to put on the muzzle now. The country will hear Democratic thunder from Ohio in October. "Turn the Rascals out."

"NOTHING TO NOBODY."

John Sherman was asked now much money he would put in the Foster-Forchaker campaign in Ohio. "What I give is nothing to nobody," said "Honest" John. Since the check Sherman gave to a colored delegate from South Carolina was photographed at the Chicago convention, what he has given has been "nothing to nobody," with a vengeance. "Honest" John is thrifty. He has got rich out of politics. He gets all he can and keeps it. Besides he don't like Foster. He had ample evidence of his treachery to him at Chicago, at the time, and he has had his attention freshly called to the subject. In January 1881, Foster came so near getting into the United States senate as Garfield's successor that it made his head swim and his heart go pit-a-pat. But Sherman was his Nemesis. He demanded the senatorship of Garfield as reprisal, in some measure, for certain things that happened at Chicago. Garfield wiped out Foster's senatorial chances, as with a sponge, and an ugly chasm was bridged—but merely bridged. While John Sherman lives C. Foster will not get to the senate. What money Sherman gives is "nothing to nobody," but the wacks he will give to Foster will make that statesman see stars all the days of his natural life, and the serpent in "Honest" John's bosom will hiss for joy when Foster meets his final collapse.

A FIELD FOR WORK.

Rev. Dr. Worden of Princeton N. J., is the Sunday school secretary of the Presbyterian church of the United States. In an address at Chantanooga upon Sunday school extension, Dr. Worden dwelt upon the danger of illiteracy, instancing the fact that there are a million or more of voters in this country who cannot read their ballots. In Timothy Dwight's day, (which covered the period from his entrance upon the ministry in 1777, to 1817, when he ceased from his labors,) said Dr. Worden, there was but one Christian in fifteen of the population. Now there is one in every five of the population. In the United States there are 86,000 Sunday schools, and ten million church members, but of this vast membership only three millions engage in Sunday school work. There are over fifteen millions of the school age, and yet there are only five millions in the Sabbath schools. Dr. Worden spoke of the restored and greatly increased fraternal feeling between the north and south, and also noted the perils of illiteracy, which are not confined to any nationality, the viciousness of Mormonism, intemperance, infidelity and vice. The hope of the future of America is in the growth of the Christian institutions of the land. Christianity and patriotism are one and inseparable. We need compulsory education. The circulation of the Bible and the teaching of its truth will meet and destroy the threatening evil. In these statistical facts and the deductions from them there is food for thought. The propositions advanced cannot be gainsaid. The lethargy of two-thirds of the professed Christians shows how great the need of quickening grace, and yet it is seen that great progress has been attained since the days of good, old Chaplain Dwight when he ministered to the heroes of the Revolutionary army. There is indeed a great field for work.

A BLUBBER INTERVIEW.

The Brooklyn Eagle publishes an interview with Albert Dagggett, the big, beefing ex-herb of Kings county, in which that blustering person pretends to contradict some of the minor statements of Dorsey, Dagggett, in his rambling talk, shows that he has as little political sense or any other kind of sense as the fat-witted Pioneer Press and a few other callow creatures. Those who really know anything about the inside of the Chicago convention are quite willing to abstain from any reference to the version given by Dorsey of the conduct of Garfield at the convention. It is a delicate matter and those who discuss it to contradict Dorsey or for any other purpose, exhibit lamentable weakness. It is due to General Garfield to say that primarily he did not wish to attend the Chicago convention. He had been mentioned in connection with the nomination, he had been approached on the subject, and so far as he had any sympathy with any of the candidates it was with Blaine. Garfield was mentioned in connection with the nomination in such a way that Sherman was afraid of him. To make his own case more secure, as he thought, he asked, then insisted and finally commanded that Garfield should be a delegate to the convention and present the name of Sherman. With painful reluctance Garfield consented. He presented Sherman's name to the convention, but in a way that did not satisfy Sherman or his agents, and from Sherman and his friends then and there came the charge against Garfield, that Dorsey has merely repeated. In his interview Dagggett says:

As to Garfield betraying Sherman at the national convention, the general said to me himself during the convention, "I am not to be a candidate before this convention. I came here as the champion and advocate of Secretary Sherman, who is Ohio's candidate," I am now consulting with Garfield, Dennison and Foster during all the exciting period of the convention, and Garfield never suggested an instant in his zeal for Sherman. He had no idea of being nominated, and no wish to be. He was pained when he was nominated.

