ST. PAUL NEWS.

CATHEDRAL FAIR.

Romance of a Poor Young Man.

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast."
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
I'll see you later."

He was going to the fair, and despite the soul-stirring appeal of his fair goddess, despite the cold, chilly December blast, he wrapped himself in his martial cloak and sallied forth to Market hall, where, amid the soothing Seibert's strains, the bewitching lovely ladies, he might easily imagine himself transferred to the seventh heaven. He gazed at the many booths, and the numberless choice articles therein contained. He met Stasia Hickey, who introduced him to Annie Eagan. He wrote his name in half a dozen books, and he only felt a little dazed. He passed on and encountered Mrs. Ahern and Anna Casserly. He had never met them before, but they seemed to know him. They smiled, he wilted and his pile slightly diminished, but his head was level yet. Suddenly he finds himself before the Misses O'Keefe, where he succumbs as usual, leaves a little remembrance and his bank account is noticeably smaller. He feels a little "tired," he crosses the hall only to find himself entangled in a net skillfully cast by the Misses O'Brien and Lizzie O'Leary. Lizzie's killing glances are irresistible. He leaves the bachelor's secret, partakes of the hasty pudding, and his finances suffer another shock. "Onward and upward" is his motto, but he doesn't make much headway. Annie Lyons and Lillie Robert "take him in" and give him "taffy." He always liked taffy, but the angelic sauce is too much for him. He falls an easy victim to their wiles. Another diminution in the wallet, and he reels on to the last table, his head swimming, but he's bound to see it out. Miss Cummings and Maguire are glad to see him, and they endeavor to recall his fast, fleeting senses by a judicious administration of fair restoratives. His pocket and his head are growing correspondingly light. He essays to wander on, his eyes grow dim, he swoons. He awakes from his reverie, he is in the gypsies' tent. Two angels are bending o'er him. Dolly Sloan (oh those eyes) on the one side, Stella Zenzius (oh such hair) on the other. They give him much myrrh, and smelling salts. Kitty Smith (oh my!) insists on telling his fortune. She pictures a future so transcendantly beautiful that he rapidly revives. "Eat, drink and be merry," says Kit, "For to-morrow thou diest." "Our ways of life lie apart," says Kit, "yours in the dining room, mine among the tents." He has partaken of a meal fit for the Gods, he is passing through the hall. He hears the result of the voting announced, he sees the struggle at the polls. He is about to descend the stairs, when Henry Athey gives him the wink and beckons him to the sample room. A ginger and soda, a Henry Clay, and he vanishes. M. J. D.

NOT SO MERRY,

But Paying the Penalty for Celebrating the Coming Holiday.

There was at least one place in St. Paul yesterday where the occupants didn't feel much like rejoicing. When a man wakes up on Xmas morning with a head that is whooping it up at a 2:07¼ gait, hot coppers and an empty stomach, and finds a sixty days' sentence in the workhouse in his stocking, it is not calculated to make him feel at peace with the world and himself. In this sad plight several sinners found themselves when time was called in the police court yesterday. Hank Watson was the first man to take the bitter medicine. He had been full of budge the Xmas eve, and while in this condition he cabbaged a box containing a pair of shoes from a store on East Seventh street. He took his turkey in the bastile and he will remain out for sixty days. Dick Johnson had also been celebrating; he guzzled pete whisky until his head whirled, and in passing along the street he made a furious onslought on a Sioux warrior who does the sign act in front of a tobacco store. As the brave was made of wood Dick knocked him out in the first round, and after this he was yanked to the cooler. It cost him fifteen bills. John Johnson, a lad of seventeen, was charged with the larceny of sixty dollars but as he was only arrested on suspicion the hearing was continued until to-morrow.

Ed Long was in harder luck than anybody; he loaded to the guards on tanglefoot the night before and then went to sleep on the icy sidewalk; when found he was badly frozen, his hands presenting the aspect of bladders. He looked terrible tough yesterday and was sent to the hospital.

Nick Walsh and Adam Beyer were up on the charge of fighting at the Red Hot saloon, corner Seventh and Cedar streets. They were not ready for trial and the hearing was continued until to-day.

Arrangements for the Funeral of Henry A. Wilson.

The funeral of the late lamented Henry A. Wilson, former law partner of Hon. C. D. O'Brien and ex-Gov. C. K. Davis, and whose death occurred last Wednesday, will take place from his late residence on Summit avenue at 1 o'clock this afternoon. The pall bearers will be as follows:

Mr. Will Wright, Mr. Frank B. Clarke, Newell H. Clapp, of Stillwater, John Comstock, president of the First National bank of Hudson, Amos. E. Jefferson, cashier of the same institution, and Mr. Frank C. Hardy, the postmaster of Hudson. All the above named gentlemen were intimate friends of the deceased, and several of the latter had been associated with him professionally.

