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LEWIS BAKER.

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☞THE CHICAGO OFFICE OF THE GLOBE IS AT No. 11 TIMES BUILDING.

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NUB OF THE NEWS.

The King-Remington trial had its fifth day yesterday.

A singular stabbing affray occurred in St. Paul yesterday.

Post, the noted confidence man, is under arrest in Minneapolis.

Department clerks are paying old debts for fear of being bounced.

The Apaches are on the warpath, and have butchered several Mexicans.

The Missouri Pacific annual report shows a decrease over last years' earnings.

Minister Morton gave a grand dinner in Paris, celebrating his departure.

Gen. Henry J. Hunt has been appointed governor of the Soldiers' Home.

The Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners held an interesting meeting last night.

Gen. Logan says that no Democrat shall succeed him in the United States senate.

The Hoosier Democrats are in a bad humor because the revenue collectors have not been fired.

The English government has ordered forty more gunboats to be constructed as soon as possible.

A floater was found in the Jim river. His suspected murderer is in danger of being lynched.

Fear is entertained that the Transcontinental Pool association will soon become a thing of the past.

Postmaster General Vilas has written a letter to Senator Morgan on the subject of filling the postoffices.

M. F. Kain was nominated as the Democratic candidate for alderman in the Second district of the Fifth ward.

The secretary of the navy has appointed a committee to investigate some crookedness in another branch of his department.

The gall of a government mule is being displayed by government revenue collectors who refuse to resign on being requested.

The St. Paul officials will see the entire traffic agreement wrecked before they will recede from the position they have taken.

The Republicans of the First ward held a stormy meeting and made a quasi-indorsement of Elwell, the high-license candidate.

The French foreign office has received an intimation that Russia will not accept the terms of foreign mediation, even if offered.

The conference of the Russian minister with Earl Granville yesterday resulted in a further straining of the relations beetween Russia and England.

The French charge d' affairs, at Cairo, is negotiating for a peaceable settlement with the Egyptian government of the trouble arising from the seizure of the Bosphore Egyptien.

Fred Johnson and Neil Lane, two Montana gamblers, indulged in a little pistol practice over a prostitute, who was the wife of the latter. The affair took place at Bozeman, and Lane died with his hand on his pistol.

READ AND DIGEST.

In accordance with its promise the GLOBE publishes this morning the first chapters of the serial story of the "The Reformer Unmasked, or What McCARDY Knows About Business," to which is added a chapter on what "MERRIAM Does Not Know About Business." The attention of the reader is earnestly directed to this entertaining literary production, which is found on our second page, as it gives an insight to the system of conducting the financial department of our municipality under the administration of those two eminent business reformers, Messrs. MERRIAM and McCARDY, who are now asking the people of St. Paul to re-establish their business methods in public affairs.

For looseness of system and an utter disregard for the harmony of figures the reports of MERRIAM and McCARDY read like statements made up from the books of FISH's Marine bank. Both reports show where the money came from. Neither report shows where it went to. "Disbursement as per voucher" is the only record the city of St. Paul has for an expenditure of $100,000 of its school money. If there is a ten-year-old boy in the public schools of this city who has gone through addition and subtraction in his Arithmetic and can not make out a more intelligent and business-like report than the ones submitted by Ex-Secretary McCARDY and Ex-Treasurer MERRIAM, then that boy ought to be flogged out of the school room for stupidity. There is something absolutely insulting to the intelligence of the taxpayers of this city in a public official charged with the custody and disbursements of a large public fund submitting a report of his stewardship in which he disposes of the whole matter by a simple statement of "disbursement as per voucher" without even attempting to explain the character of the voucher or for what it was given. Suppose, for illustration, that the treasurer and secretary agree to divide this $100,000 between them. The secretary draws his check on the treasurer for the amount. It is paid over on the check and then divided between the two officials. The treasurer makes up his report to the public "total disbursements as per voucher, $100,000." The secretary's check is his "voucher," and that is an end of it. The public is none the wiser. Is that the kind of business system that the people of a city hunger and thirst after?

Now again, if the vouchers were proper and the warrants issued in accordance with the claims which had been audited, and a proper record kept of them, there could by no possibility be a disagreement between the statements of the two officers. And yet in no respect do the reports of Treasurer MERRIAM and Secretary McCARDY harmonize. Mr. McCARDY says that the receipts for the fiscal year commencing the 3d day of June, 1878, and ending July 1, 1879, were $101,037.38. Mr. MERRIAM says they were $99,789.76. Mr. McCARDY figures up the disbursements for the same period at $96,609.88. Mr. MERRIAM states the disbursements to be $99,607.15. Mr. McCARDY says there was a balance on hand at the expiration of the fiscal year of $4,427.50. Mr. MERRIAM says the balance was $182.61 on the 6th day of August, 1879. Now when it is remembered that these two statements were reports for the same fiscal year, and that Secretary McCARDY could draw on no one else except Treasurer MERRIAM, and that Treasurer MERRIAM could pay no money except upon the draft of Secretary McCARDY, the discrepancies in the two accounts are marvelous. That both reports are incorrect is admitted by both officers in their subsequent action, Mr. MERRIAM paying over to his successor an amount different from what his report showed to be due, and Mr. McCARDY failing to account for as much as he reported to be a balance in the treasury. Leaving out of sight the theory of crookedness in this matter and assuming that both officials were absolutely honest, still the system of bookkeeping adopted by these gentlemen is so crude, loose and unintelligible that it does not commend them as "men of business and strict accountability, in whose hands the varied financial interests of the city would be safe."

A careful study of these reports, which are published in to-day's GLOBE, will convince the taxpayers of this city that a more thoroughly incompetent, inefficient and disreputable system of conducting the financial business of the city could not be inaugurated than that adopted by Messrs. MERRIAM and McCARDY during the time that they had a hand in the public crib. Such a system has the unsavory odor of crow meat and nobody ever hankered after a second dish of "biled crow."

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND ON THAT.