This only goes to show that Dagggett and all other fools like him ought to be muzzled. Ex-Gov. Dennison, who was Sherman's chief manager, Mr. Batesman who had charge of Sherman's headquarters, the two men who directed the Sherman movement, did not confide in Garfield or Foster, but on the contrary kept all matters they deemed vital, secret from them. Every sharp man in the convention or witnessing it, understood that the delegates from Garfield's congressional district were Blaine men, and led the break in the Ohio delegation against Sherman. It was remarked at the time, and not unreasonably, that it was very strange that Garfield and the delegates from his district were at such a variance. The applause that greeted Garfield every time he came into the convention did not come from Sherman men, but was started by Evan Morris, a delegate from Garfield's district. Gov. Dennison asked Garfield to try to get the delegates from his district to vote for Sherman, but he declined to ask them, on the ground that they were independent men and could vote for whom they pleased. There are plenty of other incidents, taken singly or in mass, that never have been reconciled with a support

of Sherman that had not behind it an ulterior purpose.

Those, if any, who have spoken concerning General Garfield with the intent to disparage him have done him far less harm, if harm at all, than is being done by those who profess admiration and friendship for him. The silly vanity of a man like Dagggett and the imbecile stupidity exhibited by an alleged Republican organ issued in St. Paul and Minneapolis, must be exceedingly irritating to the friends of the man who won the honors at Chicago in 1880. Sherman was pacified by being put into the senate at Garfield's demand, but he never forgave, and his icy soul rejoices whenever a fatwitted fool undertakes to show that good faith was observed toward him. He understands the miserableness of the defense and rather enjoys the martyrdom in which he is placed by it. And more than this, he knows that his insistence upon Garfield's membership of the Chicago convention was the fate of Sherman and the fortune of Garfield.

Driscoll's Confession.

Mr. Driscoll confesses that he told an unblushing lie in the chamber of commerce last Monday morning when he denied the suppression of the report of the president of the St. Paul chamber of commerce in the Minneapolis edition of the paper. He endeavors in a clumsy way to mix up the lie among "the foreman," "the stenographer," "the editor in charge" etc., and after hopelessly involving himself, sneakingly adds, "it is impossible to trace the matter further." If he had included the boy who sweeps out the office and made him the responsible party for the lie told in the chamber of commerce, it would have been lucid and clear. Here is a sample paragraph from the confession:

The night foreman of the news-room declared, upon being questioned two months ago, that the second edition, containing the Sanborn report on the fifth page, was sent to the press room a few minutes after the first edition, in which the news of our neighbors held that position, accompanied by the usual street orders from the editor in charge, that the second edition should go to all the list, except to a few hundred subscribers in a few minor specified streets, reaching the editor in charge.

The unmarried man thought she should be excused because the child was a very small one, and so Driscoll, having lied when he said the report was not suppressed, pleads that it was not much of a lie because it was only omitted from "a few hundred." But this statement is proven to be a lie also. Instead of the omission occurring only in "a few hundred" distant mail papers, here is the testimony of the Minneapolis Tribune:

In the St. Paul Pioneer Press of the same date, that report appeared on the table of the Tribune, there was not a word to be found which even intimated that Gen. Sanborn had ever made a report or that there was such a body as the St. Paul chamber of commerce. Inquiry developed the fact that the editor of the Pioneer Press that could be found in Minneapolis was quizzed and amusingly dumb on the subject of Sanborn and his sanguine manifesto.