Mr. Wilson was born in Machias, Maine, April 11, 1831. At the age of fourteen he went to Boston, where he lived until 1856, when he came to Hudson, Wisconsin, and was engaged on the first railroad survey from the St. Croix to Lake Superior. It was made in the dead of winter, and the party suffered much with hunger and cold. He entered the law office of Weatherby & Gray and remained with them until he opened an office in Hudson in company with the Hon. H. L. Humphrey.

Upon the firing upon Fort Sumpter in April, 1861, he enlisted as a private in Co. G, Fourth Wisconsin infantry. He accompanied Gen. Buttler to Ship Island, and was present at the capture of New Orleans.

About that time he was commissioned lieutenant in Company A, Thirtieth Wisconsin infantry, and made the campaign on the Missouri with G. M. Alfred Sully, and upon his return was detailed upon the staff of Gen. Rouseau as judge advocate, where he remained until after the close of the war. He was nominated for district attorney of St. Croix county before he returned from the army, and was elected to the office which he so ably held for four years. In 1874 he removed to St. Paul, where the company of Davis, O'Brien & Wilson was formed. Since that time every one in the northwest has been familiar with his history.

Robbing a Peddler.

Two Polish boys named Mike Jewitsky and Joseph Sundosky, and an American boy named Johnny Allen, all between the ages of 12 and 15 years, carried off the stock in trade of a Polish peddler on Wednesday afternoon while the latter left his big satchel in a sleigh in front of a second hand clothing store on Rosabel street. These juvenile thieves carted off their booty on a hand sled and from description given by parties witnessing the affair Officer Warrick yesterday traced the property to the shanty of the Polish boys in Swede hollow and captured them and the booty, afterwards picking up young Allen, whom they implicated. The boys and the $30 worth of towels, suspenders, handkerchief and notions were taken to the city hall, and the former will have a hearing before Judge Burr this morning.

Danger of Getting Drunk in Frosty Weather.

The danger of getting tight this cold weather has been very glaringly illustrated at the city hall for the past two days and nights quite a number of the badly frost bitten having been picked up in different parts of the city, lying upon the snow helpless from intoxication, and taken in the police sleigh to the city hall, with feet, hands and ears frozen stiff, requiring great attention and care on the part of the officers to throw them out.

On Tuesday evening a very respectably dressed man was found on his knees in a lumber yard on West Third street with his ears frozen as stiff as rails.

On Wednesday at midnight, a cripple with one leg, with his foot and his two hands frozen, was picked up by an officer near the Manitoba freight house and by dint of the hardest work at the city hall, these members of his body were saved. The same night a tramp from St. Croix came in with both heels frozen.

Early yesterday morning an officer picked up a carpenter at the corner of Seventh and Willius street with his ears and feet so badly frozen that he was sent to the city hospital for treatment.

Yesterday afternoon Officer Pendy dropped upon another snow bank sleeper on the corner of Cedar and Third street with both hands frozen.

THE GREAT EXPOSITION.

What is Being Done and the Display Which Will Be Made.

Alex. McKenzie, of Bismarck, commissioner to the World's exposition from Dakota, arrived yesterday direct from New Orleans, and is at the Merchants. He states that the exposition is fast approaching completion, and that when it is all in shape it will undoubtedly be the grandest and most extensive exhibition the world ever saw. It will excel the centennial in the displays from foreign lands, the exhibits from Mexico, South America, China, Japan, Egypt being very extensive and varied, while the countries better known to us, as England, France, Germany, Italy, and Russia have full and interesting displays of all their industries and products. The usual displays have arrived in New Orleans, but he thinks the management have done remarkably well, even better than could be expected, as many of the facilities possessed by northern and eastern cities are lacking. It is a great undertaking for the south, and it will serve to show to the world that the southern people are full of energy for a great enterprise, and it will cement the fraternal bonds between the north and the south as nothing else could. Of course, the northern people are in better condition to pay visits than are their southern brothers, who have not yet revived from the war disasters, and the effect of seeing their relations at home and studying their habits and resources will strengthen filial feelings. Many northerners will become interested in the south and all will learn more of its needs and capacities than they could by years of reading. The people of the north have taken hold of this affair with a will, and representative men of the entire world will form alliances and combinations that will be mutually advantageous.

The commissioners are all live, active men, and they are working in the utmost harmony. Of course some friction has occurred between the managers and exhibitors, but a spirit of concession and accommodation has prevailed, and all differences have been quickly and satisfactorily arranged. The exhibition is now well worth a visit, and a person can spend a week pleasantly and profitably among the accumulated wonders of the world.

Maj. Burke, the director general, is indeed a remarkable man. He has planned and carried out this enterprise with great sagacity and energy, and, in fact, has sacrificed his health to such a degree as to alarm his friends. He has surrounded himself with good workers, and they have accomplished a herculean task in the face of many drawbacks. The people should appreciate the work and attend the exhibition by millions.

