Daily Globe.

Official paper of the City and County.

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DAILY WEATHER BULLETIN.

OFFICE CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER, WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 31, 9:56 p. m.

Observations taken at the same moment of time at all stations named.

UPPER MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
St. Paul	29.83	65	SE	Cloudy
La Crosse	29.90	66	S	Clear

NORTHWEST.

	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Bismarck	29.58	76	SE	Th'ting
Ft Garry	29.58	..	SE	Fair
Minnedosa	29.45	67	SE	Th'ting
Moorhead	29.66	67	SE	Fair
Quapelle	29.45	60	NW	Clear
St. Vincent	29.58	64	SE	Cloudy

NORTHERN ROCKY MOUNTAIN SLOPE.

	Bar.	Ther	Wind.	Weather.
Ft. Assinaboine	29.77	62	NW	Clear
Ft. Buford	29.62	67	W	Fair
Ft. Custer	29.73	72	NW	Cloudy
Helena	29.85	68	NW	Fair
Huron, D. T.	29.63	71	SE	Fair
Medicine Hat	29.61	61	W	Clear

UPPER LAKES.

	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Duluth	29.84	66	W	Fair

DAILY LOCAL MEANS.

Bar.	Ther.	Dew Point.	Wind.	Weather.
29.898	66.0	57.8	S	Clear

Amount rainfall, .0; Maximum thermometer, 80.0; minimum thermometer 53.8; daily range 26.2.

River—Observed height 3 feet, 1 inch.
Rise in twenty-four hours, 0 inch.
Fall in twenty-four hours, 0 inches.

Note—The "time ball" is dropped daily (Sundays excepted) from the flagstaff on the Fire & Marine building, corner of Third and Jackson streets, at noon, "Central Time," as determined at Carleton College observatory.

NOTE—Barometer corrected for temperature and elevation.

P. F. LYONS, Sergeant, Signal Corps, U. S. A.

INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31, 12:55 a. m.—Indications for the upper Mississippi valley: Generally fair in the southern portion; increasing cloudiness and local rains in the northern portion; increasing southerly winds, higher temperature, lower barometer.

Missouri valley: Generally Fair weather, followed in the northern portion by increasing cloudiness and local rains, south to west winds, higher temperature, lower barometer.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE'S "own individual opinion," after his anatomizing of Shakespeare, "is that if he (Shakespeare) had been sitting with 'King Lear,' 'Hamlet' and 'Othello' before him in manuscript, unacted and unread but by him, and Southampton had offered him a hundred pounds (nearly $15,000 now) each to destroy them, the tragedies would have flitted into the fire and the money have been gleefuly locked up in the poet's strong-box."

THE *P. P.* utterly annihilates "a prepared grain inspection and warehouse law" by advocating editorially a plan or form of such a law. Any scheme that has the sanction of the organ of the rings and rascals that have grown strong and rich by the cruel combinations against the farmers, is a scheme to be let alone by the people. There is a "swindling brass kettle" concealed in the propositionput forth with velvet claws. The farmers better endure the ills they have, unjust and grevious as they may be, than countenance the concoction from a source that only seeks to continue the oppression and rivet the fetters anew and more securely.

THE Fat Men's Association of New York held its annual clam bake at South Norwalk Conn., on Wednesday last. The President of the association weighs 250 pounds, and and the heaviest man, G. B. Hollister of Binghampton 337 pounds, the heaviest woman, Mrs. McCurren 310 pounds and the next heaviest lady Mrs. Oscar Church 275 pounds. The light weight of the party Jerry Donovan, weighs 225; among the guests were three men carrying 400 pounds of flesh. The company numbered seventy-five men and women, and according to the local chronicles these fat people did consume sixty-five bushels of clams, 1,000 chickens, 600 lobsters, 1,500 weight of fish, 3,500 ears of corn, three barrels of sweet potatoes, three barrels of white potatoes and a hundred watermelons. No record was kept of the fluids.

AN HONEST MAN.

The late Col. E. E. Sibley, brother of Gen H. H. Sibley was at one time acting as chief quartermaster and disbursed millions of public money. After the lapse of many years he was notified by the accounting officer of the treasury "that his accounts had been found correct and closed, showing a balance due him of $255." He replied that some mistake had been made by some clerk in the Treasury Department and that the $255 did not belong to him, but to the government. He never drew it and it was finally covered into the treasury. Such honesty was, and is, of rare occurrence.

VOLCANIC LORE.

The amount of newspaper erudition which has been developed by the late earth-trembling along the eastern portion of the northern states, is something that is perfectly marvelious. Among other newspapers which have distinguished themselves concerning the late "seismic" disturbance is one in Chicago which, in treating of the nature of volcanos, says, they "are not worlds on fire, but simply fires burning in mountains;" and further that "volcanos are simply burning mountains, or local fires." This is in consonance with the definition of the common-school geographies which define a volcano as a "burning mountain which emits flame and smoke."

Now, as a matter of fact, a volcano is not a mountain; it does not burn, and it does not emit either flame or smoke. With the exception of these particulars, the commonly received definition of a volcano may be accepted as being entirely correct. The fact that a volcano is not necessarily a mountain is abundantly demonstrated by the fact that in many cases eruptions take place at the base of mountainous ranges, and beneath the level of the sea. It is conceded among the best informed vulcanists that where a mountain envelops the crater of a volcano, it is a consequence and not the cause of the action. The mountain, where one exists, is made up of the overflow of the material erupted by the volcano, and has no other connection with it. Hence, a volcano is not a mountain; but the mountain is the creation of the volcano.

A volcano is not only not a mountain, but it is not a burning mountain, or anything of the kind. What are supposed to be flames are merely the reflection of the molten material within the crater on the clouds above. The clouds are not smoke, as is popularly supposed, but they are masses of steam, or vapor which have become partially condensed after escaping from the opening of the volcano. As a matter of fact, as at present understood, there is nothing at all mysterious about a volcano, especially during its periods of activity. The energy developed is as commonplace as the motive connected with the running of an engine; that is to say, it is steam and nothing more.

Anyone can construct a harmless but nevertheless perfect volcano by taking and filling a bottle with some semi-fluid substance and then placing it over a flame. As the water becomes heated, it causes the material with which it is mixed to assume a rotary motion and possibly other motions. The substance expands as the water is turned into steam, and after a little there is a sudden uprising which reaches up and pours over the mouth of the bottle. This permits the escape of the steam and this is followed by a substance of the overflowing mass. Every housewife, who has ever cooked mush in a covered kettle has constructed a perfect volcano on a small scale, and one which displays all the operations of Vesuvius, or Stromboli to perfection.

