Daily Globe.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

LEWIS BAKER.

ST. PAUL, MONDAY, MARCH 29, 1886.

DAILY WEATHER BULLETIN.

OFFICE OF CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER, WASHINGTON, D. C., March 28, 10 p. m.—Observations taken at the same moment of time at all stations:

Stations.	Ther.	W'th'r	Stations.	Ther.	W'th'r
Duluth....	22	Cloudy	Albany....	33	Clear
St. Paul..	23	L't s'w	New York.	38	Clear
La Crosse..	23	L't s'w	Chicago....	39	L't r'n
Huron	20	L't s'w	Cincinnati.	44	Clear
Moorhead.	25	Fair	Cleveland..	41	Clear
St. Vincent	19	Clear	Boston....	35	Clear
Bismarck .	20	Fair	Galveston,	68	Cloudy
Ft. Buford	23	Clear	Memphis..	49	Cloudy
Ft. Assin'e	32	Fair	N. Orleans.	41	Cloudy
Ft Custer..	25	Clear	Shreveport	58	Cloudy
Helena....	22	L't s'w	St. Louis..	46	Cloudy
Fort Garry	11	Clear	Vicksburg.	60	L't r'n
Minnedosa.	7	Clear			

THE HOME REPORT.

Barometer, 30.29; thermometer, 23; relative humidity, 71; wind, northeast; weather, cloudy; amount of rainfall or melted snow, .12; maximum thermometer, 27; minimum thermometer, 20; daily range, 7. River—Frozen. Note—Barometer corrected for temperature and elevation.

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

INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, March 29, 1 a. m.—For the upper lake region: Rain or snow, slight changes in temperature, followed by slightly warmer weather, winds becoming variable. For the upper Mississippi valley: Clearing weather, slightly colder in the southern portion, rising temperature in the northern portion, northerly winds, becoming variable. For the Missouri valley: Generally fair weather, clearing in the extreme northern portion, northerly winds, becoming variable, slowly rising temperature.

AMUSEMENTS TO-NIGHT.

ST. PAUL.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Wabasha, between Third and Fourth)—Evans & Hoey in "A Parlor Match."

OLYMPIC THEATRE (Seventh, near Jackson)—The Four Tourists.

PARK THEATER (Minnesota, between Fifth and Sixth)—Variety show and sparring exhibitions.

DIME MUSEUM, Sackett & Wiggins (94 to 96 East Seventh street)—Two-headed cow and stage entertainment, 1 to 10 p. m.

DIME MUSEUM, John X. Davidson (Fourth, between Wabasha and St. Peter)—Novelties and stage performances, 1 to 10 p. m.

MINNEAPOLIS.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Sixth street and Nicollet avenue)—Salvini in "The Outlaw."

THEATRE COMIQUE (First avenue south, near Washington avenue)—Brown's Own Specialty company.

DIME MUSEUM, Sackett & Wiggins, Hennepin and Washington avenues)—Curiosities and stage performances, 1 to 10 p. m.

THE STRIKE ENDED.

Mr. GOULD did the best Sabbath day's work of his life yesterday when he stepped down from his eminence of stilted dignity and acceded to Mr. POWDERLY's reasonable proposition for an arbitration. If Mr. GOULD had taken this sensible view of things in the beginning of the strike, it would have been a good many thousand dollars in his own pocket, and would have saved the country a great deal of apprehension, to say nothing of losses to business interests in localities affected by the strike. As with everybody else there are some things Mr. GOULD has to learn by experience, and in this instance the experience has cost him very dear. It is to be hoped, however, that it will prove valuable to him in the future.

The country is to be congratulated that the great strike is at last brought to a termination. Another critical period in our national history has been passed and we breathe easier that it is over. Another milestone has been passed on the road to a permanent adjustment of the relations between labor and capital and all business interests feel the more secure for it. Another illustration has been given that the strong common sense of the mass of American citizens and that principle of fairness and just dealing which characterizes our people can be relied on in every emergency to pull the nation through the most trying ordeal. When a man of JAY GOULD's dictatorial will and autocratic power is compelled to yield to the more conservative opinions of his countrymen it is the best evidence of the strength and stability of our form of popular government. The fact is demonstrated that the people are the rulers and no one man nor combination of men and interests can ever be strong enough to over-rule the popular will or set aside the popular judgment. Vox populi vox Dei.

THE CHAPLAIN'S PRAYER.

There is something ludicrous in a scene such as was witnessed in the house of representatives at Washington last Saturday, when several congressmen got into a quarrel over the chaplain's prayer. As a rule the average congressman doesn't know much about the merits of a prayer. But in this case the quarrel was not over the form or spirit of the petition so much as it was in regard to the kind of information that the chaplain was imparting to the Almighty. The reverend gentleman who gets $900 a year for regaling the speaker and stenographic clerk of the house with a stereotyped petition every morning while the members are in the cloak room putting their wraps away, took a new departure last Saturday. He converted himself into a sort of bulletin board for the benefit of the celestial inhabitants and gave them some very startling information in regard to matters that are transpiring in this mundane sphere. The first sensational paragraph that appeared in this clerical bulletin—with large pica headlines—was that the biggest revolution ever known on earth was just about to burst forth with tremendous fury, sweeping everything before it like a besom of destruction. It is easy to imagine what a sensation this announcement must have made among the seraphic inhabitants of New Jerusalem. If Mr. MOODY is correct in his statement that heaven is a place—just as New York or Boston is a place—it is easy to conceive what a stir there was created in the upper world when it became known that a reign of terror was about to be inaugurated on earth, with all the probabilities of a large immigration heavenward to follow. If the reverend gentleman who acts as official spiritual adviser to congress had contented himself with the belief that Omniscience knows as much about what is going to happen on earth as any chaplain does he would have saved himself from appearing in a very ridiculous light.