The Minnesota display will undoubtedly be one of the very best there. Commissioner Gibbs is working with untiring industry, and has made an enviable reputation with the managers, the commissioners and all. He has been called upon to fill an influential position as the secretary of the board of commissioners, and has done splendid service on several of the most important committees. He shows excellent executive ability, and by his faithfulness and devotion he reflects credit on his state. Our northwest will stand at the very front in this great congress of the nations, and I feel that the money our people have invested in the enterprise will yield immense returns.

I have enjoyed myself among the hospitable southerners, but am satisfied to return to the bright, pure, cold atmosphere of home. When I left New Orleans, last Sunday, the thermometer stood 80 degrees above.

Embarrassment of Walker, Judd and Veazie.

It has been well known in business circles for some time that the firm of Walker, Judd & Veazie, located at Marine Mills, Washington county, but with offices at St. Paul, were financially embarrassed. In order not to precipitate a business disaster, as the firm was endeavoring to tide over until they could dispose of some of their property, the papers agreed not to mention the matter unless a public assignment took place. The GLOBE kept its agreement, but the *Pioneer Press* grossly violated it yesterday morning by publishing a statement that the "inference" is they will assign. They have not done so yet, but may do so to-day. They claim $300,000 assets to $131,000 of debts. When they do assign, if at all, the GLOBE will announce the fact. It prefers to be "scooped" rather than violate an agreement in the despicable manner of the *P. P.*

Sunday Evening Concert.

On next Sunday evening a rich treat is in store for the patrons of the Seibert orchestra concerts at Turner hall. An engagement has been consummated with the young and talented soprano, "Camille Muori-Warde," to appear on that evening, previous to her engagement with the famous "Joseffy," on a concert tour through the states after the holidays. In addition to this, Mr. R. Cuttriss Warde, the rich-voiced baritone singer, will make his debut to a St. Paul audience, singing the great song of the Toreador from "Carmen" by Bizet, and assisting in the duet, "While Thus Around," from La Favorite. The orchestra has prepared a fine selection of instrumegtal music to make up one of the finest concert programmes of the season, and we claim for the evening a rousing house to warrant Mr. Seibert for the truly strong musical effort of giving St. Paul the best and most meritorious in the market.

Lytle's Christmas Drawing.

The fourth annual Christmas drawing by Lytle, the Jackson street jeweler, took place yesterday, and passed off with great *eclat*. The holders of the following numbers draw the prizes:

No. 249—Doll with diamond ear-drops, value $125.
No. 768—Opera glass, value $30.
No. 256—Ice pitcher, value $75.
No. 1,483—Silver set, six pieces, value $100.
No. 1,863—Gent's gold watch and chain, value $325.
No. 2,166—Diamond ear drop, solitaire 5 K., value $700.
No. 6—Diamond solitaire stud, value $300.

A Stinging Morning.

Christmas morning was by far the coldest of this season in this city, first class spirit thermometers in several portions of the city standing at 6 o'clock as follows:

Kansas street, between Pearl and Thirteenth streets, 40 degrees below zero; corner of Pearl and Jackson, 35; Selby avenue, 32; central fire hall, 28; Seven Corners, 29.

Municipal Court.

[Before Judge Burr.]

A. Beyer and N. Walsh, disorderly; continued until to-day.
J. Johnson, larceny; continued to the 27th.
H. Watson, larceny; sixty days.
George Hays, disorderly; fine remitted.
Dick Johnson, drunk and disorderly; fine of $15 paid.

MINNESOTA AT THE EXPOSITION

Takes a Prominent Rank in Various Features.

The following from the New Orleans *Times Democrat* will be read with interest by all Minnesotians:

MINNESOTA.

The large pavilion in the center of the space of this state is almost completed, and forms a very artistic feature of the exhibit. The woodwork is gilded, and the hangings and much of the paneling is done in plush. The pavilion is filled with an exhibit of the flour product of the state, put up in decorated sacks, many of them of the most costly materials. A large glass case containing a magnificent specimen of the Albino deer was to-day placed in position. The snowy whiteness of this animal, set off by a bunch of gaily colored ribbons at the throat, and its graceful form, make it an object of great interest to visitors. This state is fitting up a reading room containing a large book case filled with the publications of Minnesota publishers, notably the West Publishing company, of St. Paul, copies of the works of Minnesota authors, and a full file of the newspapers of the state. The method of filing these papers and keeping them for reference, was originated by Mr. West, the head of this department, and will repay examination by those interested. The file will contain about three hundred newspapers and will always be accessible to readers.

Fraternal Relations.

One of the features that has presented itself to the reporter of the *Times-Democrat* in his intercourse with the several officers and their assistants of the various state exhibits is the remarkable good feeling that prevails among them. While the feeling of emulation is very plainly indicated, yet it is free from bitterness or envy, and when differences occur they are settled without trouble or anger. As an evidence of the friendly competition existing among the states is the following:

KING CORN VS. KING WHEAT.