All this is very simple, and with the benevolent purpose of enabling distinguished cotemporaries to give their entire attention to the pending campaign, and which demands all their spare space and consideration, it is furnished here.

TAKE VACATIONS.

There is a wholesome application possible from the recital of the following racy incident. The story runs that Russell Sage, the Wall street prince, that was, poked his head in at his New York office one morning last week, where he had not been since the 3rd of July last, and told the "boys" he would be with them again by the first of October.

Mr. Sage is only 68 years old, but the shock that followed that dropping of $4,000,000 taught him and his physicians that there had been altogether too much of the work that is nine-tenths worry in his life. Now he sees that he must go slower, or lie down under "six feet of earth," and cease going at all. He says he hadn't had a vacation since he was 20 years of age. Other men, who haven't been so actively pushing for money as Mr. Sage has been, but are striving for fame or political honors, are hearing the same warning. Secretary of the Treasury Folger is at home, worn and sick from overwork, and the resplendent Mr. Blaine has to call a halt to his enthusiastic friends, while he knuckles to the demon of billious fever.

WIPING OUT OUR ILLUSIONS.

General Grant approves of Blaine's letter of acceptance, and disproves something of more importance to the historic and sentimental world. It annuls the opening of Conkling's great speech at the Chicago convention, and gives Miles O'Reilley's ringing stanza the go by as pure poetic licence. The two generals, Grant and Lee, did not stand, sit or lounge under an apple tree. The rebel army halted near an apple orchard, and Gen. Grant's messenger, Gen. Babcock, found Lee seated on a bank, with his feet in a wagon rut, and therefrom summoned him to pass through the lines into Grant's headquarters.

No Appomattox apple tree and no school book picture to show the crushed Confederate soldier dejected by giving up his sword to the Silent Smoker whose "name and influence" were afterwards to represent so much cash capital to those honorable and scrupulous financiers Mr. Ferdinand Ward and Mr. James D. Fish.

This is too bad—this evanishment of our pictorial belief in that memorable scene which Conkling had so splendidly reinforced for us at Chicago.

Grant's recent "letter to a friend" undoes all. So did his letter to Mr. James D. Fish.

THE THIRD CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

The Red Wing *Argus* of the 28th of August, publishes a table of the votes in the counties which now compose the Third Congressional District, in 1880, for Strait and Poehler, the Democratic candidate, which gives the following results:

	Strait.	Poehler.	Repub. Maj.	Dem. Maj.
Carver	1155	1284	....	120
Chippewa	824	196	628	....
Dakota	1846	2044	....	198
Goodhue	3722	163	2085	....
Kandiyohi	1531	240	1341	....
McLeod	1013	1120	....	107
Meeker	1292	664	628	....
Renville	1208	835	373	....
Rice	2416	1813	603	....
Scott	1013	1596	....	583
Swift	921	545	376	....
	16,993	11,997	6,024	1,018

The county of Meeker did not belong, in 1880, to the present Third District, but the *Argus* gives, as above, the vote for Washburn and Sibley.

It appears that Major Strait has on the basis of the vote of 1880 a majority in the district of 5,016. To overcome this majority Mr. Donnelly will have to make a gain of 2,509 votes. Can he do so?

In 1876 Mr. Donnelly ran for congress as the nominee of the anti-Monopoly party, Major Strait being the Republican candidate, and Judge Wilder the Democratic candidate. It is well known that nine-tenths of the anti-Monopoly vote was drawn from the Republican party. In that contest Mr. Donnelly received 2,309 votes in the counties comprising the present district, and in Meeker county Peter Cooper, the anti-Monopoly candidate for congress, received 343 votes. These men have been of late voting the Republican ticket, but it is well known that they are earnest supporters of Mr. Donnelly in the present contest. The transfer of 2,652 votes from the Republican column to the opposition will make a difference of 5,304 in the result, or 288 more than Strait received over Poehler in 1880. But in addition to this Mr. Donnelly will receive a very large vote from the members of the Farmers' alliance, and thousands of votes from disaffected Republicans who voted for Strait in 1880. Goodhue county, which gave Strait in that year 2,085 majority, is now admitted by the Republican papers of that county to be debatable ground. Dakota county, which gave Poehler but 199 majority, will give Donnelly from 1,500 to 2,000 majority. Meeker county, which gave Washburn 628 majority, has been carried repeatedly by the united vote of the anti-Monopolists and Democrats, and will be carried again this year for Donnelly.

All that Major Strait can do to overcome this wide-spread defection is to make a still-hunt and bring up a leader here and there. But his tactics are pretty well understood and every man will be watched, and all sudden conversions to Strait will be put down to the true cause. The Democrat whose political conscience is so tender that he cannot support Donnelly, but is ready to swallow Strait, who never had a Democratic thought or interest since he was born, is naturally open to grave suspicion.

In the meantime while Strait is sneaking around trying to buy up Democrats, he will more and more disgust all decent Republicans, who do not believe that elections should be carried by such means; and he will lose a dozen honest votes while he captures one rascal.

CURRENT COMMENTS.

DESPITE all reports to the contrary, it is now officially announced that the Revised Old Testament will not be published for nearly a year. Some of the statements which have been made as to the revision of certain passages are as wild as those which were similarly made as to certain passages in the New Testament before the work of the revisers was made public. As with the revisers of the New Testament, so with those of the Old, strict secrecy has been the rule. The revisers solemnly pledged themselves not to tell outsiders what changes they were making or intended to make; and there is no reason for believing that any of these scholarly gentlemen have violated their compact. Twelve of the twenty-seven revivers have died since the work of revision was begun.

THE religious papers are now discussing the question of hymn reading in church. The old custom is for the minister, on announcing a hymn, to read it aloud. Many people are tired of this. They consider it a relic of the old times when hymn books were scarce and congregations were ignorant. Very few ministers know how to read hymns in an edifying manner. Most of them give the rhymes a schoolboy twang, or else read in such a monotonous way as to bore the people. The prevailing opinion is that it is sufficient for the minister simply to state the number of the hymn or to give the first line. In some churches figures denoting the humn number are placed in sight of all the people.

THE American Sunday school has adopted a pleasant way of stimulating its missionaries to promptness in making their reports. A report of each day's work is required from every missionary. This report must be mailed to the secretary at Philadelphia on the 10th of each month. If it comes on time and is satisfactory, a check for the missionaries pay is sent him at once. If the report is late the check for the month's pay is not sent until one month later. Most of the missionaries are exceedingly prompt.