We publish this morning, in contrast with the reports of Messrs. MERRIAM and McCARDY for the fiscal year 1878-'79, the report of JOHN W. ROCHE, comptroller for the following fiscal year, commencing June 30, 1879, and ending July 1, 1880. By comparisons of these two reports the people of this city can judge for themselves which has the most business-like method about it. It will be observed that Mr. McCARDY reports his disbursements "as per voucher," when in fact there is no voucher or statement of any kind accompanying the report showing what the money was paid out for. Neither is there any evidence accompanying it to show that the amounts paid "as per voucher" were paid in discharge of obligations against the board of education, or that any bills had ever been audited and directed to be paid by the board of education. So far as the public can see there is no means of ascertaining from Mr. McCARDY's report or from Mr. MERRIAM's statement whether any single expenditure was made in the payment of salaries due to teachers or to contractors for erecting school buildings, or whether they were made in the purchase of street railway stock, bank stock, high stepping trotters, silk stockings or mooley bulls. Every single item of expenditure, whatever it may have been, was included under the general description of "disbursement as per voucher."

In contrast with such an unbusiness-like method we place the report of Comptroller ROCHE for the succeeding year. It will be observed that in making up his report Mr. ROCHE in stating the disbursements refers to each by a particular number, and accompanying the report is filed the voucher marked with that number, showing in detail the nature of the claim, by whom audited and allowed, and when paid. Thus we present to the voters of St. Paul the two methods of business adopted respectively by Candidates ROCHE and McCARDY and will leave to them to make choice of the best.

BETTER SQUARE UP.

Under the light of the figures published by the GLOBE this morning it is a very appropriate suggestion that before asking the people of this city for a new lease of power, Messrs. MERRIAM and McCARDY had better step up to the counter and settle up the old account which has been running for over six years. It is a bad plan to open a new set of books until the old are closed. It is true, the books are in a bungled shape, but MERRIAM and McCARDY can't complain of that. They bungled them. But, as badly mixed up as they are, they show on their face in the figures made by the gentlemen themselves that there is an outstanding indebtedness of several thousand dollars, which ought to have been squared up six years ago. Mr. MERRIAM is a banker and it is not the usual system of banks to allow a customer to overdraw his account and leave it unsettled for six years. If he does, the bank is never eager to cash his subsequent checks. Mr. McCARDY is a landlord who rents tenements to people. When a tenant leaves his rent unsettled for six years landlords usually do not hunt up these defaulting tenants to occupy their houses. The people of St. Paul have just enough of the reform business method about them to apply these every-day business principles to the applications of Messrs. MERRIAM and McCARDY and require them to close up the old books before honoring any future drafts. When the city wants a new tenant for the comptroller's office it will at least get one who keeps his rent paid up.

A PERFECT WOMANHOOD.

Some years ago there was a secretary of state who lived at Albany, who was wealthy and had gained distinction in the politica history of his country. He had a daughter. A young man admired her. He called upon her one day. Her father met him at the door and told him to pass into the kitchen. He found Miss MARY there in ordinary dress at work. The dude suitor was shocked and left. After some time his rage subdued and he went back to the house. He was met by the girl's father, who informed him that under no circumstances would he permit his daughter to marry him, as the chances were that a time would come when such a husband would be living on a wife's industry. There was a great big chunck of wisdom in these words of the Albany statesman, and his daughter MARY was the model of perfect womanhood, a jewel of too great value to be trampled under foot of the hoggish man who seeks a wife for the convenience of her wealth.

When young women get above work and above plain clothes, they are getting to be foolish and are going wrong. A good woman is not ashamed to work; she is full of benevolence; she brings honor upon her husband's name; she helps in forming his character and that of her family; "she openeth her mouth and giveth utterance to words of wisdom;" she speaks kindness, not slander, and looks well to the ways of her household. In sacred history RUTH wears the crown of true exemplification of a daughter's sacred love for a mother. And yet NAOMI was only her mother-in-law. Mr. BEECHER never spoke more eloquently than when he stood by the casket of his step-mother. His testimony was that the woman who takes charge of the children born of another woman and takes care of them is one of the grandest women GOD ever made. And yet a mother is nearer than either. The highest type of young womanhood is found in the nobility of a daughter's love for her mother. There is nothing more beautiful this side of heaven than that picture of a devoted mother and a loving daughter. Somehow the mother is nearer to the daughter than to the son, and, still further, moulds the character. And somehow daughters average more in faithfulness to mothers than sons do. As a rule, daughters do not cause so many tears or sow so many thorns in the pathway. It is possible for woman to rise higher than man because there is a sweeter melody in a woman's character than in man's. But when out of tune the discord is greater. When a woman falls, she falls deeper, and the jar is far more painful. It is a monstrous thing when a young woman goes counter to the prayers and teachings of a mother.

Every day brings us accounts of young men and young women going wrong. The daily newspapers are a perpetual record of elopements, clandestine marriages, betrayed virtue, divorces and desertions, suicides and murders. One great cause of this social malady is that we hardly have any boys and girls. They are all young men and young ladies. Our young people are hardly out of the cradle now until they are ushered into all the pathways of society. What we want is to get back to the days when we had boys and girls, and particularly girls. If we want a perfect womanhood our girls must learn to keep the telephone of mother's love open between mother's heart and the daughter's heart. If the daughter becomes a wife and a mother still it is best to keep the path well trodden between her house and mother's house. No woman ever grows old as long as she can bury her face in her mother's breast and be a girl. The worst thing on earth is a daughter saying sharp things to her mother. "I never put one tear on that cheek or one pang in that heart," said ALICE CAREY as she laid her hand upon the cold brow of her dead mother. No flowers put on a grave were ever so beautiful as that memory.

THE WORKINGMEN.

