

Daily Globe

Official Paper of the City and County.

Printed and Published Every Day in the Year

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THE DAILY GLOBE.
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ST. PAUL, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28.

running streams are rendered impure and their water unfit for domestic uses. Not only that, but the air is filled with poison that, though perhaps not plainly perceptible, are inhaled into the lungs and permeate the whole system, producing disease and death. Cholera, small-pox, diphtheria, scarlet and typhoid fevers are all propagated by this means, and unless some remedy is devised it will not belong before these diseases become and continue epidemic throughout the greater part of the country.

Cremation appears to be the only available and common sense remedy. Fire is a great purifier, and destroys the germs of all disease. The prejudice against this manner of disposing of the dead is rapidly disappearing, and when it comes to be generally understood that it is conducive to the public health that it be put in general practice, it will disappear altogether. There should be a crematory in the vicinity of all large cities, and there is no reason to doubt that through familiarity with the process the public will soon become as reconciled to the furnace as they are to the cemetery. Of the two methods—burial and burning—the latter is certainly less repulsive to thinking people. Nothing can be more revolting than to consign the body of a loved one to the grave, there to lie rot and to be devoured by foul and loathsome worms, which leave nothing behind but bare and bleached bones and a grinning skull.

BLOODY SLUGGING.

A Sunday Night Party and a Keg of Beer Result in Two Very Bloody Heads—Four Sharp Tongued Funs to Frenzied Fury and Indiscriminate Use of Flatirons and Tea-Kettles.

The patrol wagon was summoned between 8 and 9 o'clock last evening to the corner of Charles street and Virginia avenue, in the extreme outskirts of the city, and Officers Gibbons and Zirkelbach entered the same and were rapidly driven by "Doc" to the place indicated where trouble was brewing.

On the way thither they came upon James Gannon, the turnkey to the county jail, and his nephew, Pat Gannon, who were both badly wounded in the head, and were bleeding profusely. Taking them aboard they proceeded to the house of John Burke, a laborer, where a serious altercation had occurred, and found the door barricaded by Burke and his brother Patrick Burke, and another laborer named Coleman McGarry, who were assisted in their attempts to prevent an entrance by the women folks who were fully as determined as the men.

Succeeding at last in gaining admittance they arrested the males amid the shrieks of a regular old country scrimmage, and conveyed them with the wounded parties to the city hall, where Pat Gannon especially was a sight to see, his head being bandaged in a way to stop the flow of blood from his wound, and his clothing being completely drenched with the life current.

The two Burkes and McGarry were immediately locked up in cells and Dr. Withers was called to attend to the injuries of the Gannons and soon arrived with assistants. As the wrappings were removed from Pat's head the blood spurted out from a four or five inch wound running along on the top of the left side of his head, caused by being slugged by a flat iron, but as was not expected the skull was found to have withstood a fearful blow and was not injured. It took the surgeon nearly a half hour to sew up and dress this ugly wound, and he then took up the case of James Gannon, who had a three inch flat iron wound in his scalp just on top of his forehead, and a four or five inch wound on the left side of his head which he said was inflicted by a tea-kettle, which tore his scalp in a fearful manner, entirely removing hair and skin, but which, nevertheless was not deep. James was bailed by Sheriff O'Gorman on account of a sick wife whom he should go home to, and Pat was cared for at the station and will probably be taken to the hospital this morning.

As near as could be ascertained the Gannons called at Burke's house at 7:30 last evening on some errand, as James says, connected with the illness of his wife. The elder Burke says that his family and a lot of second cousins were having a good time over a keg of beer, and that the Gannons and the party got into some fun talking which got to a fight, and he tried as hard as he could to stop it as he didn't like such things to be going on in his house.

James Gannon says that he got to blackguarding with the Burkes over some relatives who used to live in Boston, and as he drinks no liquor, says that words were exchanged as to who was the man who could whip anybody or his weight in wild cats, and that he was struck with a flat iron by Coleman McGarry, who was the Burke's assisted and who also got in the blow with the tea-kettle and that his nephew Pat who came to his assistance also received the ugly wound from a flat iron at the hands of the same man.

It was learned that others were present who took no hard in the affray who were said to be John Gary and Martin Conolly. It was as it resulted, a bad break up to a Sunday night party, and the municipal court of fun and bloodshed.

Chief Sheriff O'Gorman has entered a complaint against the two Burkes and McGarry for assault.

STILLWATER GLOBULES.

The bridge receipts for the past week amounted to \$140.75.

There was but one arrest on Saturday, and that for drunkenness.

Charles Pettibone, baggage man on the Stillwater division of the Omaha road fell from the roof of a box car which he was assisting to slide track late Saturday afternoon. Mr. Pettibone escaped with a badly strained ankle. As he narrowly missed falling under the wheels, he can easily put up with being compelled to limp about for a few days.