THE Christian *Advocate* gravely declares its belief that "it is not probable that Shakespeare will be read enough by anybody to do any serious harm." John Wesley was a diligent student of Shakespeare. At his death a copy of Shakespeare's writings was found among his effects, with notes in Wesley's own hand. This was destroyed by the Rev. John Pawson, on the ground that it "would not administer to edification." A Methodist minister of some repute in modern days gave up reading shakespeare because he found himself quoting from that authority in his sermons three times as much as he quoted from the Bible.

THE Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution* says that the most wonderful cures of dyspepsia are being made around Athens by taking a spoonful of fine sand after each meal, and that persons who have been suffering for years are entirely relieved; but most people would prefer the dyspepsia.

ASSISTANT Bishop Henry C. Potter calls the *porte-cochere* of his Newport cottage the "Whiting Fee," since he devoted a very fat marriage fee to that particular improvement of his premises.

THE Prince of Wales ought to be pleased at being accused of plagiarizing in one of his little speeches from a magazine article, since it positively proves that he occasionally reads something.

TALK.

The musical world of Vienna is mourning for one of its brightest stars. Among the many marvelous pianists whom the queen of the Danube has produced, none was more promising than Ernest Lowenberg, a pupil of Rubinstein, of whom his friends predicted that he would rival the greatest masters when his powers had reached their maturity. To the most perfect power of execution and great brilliancy of touch he added a deep musical sympathy which charmed his hearers. He recently returned from Russia, where he had given a series of performances in St. Petersburg and other cities with a success that had laid the foundation of a European reputation. But in the course of his professional engagement he contracted a cold, which settled on his lungs, and he returned home to die at the age of only twenty-eight years.

Think of the beautiful generosity of fate in sparing Clara Louise Kellogg and P. Brignoli to the ripe and even miraculous age where the one can tell us that she discovered a singing master in Paris who developed fuller and richer tones and notes in her register than she ever had in her prime, and the other asserts that by leaving off the deteriorating habit of smoking he has recovered from the thief time the mellow, witching notes of his youth. Of course we believe them. We are satisfied that P. Brignoli's late tour in this hyperborean land was to turn his back on the inappeasible crowds clamoring for him in great eastern cities, and in pure artistic philanthropy to give us the opportunity of hearing the heavenly tenor ere we die. That's the extra way of rubbing it in.

"Hear me heavenly mother Ida, hear me ere I die," is the plaint of Baron Tennyson. "See Seville and die," says the proverb. Hear Brignoli—and die, says tradition; but we didn't although we ought to, for the probability is that he'll have to die first any how. The most disconsolate fact about Brignoli is his artistic longevity, and now that he has been renovated by some occult process as good as new, generations now in swaddling clothes will have a chance to number the sweet tenor of the early fifties among their musical memories.

The tongue of the frog is fastened to the lower jaw at the tip instead of at the base, but he slings it out after a cricket or a June bug like a lasso.

You perceive the analogy. When the tongue of the extraordinary singer becomes disabled from age, and almost ossified to the jaw, it can still make the effort of lassoing in the dollars.

"Clara Louise" as her countrymen call her with fond familiarity, is enjoying the luxurious retirement of the Clarendon Hotel in New York, that hostlery beloved of famous and titled foreigners, or she is at sportive Saratoga giving drearily select *soirees* or *matinees musicales* as is her wont, and seeking to convince a not very credulous world that she is staving off fabulous offers for her operatic services.

Of course we believe her. But somehow we are pensive, and reminiscent of the fact, that for lo, these many seasons the portly Clara Louise has seen numerous fine companies organized and started on conquering tours, without the enviable luster of "America's favorite prima donna *la diva bella* Kellogg."

To be sure she tells us that Italian opera is dead, and we hope it is, if the high-priced tyranny of its interpreters was going to be the distinguishing feature of its vitality and continuance.

English opera, remarks she, carries the palm of popular acclaim, and herein it would seem as if Clara Louise herself might have a voice, or at least a place. As it is she is like Mahomet's coffin, betwixt heaven and earth. No show in Italian opera and no go in English opera. The lone star business of intermittent concerts in Yahoodom, instead of Metropolitan triumps and jubilant managers suing for any terms with the glorious cantatrice,—and yet Clara Louise would have us suck in that statement of hers, that the lone star system of sporadic concertising is her deliberate preference, over the importunities of managers fighting as to precedence for an audience with "America's favorite, greatest prima donna *la diva bella* Kellogg," and crazily reckless as to contracts.

Perhaps Clara Louise, like Brignoli, will take Horace Greeley's oft-quoted advice about the West. To be sure the qualifying adjective will have to be left out of the memorable saying. But then, old boys and girls can come West—even if Horace was rather exclusive with his adjective. Yet the dear, delightful man would draw the line of immigration with debarring literalness at *passe* singers.

So would another who wrote the lines:

"Lady do you know the tune?
Ah, we all of us have hummed it:
I've an old guitar has thrummed it,
Under many a changing moon.
Shall I try it? Do Re Mi * *
What is this? Ma Foi, the fact is
That my hand is out of practice,
And my poor old fiddle cracked is.
And a man—I let the truth out—
Who's had almost evey tooth out,
Cannot sing as once he sung,
When he was young as you are young,
When he was young and lutes were strung,
And love lamps in the casement hung.

His name peace to his dust in Kensal Green, London, is William Makepeace Thackery.

The National cotton exchange of New Orleans says the month of August has proven unfavorable for growing cotton.

RAMBLES IN NEW ENGLAND.

Three Days Passed in and About Boston Among the Bostonese.

What was Seen and What was Suggested by the Vision.

A University, Back Bay, Hotels and Miscellaneous Appendix.

[Special Correspondence of the Globe.]

APPENDIX.

It just occurs to me what a great amount of injustice is done the ladies by the ridicule heaped upon them for never being able to complete a letter without making a postscript. Why should not a lady have the privilege of adding something omitted, or forgotten, and what is to prevent the P. S. from being the choicest part of her letter? It is strange that I should have passed so many years and never thought about coming to the rescue of the postscript sex before. Possibly I should not have thought of it now if it were not that my record of "three days in and about Boston," cannot be made complete without an appendix. Far be it from me to intimate that it is from any motives of self defence that the propriety of postscripts has been thus recognized, and I accordingly bow my acknowledgments to the ladies, who will shower down thanks upon my devoted head for this clearly disinterested vindication of one of their inalienable rights.