But having unburthened himself of all he knew, and perhaps a little more, this clerical congressional official proceeded to ask for favors to suit the emergency which his imagination had pictured. In this respect he succeeded much better than posing as a news bulletin. And it was this part of the remarkable prayer which stirred up the ruction among the congressmen. When he commenced to pray that the scales might fall from the eyes of the rich, that they may make better use of the wealth which the Lord had loaned them than to be paying $18,000 for a $25 vase, and that selfish monopolies might have souls breathed into them, he struck a very tender spot in the average congressman's breast. One enthusiastic member who had been elected on an anti-monopoly platform, asked to have the prayer printed in the Congressional Record. Another one who owed his election to the influence of the corporations, pronounced it an incendiary document, and wanted to have the prayer laid on the table. His objection was sufficient to carry the matter over one day, and this morning the members of congress will return to the work of wrestling with the mighty subject whether or not the chaplain's prayer shall be spread on the record, or shall be shoved into the waste basket. A Sabbath's day rest ought to enable them to approach the subject in a spirit of reverence and deep piety. But it won't.

PROFIT SHARING.

Judging from an article recently furnished to the Philadelphia Press we are inclined to the opinion that the Hon. STEPHEN B. ELKINS is a more successful philosopher than politician. Mr. ELKINS discusses the labor problem with more clearness, fairness and practical sense than is usually the case with those who are interested on the side of capital. Himself a millionaire banker and with large investments in railway, mining and manufacturing stock his views are entitled to weight. He says that the only way to bring an end to the antagonisms between labor and capital is to permanently unite the interests of employer and employe, and to establish a system under which their interests, instead of being diverse and different, may be made the same and mutual. In order to do this will require a complete reconstruction of our industrial system. The difficulty with the present system is that it is based on a principle that not only permits, but fosters constant war between employer and employe. Through competition and other causes the employer tries to get the most labor he can for the least money, while, on the other hand, the employe tries to get the most money for the least labor. Hence, Mr. ELKINS argues, there will never be any peace between the two until there is a system adopted which will make their interests entirely mutual. This can only be done by making them equally interested in the profits, just as the New England Granite works and the shoe manufacturers of Auburn, Me., have recently done. The same system is already in practice in the South, and is being adopted in the agricultural pursuits of the West. In support of his position Mr. ELKINS cites the fact that at the close of the war the Southern negro, fresh from slavery without any lesson in political economy, soon discovered that the wage system brought him no return, and he at once demanded an interest in the crops his labor producted. The land-owner, the capitalist, at first thought the negro unreasonable, but soon saw his way clear to grant the demand and to take his former bondsman into partnership. And to-day the largest part of the agriculture of the South is carried on under this system of dividing the profit. There are no strikes because the interests of both parties are the same and there is no ground for discontent. Thus it is that Mr. ELKINS argues that the entire industrial system of the country must be changed and adapt itself to the principle which is working so successfully between the white capitalists and the colored laborers of the South—the principle of profit sharing. Under such a system antagonism will disappear because security will be substituted for strife and charity will supplant selfishness.

MR. STRAIT'S CROOKED BILL.

Congressman STRAIT has introduced a bill in congress providing for the pensioning of persons engaged in the railway mail service. As a rule the railway mail agents are a nice set of people, but why they should be selected out from all other employes of the government and put on the pension rolls is something that Mr. STRAIT will have to explain. If it is because of the peculiar branch of government business he is employed in that the railway mail clerk is entitled to a pension the same argument would apply to the postmasters and the army of postal clerks throughout the country. If it is because that his occupation involves some risk of life, the same argument would apply to the hod carrier who takes brick and mortar to the top of some government building. The railway mail clerk is usually a very nice man, he holds a very nice position and gets a very nice salary. If he is not satisfied with that, all he has to do is to step down and out, and there are thousands of equally nice young men who are willing to step right into his place without any regard to the pension contingent. If the railway mail clerk wants a pension, let him do just as other business men have to do, take out a life or accident policy in some reliable insurance company. The government has about as big a burthen already in the way of pensions as the people care to have it assume. And if Congressman STRAIT wants to serve his constituents, there are a thousand other things to which his attention can be directed which will be of more benefit to the public than hunting up new classes to be added to the pension rolls.

HOLIER THAN THOU.

The National Union league, in session at Washington, is an ambitious organization. If there is anything under the shining canopy of a political nature concerning which it does not consider itself competent to speak with convincing authority, patient investigation has been unable to discover it. To one idea it most tenaciously clings. It can see no good in the Democratic party, and no evil in the Republican organizations. It sublimely ignores all the errors, to speak mildly, which have been committed under its auspices and calmly claims all the credit for any good achieved through Democratic efforts. Its assertion of self-righteousness is sufficiently regardless of all truth to be ridiculous. The single illustration that it takes the Carrollton, Miss., tragedy as a text for reading Democrats the very stale sermon about intimidation in the South and the forcible suppression of the ballot, is sufficient to show to what lengths such a blindly partisan organization must needs go for its favorite kind of campaign concoction.

THE UNIVERSAL VICE.

To the Editor of the Globe:

Isn't Christianity the only form of religion which teaches that the intemperate use of spirituous liquors is a sin? Please answer to settle a dispute. B. M. C.