The workingmen of St. Paul realize that they have an interest of great magnitude at stake in the approaching municipal election. They discover that the ring bosses of the monopoly party have nothing in common with the laboring classes. They recognize that the Democratic party has always been the friend of labor and thus they appreciate the issues involved in the present canvass in this city. It is the same old fight between monopoly and honest labor that has been going on for a long time. They see in the candidates set up by the ring bosses of the Republican party in this city the representatives of the worst monopolies. They see the organ of monopoly and extortion in this city straining every nerve in behalf of the ring ticket. But fortunately the present era in politics is one of enlightened ideas and more than ordinary self-assertion on the part of the people. The intelligent workingmen see in our present municipal contest the same two principles which have been arrayed against each other in all ages of the world for the mastery of government—one that the wealthy few should govern and live in luxury; the other that the toiling many should control, and shape public affairs for their own benefit. There has always been a class in every country who believe themselves born to rule and receive tribute; born booted and spurred to ride the laboring classes, who are supposed by some to come into the world bridled and saddled for menial service. It is that class of silk-stocking gentry who are seeking to ride the honest laborers of this city to-day. They are the owners of idle capital; the favorites of fortune and of special legislation, who, like the lilies of the field, toil not, and yet surpass kings in the splendors of their habits and luxuries. They seek to override the great body of the people who work with weary hands through all the days of the year, and whose earnings constitute the real worth of the city. The plain, honest, sunburnt workingmen of the city, the men who increase the value of things by skillful industry, are determined that the candidates of the ring, men whose hands are unstained by labor and whose lives are given to sumptuous ease, are not the men to control their destinies. They judge, and judge correctly, that a man whose greatness of brain and heart consists solely in his ability to wring money from the hands of others and to amass sufficient wealth to obscure his visions of justice on earth and to darken his hopes of heaven hereafter, is not the man to hold in his hand the destinies of a great city, in whose prosperity the laboring men are the principal factors.

AN ENERVATING MALADY.

The Toronto News says that of the many ills which afflict the Canadian body politic there is none more enervating than the mania for office that has been developed by a very large percentage of the Canadian population. Canada is one of our nearest and best neighbors, yet we never suspected that she had the same skeleton in her closet that we have had in ours. The body politic of the United States has been suffering from the same affliction for, lo these many years, but we have tried to hide it from the view of our neighbors, under the impression that they were happy in an exemption from the fatal plague. As it has been made public that Canada is suffering from the same malady it is an interesting question whether we caught the disease from Canada or whether that country has been infected by our skipping bank presidents and cashiers, who are continually passing across the line. No scientific fact is more firmly established than that the plague is contagious and can be communicated from one country to another. It is a very loathsome malady, and there will have to be some international system of quarantine adopted to prevent it spreading over the entire earth. That the Canada type is exactly the same disease which is afflicting this country is demonstrated by the symptoms described in the Toronto paper. We quote from the News:

"It is a fact so notorious as to only require formulation to insure its universal acceptance, that hundreds of vigorous young men, to say nothing of battered old hulks who are no longer seaworthy in any capacity, have no loftier ambition and no more independent outlook than a place in the civil service. Commerce, agriculture, law and literature throw open their avenues to them in vain. Perish the products of the soil, the triumphs of the forum, the laurels of the study, but give them an office where employment is not so much of an object as salary. These lotus-eaters often lack even the ambition to demand the prizes of their ignoble calling. After waiting upon providence and the politicians until hope deferred has made their hearts sick, they arrive at a condition of imbecility that renders them willing to enter the civil service at a price that skilled labor would reject with contempt. Born of a cross between indolence and false notions of gentility, this mania for feeding at the public crib degenerates frequently into a sottish appetite for office for its own sake. When it happens that the chronic office-seeker has, by rendering himself a nuisance, by boring his friends and their party leaders, by appealing to his church and his nationality, and perhaps his secret society, compelled the powers to throw him a bone, he sinks into lethargic oblivion, and becomes of no use to king or country, man or beast."

No man, woman or child in the United States will fail to recognize the Canada affliction as a genuine case of American mania for office-seeking.

THE graphic details of the fight between Gen. MIDDLETON's forces and the half-breeds and their Indian allies, which appeared exclusively in the Northwest in the GLOBE news columns yesterday morning and was thence sent out to the Associated Press, was the first authentic account of the affair. Through this medium the Dominion government was first advised of the battle. And as was shown yesterday by the GLOBE's Ottawa dispatches, it was the first news received in the commons of the sanguinary conflict; and it was the occasion of much excitement. And the GLOBE's late edition conveyed the only information given to the public yesterday morning that the breeds and Indians, who were believed to be corralled in the ravine, had escaped and were in full flight from the fateful field where they met the raw recruits of the Canadian militia, who, by the way, gave evidence of having genuine British blood by the gallant stand they made against an unseen and deadly foe. Your Britisher is a man of nerve and blood wherever you place him at the post of danger.

FROM the tenor of the GLOBE's specials this morning, Gen. MIDDLETON was really worsted in yesterday's engagement with the half-breeds and their Indian allies. It must be admitted, however, that the troops gallantly withstood the withering fire that was poured into their ranks by the deadly sharp-shooters in the enemy's lines. It requires nerve on the part of regulars even to stand steady under a well-directed fire from an invisible foe. But the raw militia from Canada, fresh from the enervating influences of hospitable homes, bravely faced this sort of a fire on Friday and never flinched. The casualties reported in the GLOBE give some idea of the fortitude the militia must have exercised. Just what the result of the contemplated advance on RIEL's fortified position at Batoche may be cannot be divined, but, if his communication is cut in the rear, as is intimated, it may be disastrous.

THE Pioneer Press enters the plea of confession and avoidance to the GLOBE's charges against the ring candidates. "You're another" is the only argument available when a man is cornered, but it is not effective in repelling an accusation. In view of the fact that the Pioneer Press had been so earnest and continuous in its demands for a changed system in the management of the city's finances, and as it had held up Messrs. MERRIAM and McCARDY as its ideals of the "business reform" it advocated, it was a very unkind cut in that journal to decline to say one word in advocacy of the system which those gentlemen have been practicing and which the GLOBE was kind enough to explain to the public.

AT a Democratic and labor meeting in the Second aldermanic district of the Fifth ward last evening, at which the Hon. P. H. KELLY presided and four hundred voters attended, MICHAEL F. KAIN, president of the St. Paul Typographical union, was selected to succeed Dr. SCHIFFMANN, resigned, on the aldermanic ticket. The nomination was made by acclamation. Mr. KAIN is a young man of fine ability and will make an alderman of whom his constituents, regardless of past party affiliations, may well be proud of. He is a popular representative of the industrial classes and will undoubtedly be elected by a large majority.

OUR esteemed morning Republican cotemporaries, the Minneapolis Tribune and Pioneer Press, have been engaged in little pleasantries toward each other on the subject of their respective circulations. The Tribune shows its high appreciation of the value of the GLOBE as an advertising medium by using a half page of this morning's issue in defending its position. As the GLOBE is always impartial as well as liberal, it hereby tenders a like space in its columns on the same terms to its other Republican cotemporary for a rejoinder. Let the people be informed upon this matter.