Nebraska and Minnesota are side by side in the government building, good-naturedly showing to the world their respective and leading products. Nebraska has adopted the motto "Corn is King," and is making a magnificent showing of her products in that line. Minnesota is equally magnificent in her wheat show and its products, for which she is so famous. Seeing Nebraska's gorgeously wrought motto in corn, Minnesota's poet indites the couplet:

"Corn is king!" That saying's old.
It is the wheat that brings the gold!"
Nebraska responds:
"Come in kind!" That saying's old.
It is the wheat that brings the gold."
So says our Minnesota neighbor,
Who with pencil, paper and much labor,
Have racked their brain, and moved the muse,
Their own great lacking to excuse,
Of producing that great staple—corn
Which is the King—"sure as you're born."

They with their mills, grind every day,
A fare amount of wheat they say,
It may make bread for us to eat,
But what is that without the meal;
That is assured with much less toil,
By raising corn from out the soil,
Which in this life is half the battle.
And gives us pleanty of gold to rattle.

"Corn is King." 'Twill bring you gold,
When fed to cattle not too old.
'Twill give you strength and good health;
It will fill your coffers up with wealth.
And my dear sir, when taken wet,
Will make you all your cars forget,
And know no envy, only friendly be,
To your near neighbor New Brass Key.

MINNESOTA AND TEXAS.

Called by "Gath" the Two Banner States of the Two Political Parties.

It occurs to me to look at the last census and compare Minnesota and Texas. They are the two banner states of the two political parties. Texas came into the Union in 1845, absolute owner of its own vast landed domain and settled by Americans as early as 1820 and by Spanish as early as 1582, a quarter of a century before Jamestown. Minnesota did not have a church till 1835, twenty years after the settlement of Manitoba, did not become a territory till 1849, and only entered the Union four years before the rebellion. The founder of Texas, Sam Houston, died broken-hearted and overrun by the madness of secession; the first governor of the territory of Minnesota, Alexander Ramsay, still lives in wealth and honor, and his name is conferred on the metropolitan county. Texas has 280,000 square miles and a population of nearly 1,600,000; Minnesota has 83,000 square miles and 800,000 people. Texas has 116,000 foreigners; Minnesota 270,000. Minnesota has $76,000,000 in the product of her factories; Texas $20,000,000. With three times the area of farms Texas has $9,000,000 in farm implements and Minnesota $13,000,000. Texas produces 2,500,000 bushels of wheat; Minnesota 35,000,000. Texas mows 60,000 tons of hay annually; Minnesota over 1,636,000 tons. Minnesota makes about 5,000,000 bushels of potatoes and Texas 229,000. Texas has 800,000 horses, Minnesota 260,000. Texas makes 14,000,000 pounds of butter out of 606,000 milch cows and Minnesota nearly 20,000,000 pounds of butter out of 275,000 cows. Minnesota makes ten times the amount of cheese made by Texas. The farms of Minnesota are worth $194,000,000, and of Texas $170,000,000. In Minnesota (1870) under 13,000 could not read; in Texas 190,000 could not read. Minneapolis and St. Paul are the New Orleans of the upper Mississippi and gate to British Mexico. By the next census the population of the United States will center between Indianapolis and Chicago.

A Chapter on "Snide."

The word "snide," which has come into general use, like many slang words, means more than the nearest English word to its meaning. There is the word "snod," from the provincial English, which means "sly, cunning," and is derived from the word "snood," used in fishing tackle and in the way artful young misses tie up their hair so as to tie the young man's heart with. The word "schnide," from Pennsylvania Dutch, means the cut as applied to a tailor, who is called "schnider," and probably cuts the cloth too short. "Snide" is now applied to almost everything manufactured which is under quality. A "snide" buggy is one loosely constructed and painted up to look well, but out of which the spokes will fly driving around the sharp turns. A "snide" piano is one which has a well-varnished case and brass fixings, but with a harp like that in Tara's hall, and it will soon be mute.

There is scarcely a line of business in New York which has not its "snide" devotees. You see an advertisement for the sale of furniture in a private house, all described. You go there, and by carefully provided lights of gas or day you see what seems beautiful, but when you have bought it you are surprised to find the next day another advertisement, and going there you will find another set of furniture like yours. The selling of horses is another "snide" business here; you advertise for a pair of horses of certain age, height and style, and an answer comes from "a gentleman" who wants to dispose of his horses before going to Europe or to Florida. You are taken to a stable, apparently a private stable, standing among certain others belonging to gentlemen, and when the horses are brought out of the half light there you are asked to get right in before the doors are opened, and when the doors are opened the horses are touched up with the whip and they go to the park in style. But when you return the doors are closed immediately. These horses, many of them, have their teeth filed to bring them down to age. A few days after you have bought them if you go back to the same stable you will find another "elegant pair" ready to be worked off on an unsuspecting public.—Broadway *Lounger*.