It is an old maxim, "false in one, false in all," and Mr. Driscoll having confessed his lie and pleaded in extenuation that it was a small one, the public will place their own judgment upon it, and will be very ready to accept concurrent testimony from the editor of the Tribune. The conviction and confession in reference to the suppressed report, throws a cloud upon his denial of the site matter also. This is a sad, sad world.

COL. HICKS' SPEECH.

How His Denunciation of the Pioneer Press Appeared in Print.

(Pioneer Press Grand Army Report, Aug. 16.) Col. Hicks, of Minneapolis, was then loudly called for and responded briefly.

Perhaps there were two editions and "the foreman," "the stenographer" and "the editor" and the office boy may have conspired to suppress Col. Hicks in a "few hundred copies." Driscoll had better compromise by telling another lie and then confessing—Ed. GLOBE.]

REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE.

"The Old Guard" Come to the Front, and the Gallant Gen. McLaren Gets There—Promises of Loyalty to the Ticket.

Two o'clock yesterday afternoon, at the Merchants hotel, was the time and place designated for the first meeting of the Republican state central committee. Gen. McLaren was on deck early and extended greetings as members of the committee and other active Republicans dropped in. He appeared to "have a hen on," as it were, and was not entirely certain as to the coming hatch. It was fifteen or twenty minutes after two o'clock when Gen. McLaren piloted the crowd up to "Room 4" on the next floor above the office. There was quite an official gathering and among those who joined the GLOBE representative in "Room 4" were Gov. Hubbard, Secretary of State Von Bammbach, State Auditor Braden, Insurance Commissioner McGill, State Treasurer Killebrew, Clerk of the Court Nichols, Inspector Flower, J. S. Marshall Denny, and Oil Inspector Castle. With Dennis official crowd, and such straggling members of the committee as could be found had gathered in "room 4" Gen. McLaren announced that being the member of the committee at large, he had called the committee together without any authority, and he appeared to want to be forgiven for having done so. Gen. Flower helped him out by moving that the committee be made chairman of the committee pro tem. This prevailed and then some of the nominated Gen. Flower for secretary, which made everything lovely. A roll call was then made and R. N. McLaren, A. K. Fineth, E. S. Corser, M. D. Flower, Sam Nichols (proxy for Thomas Simpson), J. G. Nelson, Wm. Thomas, W. R. Braden (proxy for G. H. Conkey, A. W. McGill (proxy for J. P. Arnold), H. Q. Kendall also telegraphed their proxy to General Flower.

When the roll call had been made up Mr. Corser arose and moved that the temporary officers be made the permanent ones. This was a center shot, and the motion was promptly put and pronounced carried.

Gen. McLaren arose to return thanks. There had been more or less feeling that the committee would not be efficient, but he wished to disclaim any likelihood of that. He could not feel a greater interest in Sherman on the ticket had been his personal choice. It was the Republican party which was to be sustained and not the individual, and he should do all in his power for the success of the ticket.

Gen. Flower endorsed Gen. McLaren's response as his own. All had gone well up to this point. The GLOBE was the only morning paper represented and its presence was having a soothing effect. Unfortunately, however, a representative of the committee pro tem came in at this stage of the game and upon seeing him Gen. McLaren announced that during the remainder of the meeting it would be private and requested the reporters to withdraw. In order to remove the P. P. incubus the GLOBE representative withdrew and the subsequent proceedings were flat and stale. The only item of moment was the appointment of the following executive committee:

Gen. R. N. McLaren, chairman ex-officio. M. D. Flower, secretary ex-officio. A. C. Fineth, E. S. Corser, J. G. Nelson D. L. Howe and Wm. Thomas. Prince Hohensee, Count Gerchen Lord Latham and Lord Elphinstone are guests of the governor general of Canada.

BLAZING CAMP FIRES.

THE MINNESOTA WAR VETERANS GREET EACH OTHER AGAIN.

Their indignation at "P. P." Vituperation—They Sail and Fish and Live Over Again—The War Camp Life—A Brief Speech and Long Matinee Last Evening—They Wind Up with an Excursion on the Lake To-day—Miscellaneous Jottings.