NOT later than last September the Pioneer Press congratulated the people of St. Paul that their tax levy was only 16 mills, and attributed it all to the fine busidess qualities of JOHN W. ROCHE, the city comptroller. Now a change has come over the spirit of its dreams and it wants Mr. ROCHE removed and a man who can disburse "as per vouchers" substituted in his place. Verily the cat in the meal tub is no kitten.

THE "reform" ring organ is in a frame of mind, growing out of its frantic endeavor to explain the record of the "business men's candidates," MERRIAM and McCARDY, as to their conduct of the school funds during their respective administrations as treasurer and secretary of the board of education. There are some things which cannot be explained and this is one of them.

MR. FISH attends divine service regularly at Ludlow Street jail, but Mr. WARD does not attend at all. That WARD is an unholy man. Last Sunday Mr. FISH led in singing "Nearer, my God, to Thee." He bids fair to rival even the saintly URIAH HEEP, who hoped that everybody for his own good "might be took up and brought here."

MRS. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL and her daughters are said to look "all three as if cut from some old-fashioned book of beauty." But ROBERT himself doesn't look as if he had been cut out of a book of beauty. ROBERT may or may not be good, but he isn't pretty.

THE crews of two German vessels have been captured and eaten by cannibals on Hermit island, in the Pacific ocean. The cannibals may not like the German cooking, but they evidently like the German cooked.

IT is estimated that 50 per cent. more corsets are sold in winter than in summer. The long winter evenings by the flickering fire-light are hard on corsets, gentle reader.

To the wealthy banker the sum of $2,000 may be an unimportant amount, too trifling to look after, but to the poor children who are deprived of its benefit it is a very large sum.

EVEN BOSS TWEED could have had a pointer from the "disbursement per voucher" system of conducting municipal affairs. And yet the organ calls it "reform in our business methods."

IN view of past profits from the Joint Disbursement association it is not surprising that Messrs. MERRIAM and McCARDY are hungering and thirsting after disbursements.

ADAM never experienced that agony which comes over one who calls on his girl Saturday night only to find another fellow occupying the easiest chair in the parlor.

HELLO, Mr. MERRIAM, and you too, Mr. McCARDY, you have disbursed your reform pie. You will find a voucher for the disbursement in this morning's GLOBE.

IT is said that JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, the Hoosier poet, will soon marry Miss CLARA L. BOTTSFORD, who is also a Hoosier poet. What will the harvest be?

EMERSON says, "All mankind loves a lover." But that doesn't help him any. What he wants is the love of womankind.

"WHAT is warmer than a woman's love?" asks a Western poetess. A woman's hate is 90 degrees in the shade warmer.

AN Englishman writes: "To have known MARY ANDERSON is to have lived in sunshine." She must have thawed since leaving these shores.

"THE Spanish women are noted for their high insteps." This is what enables them to "walk Spanish."

MEMPHIS has a paper called Adam. The editor announces that he will take no apples as subscription.

AND still the cry of the orphan and the moan of the widow is "where has our $2,000 gone?"

THE czar is said to be gaining flesh. Perhaps he, too, is buying American canned beef.

MONEY is said to be very plenty. So is balm, but you have to go to Gilead to get it.

YELLING "you're another" doesn't account for that $2,000 due the school fund.

LOOK not upon the beer when it is fat. Make the bartender give it to you lean.

MRS. TOM is said to have already got the little count under her thumb.

A Murdered Man Found.

Special to the Globe.

HURON, Dak., April 25.—The body of Julius Kinger, who has been missing since Oct. 24, 1884, was found in the Jim river, near Huron, this morning. Bruises were found on the skull and have caused a suspicion of foul play. The verdict in the coroner's inquest to-day was: He was killed by a blow on the head from a blunt instrument in the hands of parties unknown to the jury. Germans and other citizens are highly indignant. Dumbleton, the man with whom Kruger had trouble about a claim, is afraid of being lynched, though he professes innocence.

Wickedness may prosper for awhile, but at the long run he that sets all knaves at work will pay them.—L'Estrange.

SCINTILLATIONS OF WIT.

THE INNOCENCE OF CHILDHOOD.

A father bent o'er his baby boy—
His first-born baby boy!
"My darling sleeps,
An angel keeps
Sweet vigil while he dreams.
See, now he smiles,
The seraph's wiles
Throw 'round him heavenly beams."

A father bent o'er his baby boy—
His sixth-born baby boy!
"Asleep at last,
I hope its fast,
His smile though bodes no frolic.
I'll stake a dollar
That child will holler
The roof off to-night with colic."

NOT VERY ENCOURAGING.

A young man who was ambitious to become an actor gave a specimen of his histrionic ability before a manager.

"You will have to study a long time, I'm afraid. Perhaps in ten or fifteen years I might make some engagement with you."

"I may be dead by that time," said the young man despondently.

"True; that contingency is before all of us. But I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Stagestruck. In case you should die before the expiration of fifteen years, the first time we play 'Hamlet' I'll cast you for Yorick. That's all the encouragement I can give you now."

POINTS OF VIEW.

The following are a few of the comments heard in the lobby of the Bijou theater, New York, at the conclusion of Bob Ingersoll's lecture last Sunday night:

Young Lady—Isn't it just awful?

Dude—Ya'as but, bah jove, there's a good deal of twuth in what he says, doncherknow?

Young Man—He would make a first-class nigger minstrel.

Old Man—He has got the thing about right. There is no such place as hell.

Old Woman—Yes there is, and he'll find it out some day.

Old Maid—He is the wickedest man in the world, and that is saying a good deal. If I had known what it was like I never would have gone.

Old Bachelor—He seems to think a good deal of his family, but that is probably put on for effect.

Stock Broker—He is a good speaker and it's worth a dollar to hear him, but his ideas of right and wrong would ruin him on Wall street.

Fashionable Lady—They say his wife and daughters dress very plainly. He ought to be ashamed of himself, making the money that he does.

Prominent Politician—His ideas are mine exactly. This notion of future punishment is the rankest kind of nonsense.