St. Paul, March 27.

No. In the Pentalogue of Buddha is the following language: "Obey the law and walk steadily in the path of purity, and drink not liquors that intoxicate and disturb the reason." The Khoran says: "Oh, true believers, surely wine and lots are an abomination, a snare of Satan, therefore abominate them." Veda says: "Drunkenness is the worst of all vices, for it obscures reason, which is a divine ray from Brahma's self." Thus it will be seen that there is no form of religion, whether Buddhist, Mohammedan or Christian, that does not regard intemperance a vice.

THE congratulations which have been showered upon young SIMMS, son of the Southern novelist, upon his prospective inheritance of $5,000,000, will be somewhat subdued when it is generally known that he intends fitting himself by means of the money to become a star actor. An actor who requires that much money to develop his talents would better lead a life afar from the footlights.

PRINCE BISMARCK is monopolizing a good deal of attention abroad. He seems to be anxious to play the Mahone in German politics on a grand scale, and should accordingly take warning from that over-ambitious person's fate. Germany would be well off with a few more such men as HERR RICHTER, who has sounded the first note of alarm.

IF EDITOR SMALLEY of the New Northwest ever has occasion to apply for a position on any of the great metropolitan papers which he has in the past served with credit, he might do well to inclose the recommendation of the editor of a Duluth paper, who assures the world that Mr. SMALLEY "is a pretty fair sort of a journalist."

THERE is already considerable ado among prominent Republicans regarding the next nomination for the presidency, and the brethren appear to be dwelling in anything but unity. Sad experience seems to have taught the various candidates that the successful aspirant is usually the one who keeps the quietest.

WHITE-WINGED peace once more rests upon Detroit, the Polish priest concerning whom the recent church riots originated having left town. It is hoped now that future trouble will be avoided by the observance of due discretion in choosing a successor with a pronounceable name.

MR. CONKLING may be out of politics, as he declares, but the frequency with which sentiments of his calculated to ingratiate him in the popular favor appear in print, has a significance which might be construed into political shrewdness of a very high order.

INSTEAD of a sound of revelry there is a sound of rioting by night in Belgium's capital, and her chivalry will have all they can do, not only to protect their beauty, but their own precious necks. These things are done better in America.

NOW that she is taking her turn with street car strikes Pittsburg is trembling with fear that the riot scenes of '77 will be repeated. Pittsburg's much-boasted natural gas seems to have penetrated even her newspaper offices.

IT IS now denied that a Frenchwoman and an American woman fought a duel with swords upon the field of Waterloo. The combat was probably waged with hardly less sharp and dangerous weapons, their tongues.

IT WAS with singular appropriateness that Mayor PILLSBURY heard a sermon yesterday from the text, "Flee from the wrath to come." His decision to come in out of the wet is doubtless now irrevocable.

IT IS denied that United States troops are on the way to the scene of the Southern strike, and up to the present time there has been no action of the strikers which would warrant such a movement.

THE Chicago young woman who was made a bride against her will has the deep sympathy and envy of all the other Chicago girls who have not been made brides even by the most earnest exercise of their will.

THE New York Star having gathered in a large share of the city printing bears with comparative equanimity the statements regarding it by its dearest enemy, Editor PULITZER.

THE only consoling feature to Wahpeton about her bank failure is that having the recent smash in Minneapolis as an example she can lay claim to genuine metropolitanism.

THAT was a striking prayer made on Saturday by the senate chaplain. It hit a good many of his hearers.

THE TRAVELERS' CLUB.

"The Travelers' club will please come to order," remarked a jolly and fat knight of the road, as he rapped on the table of a temperance coffee house and removed his shining beaver hat and placed it on the table directly in front of him. Several men, standing about him, took their seats and waited for further developments.

"What kind of a racket is it?" exclaimed a drummer from Kentucky. "I don't want to stand in the road of any fun or to spoil any snap; but it strikes me that there is a misdeal somewhere when a lot of us traveling men get together in a temperance house to hold a meeting. If some gentleman can give me the latest quotations, so to speak, on this business he will confer a favor of yours truly."

"As I was about to say," exclaimed the fat man behind the center table as he rubbed his moist and broad expanse of forehead with a large red handkerchief. "As I was about to explain, when the gentleman from Kentucky jumped in and tried to cut rates on me, the Travelers' club is intended to be a kind of a social affair where the boys can drop in while Sundaying at St. Paul and get acquainted—"

"That's all right as far as it goes," interrupted the knight from Kentucky, "but what's the temperance racket for? That's what sticks in my commercial craw."

"Just what I was coming to," replied the fat man, "but you wouldn't let me finish. A few of us go to talking about starting a club, and we agreed to start it right off. We know that the papers would notice it in some way, and we just thought what a great thing it would be for our 'old men' if we could send them a paper with an account of our meeting at a temperance saloon. Do you begin to see daylight, my Kentucky friend and fellow criminal? That notice will boom us in the estimation of our respective and respected 'old men' and may increase our salaries."

"Oh! I am on," remarked the Kentucky man with a knowing wink, "but you don't mean to tell me that none of us will be permitted to wet our swallows during the meetings?"

"Perish the thought!" exclaimed the fat man." "Do I understand your question to include an invitation?"

* * *

"That reminds me of a little practical joke," chimed in a Wisconsin drummer. "I was down in Milwaukee. This was years ago, when I was young in the business. I struck the town and tried to sell goods. Nobody wanted to buy, and the more they declined the more I wanted to sell something. At night I was pretty tired and darned near disgusted. Several traveling men were at the hotel, and they sized me up, and acted accordingly. They were sitting around the office when I came out from supper. A Boston man left the crowd as I appeared, and, walking up to me, introduced himself on the strength of our being in the same business. He introduced me to the other fellows, and soon we were chatting and having a real good time. Pretty soon Bill Smith said something about referring to a disputed question about which they were talking before I was introduced.