There is great excuse or provocation (we use words indiscriminately in Boston) in my case, however, for the reason that the section of country I visited, having had a couple of hundred years the start of me, ought to have a good deal to show during a three days' inspection. And then a person who has grown up in the "Rowdy West" ought to be able to discover a good deal of interest in the very hot bed of "culchaw."

HARVARD.

While it takes a native Bostonese several years to "go through Harvard" my time was too limited to emulate the illustrious example and my going through that institution somewhat resembled the flying trapeze act of a comet, which switches its tail through the heavens with a brilliant flash. Modesty ought to impel me at this juncture, to say that I am aiming at no "brilliant" point or claim in the comparison, but I long since learned that it don't pay to be modest and hence I say nothing on this point, but merely call attention to it in passing for fear the casual reader might overlook it.

The famous Harvard University is located in the venerable old town of Cambridge. Cambridge wears all the air of a large New England village. The houses are, in very many cases, large square frame edifices with ample dooryards, luxurious shade trees, and flowers and surroundings indicative of contentment and refinement. You leave the bustle of Boston and in a few minutes ride, either by carriage or street car, you reach the spot made famous by the great University. It is city all the way, but there is such a gradual blending of city and country, or (as we interchange ourselves in Boston) I might say such an elimination of the city and development of the village, that without being aware of the transformation scene in progress the visitor finds himself in the comparative quiet of a large town, where but a moment before he was in a confusion of streets and steeples, and squares and monuments, and an indiscriminate mixture of horse cars describing circles in straight lines or indulging in other parabolic symbols.

It was 248 years ago that the colony of Massachusetts resolved to have a college and a school was started by a man named Eaton which was very similar to the one made famous (or *infamous*) by Charles Dickens' Nicholas Nickleby. Mr. Eaton was a veritable Wackford Squeers, and the "college" did not flourish. Two years latter Rev. John Harvard fortunately died. People are so much in the habit of leaving their means to be expended after death that mortality often becomes a great boon. Mr. Harvard lived in Charlestown and as the "college" had a nominal existence he bequeathed it about $3,000 in money and his library. Mr. Harvard was, himself, a graduate of Cambridge, England, and as a token of gratitude for a donation which at that time was as munificent as half a million would be to-day, the college was called Harvard and the location was renamed Cambridge. I doubt whether any other instance exists where a town and a great public institution spring from the same source.

It was more than one hundred and fifty years before the institution assumed any considerable proportions, and the present generation of men recall the times when Josiah Quincy, Edward Everett and Jared Sparks were presidents of the University as the era when its fame grew most rapidly. And still, like everything else in this great country, the progress of the past twenty-five years has eclipsed a prior century, but being part of the general progress it has not been so noticeable. The students have more than doubled since the war, the professors have been increased nearly fifty per cent. and all else in similar proportion. Harvard is older than Yale, but still it has a fresher look. Perhaps it is the venerable row of stately elms which stand in front of the long, old brick building or row of buildings in New Haven, which give Yale such an ancient aspect in spite of the numerous modern and elegant buildings which comprise other portions of that great institution. However this may be, I think if a wild Englishman, who didn't know much about this country, as most Englishmen don't, should drop down on the two institutions he would award the *prima facie* claim for age to Yale. It is true that my brief sojourn among the Bostonese has nothing particular to do with Yale college, but I want my Bunker Hill friends to understand that *their* world is not all the world, after all.

There are between forty and fifty buildings at present occupied by the University in all its various departments. The oldest now in use, "Massachusetts Hall," erected in 1718, and the latest the "New Law School," erected in 1883. Still other buildings are planned and funds are being secured for their erection. This great University is a literal exemplification of the Scriptural remark "to him that hath shall be given." Beginning with the $3,000 donation by Rev. John Harvard which was in due time supplemented by $10,000 a year for ten years from the state, the growth of the institution has been one constant series of donations. Christopher Gore gave a library building at a cost of $70,000. The library itself has over 200,000 volumes, most of which have been secured by donations from graduates. Wm. Gray, who graduated over half a century ago, started the library ball rolling by a gift of $25,000. Charles Minot chipped in $60,000. Mrs. James W. Sever added $40,000 and Chas. Sumner $34,000. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that a magnificent library has been collected.

Mrs. Sever also gave $100,000 for "Sever Hall;" Nathan Matthews donated $120,000 for another building; Nathaniel Thayer commemorated his father by a hundred thousand dollar Thayer Hall; Samuel Appleton supplied a fifty thousand dollar chapel; an "unknown (to the public) friend," gave $135,000 for the new law school buildings; Augustus Hemenway supplied $100,000 for a gymnasium; Abbott Lawrence gave a fifty thousand dollar scientific school; Memorial Hall was erected at a cost of three-quarters of a million dollars donated by graduates; Divinity Hall had $140,000 donated for its erection; Geo. Peabody gave $150,000 for a museum; the Agassiz Museum of Zoology has cost over half a million, the state giving one hundred thousand dollars and individuals the remainder; the Observatory had a donation of one hundred thousand dollars from a graduate; "friends of the school" united and raised a quarter of a million for the medical college; Benjamin Bussey willed property for an agricultural school and tied it up for a term of years so that it realized over $400,000 when sold and James Arnold same to the rescue with another hundred thousand for a professorship of tree culture.

It fairly makes me dizzy to enumerate these donations. Here is wealth by the million being poured into the lap of this already millionaire institution. I have only noted a few of the leading and more prominent gifts. There are endowments of professorships by gifts of large sums, the interest on which, at a low rate, furnishes liberal salaries, beyond anything known by the general public. There are donations of statuary, of museum collections, of labratories, and every conceivable adjunct or device which wealth and science can supply. It is no wonder that Harvard University can rank as a great and powerful educational institution, while hundreds of minor colleges, scattered through the country, are really entitled to more credit for the opportunities they afford, and the labor of the instructors is ten fold that of the great, rich and powerful Harvard. It is a gratification to inspect such an institution, but I doubt whether the Harvard graduate is as well fitted for the stern realities of life, as one who is obliged to experience a little more of the "stern reality" in securing an education.

It was "vacation" when I paid my visit and hence I was deprived of the privilege of seeing an intellectual game of base ball, without which a college is a vacuum. I was glad, however, to see that a portion of the University grounds were laid out for the "manly game of base ball." I had greater hope for the Bostonese after seeing this than ever before, for to master jurisprudence, to wrestle successfully with theology, to collar the languages, living and dead, to delve in mathematics, to soar in science or even go to heaven, and not to be an artist in base ball is to gain the whole world but to lose the nine essential points in the game of life.