As the city disclaims all liability for damages resulting from defective sidewalks, how will it be should a person break a leg by a mistake caused by the difference in the level of the sidewalks? This suggestion is offered in consequence of the many mishaps occurring almost every week night on lower Main street. Strangers hurrying to the depot and unacquainted with the unevenness referred to, are liable to injure themselves severely.

Yesterday morning a deaf and dumb man, well known in the city, approached Officer Reardon, at the same time making signs with unusual rapidity. It was finally understood that there was some trouble about a watch, which the dumb man claimed had been sold to him for gold. Chief Sheriff O'Gorman was called, and compelled the auctioneer to refund the money and take back the watch.

The reports from every part of the state is that the potato crop is unusually large. In some instances 350 bushels have been obtained from a single acre.

The Memphis races have again been postponed till Tuesday, on account of heavy rains.

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running streams are rendered impure and their water unfit for domestic uses. Not only that, but the air is filled with poison that, though perhaps not plainly perceptible, are inhaled into the lungs and permeate the whole system, producing disease and death. Cholera, small-pox, diphtheria, scarlet and typhoid fevers are all propagated by this means, and unless some remedy is devised it will not belong before these diseases become and continue epidemic throughout the greater part of the country.

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BIERMANN'S BOOM.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE NEXT GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA.

His Opinions of the Prospects—The Republican Assault Upon His Nationality—He Pays His Respects to Knute Nelson and Capt. MacCarthy—Fillmore County Solid—Sabin Called to the Front.

An Interview with Mr. Biermann.
HON. A. BIERMANN was at the Merchants yesterday, and, after exchanging greetings with a Globe reporter, was accosted by the latter thus:

"Mr. Biermann, how goes the battle?"
"Oh, we haven't had any battle yet; we are only enlisting recruits and getting our forces in readiness for the battle," was his smiling answer.

"The Republican papers seem greatly exercised over the fact that you are a Norwegian," said the scribe.

"Yes," he answered, "if they were to be believed it is a disgrace. I am a disgrace to my countrymen for taking the high honor offered me, and my countrymen will disgrace themselves if they manifest their gratification by voting for me. However, I rather like such bulldozing on the part of Governor Hubbard's organs; it helps me in my canvass."

"Do you find the Scandinavians," asked the reporter, "very generally supporting you?"

"Indeed I do," he replied, "more generally than I had reason to expect. The Scandinavians hold the balance of power in Minnesota. They have been used by the Republican party without so much as a 'Thank you.' They have got tired of that kind of treatment and are keenly alive to the fact that I am elected by their assistance, that they will forever afterward have it in their power to compel the Republicans to recognize them. If I am defeated, the Republican party will not think it worth while to ever honor a Scandinavian. They appreciate this and I am convinced that I will secure over two-thirds of their support."

"What effect is Nelson's speech-making going to have?"

"None, whatever," the Scandinavians are laughing at him. Last year when he was running for congress, he made his strongest appeals to them on the ground that he is a Norwegian. Hence when he comes around now talking different they refer him to last year and hint about next. The Democrats of the Fifth district will only have to nominate a Norwegian next fall to defeat Mr. Nelson very easily."

"Well, now tell the Globe readers what Capt. MacCarthy means by his accusation that you belong to the king's party in Norway?"

"Mr. MacCarthy," said Mr. Biermann with so strong an accent on the prefix Mr. that the absence of "captain" was painfully noticeable, "is either an ignoramus or an ass, perhaps both, and now let me take this opportunity to set at rest the foolish stories stated about me. Somebody wrote from Willmar that I was born near the line in Denmark and that my father was a German brewer. In the year 1818 my ancestors came from Germany to Christiania, Norway, having been rendered through successive generations and there I was born. There never was one of our family engaged in the brewing business, though for that matter I cannot see that that would have any bearing in American politics. Twenty-one years ago I came to this country and enlisted at once in the Union army. I had received a fair education, my family being of that rank and a local school in Christiania having been endowed by my grandfather, but farming was the field that had the most promising opening when the civil war was over and to farming I went, and have continued at it except when called upon to serve the people in an official capacity. As for being in sympathy with the so-called 'king's party' in Norway, that is a party, as it now stands, of very recent organization, and I having imbibed the air of American liberty and fought for it in the army, certainly cannot be said to have sympathy for royalty. On the contrary my sympathies are with the people's party in either America, Norway or Ireland. I think I have said enough to confute the arguments of this mimic soldier, Mr. MacCarthy."

"Of course you know that MacCarthy's appeals are all to the Irish," suggested the reporter.