For Duluth and Superior City.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—The river and harbor committee to-day decided to give Duluth harbor $31,500 and Superior City $12,000.

At Abberville, S. C., yesterday, John C. Ferguson murdered A. W. Benedict in a quarrel over a bill.

STILLWATER NEWS.

THE GLOBE AT STILLWATER.

The GLOBE has established a permanent office in the city of Stillwater, in charge of Mr. Peter Begg, who takes the management of the business interests of the paper, its city circulation, correspondence, etc. Communications of local news and all matter for publication may be left at the Stillwater GLOBE office, 110 Main street, Excelsior block, up stairs, or may be addressed to Peter Begg, P. O. box 1034, and will receive prompt attention.

Stillwater Notes.

The pupils in Miss Fay's department in Central school each received a Christmas card from little Miss Lilla Clark, and the children think there is no one like Lilla.

The large supply of Christmas cards and other things for this joyous season had a good sale, and the hearts of the traders have been made glad. The sales were much heavier than expected.

The choral service yesterday morning at Ascension church was very fine, the choir maintaining its high character for excellence. The sermon by the rector was appropriate to the occasion.

Conductor Neil Conklin is at present running on the main line of the Duluth road in place of Conductor Leonard, who has gone off on a holiday to New Orleans and other southern points.

M. C. Burkhardt, who had his hands frozen so badly a few days ago through exposure, is progressing well, and it looks as if he will be able to have the full use of his hands. He is about the same mentally.

The foot race yesterday afternoon, between Kidderman, of Illinois, and Welsh, of this city, took place on the street in front of the Sawyer house. It was a tame affair, as the stranger played with Welsh. Time was not taken.

There was only one case yesterday morning before the municipal court. Pat O'Brien was again drunk, and he was ordered to fill out a suspended sentence. He had to eat his Christmas dinner in the calaboose, with ne'er a smell of tangle-leg.

The fire laddies were not forgotten yesterday morning, Chief Joy bringing joy to them in the shape of a box of choice cigars. They will en-joy them for days, and are obliged for Mr. Joy's thoughtfulness at this joyous season of the year.

Yesterday may truly be said to be a cold Christmas, but in this we refer only to the weather, which was one of the coldest days had here for some years. The thermometer was generally down to forty degrees below zero, and kept in the twenties all day.

Andrew Hamberger came to the hospital yesterday from Anderson & O'Brien's camp, with both feet and ears frozen. One of his feet is so badly frozen that it is probable it will have to be amputated, and he will lose some of the toes from his other foot.

Mr. S. G. Strickland, now of Winnipeg, Man., but formerly of this city, arrived in the city yesterday, and was warmly welcomed by his many friends. He looks well and the prairie province agrees with him. He attended the ball given by Company K, last evening. He returns to Winnipeg on Saturday.

Miss Lilla Clark, daughter of Matt. Clark, was a good fairy to the children in Mrs. Van Tassel's department, in the Garfield school, in that, on the day of school closing she presented each pupil with sweetmeats and something to remember her by at Christmas. The children were delighted.

The members of the cooking society, which met with Miss Lou Reed on Wednesday afternoon, were each the recipient of a handsome Christmas card and a package of choice confectionery. They came in a body in the evening to the roller skating rink and enjoyed themselves well. If they can cook as well as they can skate they will make excellent helpmates for some of the young gentlemen who showed their gallantry to them that evening.

Yesterday morning a Swede came to the city hall wishing to give himself up for committing crime. His story was that he had been employed by a man named Kimball, near Rochester, in this state, that his employer lost a hundred dollars, that he found it, but instead of giving it back he had sent it to friends in Sweden. The taking of the money and putting it to his own use has been such a burden to him that he could not conceal it any longer. He said that Kimball was selling out there and was going to some place in Wisconsin to live, but he did not know the place, but if they would write or telegraph to Rochester they might be able to find out where he had gone. The young man appears to be truthful, and Chief Shortall telegraphed as directed.

Christmas was duly observed yesterday. The several churches had religious services, which were well attended, notwithstanding the intense cold. At the roller skating rink there were large gatherings in the afternoon and evening, the band being present at both sessions. Company K had a good attendance at the ball in the armory in the evening, and was a very pleasant affair. Friends in the city dined with each other, and a pleasant and quiet time was spent. The Christmas gifts appeared to be more numerous than usual, and were valuable. Some of them that we saw were charming. There was a good feeling manifested between employers and employed, and in many instances there were valuable gifts presented by each. There was nothing to mar the general harmony throughout the day.