To the visitor "going through Harvard," the Zoological museum, founded by the collections of the famous Agassiz, but enlarged from many other sources, is the most interesting. Here are birds and beasts and creeping things innumerable, until one can almost imagine that he is a travelling man in Noah's ark with a sample of everything on earth as well as of the inhabitants in the waters beneath, around him, ready to open shop in the preserved live stock trade at the earliest opportunity. The display is a bewilderment, and I don't wonder that Noah's dove escaped from such a crowd as soon as it could secure a foothold. It had altogether too much society. You can study natural and unnatural history, and instead of being in a quandary whether to "fish or cut bait" you almost instinctively feel like "cutting bait" in order to embrace the opportunity to lure the fish into your pockets. It is a wonderful museum, and I want to record, as a mark of liberality on the part of the Bostonese, that it is open on Sundays as well as week days, so that those whose occupation make them, very literally, obey the injunction, "six days shalt thou labor," can go sight seeing on the seventh and find something worth looking at.

"Memorial Hall" is also another object of interest to the stranger. This building was erected in honor of the students or graduates who served in the late civil war, and it is a worthy monument. The building itself is 310 feet long by 115 wide, with a tower thirty-five feet square at the base, rising 200 feet in the air. It contains a dining hall capable of seating more than 1,000 at a banquet and a theater which will seat 1,500. The "Memorial Hall" proper is 112x30 and simply superb in its magnificence. There are twenty-eight arches, each arch containing a marble tablet with the names of the students or graduates of the university who fell in the war, with the date of death and name of the battle, when killed in an engagement. The whole forms a monument and record as enduring as human genius can devise, and is a tribute to the memory of brave men who earned the highest tokens of honor, in that they gave their lives to their country—the supremest sacrifice which can be laid upon an altar.

I could wander through the spacious and beautiful grounds of Harvard and its old historic and new magnificent specimens of architecture for days with less wearisomeness than my limited pen pictures can inflict upon the reader. It is a spot that needs to be visited to be understood and appreciated, rather than described. The historic memories which cluster about these grounds and some of the buildings, carry one back to the early days of the revolution. "Massachusetts Hall" was vacated by the students after the battle of Lexington to furnish quarters to the American soldiers, and all of the lead upon the roof of "Harvard Hall" was cut off to be moulded into bullets. Washington's headquarters were, for a time, in one of the old college buildings, and a large elm tree, not far distant, is surrounded by an iron railing, while an iron tablet beneath its spreading branches contains this inscription:

Under this tree
Washington
First took command of the American Army,
July 3rd, 1775.

"Appleton Chapel" is the site of joys and sorrows. Here the notable weddings and funerals are attended, the latter embracing the deceased presidents of the University, Gov. Washburn Agassiz, Longfellow and other famous men. The American visitor cannot but feel that he is on ground rendered sacred by the memories of the early struggles of the liberty loving men who founded the Republic and famous by its continued occupation by some of the brightest intellects of the century. Quiet, staid old Cambridge. The home of patriotism and intelligence, it will ever remain one of the illustrious spots in this country.

BOSTON HOTELS.

In a community where brain culture is carried to a high state of perfection by means of what is put into the stomach, it is natural that the hotels should be pretty conspicuous. And still one of the first snags I ran against was an effort to find my bearings by inquiring for the Parker House. The Parker House became famous many years ago through the story that Senator Hoar was one of its original projectors, on condition that he should have the privilege of naming the caravansary, but was promptly excused from his contribution when it was found that he proposed to name it after himself. I supposed, with this early history, every native Bostonese would know the Parker House, and I innocently inquired of a street corner merchant for the hotel. He looked at me with such an air of astonishment, mingled with pity, that it made me almost wish I had never been born, but he never uttered a word. I concluded that I had struck a perambulating deaf and dumb asylum and reciprocated his look of pity to as great an extent as a representative of the "rowdy west" could be expected to bring to bear on a Bostonese, and moved on. I next accosted a young lady acting in a clerical capacity at a mercantile establishment. Perhaps she recalled the early story, or perhaps it is useless to guess the reason why; but at all events she went out to the front door and asked a man who was washing the windows where the Parker House was. He was a knowing Bostonese and gave me the direction in a manner which made me feel that I was constantly knowing less than I ever did before. But I resumed my walk and might have been walking yet if I had not chanced to meet Major McIlrath, former chief of police of St. Paul. He is in the government detective service and it was right in his line of duty to detect me and detect what I wanted. And he did, and I found I had not been two blocks from the Parker house any of the time. I had simply failed to know which corner of the circle I needed to turn—and then go in directly the opposite direction to reach my destination. The Major says he does not like Boston, and he has not voted in eight years, but retains his residence in St. Paul, where he soon hopes to return. We came to a twist in the street where our courses parted, and by a simple turn of the body were on different streets and out of sight of each other, though near enough to have shaken hands. I didn't dare to turn around to look after the Major for fear I might find myself on another street or worse yet, split up and on two different streets at the same time. It was a trying situation, but I found the Parker House. There is no bust of Senator Hoar in the corridors. The Parker House is twenty years old and used to be *the* hotel of Boston but several others now eclipse it.

The Vendome, on Commonwealth avenue, is the most high toned. It cost a million dollars and it looks as though a million dollars built more hotel than the same sum in the west. Perhaps western people lie a little about the cost of their buildings, in order to inflate their credit, and perhaps the Bostonese lie a little in the other direction to avoid too much taxation. At all events I should think if the Hotel Vendome was located—well—say in Minneapolis—it would pass for a two million structure. It is 240x125 feet, eight stories high, but is quite remote from business. Still that is not important for the people who can afford to stop there have no other business than to spend their money and they don't want to be horrified by the sight of trade.

The Hotel Brunswick is another million dollar edifice which is the pride of the Bostonese. It is more eligibly located than the Vendome, but still far enough away to prevent any shock to the nerves of the guests by the racket of business. These are the two great hotels of Boston but neither one has half of the accommodations of the Palmer House, Chicago, or as great accommodations for guests, in point of numbers, as will the hotel which the president of the Cleveland and Hendricks club is erecting in St. Paul.