Thursday was a warm day in camp, and the veterans gave themselves up entirely to the pleasures of the beautiful locality in which their tented field was surrounded, and made many good catches of fish, which they cooked in a primitive manner over their camp fire coals.

While many who had been in attendance on Thursday had returned home, the arrival of Robertson Post, of Delano, closed up the gap, while the later trains from Minneapolis and the boats brought a deputation to attend the evening camp fire exercises.

The afternoon was spent by many in the camp in social chat, while occasionally the grand stand was occupied by vocalists and instrumental music, with the occasional appearance of a comic genius who set the quickly assembled audiences into uproarious fits of laughter.

The discussion of the veterans in regard to the uncelled attack of the "P. P." in reference to the Grand Army was the subject of frequent discussion, and all seemed to be in full sympathy with Department Commander Rea and Past Post-Commander Hicks, of Minneapolis, in their merited reproof of the conduct of a journal which has profited so much from the members of the association, it being remarked that prominent Republicans who had for years been its patrons were the most outspoken against this very malignant and non-merited outrage.

The exact language used by Col. Hicks on Wednesday was that "the man who wrote the article in regard to the Grand Army was not worthy of notice and was a coward, as was the man who published the same in the 'P. P.' which was not worthy of the support of the Grand Army veterans."

As your reporter took down these words from one of the most distinguished officers present, the comrades seemed to be infinitely pleased that the language was to be published verbatim which so thoroughly expressed their feelings on this subject.

The camp was officiated by Deputy Commander Col. J. P. Rea; Adjutant General Samuel Blomer, Capt. Rea, commander of post No. 4; Capt. John West, officer of the guard, and A. Cook, drum major.

Sixteen different posts of the state were represented and nearly 300 names were registered at the camp headquarters.

At 6:30 p. m. yesterday the veterans and their wives and children were assembled for dress parade armed with pieces of lath, canes, parasols, etc., which proved a most humorous occasion, as they went through the drill and other warlike evolutions, with more blunders than Talmage enumerated in his late lecture on that subject. An official order of dismissal from Capt. Babbs was read at the parade, which called the forces to account for the offense of letting a cow remain near the camp the previous night without being stripped, but the reader of the document made an interminable muddle of the order by trying to surmise whether the captain was finding fault at the cow's not being milked or skinned. Another order made great merriment, which was in effect a reprimand of the camp for not observing that several chickens were in the camp, which were inhabited until the chautauque had thrice announced the approaching dawn.

The sun was soothed to rest by the old original drum corps of the Second Minnesota, without any admixture of the musical skill of ante-bellum days in it, who gave all the old battle and camp airs with a vengeance and who made their final salian amid vociferous plaudits by a kingly rendering of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

As the evening progressed the grand stand was illuminated with Chinese lanterns with a brilliant effect, when the exercises were taken in hand by Adjutant General Hawley, who presided over them in his usual felicitous manner. The programme was opened with a neatly rendered medley song by Mrs. Norton, which brought down the campers in enthusiastic applause. This was followed with a speech from Comrade Holt, who spoke of the three lives the veterans had lived, first in peace, then in war, and again in peace, and who exhorted them, as each year reduced their number, to keep up by their example and conduct, the noble record of their heroic service in the preservation of the republic, and counseled them to temperance and sobriety as an important factor in so doing.

Capt. W. D. Hawkins, of St. Paul, was called upon for a song and mounted the rostrum amid the greetings and sallies of his old comrades at arms, who demanded "Old Shady." "Doc" announced that he would obey their requests and very characteristically struck "Marching Through Georgia," with a vim that forced every one who could make motions with their mouths to join him in the chorus.

Just at this time a steamer whistle came a hasty reportorial stampede to the landing, breaking in two one of Gen. Hawley's stories which had a long dash-board, but whose back-board we were forced to leave in the rear of the Lake Park house.

Although the governor failed to put in an appearance, from the speech and song eloquence we left behind us, it is safe to say they just had a bald-headed army night of it, without any sentry to blow out their lights and put them in the guard house.