We yesterday had a chat with Mr. Wm. McKusick of Wilmot, Roberts county, D. T., who has arrived home to visit his friends. He gave us some account of the county seat trouble, and the means taken to get the county books from Traverse City. The reason that they took the law into their own hands was, they had tried for two months to serve the necessary documents on the county officials at Traverse but were unable to do it, as they always skipped to Brownville, in Minnesota, which was only two miles distant. It seems that the parties appointed to count the vote of the county were strangers, and when they found the vote two-thirds in favor of Wilmot they destroyed the ballots in its favor and counted those in favor of Traverse, swore in the officials thus elected, and skipped. Wilmot would not stand this, and has been endeavoring since the election to get the case into court, but could not for the reason stated. In the raid made they captured all the books, as the safe was packed full of them. He is confident Wilmot will get the seat to which it is entitled by two-thirds of the votes polled.

Mine host Lowell, of the Sawyer house, yesterday presented each guest with a handsome Christmas card, and inside of the double cards was the following choice bill of fare:

MENU.

THURSDAY, December 25, 1884.

New York Counts.
Green Turtle. Chicken, with Noreilles.
Red Snapper, Port Wine Sauce.
Potato Croquettes.
Capon, with Rice.
Tenderloin of Beef, with Mushroom.
Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.
Broiled Pheasant on Toast. Orange Fritters.
Imperial Punch
Teal Duck, with Jelly.
Celery Salad.
French Peas. Asparagus.
Sweet Potatoes.
Plum Pudding, Brandy Sauce.
Lemon Pie. Fancy Cake. Mince Pie.
Bohemian Cream. Fruit Jelly.
Pineapple Ice.
Coffee. Fruit.

This shows that this hotel keeps pace with those in far larger places, and nothing is left undone to cater to the wants of the guests. The Christmas dinner was put on the table in excellent style.

GIRL wanted for general housework. Apply to Geo. D. Hall, South Third street, Stillwater.

Gov. Patterson has designated March 10 as Pennsylvania day at the World's fair. March 10, 1683, was when the first provincial council was held presided over by Penn.

Maj. L. H. Sanger, of the Eleventh infantry, died at Chicago yesterday of heart disease.

The Yellow Pantaloons.

Everything returns. Three years ago the boys sold Deacon White a cat skin for a mink; the receipts we spent in cigars and cocktails. The next Sunday, as the deacon was at church, I pinned a cat's skin on the rear of his yellow pantaloons. The sight set all the girls and boys tittering. The next day the deocon met me, and in a kindly way told me that every error, however trival, had its punishment; that he was sorry to see my father's son fall into evil ways.

I listened as soberly as I could, but as soon as the deacon's back was turned burst out laughing. I was one of the boys, and not to be frightened by a deacon's warnings. I told the story to the boys at the store that evening, and enjoyed the chorus of laughter at the word-pictures of the deacon's pantaloons, his face of wonder, and his sober counsel.

Months passed on. At eighteen one grows fast. The deacon's yellow pants, his counsel and himself were almost forgotten in the rush of events.

Two years later I fell in love with a black-eyed schoolmistress who lived in a pretty cottage of her own beside a copse of birches. She was the belle of Oneida county, and I loved the very ground she owned; and I loved her for her own sake, for she was as trig and true a schoolmistress as ever forced ideas into a youngster through the front or back door. Her eyes were blacker than Sappho's, and the dimples in her cheek overran with roses. What could she find to love in me?

But to the point. In June of the year when my love for Hattie culminated, Deacon White died and was nailed in his chest. He was not, however, on that occasion, dressed in his yellow pantaloons. Had he been—

But it is useless to speculate; the field is boundless. On what a slender thread hangs a story of a life.

I remember his funeral well; the undertaker had rehearsed his part several days, for the deacon was a man of consequence. How the undertaker's stentorian voice rang through the house as he divided the kin from the crowd! In a still louder tone he bade every one take a last look at the *diseased*, and warned loiterers to make haste; then, like a field marshal, he aligned the deep file of carriages, shouting and waving this one and that to "right" and "left" as we wound along.

Why do I delay? The mind loves to linger over picturesque details when the catastrophe that follows is painful.

The deacon was not buried in his yellow pantaloons, but had left them as a bequest to an orphan lad who lived with his elder sister on the skirts of the town. Widow White herself asked me to carry the pantaloons to the orphan's house. I left them with his sister Clara, and ran off to pay my court to the black-eyed schoolmistress. She promissed to meet me the next day after prayer meeting in a wood near by. I went home the happiest man in Hopville.

The next morning Hattie was at the trysting place, all bowed and frilled her prettiest. We sat down on a log. I took my charmer's hand, and began to stammer out my love and hopes in as many nouns, adjectives and verbs as I could muster.

I was pausing to take breath, when I caught sight of something like a startled fawn stealing through the bushes. I have a scientific mind, and like to search for the truth. I peered at the intruder; it was the orphan boy, and he had on the deacon's yellow pantaloons. He was a merry rogue, but now for some reason looked as melancholy as a rejected lover. The boy drew nearer. The deacon had been a man broad of beam, and I felt curious to learn how the boy's sister had so quickly vamped the testator's yellow pantaloons. Had she taken in a seam?