"Yes, I know, but his efforts are puny. Irishmen from all over the state have written to me repudiating him and I have so many warm Irish friends that I have no fears. Indeed one of them to-day commented me by saying I was a better Irishman than Mr. MacCarthy."

Again that emphasis on the "Mr." The conversation would have been gladly continued by the scribe, but the tete-a-tete was broken by the advent of others and the reporter hastened away.

Hubbard and the Pine Ring.
[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

CROOKSTON, Minn., Oct. 25.—I have held my peace in this campaign because I thought it unnecessary to say anything. Things seemed so one-sided, and seemed to be going so steadily one way—towards Biermann, that the opposition were entitled to slight consideration. There has been a change though. The Republicans have taken the alarm and seek to divert the Biermann boom by violently attacking Mr. Biermann's character. Now turn to the fair play. While the goody-goody Republican organs are reverently saluting before the "virtuous and upright Gov. Hubbard" and declaring his administration undented, etc., the public should be made aware of some of his official acts which hardly have the color of either honesty or justice.

You will remember that about the 25th of last August there was published in the Globe and other St. Paul papers a letter written by Governor Hubbard to the department of the interior at Washington, recommending that all the Indians on the various reservations in the northern part of the state be removed to the White Earth reservation. This especially referred to the Red Lake band. The letter excited no comment at the time except among the initiated few, of which I happen to be one. Now for the explanation.

The land now held by the Red Lake Indians includes some of the finest pine lands in the state. If the redskins are removed what becomes of their valuable lands?

They are thrown open to settlement by the United States government. Now, Mr. Editor, there is not a man, woman or child in the state that does not know how pine lands are gobbled up in this state. Thundering Gordon, himself an operator and initiated in the methods, has recently made a charming expose of them in the Globe. Gordon told us there is a gigantic pine land ring in Minnesota and named the leaders. We all know the names of the country. They have been operating here, stealing pine off this Red Lake Indian reservation, and when Father Tomazin, a missionary among that band, went to Washington to protest he was coldly ignored, and on his return ejected by orders from the Interior department, for the pine land ring has influence with that most corrupt of all our departments—the Interior and Congressman Washburn needs only to say the word to have it all his own way.

I have, I think, disclosed what would be benefited if the Red Lake Indian reservation, long coveted by the pine land ring, were thrown open to pre-emption, public sale and all other devices for acquiring valuable property for a moiety of its worth. Now why should Gov. Hubbard seek to be of service to these public thieves? When Windom was ousted (partly through Hubbard's efforts) the ring lost an efficient ally. They were defeated and downcast, says even the organs of the defeat. Hubbard's nomination gave them the first opportunity and they were disposed to avail themselves of it. They manifested no enthusiasm toward him, and in some quarters began plotting against them. Then Charles Gilman came to his rescue. Charley was on the inside. Hubbard was shown where he could curry favor with this powerful ring. The result we know. Now do the organs of Hubbard dare deny these statements? We will see. JUNIUS.

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HASTINGS, Minn., Oct. 27, 1883.
From a communication in one of the morning papers of this date, the public is notified of the withdrawal of Capt. C. M. MacCarthy from the Democratic party. Just on the eve of the election this action on the part of the Captain might have been destructive to the hopes of those whom he has deserted, but thus far the world moves and "the watch fires of liberty" burn with their accustomed brightness. We trust that this military hero has at last found a resting place. He has long been a chronic office seeker and his ambition has not been gratified in the Democratic party, as he has never been considered available for any office within the gift of the party. He has various times represented all parties. At one time he was the candidate of the temperance party and at another he threw the weight of his mighty influence in favor of the Greenbackers. At last, however, it is hoped that he has gone into camp with his friends and they are welcome to him.

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Following Hubbard's Example.
(Special Correspondence of the Globe.)

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HASTINGS, Minn., Oct. 27, 1883.
From a communication in one of the morning papers of this date, the public is notified of the withdrawal of Capt. C. M. MacCarthy from the Democratic party. Just on the eve of the election this action on the part of the Captain might have been destructive to the hopes of those whom he has deserted, but thus far the world moves and "the watch fires of liberty" burn with their accustomed brightness. We trust that this military hero has at last found a resting place. He has long been a chronic office seeker and his ambition has not been gratified in the Democratic party, as he has never been considered available for any office within the gift of the party. He has various times represented all parties. At one time he was the candidate of the temperance party and at another he threw the weight of his mighty influence in favor of the Greenbackers. At last, however, it is hoped that he has gone into camp with his friends and they are welcome to him.

Te, ta, MacCarthy. No more will your sweet voice and sage counsel be heard and felt within the fields of the desert, but where every Irishman, true to himself and to his friends, is to be found. Fare thee well, and if forever, still forever fare thee well,—ta, ta. MICHAEL S. BURNS.