WITHOUT REGARD TO PRICE.

A stranger entered a barroom on the west side and called for whisky. In one corner of the room lay a man in the last stages of intoxication.

"Will you have 10 or 15 cent goods?" asked the bartender.

"Did that man in the corner get his load here?"

"Well, yes," admitted the bartender, "I believe I did sell him a few drinks."

"Gimme the same kind you gave him."

THE LIFE OF TRADE.

"How is your business flourishing, deacon?" asked the minister of Brother B., a retail grocer.

"Very fairly, but too much competition is cutting down the profits. You don't find that trouble in your line," laughed the deacon.

"I don't know about that," replied the good man, shaking his head, "since I have been pursuing my labors among you people here I have found quite a formidable competitor in Satan.

In a telegraphic account of a runaway in Cincinnati among the list of injured was "Miss Reynolds, who was walking down the street with her mother, had a narrow escape, as the horse passed between them; she had her clothes torn. Several others were less seriously hurt." Probably the others did not have their clothes torn.

MEANINGLESS EXPRESSIONS.

Many people have a bad habit of making use of phrases such as "You don't say so?" "Is it possible?" "They say," this or "they say" that, and other meaningless expressions that become exceedingly tiresome.

Jim Malcom's favorite is "Good! I'm glad to hear it," which he uses upon all occasions. Recently he returned home after a somewhat prolonged absence, and meeting an acquaintance on the street shook hands with him and said:

"Well, how has business been with you, old man?"

"Very fair," was the reply, "I've no cause to complain."

"Good! I'm glad to hear it. You're looking first rate."

"Yes, I'm very well."

"Good! I'm glad to hear it. Wife well?"

"My wife died a month ago."

"Good! I'm glad to hear it."

People should break themselves of this sort of foolishness.

A REVERED CITIZEN.

A number of Kentucky citizens were standing on a corner discussing politics when a feeble old man with white locks passed slowly by. Instantly every head was uncovered.

"Who is that old gentleman?" asked a stranger.

"Who is that old gentleman?" repeated one of the crowd in wondering surprise. "Is it possible that I live to hear that question? Why, stranger, that old gentleman is the inventor of the hip pocket."

A FAVORABLE SYMPTOM.

Mrs. B. (anxiously)—Is there any hope for my husband, doctor?

Doctor—To be frank with you, Mrs. B., your husband is a very sick man; but I have lost eleven similar cases within the past fortnight and there must be a change in such luck sometime.

NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

Picture dealer (to old Mr. Remington:) That is a Rembrant, sir.

Old Mr. Remington—A what?

Picture Dealer—A Rembrant.

Old Mr. Remington—Oh, a remnant. I should say it was a remnant; looks though it had ben knockin' 'round for years. The old woman would go into fits if I should take that picture home.

PARISIAN DIPLOMACY.

French Diplomat—I zink, Mees Cleveland, zat ze president, your fazzer, ees von grande—vat you call heem—von grande statesman.

Miss Cleveland—Excuse me, Monsieur Alamode, but the president is my brother, not my father.

French Diplomat—Pas possible!

DIFFERENT PARTS OF TURKEY.

A lady who had been abroad was enthusiastic over her visit to Turkey.

"In what part of the country did you spend most of the time?" asked a young man. "In the large towns?"

"No, we preferred the quieter spots that are little frequented by tourists. We remained several weeks in the furthermost end of the country and had some delightful experences."

"Oh, yes," said the young man, who is possessed of a fine sense of humor, "you prefered that part of Turkey which goes over the fence last."

A WALKING ENCYCLOPEDIA.

Tom, who is just out of college, was told by his pretty cousin to whom he had given some desired information, that he was "a regular walking encyclopedia."

"Ah I don't know," sighed Tom, wearily.

"Don't you know most everything, Tom?"

"Perhaps I do; but if I don't feel better than I have for a day or two past I shant want to do very much walking.

THE NEW VERSION.

That beautiful old poem:

"Oh, what's the use
Of chewing tobacco and spitting out the juice."

has been re-written by Dr. Flint of New York, who thinks that many lives are lost owing to an overestimate of the nutritive value of beef tea. The new version is:

"Oh, what's the use
Of throwing away fibre and swallowing juice."

APPLIED EXTERNALLY.

Mother—Was baby quiet while I was out, Bridget?

Bridget (recent importation)—She was, mum.

Mother—You gave her some soothing syrup, as I told you?

Bridget—Yes mum. I gave her a whole jug full from the pantry an' she's in the bedroom playin' wid it now. She never cried wan bit, bless her swate soul.

IN A VIRULENT FORM.

"I noted," remarked a lady to her husband, who had just returned from Washington and was engaged in scraping the mud off his boots, "that Panama, since January 1st, has had four presidents."

"Yes," he replied, "the same disease is raging in this country."

"What disease do you mean?"

"Too much president."

A VACANT PLACE.

A gentleman who was moving observed that the windows of the opposite house, with a single exception, were occupied by members of the family, who were calmly taking in the general appearance of his furniture.

"Madame," he said, to a woman leaning from a lower casement, "I am sorry to see that a death has occurred in your family."

"No death in this family," she replied, "what makes you think there was?"

"Because I notice that one of the upper windows is vacant."

THE ONLY WAY.

A Maine teamster says he can start the most obstinate horse by taking him out of the shafts and leading him around in a circle until he is giddy. Supposing the obstinate horse refuses to move around in a circle what will the Maine teamster do then? The only sure way to start a balky horse is to build a bonfire under him.

TRIPPING THE MAZY.

They had been waltzing for a few minutes and he was fast losing consciousness.

"A-a-aw," he said, "i-if you are t-t-tired, M-miss Smithers, d-don't h-hesitate to stop on m-my a-account."

"Oh, dear no," she replied, "I'm not a bit tired."

WILD LIFE IN THE WEST.

"I've read a good deal about you people out here in Arizona," said an Eastern man to a friend whom he was visiting. "How you cut and slash and get the 'drop' on each other and howl and swear; and if you think its safe I wish you would take me round a little to-night."

"Let me see," mused the Arizona citizen, "what's goin' on to-night? Oh, yes, a bill is up before the council to prohibit the use of profane and indecent language inside the limits; we can see that become a law, and then take in the school exhibition on our way home. Just put your revolver in one pocket and your bowie knife in the other, and keep perfectly quiet, and I'll guarantee you wont get hurt."

