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DAILY WEATHER BULLETIN. OFFICE CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER. WASHINGTON, D. C., April 19, 2:56 p. m.

Table with columns: Bar. Ther. Wind. Weather. St. Paul, Minn., 30.32 41 N Clear

Table with columns: Bar. Ther. Wind. Weather. Minneapolis, 30.29 40 N Clear

Table with columns: Bar. Ther. Wind. Weather. Duluth, 30.45 35 N Fair

Table with columns: Bar. Ther. Wind. Weather. Superior, 30.45 35 N Fair

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A PRACTICAL RELIGION.

Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving. Colossians IV. 2.

Many things may be said of the Christian religion, that it is a satisfying religion; and that when one enters into the secret consciousness of any one, it becomes "hamp unto his feet"; but all these truths may be summed up in this one phrase, it is a practical religion, it is suited to all the needs of humanity.

The Bible does not give an outline picture of the Christ but a full faced and life-sized portrait so that we may find in every emergency the help we need. Religion is not a cloak or mantle to be put on for special occasions, neither is it an expression of face or tone of voice, nor saying "Lord, Lord!" It is the man himself, it is his life. "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Religion is an entire consecration of life to the service of God. "What! to spend one's days in praying and bible-reading, to think always of death and eternity," say those who know nothing of the easy yoke or light burden born, by Christ's disciples. Is it a task to pray?

We believe that Christ is our true loving friend and that all the blessings of life come from God through him; we believe that he loves to do for us, that he loves to hear our voices, our love and trust in him. Do we esteem it a task to talk with our friends on earth? Yet what friend can compare with our Elder Brother?

Have we no need of prayer? We are like ignorant, helpless children, lost in an unknown wilderness full of treacherous bogs and quicksands; perils are on every hand, and at some place on the way death is waiting for us. Christ has passed through this wilderness, he is acquainted with all its perils, "he was tempted in all points like we are." "He himself hath suffered, being tempted." Is he able to succor them that are tempted? Why not ask him, if we believe we can do it? If we will not trust him we must shift for ourselves; but if we do believe that "he is able to save unto the uttermost," is it not a pleasure, a glad relief, to trust all to him?

Prayer is not a set form of speech uttered in some particular place on bended knees. Words, place or posture are not part of prayer. It is communion with God; it is a secret holding on to God, a perfect trust in him pervading the whole life. When we awake to a new day with its fresh opportunities and possibilities, conscious that some power beyond us has kept us through the darkness and helplessness, is it a harder task to say "thank God," than it would be to acknowledge a favor from a friend?

When we gather in our homes with our best beloved, and see no vacant chair, miss no sweet face, it is difficult to say, "I thank Thee, Father, for Thy tender mercies." When we stand by the "low green tent," whose curtain has swung inward to admit one, who was the light of our home and the joy of our heart, and the only hope or comfort heaven or earth can give one the words of Christ: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live," is it hard to say, "God, I thank Thee for Thy Son our Savior?"

When the gates of death are standing wide for us, and there is no helping power in friends, when the promise of Jesus comes like a strong staff to lean upon, "He that believeth on me shall not perish," will not our last words be, "God, I thank Thee for the hope of immortality?"

It is because we are so ignorant that we consider religion such a hard task-master, and its service a round of gloomy uninteresting duties. The enfranchised christian never looks upon the service of God as duty. But those who want to make the most they can out of this world and then slip into heaven, those who count upon the money in their pockets to find the smallest piece to put on the plate Sunday, and who never pray unless they are in peril, regard these small services as the duty they owe their Lord.

"Watch in prayer with thanksgiving," said the apostle. The assurance of unbelievers in assuming that a christian must be gloomy is inexplicable. In the first place they know nothing about the experience of christians, and in the second place they are ignorant of their own sad condition.

Why should a follower of Christ be gloomy? In all the trials and sorrows of life, he has an infinite eternal friend who can carry him safely through, not only because his honor is pledged, but because he loves him "with an everlasting love." When this vexatious life is passed, he can "approach his grave—sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust," in Him who has promised to bring him from the dead; and afterward "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." Is there any cause for sadness or gloom?