A dance was held in the Lake Park Amusement hall on Thursday evening, at which at one time 150 couples were on the floor and fully 500 spectators were present. This elegant pavilion is in course of completion and was kindly thrown open to the veterans by the proprietors who were furnished music by the Lake Park string band in their grand free to all hop.

The next state encampment will be held at Minneapolis at the same time of the grand national encampment, which occurs in the latter part of June, 1884.

The proprietors of the steamer Belle of Minnetonka, having offered the veterans a trip round the lakes at half fare many of them will avail themselves of the excursion to-day, while others will pass their time in fishing and boating and in breaking up camp.

The following poem by Wm. Kneeland of Gen. N. Morgan Post, No. 4, of Minneapolis, was read at last night's camp-fire:

"THE OLD CANTEN."
There are all sorts of ties in this world of ours, Fetters of friendship with garlands of flowers, And shackles of love with the sweetest of bows. With true friends' knots I wren; The youth and the maiden are bound by a kiss, A heaven to them with no greater bliss; But there's never a bond so sweet as the one, "We have drank from the same canten."

And I warn to you cunn as I think of this— "We have drank from the same canten."

The rich and the great may sit down to dine In gilded saloons with trappings so fine, And pledge to each other in sparkling wine From goblets of crystal and silver so fine. Yet while their mirth and pleasures abound, While "Mumm" and "Heidick" are passed around, They lack the regard that you and I found As we drank from the "old canten."

We have shared our blankets and rations together, Camped in the wood, on mountain and heather, Marched and fought in all sorts of weather, And hungry and full have been; Had days of battle and days of rest; By camp fire at night had our songs and jest, But the memory I bring to, and love the best, Is "we've drank from the same canten."

And when wounded I lay on the open slope Of the battle field, with my fate to cope, My blood flowing fast, but with little hope Upon which my faint spirit could lean. Ah! then I remember you crawled to my side, And bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died, But with "kerchief and rags, we stannched the tide, Then drank from the "old canten."

God's providence here unto us was revealed, We rallied, and in time our wounds were healed, And trials like these our friendship sealed— Let us in the memory green, Of those terrible times of "that tried Men's souls," while we look back with pride When we fought for the "Union" side by side, And "drank from the same canten."

The harvest time and the extreme lateness of holding the encampment interfered materially with the attendance at Lake Park. This was caused by the late date of holding the national encampment at Denver, which was in fact postponed as to date to accommodate the veterans who desired to attend the Knight Templar convale at San Francisco on the same trip.

WASHINGTON

ROMANTIC MARRIAGE OF A WINNING CONTRACTOR.

A Man Driven Insane by a Promise of Office from Hayes—A Batch of Gossip from the Almost Deserted Departments.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—Last evening Grace Episcopal church, South Washington, was filled to overflowing to witness the wedding of Peter McAlmar, of the province of Manitoba, and Miss Lizzie A. Gabriel, of this city. The bride, who is quite a handsome girl, was attired in white satin. Immediately after the ceremony the couple returned to the residence of the bride. Later the northern train took them to their far away home, Manitoba, where the groom is engaged in business as a master builder. There is a little romance connected with the couple. In Manitoba the bride has a married sister through whom McAlmar heard of Miss Gabriel; and a correspondence commended and although they had never seen each other, their feelings became more than friendly. Portraits were exchanged and minute descriptions were given of each other, the result was that a few months ago they became engaged to be married. The time for the nuptials was fixed for October or November, and the groom arrived here. Being desirous to see the lady he wrote a note to her, which she failed to receive until Monday last, and she immediately sent her address on Missouri avenue and he called that evening. The young lady's friends were highly pleased with the gentleman and the result was that the couple concluded that it was useless to wait longer and preparations were at once made for the wedding.