But the boy is creeping nearer.

Hattie does not see him; she is too busy with her own thoughts—engaged, I doubt not, in the delicate problem of adding up my vices and virtues, and substracting—which from which?

Suddenly the truant lifts his head, turns, and flies. In a moment my curiosity is satisfied. The orphan boy's sister had indeed readjusted the deacon's yellow pantaloons; but she had not taken in a seam; she had followed I know not what ancestral instinct; she had scored an argument for Darwin. She had cut off the legs of the pantaloons, and where they were most prominently too large for the boy, she had bunched up the superfluity, tied it with her lazy string and sent the boy to school. No wonder the merry rouge had been unable to withstand the jeers and laughter with which his comrades greeted his return to the monkey state; no wonder that he had slunk away to hide his grief in the forest!

But no sooner did I set eyes on this elfish sighat than I had such a laughing fit I could neither sit not stand. I was so filled with laughter and giggling that I could not hold on.

I tried to speak to Hattie and explain why I was making such a fool of myself. The more I tried the worse I fared.

Poor Hattie blushed, frowned and brought her hand down on her knee sharply. She seemed to think I had brought her there to make game of her.

But why prolong the agony?

Before I could overcome my fit, Hattie rose in anger, and fled home in a huff, leaving me to frame as many morals as I wished.

I did not set up cigars for the boys; that expense was borne by stupid Gus Parker, my rival—may he burn for it hereafter! Hattie, after her marriage to him, wrote me that she still loved me like a brother, but begged me to sign the temperance pledge, as I valued my future welfare.

Thus the deacon's yellow pantaloons turned out to be my ruin; and thus the warning he gave me had its fulfillment. Through them I lost the girl I adored; through them I was raised to the pinnacle of despair.

That night the ghost of Deacon White appeared before me in my dreams. He carried his yellow pantaloons in his right hand.

Her Only Cosmetic.
Harper's Bazar.

"The only cosmetic I have used," said an old lady, "is a flannel wash-cloth. For forty years I have bathed my face every night and morning with clear water as hot as I can bear it, using for the purpose a small square of flannel, renewed as often as it grows thick and felt-like. My mother taught me to do this, as her mother had done before her. No soap, nor powder, nor glycerine even, has touched my face, and this is what my skin is at sixty," she finished, touching with pardonable pride a cheek whose peachy bloom and fine, soft texture gave effective emphasis to the recip

McCULLOCH was confirmed by the vote of 50 to 1. Mr. Riddleberger controlled his own vote.

A Postal Card Story.

I was affected with kidney and urinary Trouble—
"For twelve years!"
After trying all the doctors and patent medicines I could hear of, I used two bottles of Hop
"Bitters;"
And I am perfectly cured. I keep it
"All the time!" respectfully, B. F. Booth, Saulsbury, Tenn.—May 4, 1883.

BRADFORD, PA., May 8, 1875.
It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in a year, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them. MRS. FANNIE GREEN.

$3,000 Lost.
"A tour to Europe that cost me $3,000, done "me less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters; "they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous "weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia."
R. M., Auburn, N. Y.

So. BLOOMINGVILLE, O., May 1, '79.
SIRS—I have been suffering ten years, and I tried your Hop Bitters, and it done me more good than all the doctors.
MISS S. S. BOONE.

Baby Saved.
We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.
—The Parents, Rochester, N. Y.

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

DAKOTA & MONTANA

Collected and Forwarded by Telegraph to the Daily Globe.

Fargo Special Telegrams December 25, to the St Paul Globe.

Northwestern Notes.

The capital commissioners have been in session recently to make up their report to the governor.

The thermometer seems to be more effective to suppress a county seat war than the governor and his army.

The merchants, of Fargo, foot up to Christmas the best holiday trade for several years. They begin to think it a mistake about hard times.

The people of La Moure are glad to learn that orders have been given to keep their road open this winter, but have little faith that it will be kept open.

W. A. Fridley, the station agent of Steele, has gone to Chicago for a wife. He thinks he has one secure, and his friends will give him a reception on his return.

The Episcopal and Presbyterian churches have pleasing entertainments Wednesday night, mostly of a musical character. Christmas promises to be as merry as ever.

The jewelry firm of Crompton & Aikens, of Fargo, which was reported in the papers to have made an assignment, has resumed business, and claims to have gotten on solid ground.

Theo. Roosenelt, the New York statesman, returns east to spend the winter. The contrast between life in New York city and on the wilds of western Dakota is a little too great for him.

There were no votes cast for the Democratic ticket at Flandrau, and yet there are quite a company of staunch Democrats there now, who will cheerfully aid the new administration to fill the office.

A taxidermist at Yankton has stuffed a steer to send to the New Orleans exposition as a representative of the "cow counties" of Dakota. The animal was a remarkably handsome one and weighed 1,550 pounds when killed.