A gloomy unhappy christian is an abnormal one, made such through ignorance of the true spirit of Christianity, or so wrapped up in himself that he cannot see "the light shining in darkness," or he is naturally gloomy and enjoys misery, one of those who "go to market for troubles." A gloomy christian infers is conclusive that a gloomy christian needs more love of God and his fellows to act as leaven upon his whole nature and raise him out of the "slough of despond."

What cause has a sinner for gaiety, without hope or safety for this life or the hereafter? Poverty, sickness, grief and death are the lot of all just or unjust, but there is this difference, "all things work together for good to them that love God;" the just are safe living or dying; God will take care of them, while the sinner is adrift, surrounded with dangers and no pilot, and beyond—outer darkness.

Shakespeare's Hamlet tells himself that men would not endure the ills of life when "they might their own quietus make," were it not for the dread of something after death. The christian endures the trials and calamities of life because he has a hope "which is an anchor to the soul sure and steadfast."

The opinion that Christianity is a species of slow madness, in which one must give up all one's self-abandonment and pleasures, lead a life of self-abnegation, always bearing a cross because Christ the great Exemplar bore one, is quite generally received, not only by unbelievers but by many christians. But a practical healthy christian life is one that holds on to God through prayer, and does so with thanksgiving. There is nothing beautiful or pleasant in nature or art that the disciple of Jesus may not enjoy to the utmost. All that is good or noble in himself or others he is required to cherish and strengthen. It is only the sordid and base, the mean and bad part of him that is to be repressed. Is it not the avowed aim of every one to do the best he can? Do we not all desire to grow wiser and better?

Well, the only way to do that is to commence with the heart, "for out of it are the issues of life," and drive out all the unclean spirits, greed, envy, hatred, deceit and impurity. There is no use in trying to be a christian unless we do begin there. Church-going, praying, and other outward observances of religion are only whitening sepulchres when the heart is full of corruption and evil.

When we say religion is a system of self-denial we utter only a part of the truth. Religion, like all self-culture or self-improvement, aims for the highest good of the individual, only the christian has an additional motive, the love of God. No man can be a christian and a sinner at the same time. Whoever desires the love and favor of God must surely set his foot on his sins. We cannot hedge or compromise, or deceive

God. We may call ourselves christian or infidel, it will not effect the final results.

Why should the repression of our bad selfish passions make us unhappy? True we cannot steal or lie; we cannot cheat or swindle, or indulge in profanity or obscenity; we cannot be mean or right-ister; we cannot disgrace ourselves; but we can have an joy all that belongs to the broadest and fullest development of mind and heart. Christ bore the cross for us, "he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."

The better men understand the spirit of Christianity, the more they feel how natural and becoming praise and thanksgiving are to his disciples. In the days of semi-barbarism fanatics immolated themselves upon pillars and in caves; they trod barefoot upon rough stones and burning iron; they scourged and lacerated their bodies, for what? To bear a cross of their own folly, ignorant that Christ's cross was sufficient for all needs. He came to give rest to the weary; to bring "good tidings of great joy." The sorrow and tears were His; joy, gladness are ours. His the cross, ours the crown. Thus wrote a modern thinker. "The escape from sin leads to a higher one, the refuge from life in the Riffed Rock, and in forgiveness, the new love toward all mankind, and toward God, the better reading of life's significance, and the perpetual looking to heaven from amid all the sorrows of this shore, should not be confessed a cross for bowed down shoulders, but rather, a joyful crown for the temples."

THE MINUTE AND VOLUPTUOUS DETAIL CRIMES. The minute and voluptuous detail crimes of every hue and measure and quality which the daily press presents to the attention and apprehension of thoughtful minds. Every form of vice, wickedness and crime, is given with a minuteness often startling, always painful and very frequently disgusting. Every phase and hue of domestic infelicity and social criminality are given with apparently satanic unctious, giving a hearsal of transactions and occurrences positively unfit for perusal, conversation or contemplation, in the unsold, uncontaminated sacred precincts of the family circle. Not only is it now the custom of local reporters to gather up the details of the events of the criminal and slimy slums, but the associated press reports come loaded down with accounts of every monstrous, as well as almost nameless crimes and outrages, as well as minor petty criminality, occurring in every nook and corner of the country and almost of the whole world. Thus every morning is presented a catalogue of horrors, starting the imagination, exaggerated often for sensational effect, but deleterious in its influence upon youthful inexperienced minds.