The favorite house for the traveling business man is Young's Hotel. This house has the peculiarity of having its front door on a back alley, and you have to kick yourself around three or four corners, and hunt for the ordinary locality of the kitchen entrance to find the way into the office. The ladies' entrance is upon the street and I was verdant enough to think a Boston hotel ought to have a front door. I found on entering that I was ushered into a gorgeous dining room or restaurant and was directed to a remote corner of the room, one hundred feet from the street, for the passage way to the office. That door led me into the ladies' ordinary and escaping from that I found myself in a small corridor with the bar room on my right and a gentleman's restaurant on the left. I have heard of the injunction about turning neither to the right or the left, but with such a prospect on my right, of course I got left or *to* the left, and continuing my mad career plunged through the public washroom into an open corridor, where I landed in front of the news stand, and in the rear of the main stairway and elevator. Then I felt I was nearing civilization, or the hotel clerk, which means the same thing. One more turn brought me in sight of the hotel office and the back door on the alley, which is the front door of that hotel. I should have felt that I had blazed my way to the office to little purpose save that I met Daniel Basset, of Minneapolis, and it did me good to see somebody from the "Rowdy west," even though he hailed from Mr. Bassett's wild locality. It was a good hotel, but I concluded that the next time I tried to call there I would go down the manhole of the street sewer and see if I couldn't find a straight chute to the kitchen as the most convenient way of getting into the backside of the front door of a Boston caravansary.

I discovered two things—that the Boston hotels—I mean those that any one would think of stopping at, are all high priced, and a fellow must accept a sort of five dollar per day tournament if he wants to be "first class." Secondly, that they are all famous for their "club dinners." I came to the conclusion that the Bostonese don't have anything else to do but to form themselves into "clubs," and have Saturday afternoon dinner parties at the hotels. Every prominent hotel has certain "clubs" on its string which have a festival every Saturday afternoon, and then they chink in what they call "dinner parties" during the week. These entertainments are very recherche, as we say in Boston, but I didn't go. I was only in Boston one Saturday, and so I sent around a note of regret to each one of the hotels to be read at all of the "club dinners." I took that method to avoid hurting any one's feelings by my absence, and I have felt better ever since.

THE BACK BAY.

Next to Scollay square I found the shibboleth "Back Bay" on the street cars. To those who visit Boston for the first time, as I did, and those who have been absent for ten or fifteen years, this "Back Bay" business is something of a wonder. It is simply reclaiming the "Back Bay from the ocean and making room for more of a city by filling up. The "Back Bay" formerly came almost up to the famous Common and formed a swamp or marsh which the tide overflowed. For twenty years the work of filling in has been in progress until a new city has been formed including the land on which it stands. It is now the aristocratic portion of Boston, and you can drive upon and down broad and beautiful streets, amounting in the aggregate to a ride of miles, and all of it on land which has been reclaimed by filling in what was supposed to be a worthless swamp. Commonwealth avenue is a mile and a half long, 250 feet wide, with a park in the center for its entire length, every foot of which is made land. I went out to the end of the street, and still beyond I saw the work of filling in in progress. It is not near so handsome as the Drexel boulevard in Chicago, but the Bostenese will tell you that Commonwealth avenue, with its strip of park through the center, is the handsomest boulevard in the world. It is beautiful, indeed, though not entitled to quite so extravagant praise as that. At the end of this avenue is the somewhat famous residence of Leiut. Gov. Ames. The houses in the "Back Bay" district are said to crack, showing that their foundations are not eternal as the hills, and there is a little dampness perceptible, but to all outward appearance it is the best part of the city. One can hardly see how Boston managed to exist in such a huddle before this new area was created. It is the only part of the city which has any proper shape and regularity. The cost of filling has exceeded seven million dollars, but the district belonged to the city, the land has been sold at a figure which pays for the filling and leaves a profit. It is a speculation for Boston and a good thing for the people. It gives them room for a city which they never possessed before.

GETTING OUT OF TOWN.

Having gotten into Boston I must in good time get out. To aid in that undertaking I called at the Boston & Albany ticket office on Washington street and enjoyed this conversation with a dapper little fellow behind the counter.

"Do you sell tickets to Buffalo with the privilege of stopping at Rochester?" was my query.

"Ten dollars and sixty-five cents," was the response.

"Can I take a sleeper to Rochester, or must I pay for one through to Buffalo?"

"Two dollars and twenty-five cents," he replied.

"Will this route take me through Springfield?"

"Two dollars and twenty-three cents," came quick and sharp from the clerk.

It was evident I had tackled one of those mathematical chaps from Harvard and I enjoyed the confab. He had slept with calculus until he could talk nothing but figures. I was sorry I was in a hurry, for I would have been glad to have invented a few more aimless questions, just to see how quick he was with "figgers."

But my herdic was in waiting and I hadn't time for mathematics just then. I tried to brace up my literary cerebellum with some poetry as an offset to my Bostonese friend's accomplishments, but the only thing I could think of was—

Whatever sky's above me
Here's a heart for any fate,

But it was cloudy and there wasn't any sky above me, so that didn't fit. I surrendered at discretion and took the ticket.

And now, in closing my record of "three days in Boston," pledging myself that there shall be no postscripts or afterclaps, I trust the reader will attribute whatever he may have found good, bad or indifferent, not to anything inherent in the writer, but solely due to a sudden transition from the "Rowdy west" to a steady three days' diet of fish and baked beans, Bostonese style. I simply adopted the habits of the country and the "culchaw" must correspond. Good bye,

H. P. H.

The Jim River Tornado.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

DIANA, Dak., Aug. 31.—Last Friday afternoon about 3 o'clock a small black cloud was seen coming from the northwest, and when about fifteen miles distant a large spout came down out of the cloud and appeared to raise smoke when it touched the ground. It crossed the Jim river about ten miles from here. It killed twenty-eight cattle. Two young men who had been threshing saw it coming toward where their parents lived, and started on two mules to get across its path ahead of it. But they just came into the edge of it. The oldest one jumped off his mule and told his brother to do the same and lie down on the ground. The first one to jump lay in a dead furrow on a piece of breaking and escaped. He saw his brother jump, but in five minutes he found him sixty rods away and every bone in his body broken. Both mules were killed. The man killed was Angus Killop; his brother's name is John. About three miles northwest of here the storm tore down Sam King's barn and moved his house off the foundation. W. A. Wise had a nice frame one-story house, well built, which cost about $800. He was absent at the time, but near enough to see the destruction of his home. His boy gave the alarm and the mother and her three children had barely time to get into the cellar when the house was raised from its foundation and dashed to pieces in the garden ten rods away. After making havoc along a path of about two miles, the storm broke in two. There was not much rain accompanying it.