"'Now,' continued Bill, 'we have been talking about the state individuality displayed when one man asks another to walk in and take a drink. I hold that you can come pretty near telling what state a man hails from by the peculiar way in which he extends the invitation. In fact I was so sure of it that I bet the drinks that I could tell the state of the next stranger to whom I was introduced by hearing him extend an invitation. No two men word the question in the same way. Now, how would you ask us?'

"'Well, boys, come and have something with me,' I said, without thinking how it would sound.

"'We'll take whisky straight,' replied the boys in a chorus, and marched me out to the bar, where, of course, I had to set 'em up. Since then I am careful how I please people by asking them questions to show my state of verdancy."

* * *

"That drinking business recalls an incident in my life," remarked the Indiana traveling man. "It had quite a lasting effect on—"

"Order, gentlemen," said the fat presiding officer. "Let us get through our business and then we will listen to stories—in fact, have a regular experience meeting. 'An experience meeting?' Wouldn't that sound well in print to be read by our 'old men.'"

"Well, look here, fatty Richards," exclaimed the Indiana man, addressing the presiding officer. "You can't choke me off in that style, not by any large majority. It is not polite to interrupt a man when he is telling a story, and no man of any spirit will permit himself to be interrupted. I'm not going to have anything to do with the darned old club if a fellow can't talk once in a while out in meeting. Now I began to relate a little experience, and as it refers to drinking and shows how I was cured of taking a certain kind of drink, I think that it will sound well in the printed proceedings and I am going to tell it. So here goes:

* * *

"Once upon a time I drank. I drank so hard and so often that I looked like unto a human brewery. The fishes were not more partial to their liquid refreshments than was I. The tiny and the adult members of the finny tribes knew my weakness. They took me for a long-lost relative. Never did I go near the water that my presence did not attract scores of these inhabitants of the mighty deep. I saw fish in the running brooks, monkeys and reptiles in the stones and snakes in everything. I am a different man now. I have reformed. My reformation was not the result of the benign influence of a pretty woman, an aged but wealthy relative, or a dying mother-in-law's request. No temperance society ever claimed me as a living illustration of what a ribbon could do for a man. I had a dream, and behold! I awakened a reformed man.

"In those gilded days of my youth, when I knew not the necessity of using eye-glasses or the twinges of rheumatic pains, I was very much attached to hot drinks. The Arctic whisky and water, the effervescing seltzer lemonade, the sickly milk punch and the sticky cocktails had no charm for me. I would have naught but a steaming drink. I was in that quiet and peaceful St. Louis. I was on business. I had nothing to do, so I dreamed. I dreamed I was in some bustling, live, go-ahead town, and was chock full of orders. The day's work was done, and a lot of jolly fellows was gathered around the bar. Some one, I've forgotten who, asked us to take something. We did. I called for hot Scotch. The other fellows all took their glasses, and being in somewhat of a hurry, drank the contents, while I waited for my hot drink. Would you believe it, before that darned slow barkeeper had my drink mixed I awakened, and so lost my drink? Since that day to this, I have never taken a hot drink. I have reformed. I take cold ones."

"The club will meet next Sunday at the same place," said the fat presiding officer, as the members of the little gathering got on their hats and prepared to leave the room.

An Unusual Opportunity.

Philadelphia News.

A large part of Dakota is said to be in danger of overflow from the ice gorge at Elk Point. The sufferings of the old-timers will undoubtedly be frightful, as many of them have not tasted water since the territory was organized.

The Piping Time of Peace.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

The military telegraph wire from Fort Sully to Fort Yates, Dak., has just been taken down and sold to farmers for use as fence wire—which is merely a new form of beating swords into plough-shares.

Where It Belongs.

New York Star.

As time passes, as the facts are gradually sifted, and all the conditions of the disaster more thoroughly understood, it is becoming absolutely clear that the responsibility of the loss of the Oregon rests on the officers.

The Voter Deluded.

Northfield, (Minn.) News.

Our members of congress are great on introducing bills, but somehow they do not always pass. It is all the same in the long run, for it deludes the poor voter.

And to Act Wisely.

Philadelphia Times.

What the Knights of Labor need to do most now is to think.

DAME FORTUNE.

An Allegory.

[Written for the Globe.]

Only a poor portrait painter,
In a garret high over the street,
Wearing a coat somewhat tattered
And shoes that scarce covered his feet.

But he toiled there from late until early,
And painted from early till late,
With always a smile for his easel
And never a railing at fate.

Yet the fair curly hair grew too lengthy,
And the blue eyes all weary and dim,
And that fortune that smiled on the others
Had nothing but frowning for him,

'Till one day there came to his garret
A vision in coiffeur and lace,
A maiden all smiling and cheery,
With the veriest love of a face.

She brought the sunshine in her manner,
And the daylight of health in her cheek;
So the smiles all came back to the painter,
And his canvas began to speak

In a tone that the critics admired
And a style that the connoisseurs sought;
So he woke on a sunshiny morning
To find that his paintings were bought.

And his name was known over the city,
And he looked at his easel with pride,
For the picture that glowed on the canvas
Was the face of his beautiful bride.

—Oscar Day.

St. Paul, March 25.

MARRIAGE IN FRANCE.