A TIGER'S GRATITUDE.

Col. B., an English army officer, and his friend Dr. M. were discussing animals and their characteristics.

Said the colonel, "I do not consider all cat animals ungrateful. A tiger once requited a kindness it had received at my hands in really quite a remarkable manner. It was when I was with my regiment in India, the —th Hussars, you know under Col. L——r, I being second in command, and what a cad he was by the way, that some of the men succeeded in capturing an unusually large and beautiful specimen of the genus tigris. We had been out some time and were expecting home orders at any moment, so the boys tried to keep the tiger to take back to England. It was about the only trophy of conquest the regiment could boast of; we had a very dull time of it with never a brush even with the natives, and not the ghost of a chance of promotion for distinguished services, and everybody was interested in 'Dick,' as his striped majesty was christened. He was an ugly beast as to disposition, and would brook interference from no one about him. One night when he had been in camp about six weeks, it was discovered that in his ceaseless gnawing at the wooden lining of his cage he had thrust a large splinter in his jaw just below his teeth. When it was noticed the thing had already inflamed and festered, and the pain rendered the animal fairly frantic. The noise of his cries and howls was simply unbearable, and I determined to make an effort to stop it. Saturating a large sponge with chloroform, I got as near the cage as I could, and when he approached my vicinity I dashed the sponge at him. He seized it, as I knew he would, but the fumes of the drug momentarily confused him, and before he recovered I had put my hands between two adjacent bars and quickly dislodged the painful splinter. Relief was almost immediate and the camp that night enjoyed undisturbed rest."

"And his gratitude?" queried the doctor?"

"Oh, yes; I did not mention that. In less than ten days he escaped and gave me an opportunity to go home at the head of my regiment. On his way to the jungle he met the colonel and ate him up."

PHILIP H. WELCH.

Gen. Grant's Plans.

NEW YORK, April 25.—Gen. Grant passed a restless night, five minims of morphia being given him. Dr. Douglas said that so far as the physical condition of Gen. Grant was concerned he might with safety be removed to the mountains to-morrow. It was determined that the general and his entire family accept the invitation to occupy the cottage af Joseph W. Drexel, at Mt. McGregor. The removal will be made the latter part of June. Dr. Douglas will remain with them during their stay in the mountains.

The Billiard Tournament.

NEW YORK, April 25.—The sixth game of the billiard tournament was won to-day by Slosson, who beat Daly by a score of 500 to 122. Slosson's average was the best so far in the tournament, being 20 5-6. His best runs were 97, 56, 50, 42 and 38, Daly's 26, 22 and 18.

Elevator Property Sold.

Special to the Globe.

JAMESTOWN, Dak., April 25.—The property of the Jamestown Elevator company located at this point and at Melville on the Jamestown & Northern, was sold to-day to the Northern Pacific Elevator company.

The Virginia Coupon Case.

Chicago Times.

The decision of the supreme judicial authority upon what are called the Virginia coupon cases is of transcendent importance. It is the first decision in the whole history of our jurisprudence that goes in favor of justice against the scandalous design of injustice that, in the year 1798, was embodied in the eleventh, or better called, reparation amendment. Although it is rendered by a divided bench (four of the nine justices dissenting), it points, nevertheless, with great precision to the truth and right that in the future must guide the best judgment and high moral sense of the nation in relation to the momentous interest it affects.

The enormous importance of the present decision is in the avoidance by the judicial power of the eleventh amendment to the Federal constitution. The decision of the court avoids it, and avoids the argument of the dissenting justices in support of the wrong, by declaring that the suit brought against the tax collector for seizure of the taxpayer's property after due tender of coupons according to the terms of the contract with the bondholders, "is not a suit against the state, but against an individual trespasser acting without authority," because it was not in the power of Virginia to authorize such seizure by an act that invalidated the obligation of its contract. All the legislation of Virginia that attempts to evade its contracts to receive the interest coupons of its bonds in payment of taxes "is unconstitutional and void, because it impairs the obligation of a contract," and such void legislation neither clothes nor can clothe any tax collector with lawful authority to seize the goods of another upon the pretense of a warrant for the collection of taxes, and if he does so it is at his personal peril. This is the gist of the court's decision.

It is reported in a dispatch from Richmond that the decision has produced great excitement in that focus of repudiation; that it will "reopen the debt agitation on which Mahone and Riddleberger rode to the senate;" that it "complicates the political situation;" and that—most horrible of all!—it is regarded by political saurians of the pliocene epoch as "the death-blow to state rights!" If it shall prove to be the death-blow, or the beginning of the death-blow, to the right of political corporations in this country to swindle their creditors; if it shall be the beginning of the end of the iniquitous disestablishment of justice by the shameful "repudiation amendment;" if it shall be the judicial initiative of an effective erasure of that backward step toward the despotic systems of semi-barbarous states, the rest of the awful consequences that it is supposed in Virginia to import probably will be borne by the country with equanimity.

WOMEN OF CHICAGO.

Wealthy Ladies Who Delight in Works of Charity and How They Live.

The Paradise Which Abides in the Home of Mrs. Pullman.

Chicago Letter.

Here, as everywhere, the woman makes her husbands's social circle and where he may have gone as a bachelor, he cannot go as a husband unless his wife's passports are sanctioned by Mrs. Grundy, who, like the gods of old, sees everywhere. The first on the enrollment sheet of fashion is the name of Pullman, which was international almost as soon as it had local fame. Years and years ago George M. Pullman made a few thousand dollars keeping a grocery store out in the mining districts, with which money he laid the foundation of the colossal car company which bears his name, and report has it that the patents which protect this system of traveling palaces are not his by right of invention, but by purchase, and that that genial New York politician, Ben Field, was the real ingenious motor who mated his brains with

PULLMAN'S DOLLARS,

not knowing at the time their actual value. However that may be, it was in those days that he met the dashing Miss Sawyer, now the elegant Mrs. Pullman, whose name leads, and who, if she cared to dictate, might have a host of apostles. As it is, she sets the fashion in many instances and her modes are never criticised, especially by those whom she favors. Mrs. Pullman is the mother of a pair of beautiful twin boys and a young daughter, and is mistress of a brown-stone palace on Prairie avenue which has the reputation of being the best-managed home on the avenue. Not only are servants chefs in their line, but she keeps her own accounts and audits her household bills with as much system and intelligence as any business man could.