Sunday at Newport.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 31.—President Arthur did not attend church to-day, but remained quietly on board the Dispatch. Here he was joined by Secretary Chandler, with whom a conference was held. To night the president came ashore and dined with L. W. Beckwick of New York. To-morrow, probably, he will witness the polo games in the series in progress for the Sanford cup, and in the evening he will be present at the Casino subscription ball. The games of polo to-morrow are between the Buffalo and Meadow Brook teams. The president has made engagements up to Wednesday, so that he will remain at least until that day. To-morrow evening he dines with Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Morgan; Tuesday with Mrs. William Astor, and Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gaelet. He will also lunch with Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Warren on Wednesday.

Her Britanic majesty's ship Northampton, of the West Indies station, arrived here this morning from Halifax. Vice Admiral Commerill is on board. No salutes were given on account of the day, but they will exchange to-morrow. The admiral sent his compliments to the commander at Fort Adams and the torpedo stations, and also to President Arthur on board the Dispatch. The wife of the admiral, Lieut. Macmahon, of the Royal artillery, and Mr. Banks, are on board the vessel. The ship will remain here at least a week. Admiral Luce, of the Training squadron, took Admiral Commerill and wife for a drive this afternoon.

The Transcontinental Association.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

CHICAGO, Aug. 31.—General Traffic Manager Kimball and General Passenger Agent Moore, of the Union Pacific, passed through the city yesterday on their way to attend the meeting of the trancontinental association to-morrow. J. F. Goddard, general traffic manager of the Santa Fe, and Thomas Miller, general freight agent of the Burlington & Missouri River, also left yesterday for the same place. None of them express much hope that the association can survive unless the tripartite alliance is relegated to oblivion. The conference will have a number of knotty problems to solve. The Santa Fe will not cancel its notice of withdrawal unless the tripartite should be dissolved. The Union Pacific people, while they are heartily sick of the alliance, will yet be afraid to promise its dissolution for the simple reason that president Cable's boldly expressed determination to hold them to the contract has effectually smoothed any independence they might have possessed. The Texas & Pacific will not come back into the association unless it be transformed into a pool, and that could not be done without running squarely afoul of the tripartite deal. The Atlantic & Pacific will not compromise except it be granted additional concessions, on account of the extension of its service through to the Pacific coast. With so many complications to deal with, there is very little hope that any degree of success will be attained at to-morrows conference.

Chicago & Northwestern Earnings.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

CHICAGO, Aug. 31.—The Chicago & Northwestern Railroad company makes a report to the railroad and warehouse commission for the year ending June 30, 1884, as follows: Capital stock, $61,727,850.53. The funded debt of the company is $80,891,000, and the total liabilities $145,845,188.91. The total length of the main line and branches is 3,779 miles and 195 miles of new road was acquired during the year. The company has 647 engines and 21,006 cars of all classes. It has an average of 16,551 employes, and their aggregate yearly salary is $9,770,735.37. The road carried 8,581,529 passengers and 8,488,630 tons of freight during the year. The number of passengers carried in Illinois was 5,543,479, and the number of tons of freight in Illinois 4,556,630. The transportation earnings during the year was $24,524,876.51, of which $17,533,629.03 was by the freight department, and $6,992,247.88 was by the passenger department. Of the total earnings the property from all sources was $24,804,877.02. The total operating expenses and taxes was $14,933,332.72, of which $2,060,882.21 was in Illinois. The dividends declared amounted to $2,939,569. The balance for the year was $8,679,650.67. The balance carried forward, including that of last year, was $9,423,759.11. The number killed in Illinois was forty-seven, and the number injured eighty-eight.

Another Arctic Expedition.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31.—It is said at the navy department that Engineer Melville, who was in the Jeannette Arctic expedition, will shortly apply for leave of absence for two years, in order to take command of the new polar expedition, which will leave in the fall of next year, with purpose of trying to reach the pole by way of Franz Joseph's land. Cyrus Field, Jr., has said that he will furnish one-half of the money to fit out such an expedition, and members of the New York yatch club have ventured to subscribe the remainder.

Cutting Affray.

ALTOONA, Pa., Aug 31.—A serious cutting affray occurred in this city about 12 o'clock Saturday night, at Charles Height's brewery, in which four men were badly cut. One man, named Ulrich, died from the effects of the wounds, having been stabbed in the left breast, the knife penetrating the lungs. The matter is being investigated by the authorities.

A colored man by the name of George Wilson was mysteriously shot at Cresson, Pa., Saturday night, from the effects of which he died yesterday morning.

FOREIGN NEWS.

CALCUTTA, Aug. 31.—The war is having a depressing effect on trade at Bombay. Cotton mill shares there have fallen greatly. The effect on Calcutta trade is slight.

LONDON, Aug. 31.—A Foo Chow dispatch of this date says: "The Chinese blocking Limpoo was a useless precaution. Admiral Dowell, of the English navy, was fired upon recently, and the English consul narrowly escaped from the viceroy's jamen in a Chinese costume. The French hope and believe the programme of bombarding Foo Chow and then leaving will involve the Chinese with neutral powers. Admirals Courbet and Lespes have consequently left the city, two French gunboats remaining. Admiral Dowell is stationed near Pagoda."

LONDON, Aug. 31.—A Hong Kong dispatch of this date says: The Chinese honorably paid the French Shamien claims after Foo Chow was bombarded. The French ships saluted the Chinese flag on the day previous to the Foo Chow attack, it being the emperor's birthday. Foreign residents censure the French for entering Min river with a banner of friendship flying.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

COPENHAGEN, Aug. 31.—A meeting of the Evangelical alliance was inaugurated to-day. Dr. Kalkar made the opening address and welcomed foreign delegates to the city.

IMMENSE POPULAR PROCESSION.

BRUSSELS, Aug. 31.—The Liberal demonstration took place to-day as announced. The procession contained 90,000 persons. The proceedings were quiet throughout.

CHOLERA.

MADRID, Aug. 31.—Vessels from Italian ports possessing clean bills of health are subjected to a quarantine of ten days upon arriving at Spanish ports, those with unclean bills to fifteen days quarantine.

PARIS, Aug. 31.—There have been two deaths from cholera at Toulon since last night. During the twenty-four hours ended at 8:40 to-night, there were nine deaths from cholera at Marseilles. In the southern departments of France during the twenty-four hours ended to-night, the deaths from cholera were twenty-three.