The "yellow covered literature" and the "Dime Novel" are cried out against for their impure, deleterious, and harmful influence, but in how much are the criminal columns of a large portion of the daily press better than those. The circulation of obscene literature is a punishable offence, the circulation of a new York "Police Gazette" is proscribed, and it is as much as a person's reputation is worth to be seen reading it. How much better than these, are the daily published police court reports, which are eagerly sought for and gazed over by the impure minded? It is gratifying to know that there are honorable exceptions in the daily press; that there is occasionally a journal, so just and true that it eliminates from the associated press and police reports the impure scandalous and to be read or thought of.

The general daily press in New York has very much lowered its standard of propriety by the wholesale publication of fetid details of vulgar criminality, but there are honorable exceptions there, and in Chicago, and we could well hope in other cities where due discrimination is practiced in publishing the base deeds of human-kind, omitting a rehearsal of the low, wretched and polluting crimes that disgrace humanity.

In this regard for the welfare of mankind, for the elevation of society, for the advancement of civilization itself the practice of the general daily press should be reformed. Doubtless the volume of crime is increased by such publications, the tastes of the young vitiated and their minds poisoned. Certainly the community would lose nothing by the omission of filthy details that are a disgrace to newspaper columns. Instead of the risk of coming under the imputation of a lack of enterprise, that journal ought to be honored that bravely omits much of the detail of low vice and crime that afflict, distress, and disgrace humanity. No wonder that taking in the growing world, instead of better, that christianity is a failure as a remedy for crime and wickedness, that its end is near, and that already may be discerned the rapidly approaching end of time.

The gigantic wickedness of man, before the flood, caused the world's destruction. What better is this generation than that, that exclaims the startled and alarmed reader of the reported crimes, vices and pollutions of the world. The world may not be growing worse; wickedness of every hue and form have abounded in all ages, but the knowledge of it was isolated and confined to the locality of its occurrence, except in extraordinary and exceptional cases, but by modern inventions and appliances, all the daily wickedness of the world is gathered up, and as by the lightning's flash, is poured like a concentrated torrent upon amazed and startled communities. All honor to such publications as enter into the work of reform in this direction, and send out for public perusal, only such chastened and purified columns as can be read without a blush, or a shudder in virtuous and refined family circles.

A REYOLUT EXTRAORDINARY.

While the Hill-Sharon case is dragging its nastiness and infamy through the dreary stages of the law, readers can vary the key of a pretty much the same tune by reading about the Newtons presentation at the court of Victoria, and its immediate annulment by an official notice signed by the queen's private secretary, at the request of the American Minister. Naturally this stirs quite a ripple of curiosity—first as to the origin of the Newtons, and next as to the cause of their extraordinary humiliation.

A trifle of biography is in order. Mr. Newton was born—*is* the regulation word—Julius Nathan in a small suburb of Hamburg. On arriving in this country he found employment as a clerk with several New York banking houses in succession, notably with the firm of J. & W. Seligman & Co. From a subordinate position with I. & C. Wormser he was admitted to the firm, and retired in 1883 with nearly a million in fortune. He went to Europe, and his name suggested such a dreadful crime (the Nathan murder) that the questioning as to his supposed relationship, became so intolerable that he secured an order from the supreme court changing his name from Nathan to Newton.

Perhaps he was sensitive, and perhaps he was annoyed by the curiosity of speculative gossip. Yet it is more than likely that he was anxious to doff other disabilities and impediments suggested by his name. He might be so constituted that he could not enjoy the delights of Saratoga, outside the proscription and exclusive hotel of Judge Henry Hilton. Where you cannot go there, with the unimpaired zeal of a man, there is a human nature you are suicidally disposed to give the tacit unreasonableness of such grievous discrimination is the madness that works in the debarred souls of the socially ambitious.

Now, then, Mr. Julius Newton *ne* Nathan, was completely ostracized in New York, by reason of his marriage. He is a member of the Stock Exchange, but the account reads, his acquaintances in Wall street were obliged to sever all social relations with him in consequence of his marriage. This might seem roughly convincing of the hopelessly desperate status of Mr. Julius Newton *ne* Nathan's case, and its hardened insensibility to any respectable amelioration.