A CRANK ABOARD. Visitors at the capitol this morning were much startled by the loud words of a crank. He stationed himself in the hall of representatives and began to address an imaginary audience. He was dressed fairly well, while an old slouched hat was pulled down over his eyes. In the midst of his discourse he read a letter from ex-President Hayes promising him an office. He grew noisy, and was finally escorted out of the building by a policeman. Investigation proved this letter to be genuine. A gentleman who knew the crank says that a few years ago he was a prosperous merchant in an interior town in Ohio. One fatal day he received a letter from Hayes inviting him to Washington, saying he would get him a position in the government service. The unfortunate man sold out his business and started for the capital. He danced attendance on the White house for a year and then his money gave out. He never got an office and lost his mind from the disappointment. When last seen to-day he was trying to enter into negotiations with some one to hire a hall. He will be sent back to Ohio.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—It is stated at the treasury department that by reason of the vigorous action of the government in prosecuting opium smugglers on the Pacific coast at San Francisco, the tariff on opium the last fiscal year is more than \$7,000,000 in excess of the collections of the previous year.

The treasury department to-day purchased 369,000 ounces of silver for delivery at the Philadelphia, San Francisco and New Orleans mints.

The Indian agency awarded Strong E. Cleros, of Sioux City, Iowa, the contract for supplying stock cattle to the Crow Indian agency, Montana at \$3,000.

Official advice from Foster, newly appointed United States minister to Corea, state that he has taken up his residence in the capital of that little known country, but life there is attended with many discomforts. The only house he has been able to obtain is a rude one of wood and paper with paper windows, in an undesirable location in the midst of hovels and filth. The climate is marked by great extremes of heat and cold. The only fuel obtainable consists of boughs of pine trees, and everything in the shape of food, except the simplest necessities of life, has to be brought from abroad.

YELLOW FEVER. The acting secretary of the navy to-day received a telegram from Commander Welch, commanding the navy yard at Pensacola, as follows: Surgeon General Owens reports a case of yellow fever in marine guard. The man is in the hospital. Have moved quarters to the second story of the building, relieved the guard, numbering thirty-eight men, from all duty in order to isolate them from other persons, and the surgeon of the transfer guard as soon as possible. The case was decided last evening. Two other men were sent to the hospital to-day; cases not decided. Would like another surgeon ordered or authority to employ a civilian from Pensacola. Instructions were telegraphed to transfer the marine guard to Cape Ann, six miles from the navy yard, and make all sanitary arrangements necessary for the health of the yard. Orders were issued to surgeon Martin, now at New Orleans, to proceed to Pensacola and render all assistance in his power.

RAIL AND RIVER.

The Railroad Companies Going for the Ticket Scalpers—General Manager Van Horne Interviewed in Montreal—A Budget of General and Personal Gossip.

Bringing Them into Camp.

Yesterday afternoon a meeting was held of the ticket agents of the eastern lines—Boyd, of the Albert Lea, Teasdale, of the Chicago, St. Paul & Omaha, and Dixon, of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul—to see what arrangements it is best to make with the scalpers in St. Paul. After talking the matter over they concluded to take them into camp, which in other words, means a sort of partnership. It is well known that for a long time the scalpers have been aggressive, and through the grasping disposition of the scalpers and the temporizing policy of the roads, the former got quite a hold. The roads have been in the habit of allowing the scalpers \$1.50 each for all passengers to whom they sold. Lately the roads themselves have got into the way of doing that kind of business, and the rates have been cut down to the amount mentioned above, and to have everything tight right, the scalper is sent for who comes into the agent's office, goes through the motions, and gives the agent a receipt for the \$1.50, although he does not get a cent of it. Now the question arises how does the scalper live? [This kind of affairs also causes the inquiring mind to ask, what is the relation between the railroad ticket agent and the scalper. We believe the latter class are called brokers, not scalpers. Of course, such goings on as are indicated above leads to cutting rates on the stily, one cuts, all cut. Whether there has been any cutting or not, there are a good many suspicious and all have been considering how to avoid it and compel all to sell at regular rates. If there is any trickery on the part of the broker, they propose to suspend him for thirty days. The second time suspension for sixty days and the third time he is to be expelled. It is expected this will stop all rate cutting.]