ROME, Aug. 31.—In various provinces of Italy the cholera bulletins for the twenty-four hours ended to-night, showed sixty new cases and thirty-one deaths. At Laspezia there were thirty-three fresh cases and seventeen deaths.

RUSSIA.

WARSAW, Aug. 31.—Five hundred secret police have arrived from St. Petersburg to guard against attacks upon the czar during his visit. The czar will be here from September 6, until the 9, when he will go to Skernievic. He will sojourn there until the 19th, and then spend the time hunting in the forests of Jomasz.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Aug. 31.—The porte has decided the indemnity due Russia shall have prior claim on the revenues of the Turkish provinces.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PARIS, Aug. 31.—Bairere, French diplomatic agent to Cairo, starts to-morrow to resume duties there. He is charged to co-operate with the European consuls in insisting that Northbrook, high commissioner to Egypt, shall assent to an early settlement of the Alexandria indemnity.

BELFAST, Aug. 31.—Preston's flax stores are burning. The damage already amounts to £10,000.

LONDON, Aug. 31.—Gen. Wolseley and the Earl of Northbrook have gone to Egypt.

PARIS, Aug. 31.—Auguste Allow, the distinguished French lawyer, is dead.

PARIS, Aug. 31.—The *Li Armee Francaise* expects the retirement of Gen. Campenan as minister of war, and Gen. Lewal, who served in Mexico, to succeed him.

ROME, Aug. 31.—There is a dearth of provisions at Laspequa, more especially of lemons, ice and eggs, making the situation more alarming. The public safety committee of Paris sent 10,000 lemons for the city's relief.

BERLIN, Aug. 31.—Baron de Courcel, Frnech ambassador, dined with the emperor to-day. Rumors of a Franco-German alliance are strengthened by the statement that German residents to China have been placed under French protection.

The Independent Leader for Cleveland.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—Theodore Tomlinson, who has been prominent in the Independent movement in this city, and is president of the national executive committee of the party, has come out for Cleveland and Hendricks. He has started a national anti-Monopoly club, and is seeking by circulars and cards to concentrate the anti-Monopoly vote for Cleveland. A reporter interviewed Mr. Tomlinson to-day, and found him quite enthusiastic in his work. Mr. Tomlinson said: "The anti-Monopoly clubs were tacitly assigned to Butler, and I did not like it. I want it understood that it is my opinion that the anti-Monopolists are ten to one for Cleveland."

"Do you think that the existing anti-Monopoly clubs will not follow in the lead of Mr. Thurber?"

"Yes; I believe that new clubs will be formed in every district in the city, and will absorb most of the members of the old clubs. Then we shall hold a big mass meeting and show our strength."

Bank Suspension.

NEW CASTLE, Pa., Aug. 31.—The Wallace saving bank closed its doors yesterday and suspended payment. Some time ago the bank was in trouble and it was thought it would be compelled to suspend, but at a meeting of the principal depositors it was decided to give Wallace a chance to recover by accepting his notes for the amount due them, payable in three years, one-third at the expiration of each year. Since that time he has been doing a general banking business, and was thought to be all right. The failure last week of the bank of Jamestown, Dak., in which his son Robert was largely interested had a tendency to break the faith of the public in the bank here. Yesterday the National bank of Lawrence county filed a judgment note for $10,000 against Wallace, and as soon as this became known the rush began and the bank closed. The exact condition of affairs is not known, but it is thought the liabilities will reach $100,000, with no assets worth mentioning. He disposed of nearly all his property at the time of the other trouble. A statement will probably be given to the public soon. It is generally conceded Wallace is financially wrecked, but has as yet made no assignment.

ALL AROUND THE GLOBE.

Micky Smith, under sentence of death for killing Pegley Murray near Gallitzin, Pa., a year ago, escaped from jail yesterday at Pittsburg, by sawing the lock off the jail door.

The British war ship Northampton, arrived at New York yesterday morning, and the commander called upon President Arthur.

Blaine will remain at Augusta until Wednesday. On Thursday he is expected to go to the state fair at Manchester, N. H.

The thirty-third annual meeting of the American association for the advancement of science opens in Philadelphia next Thursday. A large number of persons are expected to be present, and many interesting papers have already been submitted for acceptance.

Burt Clapper, a fireman at Hartford City, Ind., was yesterday instantly killed by being run over by a hose cart.

T. W. Ruttenber, editor of the Mohawk Valley *Democrat*, of Utica, N. Y., was arrested yesterday on the charge of inducing a printer in his employ to fire his building, causing a loss of $40,000.

In April last a lap dog bit James Mulvaney, of Chicago, aged eighteen, from the effects of which he died yesterday.

Martin Fay, a harness maker of Toledo, O., was drowned yesterday.

Henry Bergh has protested against the slaughter of animals by the butchers in the parade of labor unions in New York to-day.

Northwesterners at Chicago.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

CHICAGO, Aug. 31.—Charles A. Dodge, of Yankton, and W. A. Patten, of Le Sueur, are at the Palmer.

Lloyd Barber, Winona, and Elmer E. Adams, of Fergus Falls, are guests at the Grand Pacific.

W. A. Clark, of Montana; E. N. Sanderson and wife, and G. A. Hanson, of St. Paul, and J. H. Putnam, of Minneapolis, are among the arrivals at the Sherman.

L. S. Wilson, of Bozeman, is a guest at the Leland hotel.

George C. Stone, of St. Paul; Frank A. Shoemaker, of Minneapolis; Mrs. C. Millard and Mrs. J. E. Gleaser, of Helena, are at the Tremont.

The Coal Trade.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—In the review of the coal trade the *Engineering and Mining Journal* of this morning says: "There has been no improvement but on the contrary the feeling is, if anything, weaker. Though not officially, the question is discussed whether a stoppage for a second week in September will not be necessary. So far as it may be possible to judge now everything points in that direction. It looks now as though the opportunity for an advance in prices was lost for the season by the bull work in this month. Buyers who are generally well informed are covering only immediate wants, with the exception of those who are located at points inaccessible in winter. Dealers generally pursue the policy of stocking only lightly."

Thief Killed.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 31.—While the sheriff and posse were attempting to arrest the thieves near Colterville, Missouri, Friday last, they were fired upon by the thieves, and the sheriff's party returned the fire and killed one of the thieves. The other escaped. The men were strangers, and had come through the county with a two-horse wagon, and had robbed quite a number of farmers. Considerable stolen property was found in the wagon.