Because when the sensitive nerves of the Stock Exchange is concentrated as well to rebuke the offending party might as well tumble to sack-cloth and ashes at once, for 'tis all up with him. So at least it would appear to the philosophic observer calmly regarding the extremely damaging aspect of Mr. Julius Newton *ne* Nathan's bad break from that scrupulous standard of morality recognized by the New York Stock Exchange, and punished by it with such momentous severity.

Instead of taking the cutting rebuke with crushing despondency Mr. Julius Newton, *ne* Nathan cheers himself with the thought that there is another and older world beyond the ocean where he may win a recognition beside which everything on this side of the water is pinhead. Thereupon he sets up a large and showy establishment in London, and the chronicle is, that Mrs. Newton's diamonds and dresses attracted attention in the metropolis, as deservedly they should, since she was at a full dress rehearsal for a first appearance on the grand world's stage with royalty to receive her, and leave ineffaceably the envious and paramount distinction.

In a mood of this untimely zeal to set aside the discomfiting verdict of the New York Stock Exchange, Mr. Julius Newton *ne* Nathan was suicidally disposed to get presented at the court of St. James, where not even "off color" gloves are allowed, if we may credit the following item from the London World:

The last queen's drawing-room was notable for one or two melo-dramatic incidents. One lady, not unknown in society, appeared in brown *gaiters de Soie*, and was rebuked from making her courtesy till she had procured a white pair.

On the 20th of March Mr. and Mrs. Lowell presented the undaunted Newton-Nathan couple to the Princess of Wales, representing the Queen, and in a few days the royal condescension is revoked by request of the American minister. The presentation is accordingly annulled by an official notice, with her Majesty's authority, and the affair is duly published in the Court circular, and the London newspapers.

Mr. Julius Newton *ne* Nathan's triumph is as short lived as a dream, and his ill considered self-immolation is the only lasting fact connected with him.

No diamonds, dresses, equipages and establishments can disguise that.

What a tumble this unlucky ambition caused!

The flying fish manage to sustain themselves in the air for a short time, but they end by falling back in the water, says Ivan Turgeneff.

It may be rather late for this crushed aspirant to learn the lesson of his blunder from first to last, which is—that discretion is always the better part in such a situation—that bravado and audacious self-assertion in a world to which he did not belong, and the assumption of rights to the best social privileges, scandalously forfeited—merely render the original dereliction doubly flagrant.

The black flag is sometimes hoisted. Now then it will be in order for the kin of the late Benjamin Nathan to felicitate themselves that Mr. Julius Newton is the victim of court protest—*for* had he remained Nathan they too might now be annoyed with questions about relationship.

As Americans, we are pleased at the harmony of sentiment between the New York Stock exchange, Mr. Envoy Lowell, and the Court circular. It is significant of Punch's *entente cordiale*.

TALK.

There are a great many things that have had their day, and don't appear to be aware of it except as they learn it to their cost.

We are told that Joseph Cook's lectures in Boston have not been a very flattering success this year. Only the melancholy-mean sum of \$112 is shown after expenses for the lecturer, and an appeal is issued to the benevolent admirers of Flavius Josephus to strain the tribute to \$500. The Monday lectureship in the modern Athens whose intellectual process was scarcely second to the talks of Socrates in Academic saunterings, has weakened when its pecuniary sop is only \$112. 'Tis time to stop when the proceeds are so meagre.

Western people know better than to encourage lectures of a certain sort, no matter how cheap they may be offered.

Lectures flourished about twenty-five years ago. They were the enjoyment of the multitude, and in town or village no winter's entertainment was so eagerly and thoughtfully projected as a "course" of lectures. It had a "course" like madness and other diseases you will observe. On the allotted evenings people went solemnly to hear Henry Giles, E. H. Chapin, H. W. Bellows, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, Thomas Starr King, and all the rest of the celebrities available to lyceums and lecture committees.

Then twenty-five dollars a night was considered excellent pay for an hour and a half's discourse, and fifty dollars was counted as an extravagance only warranted by securing some famous person not to be had for the ordinary terms. There is record of the mild and generous Horace Greeley once declining to lecture in Hartford, Conn., for ten dollars, saying with the humility of his greatness that the people could not care much to hear him at such a price, and that he would rather wait until the indication was more favorable towards him. And yet \$300 and more have been paid to lecturers of the flimsiest pretensions when, in the time of whose utterances hadn't a touch of Horace Greeley's greatness of mind and heart.