Difficulties in the Way of Poor People Who Wish to Wed.

Paris Letter in Chicago Times.

Marriage in France must be made less difficult and less costly. The complex formalities of wedlock are safeguards for poor and rich alike, but they are really a barrier for poor people. It seems simple to furnish the required papers, but it is an impossibility for those who have but a vague idea of their families and antecedents. Some do not even know who their parents were or have lost all traces of them. In order to marry they must produce the written consent of their parents or prove their death. Then comes the question of money. Of course the mayor is not paid, and the priest will marry gratis all those who wish no elaborate ceremony, but before the ceremony come the expences.

The candidates for matrimony must pay the copy of the birth cirtificate, or a paper of recognition, vouched for by seven witnesses. They must pay for legalizing the the consent of the parents or for a certificate of death. If orphans, they must pay for legal advice. The judgment rendered, in case of a dispensation asked, for the marriage of relatives must also be paid. Legal publications of marriage also have their tariff. The total is always too great a sum for the poor to spend, and consequently they do without marriage. This sad fact has impressed a prominent French lawyer to such an extent that he has founded a charitable society, called St. Francois Regis, whose mission is to faciliate the marriages of the poor. The society is almost entirely composed of magistrates, and pays attention only to those who say: "We wish to marry we have neither time or money; look up our papers, and pay for them." The office of this society is in the Latin quarter, and its managers devote themselves the researches, and the leveling of all difficulties. All nationalities, all religions are welcome. The papers are found, the expenses paid, and when all is in order, the candidates for matrimony receive their documents, a piece of gold, the wedding ring, blessed, a little advice, and a wish for prosperity. The society is positive that it has been the cause of 76,000 marriages among the poor of Paris.

"Sence de Las' 'Lection."

Brunswick (Ga.) Advertiser and Appeal.

Two damsels of off color stepped into the postoffice last Wednesday, and each put to the affable Mr. Wiggins the usual question, "Any letters fo' me?" to which came the oft-repeated answer, "No letter for you." As they passed out of the door a bystander heard one say to the other: "What de matter wid dis yer pos'office dese days? I ain't got a letter sence de las' 'lection. Dar's sumfin wrong, sho'."

The Blessings of Wealth.

Boston Transcript.

It is a blessed thing to be wealthy. A rich man can go and purchase a 50-cent chromo and hang it on his wall and tell everybody he bought it at the Morgan sale, and nobody will presume to doubt his word; but that $45,000 painting in the house of a man of moderate means would be condemned as an unmeaning daub. Therefore, my son, put money in thy purse.

During Lent.

"I'm tired of its dancing, its lancers and prancing,
Its "Tuesdays," "At Homes" and its "Five o'clock teas."
It's social romancing, its gosspi entrancing,
I sigh for the desert, to live as I please.
And now I afirm it, and time will confirm it,
I'm so tired and poor that my sins I'll repent,
And I'll be, as they term it, a pious old hermit—
The holiest man on the earth—during Lent.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE MODEL MOTHER.

Dr. Talmage Preaches an Eloquent Sermon to the Good People of St. Louis Upon Motherhood.

Plain, Unromantic Hannah, the Wife of Elkanah, the Model Mother of Ancient Times.

Her Example of Industry, Intelligence and Christianity Worthy to be Followed To-day.

The True Mother's Reward Found in Seeing Her Children Followers of Jesus Christ.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

Special to the Globe.

ST. LOUIS, March 28.—Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, preached in this city this morning on his way home from his Western trip, the twelfth of his sermons on The Marriage Ring. The eloquent preacher took for his text, 1 Samuel, ii., xix: "Moreover his mother made him a little coat and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice." The stories of Deborah and Abigail are very apt to discourage a woman's soul. She says within herself, "It is impossible that I ever can achieve any such grandeur of character, and I don't mean to try," as though a child should refuse to play the eight notes because he cannot execute a "William Tell." This Hannah of the text differs from the persons I just now named. She was an ordinary woman, with ordinary intellectual capacity, placed in the ordinary circumstances, and yet, by extraordinary piety, standing out before all the ages to come, the model Christian mother. Hannah was the wife of Elkanah, who was a person very much like herself—unromantic and plain, never having fought a battle or been the subject of a marvelous escape. Neither of them would have been called a genius. Just what you and I might be, that was Elkanah and Hannah.

THE BRIGHTEST TIME

in all the history of that family was the birth of Samuel. Although no star ran along the heavens pointing down to his birthplace, I think the angel of God stooped at the coming of so wonderful a prophet. As Samuel had been given in answer to prayer, Elkanah and all his family, save Hannah, started up to Shiloh to offer sacrifices of thanksgiving. The cradle where the child slept was altar enough for Hannah's grateful heart, but when the boy was old enough she took him to Shiloh, and took three bullocks and an ephah of flour and a bottle of wine, and made offering of sacrifice unto the Lord, and there, according to a previous vow, she left him, for there he was to stay all the days of his life and minister in the temple. Years rolled on, and every year Hannah made with her own hand a garment for Samuel and took it over to him. The lad would have got along well without that garment, for I suppose he was well clad by the ministry of the temple; but Hannah could not be contented unless she was all the time doing something for her darling boy. "Moreover his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice." Hannah stands before you, then, in the first place, as an industrious mother. There was no need for her to work. Elkanah, her husband, was far from poor. He belonged to