Following Hubbard's Example.
(Special Correspondence of the Globe.)

MONTICELLO, Oct. 25.—J. W. Artander, whom rumor says is to have the next vacant judgeship in this state, spoke here last Tuesday evening in the interests of Governor Hubbard (probably paying thereby for the expected promotion). Artander in his speech said Governor Hubbard was entitled to our support because he smashed the rings in this state, especially the Windom ring. Now, I am a Windom man and am very glad to learn that Hubbard had seemingly quieted, took an active part in defeating Mr. Windom's election and overthrowing the decision of the party caucus. Since he opposed Windom I stand ready to oppose him, and since he sanctioned bolting the nominees of the caucus, I feel as if I had the right to bolt his nomination, especially since the convention that nominated him and which he was so instrumental in securing the caucus bolters. Col. Hicks, of Minneapolis, said in that convention that it was a dangerous precedent, and now since we have found that Windom was knifed in the dark by Hubbard, I am satisfied that thousands of Mr. Windom's friends will follow my example and decline to vote for Hubbard.

Fillmore County Solid for the Democratic Candidate.
To the Editor of the Globe:

ARNDT, Oct. 24.—"A. S. B."s letter from Norway (this county) which appeared in last Saturday's Globe was a true report of the political outlook in that strong Republican precinct. The writer is well acquainted with your Norway correspondence and knows him to be one of the soundest and most influential Norwegians in eastern Minnesota, hence it looks very ridiculous to see Republican smug slanders denying the genuineness of your Scandinavian correspondents who dare support Mr. Biermann. It is criminal for a Norwegian to openly avow his preference for a true, talented, and honorable man instead of Hubbard—"a child of circumstances"—who is recognized as one of the ringleaders of the corrupt wheel ring of this state, as well as chief adviser of the state prison ring. Is it criminal to cry down a fraud? No, give us a change. The Norwegians of this town will do their utmost to place Mr. Biermann in the executive chair. The opposition read the handwriting on the wall: Hubbard must go. Yours, J. J.

The Irish Stand by Biermann.
[Special Correspondence of the Globe.]

HIGH FOREST, Olmsted county, Minn., Oct. 27.—The Pioneer Press comes to hand to-day with an article in it from a fellow named MacCarthy, who assumes to be an Irishman, and calls upon Irishmen to desert Mr. Biermann because he is not an Irishman. I have only to say that the Irishman who heeds him is a fool. Why, there are between 700 and 800 of us Irishmen in this county; we all know Adolf Biermann and we all swear by him. We never had a better friend in the county. He was always with us in heart and soul, yes, and pocketbook, when we had a church

partment, for the pine land ring has influence with that most corrupt of all our departments—the Interior and Congressman Washburn needs only to say the word to have it all his own way.

I have, I think, disclosed what would be benefited if the Red Lake Indian reservation, long coveted by the pine land ring, were thrown open to pre-emption, public sale and all other devices for acquiring valuable property for a moiety of its worth. Now why should Gov. Hubbard seek to be of service to these public thieves? When Windom was ousted (partly through Hubbard's efforts) the ring lost an efficient ally. They were defeated and downcast, says even the organs of the defeat. Hubbard's nomination gave them the first opportunity and they were disposed to avail themselves of it. They manifested no enthusiasm toward him, and in some quarters began plotting against them. Then Charles Gilman came to his rescue. Charley was on the inside. Hubbard was shown where he could curry favor with this powerful ring. The result we know. Now do the organs of Hubbard dare deny these statements? We will see. JUNIUS.

Sabin Called to the Front.
WINONA, Oct. 23, 1883.
To the Editor of the Globe.

Some time since I sent an article to the Globe from Fillmore county. The Republican papers throughout the state have made a good deal of ridicule out of it. One asks, "Who is the lunatic Eriksson?" I will say to all that I am a traveling man, well known among commercial men on the road, and that if I was to make another statement to-day I would make it much stronger. I think that even Mr. Sabin will now concede Mr. Biermann elected. A great many Scandinavians feel very sorry for Mr. Sabin. He thinks, no doubt, that he is the Republican party of Minnesota; "the Democratic candidate amounting to nothing." If Mr. Sabin wants his friend Hubbard elected, say with fifty instead of three thousand majority, let him come to the front now. I, for my part, cannot see where Mr. Hubbard is going to get his votes; everything has now been in his behalf. All the Norsk newspapers have been bribed, men and boys are hired for money to work, and Hubbard literature is sent by the ton, but no go here. Nothing short of Mr. Sabin's brains will have any effect on them. He has done so much for the Norsk that they feel under great obligations to him. Now Mr. Sabin, for heaven's sake, come out at once and rescue your friend. This will be your last warning; you will not hear from me again until after the 6th of November, so if you fail don't blame