It has been related that the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee, when Minister of Immigration in Canada, seriously contemplated encouraging the establishment of skating rinks by a system of protective bounties, contending with much force that a skating rink was an invaluable agent in promoting matrimony. He never would have put forth such a claim for the winter's diversion of years ago, devised for the winter's diversion and edification of old and young.

Everybody attended, and the intellectual banquet from first to last was a kind of picnic of opinions and subjects.

There was then no very offending departure from respected traditions; no discouraging dissent from old beliefs social or political. No distracting doctrine of Evolution had set the brains of men spinning, and a refined and scientific infidelity of the Huxley, Darwin, Tyndal, and Matthew Arnold class, was scarcely dreamed of in that day in America. Once in a while we heard the stirring anti-slavery sentiments of Wendell Phillips in his Toulssaint L'Ouverture lecture, but the periods were so harmonious that we hardly gave them credit for revolutionary force.

It seems strange now, to read as I did yesterday in a Boston Courier yellow with age, of a lecture of Theodore Parker in Tremont Temple, which is editorially dismissed as one of his usual wild distorted efforts predicting the disunion of the states in civil strife and carnage. Parker in his Florentine grave, is a prophet unforgetton in the sad verity of his words, and the heroic realization of re-untied patriotism.

But the old-time interest in lectures is a thing of the past, and cannot be revived except in galvanized simulation. All the receptive conditions have changed. The world's pace has quickened beyond any belief of that period. Only a few names can now be assured of good audiences, and these are not manuscript-reading persons, but those gifted with the power of holding their hearers in the spell of eye, expression and gesture, which carry the speaker's utterance home as sunlight prints the photograph.

Even with the extraordinary attractions of sweetness and light, compounded with the memory of a scholarly and eminent father, Matthew Arnold following his written subject line for line in monotonous undertone, did not realize a third of his pecuniary expectations in coming to the United States. Moreover a dollar admission fee was an exorbitant mistake, even if lectures were popular, for it kept away no inconsiderable number of Mr. Arnold's best intellectual support everywhere he spoke.

The crowd paid a dollar a head to see Oscar Wilde, not to hear his lecture—he had but one—but to take in the show. Notwithstanding his airy aestheticism, and his apparent absorption in the beautiful with a big B, this remarkable young man had what New Englanders term "faculty," and he realized handsomely on it. His picturesque clothes, his lazes, and his exaggerated affectations were what filled his houses, and his purse. One look at him was more satisfying than a whole libretto of Gilbert and Sullivan's musical extravaganza.

In the almost avowed face of interest in lectures, it is safe to say that a predestined lecture, in these times needs an audience in the way of a success, and if he fails in securing one, the supposition is, that either he is badly managed, or in spite of all the favorable symptoms he has mistaken his vocation.

Joseph Cook has been proclaimed greatly beyond his capacity for satisfying anticipation. Besides he has grown unwieldy to his admiring constituency, and he hasn't originality enough to sustain interest in his utterances at his early, fresh and vivid run.—At first he showed some gleams of gold which augured a rich yield. Now he is a good deal like the Emma mine.

His diminished prestige has made him care less, almost reckless about the conventional check upon ill-temper commonly expected from the orthodox christian, and always understood in the gentleman. He feels that peace and rest are the prerogatives of his ex-haunting mission, and he will not be depolled ten minutes repose by the premature intrusion of a fellow-laborer in the vineyard, anxious for the ponderous Boston Chabhand to appear before the expectant gathering of a village meeting. So he pushes and mauls his persecutor who haunted and flogged about the door worse than Poe's obstinate raven, until he drives him off by downright violence, and then he gathers the rudely ruptured minutes for whatever repose can be extracted from them.

What shall be said to boys reluctant to get up in the early morning when here's the seditious example of the great Joseph Cook who so prized ten minutes of afternoon slumber that he was ready to fight for it, and did actually collar the unlucky clerical disturber.

A homely touching bit of gossip is told of Eugene's boy, spared to death by the zulus, that a pet nickname of his was "Monsieur dix Minutes," because almost every morning found him begging for ten minutes longer in bed.

Perhaps Joseph Cook may step from the pulpit and platform to the stage like the Rev. George C. Minn. Professional lecturers must do something, or die of inanition in a worn out calling.