A DISTINGUISHED FAMILY,

for the Bible tells us that he was the son of Jeroboam, the son of Elihu, the son of John, the son of Zuph. "Who were they?" you say. I do not know; but they were distinguished people, no doubt, or their names would not have been mentioned. Hannah might have seated herself with her family, and, with folded arms and disheveled hair, read novels from year to year, if there had been any to read; but when I see her making that argument and taking it over to Samuel I know she is industrious from principle as well as from pleasure. God would not have a mother become a drudge or a slave; He would have her employ all the helps possible in this day in the rearing of her children. But Hannah ought never to be ashamed to be found making a coat for Samuel. Most mothers need no counsel in this direction. The wrinkles on their brow, the pallor on their cheek, the thimble-mark on their finger attest that they are faithful in their maternal duties. The bloom, and the brightness, and the vivacity of girlhood have given place for the grander dignity and usefulness, and industry of motherhood. But there is a heathenish idea getting abroad in some of the families of Americans; there are mothers who banish themselves from the home circle. For three-fourths of their maternal duties they prove themselves incompetent.

WHO ARE THEY?

For the most part they descended from industrious mothers who, in the old homestead, used to spin their own yarn, and weave their own carpets, and plait their own door-mats, and flag their own chairs, and do their own work. The stalwart men and the influential women of this day, ninety-nine out of a hundred of them, came from such an illustrious ancestry of hard knuckles and homespun. And who are these people in society, light as froth, blown every whither of temptation and fashion—the peddlers of filthy stories, the dancing-jacks of political parties, the scum of society, the tavern-lounging, the store-infesting, the men of low wink and filthy chuckle, and brass breastpins, and rotten associations? For the most part they come from mothers idle and disgusting—the scandalmongers of society, going from house to house, attending to everybody's business but their own, believing in witches, and ghosts, and horseshoes to keep the devil out of the churn, and by a godless life setting their children on the very verge of hell. The mothers of Samuel Johnson, and of Alfred the Great, and of Isaac Newton, and of St. Augustine, and of Richard Cecil, and of President Edwards, for the most part, were industrious, hard-working mothers. Now, while I congratulate all Christian mothers upon the wealth and the modern science which may afford them all kinds of help, let me say that every mother ought to be observant of her children's walk, her children's behavior, her children's food,

HER CHILDREN'S LOOKS,

her children's companionships. However much help Hannah may have, I think she ought every year, at least, make one garment for Samuel. The Lord have mercy on a man who is so unfortunate as to have had a lazy mother! Again, Hannah stands before you as an intelligent mother. From the way in which she talked in this chapter, and from the way she managed this boy, you know she was intelligent. There are no persons in a community who need to be so wise and well-informed as mothers. Oh! this work of culture in children for this world and the next! This child is timid, and it must be roused up and pushed out into activity. This child is forward, and he must be held back and tamed down into modesty and politeness. Rewards for one, punishment for another. That which will make George will ruin John. The rod is necessary in one case, while a frown of displeasure is more than enough in another. Whipping and a dark closet do not exhaust all the rounds of domestic discipline. There have been children who have grown up and gone to glory without ever having had their ears boxed. Oh! how much care and intelligence are necessary in the rearing of children! But in this day, when there are so many books on the subject, no parent is excusable in being ignorant of the best mode of bringing up a child. If parents knew more of dietetics there would not be so many

DYSPEPTIC STOMACHS

and weak nerves, and incompetent livers among children. If parents knew more of physiology there would not be so many curved spines, and cramped chests, and inflamed throats, and diseased lungs as there are among children. If parents knew more of art, and were in sympathy with all that is beautiful, there would not be so many children coming out in the world with boorish proclivities. If parents knew more of Christ, and practiced more of his religion, there would not be so many little feet already starting on the wrong road, and all around us voices of riot and blasphemy would not come up with such ecstasy of infernal triumph. The eaglets in the eyrie have no advantages over the eaglets of a thousand years ago; the kids have no superior way of climbing up the rocks than the old goats taught hundreds of years ago; the whelps know no more now than did the whelps of ages ago—they are taught no more by the lions of the desert: but it is a shame that in this day, when there are so many opportunities of improving ourselves in the best manner of cultivating children, that so often there is no more advancement in this respect than there has been among the kids and the eaglets and the whelps. Again, Hannah stands before you as a Christian mother. From her prayers and from the way she consecrated her boy to God, I know that she was good. A mother may have the finest culture, the most brilliant surroundings; but

SHE IS NOT FIT

for her duties unless she be a Christian mother. There may be well-read libraries in the house, and exquisite music in the parlor, and the canvas of the best artists adorning the walls, and the wardrobe be crowded with tasteful apparel, and the children be wonderful for their attainments and make the house ring with laughter and innocent mirth, but there is something woeful-looking in that house if it be not also the residence of a Christian mother. A daughter came to a wordly mother and said she was anxious about her sins, and she had been praying all night. The mother said: "Oh, stop praying! I don't believe in praying. Get over all these religious notions and I'll give you a dress that will cost $500, and you may wear it next week to that party." The daughter took the dress, and she moved in the gay circle, the gayest of all the gay, that night, and sure enough all religious impressions were gone and she stopped praying. A few months after she came to die, and in her closing moments said: "Mother, I wish you would bring me that dress that cost $500." The mother thought it a very strange request, but she brought it to please the dying child. "Now," said the daughter, "mother, hang that dress on the foot of my bed," and the dress was hung there, on the foot of the bed. Then