Mrs. Pullman's home is lovely. No other adjective would do it justice. In entering, the visitor finds himsel in a broad hall the floors and walls of which remind one of an essay in mosaic. From a low casement window, cushioned with plush, one can look out over the lake, and in summer when the court is open and the scene

FLOODED WITH ELECTRIC LIGHT

it does not need a very vivid imagination to dream of being back in Venice. Off this grand hall, with its fluted columns of ebony, are the library, done in black moquette, the drawing-room, with its wealth of silken tapestries and costly works of art, and the Egyptian parlor, historical in its minutest detail. It is in this room that now and then a half-starved artist is received, and who loses all thoughts of any other heaven in contemplation of the stuffs and curios that would lend inspiration if he ould but borrow them for the accessories of his last daub in color.

Mrs. Pullman is a plump little woman of about 40, with beautiful blue eyes, black hair, teeth of cocoanut whiteness and dear little hands and feet that were only made to wear jewels and walk on roses. She dresses exquisitively in the house—most of her dresses being imported—but on the street is severely plain, wearing neither colors nor jewelry.

Mention should be made of the miniature theater in the top story of the Prairie avenue residence, where concerts and private theatricals are frequently given during the winter.

Mrs. Marshall Field, wife of the millionaire dry-goods merchant, is at once enviable and wretched. Enviable because of her vast possessions and social rank, but wretched because of the few days on the calendar which bring her health. Were nature as kind to her as fortune has been she would be the leader of leaders in

ALL SOCIAL MATTERS.

Unfortnnately she is cut off from the ranks of the vulgarly well, and it is a day of great rejoicing when she is able to preside at her own elegant mahogany, where sits her kindly husband with his crown of silver hair and beautiful little son and daughter. The residence on Prairie avenue is built of stone, with a circular wing on the south fairly window-bewitched to catch the sunlight. On the north side is a court leading to an arch triumphal, where every day the handsome brougham for cold weather or the mail phæton in sunshine rolls up with the silent, stern master. All the window seats are cushioned, the toilet articles are priceless and the scent in the cut crystal bottles is so seductive as to make one long to take one more smell and then die. Her caskets beggar description, but when by secret drawers the gems are uncovered one is obliged to question his own senses before he can believe he is not dreaming—pearls black, white, pink and yellow that have been brought from Persian, Arabian and Grecian seas; whole strings of garnets, onyx and opal for the neck; diamonds from all the noted marts in the world, some in combs, others in pins and bracelets, while the rings for ears and fingers would fill a coffee-cup. The rare bits of jewelry in gold, filigree, mosaic and antique modeling could not be duplicated in a year's traveling. She keeps a French cook, an English butler, German maid,

FRENCH GOVERNESS,

English coachman and Norwegian footman, besides kitchen girls, dusting maids and sewing girls that give her household a representative from nearly every civilized nation on the globe. She dresses in a style peculiar to herself, all her clothes coming from the art establishment of Mme. La Farier, of Paris. She has a great fondness for odd hand-made laces, and notwithstanding her cedar cases are packed with specimens of lost art, she cannot resist the purchase of any web that takes her fancy. This forms the main trimming of her robes and gowns, which are all long and clinging and made after the style of Sarah Bernhardt's swooning clothes. She keeps an almoner, whose business it is to make the rounds of the city in search of the worthy poor. In this way she reaches the family of gentle but indigent people, whom she aids in getting an education or supplies them with means for pursuing a chosen profession. From her individual allowance she pays $5,000 a year for educating poor but promising pupils.

Another good as well as fashionable lady in Chicago is Mrs. N. K. Fairbanks, who has a face like a madonna and does much for humanity. Long ago her husband laid bricks for a living, but fortune was good to him, and kept on being good, and as her alms kept pace with the gifts of the goddess it is not strange that she should have acquaintances in so many circles. At a rough estimate Mrs. Fairbank's alms amount to $10,000 a year, exclusive of

THE MONEY BESTOWED

by her husband for promoting the general welfare of the community—musically, artistically and politically.

Mrs. Dr. Clinton Locke, wife of the rector of Grace Episcopal church, is not rich because there is not as much money in the cloth as in other commodities, such as lard, wheat or dirt, and, besides, her heart is too big to save money even though her husband made it. Mrs. Locke is a lady of about 39, with brown eyes, white hair, fine figure and very commanding address. She is very arduous in parish work and her ministrations are abstract rather than concrete. That is to say when unable to render tangible assistance she visits the poor and shows one woman how to make soup with scraps, gives another a lesson in bread-making, while a third is drilled in broths and gruels and a fourth in patching, darning or saving of fuel. Not long ago some admirer presented the doctor with a gentleman Angora cat and his wife with a female. This was the beginning of the cat business, which has been carried on without a license for several years. Another lady cat came as a gift, and ever since kittens by the dozen have been produced every year. The precious quadrupeds are well cared for, and as soon as they are able to travel are shipped to purchasers at $5 each. These cats go all over the country. According to custom, each feline is dressed in a ribbon collar to which is attached the baptismal name, and the breeder shows herself quite facetious in selecting the same. The twelve apostles and Episcopalian saints gave out long ago and now the daily press is levied on, and such personages as Matthew Arnold, George Eliot, Victoria Morosini, Grover Cleveland, Miss Chamberlain, Gladstone, Mackin, Dan Manning and Maud S. are perpetuated in cateology.

There are scores of ladies in Chicago who have large incomes, which they spend in charities.

CUSTER'S FRIEND.

Meeting of Old Chums but Present Enemies After Many Years.