"O," cuts in Mr. Harris, "how I wish we could say the same of 'readings' and all the widespread manifestations of modern 'elocution.' It is fastened on the public schools, and I saw a professor of it the other day who is the most imbecile *genre* study, as the French put it, I ever saw."

"Why," continues this irrepressible woman, "I read Friday's Globe that in Still-

A Valuable Work.

The city treasurer is at work indexing the names of all property owners in the city and has finished the First, Second, Third and Sixth wards; parts of the Fourth and Fifth wards are still unfinished, but will be gotten ready rapidly and completed as soon as possible. The book shows any property owner's name at once, and where his property is to be found, with his address. The letters are arranged according to Graves' Patent Index, and give a very easy reference. What the book will be worth to the individual taxpayer may be inferred from the fact that several hundred pieces of property were sold for delinquent assessment of taxes two years ago, and upon which the time of redemption expired lately, only three deeds were issued by the city, the balance of the property having all been reached and redeemed. The work is certainly very creditable to Mr. Reis.

Ramsey County Republicans.

The Ramsey County Republicans have not followed the illustrious example of Mr. Fletcher in Hennepin county. They have called a county convention for 11 a. m., April 20th, at Turner hall, said convention to send delegates to the state convention May 1, and to the district convention on the 20th. The primary meetings are called for the 25th. The district convention, to which county delegates are to be sent is to select two delegates to Chicago. The Ramsey County Republicans very properly leave the selection of delegates to the district convention to nominate a candidate for Congress, to another county convention, and do not attempt to forestall and mix things, as Fletcher is doing wherever he has control.

The Republicans hold their city convention on the 28th, and their city primaries on the 30th. The call in full is given elsewhere.

BRIEFS OF NEWS.

The Welland canal, Ontario, will be opened on the 28th inst.

Advices from the east bring rumors of fresh massacres of christians in Laos. The 19th anniversary of the Concord fight was appropriately celebrated yesterday at Concord, N. H.

John Reilly, aged 16, and Thomas Brown, not much older, were arrested yesterday in New York as murderers.

At New Orleans, Fred. Borgner shot Peter Olson fatally, over a difficulty about drinks. Borgner was seriously cut.

Peter, the best snoker, has arrived in New York from Chicago. He lost bonds of Dr. Morris' valued at over \$60,000.

At Brownsville, Texas, Private Mooney, injured by the boiler explosion in the garrison a few days ago, died last night.

The queen of Tahiti arrived in Chicago yesterday morning via the Grand Trunk and left quickly for San Francisco at noon.

Stewart's will has not been received in Springfield, Mass., yesterday, owing to there being real estate there, which is claimed by others.

Frank Ritchie, a harmless lunatic, herding cows on Ward's island, was shot dead yesterday by New York thieves who landed to steal goods.

At Metropolis, Ill., Meyer & Co., dry goods, assigned yesterday. Liabilities, \$40,000. They claim they have assets that will pay up in full.

It is reported from Darmstadt that Queen Victoria is suffering from lumbago, and cannot get up for some time. Her physician, Stewart's will has not been received in Springfield, Mass., yesterday, owing to there being real estate there, which is claimed by others.

At Macon, Miss., yesterday, there was the most severe rain storm ever experienced in that section. Stock were drowned, and also killed by lightning.

The French police are disposed to recommend to the authorities the expulsion of dynamiters from France, if their actions become too audacious. A man recently engaged in the dynamite traffic in Paris has suddenly disappeared.

St. Paul Choral Society. The first mass rehearsal of Handel's grandest composition—the "Messiah"—will be held at College hall, corner of Wabasha and West Third streets (entrance on Wabasha), on Monday evening at 8 o'clock sharp. It is the earnest wish of the society to enroll as full a membership for its performance next month as possible. The Grand Chorale of the Messiah will be held at College hall, corner of Wabasha and West Third streets (entrance on Wabasha), on Monday evening at 8 o'clock sharp. It is the earnest wish of the society to enroll as full a membership for its performance next month as possible. The Grand Chorale of the Messiah will be held at College hall, corner of Wabasha and West Third streets (entrance on Wabasha), on Monday evening at 8 o'clock sharp. It is the earnest wish of the society to enroll as full a membership for its performance next month as possible.

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