An Interview with Gen. Man. Van Horne. A reporter of the Montreal Star recently interviewed Mr. Van Horne, with the following result: "We are," said Mr. Van Horne, "at this season of the year at the very height of our expenditures, and it is safe to say that we are spending \$100,000 a day. We have about 18,000 employed in construction alone, and with our service hands I suppose the total number of employes will nearly amount to 25,000 in all, and we are giving employment to all laborers who are presenting themselves, and who are fit to work. To-night or to-morrow morning we will be at the foot of the Rockies, and our track will be laid to Calgary. I have just received a report from Major Rogers that the pass through the Selkirk mountains exceeds his most sanguine expectations, that it has turned out to be one of the finest mountain passes ever seen, and in fact that the difficulties to be overcome are not nearly so formidable as anticipated. Our line is now located through from Montreal to Kamloops, and with anything like good luck we will be through that point, where we join the government work, in about two years."

"How much will it cost per mile through the Rockies?" "We don't know." "Have you not estimated the amount before hand?" "The Canadian Pacific railway," replied Mr. Van Horne, "bracing himself up and speaking as if he wanted the reporter to understand that he meant every word he said, "has never estimated the cost of any work; it hasn't the time for that; it's got a big job on hand, and it's going to put it through."

"Well, but if you haven't estimated the cost of the construction how do you know that you have sufficient funds to push the road, as you are, currently reported to have?" "Well, if we haven't got enough we will get more," that's all about it."

"And how about your eastern connections; what about the North Shore?" "That and all other matters in the east are of no consideration. I think we will do all we get through from Montreal to the Pacific in two years."

"And how about your bridge and eastern connection to the Atlantic?" "No, come, it does not do to give too much publicity to all our schemes, and might do us harm."

"Rumor says you will get to the Atlantic by the Southwestern, and that as a matter of fact you now control that road?" "Not to my knowledge."

"Then you will want the North Shore?" "The question failed to elicit a reply, and the reporter, seeing that he had probably obtained as much information as possible from the general manager, retired, forcibly impressed with the resolute frankness of character displayed by the man who is the administrative head of this great Canadian enterprise."

THERMOS FROM A CARRIAGE. STONE, Vt., Aug. 16.—Jesse Lawn and wife of this place, with Mrs. Stockwell of St. Albans, while driving yesterday, were thrown from a carriage. Mrs. Lawn died of the injuries received and Mr. Lawn is expected to live.

DIED OF HIS INJURIES. ST. LOUIS, Aug. 16.—Brome Williams the locomotive engineer who was so badly hurt in an accident on the Iron Mountain railroad, died to-day.

BOILER EXPLOSION. LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 19.—The boiler at Falls City brewery, situated outside the city limits, exploded at 11 this morning, tore out the boiler house, went 200 feet in the air and descending, struck a slaughter house crushing through the roof and floor, bringing up in the cellar. Though a person were about the boiler, not one was injured.

LATE MINNEAPOLIS. Yesterday the mayor visited the Bethany home and conferred with the management respecting the relations between that institution and the city. He found that the little waif left by the unknown woman at police headquarters some time ago was being kindly cared for, and that the home contains ten rooms in good condition used for female patients. At present there are 24 women and 23 infants being cared for.

At 1 o'clock this morning a fire broke out at 410 North Twentieth street, and before the department could arrive it was nearly all in ruins. The house was owned by John McDonald, and worth about \$1,200; insured. It was occupied by J. Mattison on a boarding house, and many of the boarders had narrow escapes from being burned. A small portion of the furniture was burned. Loss about \$400, with no insurance. The fire spread to the next adjoining house, No. 408, but was put out with a loss of \$100. Frank Law, the occupant, lost some \$50 on his furniture; insured.

Welcome Rains. PETERSBURG, Va., Aug. 16.—Heavy rains fell throughout the state to-day, causing great relief to crops badly damaged by the protracted drought. In some sections corn was drying up so fast that it was cut down for fodder, while cotton plants were twisting and drying up.

Mr. A. E. Johnson and a party of fishermen went up to Gordon, on the upper St. Croix, by way of the Royal Route, to see how the fishing was up there and found it good enough to take out fifteen hundred pounds,