The seventh cavalry was sent to guard the engineers of the Northern Pacific while they surveyed the route to the Yellowstone. This party of citizens joined the command a few days out from Fort Rice. Gen. Custer wrote me that he was lying on the buffalo robe in his tent, resting after the march, when he heard a voice outside asking the sentinel "which was Gen. Custer's tent." The general called out: "Halloo, old fellow! I haven't heard that voice in thirteen years, but I know it! Come in, and welcome!" Gen. Rosser walked in, and such a reunion as we had! These two had been classmates and warm friends at West Point, and parted with sorrow when Gen. Rosser went into the Southern army. Afterward they had fought each other in the Shenandoah valley time and time again. Both of them lay on the robe for hours talking over the campaign in Virginia. In the varying fortunes of war sometimes one had got possession of the wagon train belonging to the other. I knew of several occasions when they had captured each other's headquarters-wagon, with their private luggage. If one drove the other back in retreat, before he went into camp he wrote a note addressing the other as "Dear friend," and saying: "You may have made me take a few steps this way to-day, but I'll be even with you to-morrow. Please accept my good wishes and this little gift." These notes and presents were left at the house of some Southern woman as they retreated out of the village. Once Gen. Custer took all of his friend's luggage and found in it a new uniform coat of Confederate gray. He wrote a humorous letter that night thanking Gen. Rosser for setting him up in so many new things, but audaciously asking him if he "would direct his tailor to make the coat-tails of his next uniform a little shorter," as there was a difference in the height of the two men. Gen. Custer captured his herd of cattle at one time, but he was so hotly pursued by Gen. Rosser that he had dismounted, cut a whip, and drove them himself until they were secured.—Boots and Saddles, by Elizabeth B. Custer.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

The Last Days of the Famous Actress---Her Grave Near Her Rival's.

Austin Dobson in the Magazine of Art.

Her last days were passed quietly and decorously at Teddington, where she owned or rented a house, still recognized by a not too insistent tradition as Udney hall. In the little Georgian church hard by, whose incumbent at that date was the "plain Parson Hale (?)" of Pope, a rigorist who still compelled the transgressor among his parishioners to do public penance for his sins, is a neat mural monument to "Margaret Woffiington, spinster," and next the graveyard is a picturesque row of buildings with dormer windows which pass as "Margaret Woffington's cottages." These, it is said, were built for almshouses by the once famous stage queen in her beneficent retirement. Unhappily, in spite of O'Keeffe's statement to the contrary, she does not seem to have endowed them, and they have now passed into private hands. A writer in Notes and Queries, from whom some of these particulars are borrowed, and who, above the signature "F. G." delights in recalling the events of the last century, points out that Mrs. Woffington's whilom rival and opponent, the clever Kitty Clive of Walpole and Johnson, the clever actress whom Fielding called "the best wife, the best daughter, the best sister, the best friend," lies not very far off at Twickenham. They were fierce enemies in their lives, these two. "No women of high rank," says gossiping Tom Davies of Russel street, "ever hated one another more unreservedly than those great dames of the theater." The honors of war, it appears, generally remained with Mrs. Woffington, who was well-bred, ironic and always mistress of herself, while poor Mrs. Clive, notwithstanding her excellent quality, was as inflammable as touchwood, and therewithal hopelessly crude and violent. Now, "after life's fitful fever, they rest well" in their peaceful resting-places by the Thames, and the pilgrim of to-day may easily walk from one grave to the other.

EVERY ONE SHOULD WALK.

Hints on the Gait, the Dress and Other Matters.

Every healthy person, man or woman, should be a good walker, able at any time to walk six to twelve miles a day at least, and double that when gradually brought up to it. The points to be attended to are to see that the walk be brisk and vigorous, not of a loitering or dangling kind; that there be some object in the walk besides it being a routine constitutional, and, if possible, in pleasant company; that there be no tight clothing, whether for the feet or for the body, which will constrain or impede the natural movements or the limbs and trunk, and that the walk be taken as far as possible in the fresh country air. In regard to the latter particular, although towns are increasing so rapidly as to make it almost a journey to get out of them on foot, still we have so many suburban tramways and railway lines that in a few minutes we can find ourselves in the country, where the air is fresh and pure. Whenever an opportunity presents itself for a little climbing in the course of a walk it should be taken advantage of. We gain variety of muscular action, as well as increase the exertion, and we get into regions of purer air and fresher breeze at the same time. What may be considered as the weak point in walking as a mode of exercise is the comparatively small play which it gives to the muscles of the shoulders and chest, while it is still less for those of the arm. This should be compensated for by the use of light dumb-bells or Indian clubs, or some other form of exercise which brings in play the arms and shoulders. One of the forms of exercise which requires the action of the muscles of the arms and shoulders, as well as those of the trunk and legs, is swimming. This, however, for many reasons, cannot be used as a means of exercise except by a few, and at certain seasons of the year, but where possible it should be always practiced. The great pity is that boys and girls do not learn it while at school. Every large town should be well supplied with swimming baths, and if it could be made compulsory for scholars at a certain age, say twelve, to learn to swim, it would be a great advantage to all, and also be the means of saving many lives.

A MONTANA MURDER.

A Desperate Gambler, Jealous of His Wife, Shoots Her Lover.

Special to the Globe.

BOZEMAN, Mont., April 25.—Fred Johnson shot and killed Neil Lane this evening in the Palace saloon. Both were gamblers and desparate men, and the affair has been looked for since yesterday. Lane is an old-timer of Montana, having come to Miles City in 1876. He kept a saloon and theater there three years ago, married a prostitute, who owned a large farm in Iowa. Two years ago they moved to Cook City, where Neil and Johnson kept a saloon. Last fall he sent his wife back to sell her place. Six weeks thereafter he went to Miles City to meet her and learned that Johnson had sold the stock in the saloon, gone east, joined Neil's wife and skipped to parts unknown. Neil learned that Johnson and Mrs. Lane were at Mankato, Minn. He then said he would kill Johnson if they met. Yesterday, learning that Johnson had just returned from St. Paul he telegraphed that he was coming to Bozeman and arrived on the afternoon train. The men met and quarreled several times, until Johnson finally drew a gun while within a few feet of Lane, and shot him through the head. He fired two other shots, the first only taking effect. Neil's hand was on his revolver while lying in death. Johnson was immediately taken to jail. Johnson has the sympathy of a few, while many who saw the shooting think that Lane got his deserts. A coroner's jury will be summoned at once.

The supreme court of Ohio has decided that a subscriber cannot swear over a telephone line without the consent of the company. But the subscriber can derive consolation from the fact that he is still permitted to swear at the company without the consent of the telephone line.