THE DYING GIRL

got up on one elbow and looked at her mother, and then pointed to the dress and said: "Mother, that dress is the price of my soul!" Oh, what a momentous thing it is to be a mother! Again, and lastly, Hannah stands before you the rewarded mother. For all the coats she made for Samuel, for all the prayers she offered for him, for the discipline exercised over him, she got abundant compensation in the piety, and the usefulness, and the popularity of her son Samuel; and that is true in all ages. Every mother gets full pay for all the prayers and tears in behalf of her children. That man useful in commercial life; that man prominent in a profession; that master mechanic—why, every step he takes in life has an echo of gladness in the old heart that long ago taught him to be a Christian, and earnest. The story of what you have done, or what you have written, of the influence you have exerted, has gone back to the old homestead—for there is some one always ready to carry good tidings, and that story makes the needle in the old mother's tremulous hand fly quicker, and the flail in the father's hand come down upon the barn floor with a vigorous thump. Parents love to hear good news of their children. Do you send them good news always? Look out for the young man who speaks of his father as

"THE GOVERNOR,"

the "squire," or the "old chap." Look out for the young woman who calls her mother her "maternal ancestor," or the "old woman." "The eye that mocketh at his father, and refuseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." God grant that all these parents may have the great satisfaction of seeing their children grow up Christians. But oh! the pang of that mother who, after a life of street-gadding and gossip-retailing, hanging on the children the fripperies and the follies of this world, sees those children tossed out on the seas of life like foam on the wave, or nonentities in a world where only bravery and stalwart character can stand the shock! But blessed be the mother who looks upon her children as sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Oh! the satisfaction of Hannah in seeing Samuel serving at the altar; of Mother Eunice in seeing her Timothy learned in the scriptures. That is the mother's recompense, to see children coming up useful in the world, reclaiming the lost, healing the sick, pitying the ignorant, earnest and useful in every sphere. That throws a new light back on the old family Bible whenever she reads it, and that will be

OINTMENT TO SOOTHE

the aching limbs of decrepitude, and light up the closing hours of life's day with the glories of an autumnal sunset. There she sits, the old Christian mother, ripe for heaven. Her eyesight is almost gone, but the splendors of the Celestial City kindle up her vision. The gray light of heaven's morn has struck through the gray locks which are folded back over the wrinkled temples. She stoops very much now under the burden of care she used to carry for her children. She sits at home, too old to find her way to the house of God; but while she sits there all the past comes back, and the children that forty years ago tripped around her arm-chair with their griefs, and joys, and sorrows—those children are gone now. Some caught up into a better realm, where they shall never die, and others out in the broad world, testing the excellency of a Christian mother's discipline. Her last days are full of peace; and calmer and sweeter will her spirit become, until the gates of life shall lift and let in the worn-out pilgrim into eternal springtide and youth, where the limbs never ache and the eyes never grow dim, and the staff of the exhausted and decrepit pilgrim shall become the palm of the immortal athlete.

LATE MINNEAPOLIS NEWS.

Dr. Ames Heartily Endorsed at a Meeting of Scandinavians.

"Under Election" is the title of a play presented at the Turner hall last evening by a club or a number of actors selected from among Scandinavian citizens. It drew out a large audience, and it was emphatic in its expressions of approbation from the audience. The plot of the play is founded upon the local issue and advocates and forwards the cause of Dr. Ames, upon the liberal plan. It exposed the hypocrisy of the present administration and extolled the noble qualities and proclivities of Dr. Ames. When the parade occurred on the stage in which a transparency lettered "Dr. A. A. Ames for Mayor" was displayed, the excitement and enthusiasm was so intense that the applause was perfectly deafening. At the conclusion of the play, Byron De Winton was introduced by George Horbitz. Mr. Dewinton first paid his compliments to the audience and then mentioned Dr. Ames as one of God's noblemen. This excited the most enthusiastic applause. After his glowing tribute to Dr. Ames, made in a general and off-hand way, the speaker referred to the doctor's popularity througout the entire Northwest. He made a succinct contrast of the two candidates, and extolled the particular virtue of the Democratic candidate, and exposed the vacillating character of Mr. Pillsbury. He also referred in glowing terms to the unimpeachable record made by Dr. Ames during his thirty-four years' residence in Minneapolis as a citizen as well as an office-holder. The doctor's proverbial generosity and good-nature were not forgotten, and the words of eloquence poured out to the audience were received with prolonged cheers at the close.

William Toley and Henry Heft are in durance vile, charged with the larceny of $50 worth of fishing tackle, belonging to William Morris, rooms 16 and 17, Mackey-Legg block.

Innocuous Desuetude.

"I say, ma," shouted Jimmy Tuffboy, as he rushed into the house, "are you up on dictionary words?"

"Not very much, my son. What troubles you now?"

"Nuffin much, ma, only teacher said this morning that by the way I acted she should think that your slipper had fallen into innocuous desuetude, that's all."

"There shall be no further complaint of that kind, young man. You walk upstairs."

Jimmy saw that he had made of his curiosity a decided ex ery.

MANNING'S SHOES.

Some Speculation Regarding His Successor in Office.

Chaplain Milburn Throws Light on His Recent Prayers.

Who Would Succeed Manning?

Special to the Globe.