At a meeting of the farmers in Kingsbury county the question was: "Shall the farmers of Dakota continue to raise wheat? If not, what shall they raise?" The prevailing opinion was to raise less wheat, and more oats, corn and barley.

The local paper has taken the census of Medora, Marquis de Mores town, and reports 146 men, 39 women and 66 children, 25 of the latter of school age. It will be seen that there is a scarcity of women, but for their numbers they are contributing handsomely to the census.

The case of Al. Haas, on Trial Tuesday at Fargo, took only about ten minutes for the jury to find a verdict of acquital. Haas testified that he shot Clarke, who was intrusted to his care by the police, and tried to escape. He thought he had a right to shoot after he had warned the man and he would not stop, and the jury agreed with him, and no one regretted the result of the shooting.

After several contradictory statements it is definitely stated that work has ceased on the branch of the Northern Pacific from Jamestown to Minnewaukon, with the track laid about four miles from the latter place. It is claimed that the extreme cold weather made it impossible to work. It is an aggravation to the citizens, but they will be connected with the world early in the spring.

Recently Wm. H. Callamer died in a saloon in the Black Hills, and was buried in a pauper and drunkard's grave. In early times he was mayor of Yankton, a member of the legislature, and one of the brightest of the politicians of the territory, and his wife one of the most beautiful women. He contracted his intemperate habits in making a canvass, his wife secured a divorce, and Callamer has for seven years been a common drunkard.

In noting the fact that the unfortunate county seat outbreaks are being used in congress against Dakota, the *Haronite* throws out this suggestive hint. If the whole people of Dakota are to be continually held responsible and denied their constitutional rights because of merely and comparatively trivial troubles, they may finally conclude that they may as well be "killed for a sheep as a lamb," and assert themselves in a way that will not be misunderstood.

One of the novel suggestions of a Dakota paper to secure attention at Washington is for every publication in the territory to be sent to each member of congress, until they are driven to desperation and vote whatever measures may be wanted. This would be a heavy tax on some of them, and more than double their circulation. If some method could be devised to compel the legislators to read all of them, they would soon be brought to terms.

This is not a new point stated by the Park River *Gazette*, but is one that Dakota people like to have understood abroad: It is a well known fact that the physicians of the eastern states recommend their patients who are afflicted with pulmonary symptoms to try the climate of Dakota. The chief merit of Dakota's atmosphere is its dryness. When the thermometer indicated 30 degrees below zero in Dakota it does not inconvenience a person or animal so much as zero would in any of the middle or central states.

Capt. H. T. Elliott, a large wheat grower, makes this statement to the editor of the La Moure *Progress* to show how profitably pork can be produced in the north when there is little corn: He put some $40 into pork, part of it in the form of home grown corn, the balance representing the cost of the pigs. This winter he has sold $41.75 worth of fine pork; he has put down some 500 pounds of pork for his own use, also 125 pounds of lard and some fifty pounds of sausage; he also has several pigs to carry over for breeding next year. "And," added the captain, "the $40 I put in hogs has yielded me larger and better returns than any twenty-five acres of wheat I raised this year."

It was mentioned recently that the census at Mandan showed about forty bachelors to twenty marriageable women, and that the bachelors had organized with a view to importing enough females to go round. This has provoked action on the part of the maidens and they have organized also. They have resolved that there shall be no more importations until the home supply is exhausted, and a motion was made to send the surplus bachelors to Utah, but withdrawn. The conclusion was that not more than twenty of the bachelors were worth having, and the rest might look abroad or go without. The most difficult question now before them is how to divide the twenty eligibles, as in some instances four or five girls want the same man. They will probably agree to draw lots.

Ready for the Leap.

The *Enterprise* at Flandrau is a representative of a growing sentiment in the more central counties which does not propose to stay out of the Union and tear its interior liness of it can get in even as one state. It proposes to accept gracefully whatever congress offers. The paper in discussing the matter says: It is humiliating that is it so, but yet it is a fact that the experience amply proves, that congress pays no attention whatever to the wishes of the people of Dakota, and that a considerable portion of the Republican party is also opposed to its division. Under these circumstances to stand out for division or nothing, simply means that we will get nothing, that we will remain in territorial condition, with all the demoralizing and degrading tendencies that accompany that condition continually intensifying. Admission without division is undoubtedly to be had for the asking. Division before admission means, that we will not vote for President Cleveland's successor. It is really a fact that the people of Dakota are so determined for division that they would rather remain for four more years a territory, in order to attain a possible dismemberment at the expiration of that period, than accept at once all the privileges of the statehood coupled with admission as a whole! We doubt it, and we know that a considerable portion of the people of Dakota are equally opposed to division. The people of Dakota will in the end take just what congress chooses to give them, and it does not now look like it would be division.

BROWN'