WASHINGTON, March 28—The politicians are beginning to talk about the successor to Mr. Manning, secretary of the treasury, for it is conceded by the nearest friends of the secretary that he will probably not venture to resume the duties of the position which he now holds. It is with very sincere regret that the Democratic leaders hear of this conclusion on the part of of Mr. Manning's friends, for he has not only made a very efficient officer, but he has been regarded as the chief political adviser of the president. One cause in fact, of the ruin of Mr. Manning's health has been his close attention to the politics of the administration. He has not only endeavored to hasten the vast details of the treasury department, but he has endeavored to assist the president in solving all the difficult problems in connection with the offices in all parts of the country. The politicians have been in the habit of going to Mr. Manning before they presented the claims of their friends to the president, and in this way Mr. Manning has been made the depository of all complaints of all of the factions of all of the sections. This in addition to the responsibilities of a position which are far too onerous for any man, has broken him down. One of Mr. Manning's nearest friends says: "He is very sensitive, and when he is convinced that his

HEALTH WILL NOT PERMIT

him to resume his work he will certainly resign." A member of the Democratic national committee has made this suggestion as to the treasury succession: That Secretary Whitney should be transferred to the treasury department, that Postmaster General Vilas should be made secretary of the navy, that McDonald of Indiana should be appointed postmaster general.

"This arrangement," said he, "would give New York the treasury department and put it in that position in which the president and the party have full confidence, and it would relieve the administration of whatever embarrassment there may be in having two cabinet officers from New York; it would be a good arrangement so far as the postoffice department is concerned, to put popular old Joe McDonald there, and it would strengthen the administration."

In addition to Mr. Fairchild, who is quite generally named on account of his ability, some of the veteran political observers here say that the name of Mr. Robert McLane of Maryland, now minister to France, will be favorably considered in connection with the treasury portfolio. It may be doubted whether the health of Mr. McLane, who is very much older than Mr. Manning, and is not robust, would permit him to accept the very arduous duties, which, under the present system, are inseparably connected with the treasury department.

THE CHAPLAIN'S PRAYER.

Rev. Milburn Addresses His Supplications to the Nation.

Special to the Globe.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—The theory that prayer addressed to the Almighty is so general that the statement of a Boston paper that Edward Everett, on a certain occasion, "delivered the most eloquent prayer ever addressed to a Boston audience" has for two generations been deemed a famous jest. The celebrated prayers which Chaplain Milburn of the house of representatives delivered last week have led people to suspect that Mr. Milburn's theory of prayer was that of Edward Everett, according to the press notices he got. This suspicion is confirmed by Mr. Milburn, who in an interview explains that in praying he addresses congressmen and through them the nation at large.

When I speak as the chaplain of the house to the representatives of the people, I feel that I am addressing the nation, and am their representative. I am told by men who are in positions to be able to judge, that the South has lost since the war in wheat and cotton gambling

A BILLION OF MONEY.

One small Southern town, the editor of a newspaper tells me, has lost in the last twenty years over $10,000,000 in this way. It is such enormous evils as that I had reference to. To think that more money had been gambled away than would have been sufficient to restore the South to its former position of wealth. Then I referred also to the fact that men and women, professors of Christianity and members of the churches (and I have heard of even pastors of churches) would stake their all on the chances and mischances in Wall street. It was to these things that I drew the attention of the nation, not to the sins of any individual congressman. I have been struck by the evils existing in our time, and I think I am justified in petitioning the Almighty for their correction. I see Mr. James objected to my prayer as an incendiary speech. But I have no desire to get up and make speeches before congress, and I am more conservative than incendiary. I have not made use of the same prayer twice this season.

The Washington Territory Bill.

Special to the Globe.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—Senator Platt has the floor for to-morrow to call up his bill to admit Washington Teratory to the Union. The Democratic senators will not be so much opposed to this bill, as they were to the bill to admit Dakota, and Senator Voorhees is known to be anxious to admit Washington. But there is every reason to believe that the senate will simply waste the time it spends in discussing this bill, because the house is in no mood to admit any territories. The Democrats are not at all sure of being able to carry Washington and Montana, and they have utterly no chance in Dakota, and a Democratic house is therefore in no hurry to allow these territories to come into the Union in time to affect the election of 1888.

Talking Business in His Sleep.

Florida Times-Union.

"The cook-stove at our house," said Major Fenwick, "has been acting up ever since the freeze, and I was ordered to go to George De Cottes and have a load of mixed wood split fine and sent up. Well, you know the night we attended the lodge meeting? That was the day. I forgot all about it, and when I came home to supper the madam asked me about the chips and splinters, and I owned up that business drove it out of my head, but as I would see De Cottes that night would give the order and it would be sent up in the morning. You know we were detained at the lodge up to a late hour. Next morning at breakfast the madam told me it was 'hardly worth while worrying over the wood' in my sleep, and begged me 'not to be troubled about it.' 'In my sleep,' I said, 'why, what did I say in my sleep?' 'More than once in your dreams last night,' said she, 'you cried out, 'Here, give me another dollar's worth of chips.'"

The Train in the Tunnel.

Railway Reporter.

The train had just emerged from a tunnel, and a vinegar-faced maiden of thirty-five said to her male companion: "Tunnels are such bores." But a young lady of eighteen, who sat just in front, adjusted her hat, brushed the frizzes back and said to the young man beside her: "I think tunnels are awfully nice."

A Parisian Craze.

New York Sun.

"What's them things made of?" asked an old lady of an Italian image vender.

"Plaster of Parees, madame. Vera beautiful."

"I've heerd a good deal lately 'bout this Pasture of Paris, 'an I s'pose it's all the go. I guess I'll take them two Cupids for the settin'-room.

A Little Lame, and Started Early.

Detroit Tribune.

They were standing on the front steps and he was saying, "I could die for you" when the door opened and her father and a pair of number 12 boots came out. The young man darted for a deep shadow.

"I thought that thing said he could die for you," said the parent; "where's he gone now?"

"Well, pa, judging from the size of these boots, I guess he's gone to arrange for the funeral."