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THE ST. PAUL GLOBE

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NEW POLITICS.

American politics are passing through the transition period which comes every twenty or twenty-five years. With the passing away of old leaders and old issues the politics of a country go through a process of reformation. The political tendency is toward young men and new issues. In the older settled sections of the country, as in New England, for instance, there still lingers a disposition to venerate greatness and great names, but even there it is wearing out. Whether this tendency is for the better or for the worse remains to be seen, but that such is the drift is unmistakable. A striking illustration of it was recently exhibited in the Pennsylvania Democratic convention, when Mr. BLACK was nominated for governor over ex-Senator WALLACE. We find equally as strong evidences of it right here in Minnesota, where the old political war horses are being shelved, to be supplanted by young and unknown men. The fact that these nominations are sometimes made through machine agencies is no argument against the statement that they are mainly the result of the transition processes of our American politics. The machine is shrewd enough to observe the tendency of the times and to take advantage of it. The machine takes up the young man to pit him against the old-stager simply because it knows that it is a winning card. The veterans are just as willing as ever they were to be manipulated by the machine, but the machine doesn't want them because it can't utilize them. An example of this was seen at the Kasson convention the other day. The machine wanted to kill MILO WHITE, and if left to its own choice in the matter would have preferred Mr. DUNNELL as the instrument of its vengeance. But Mr. DUNNELL belonged to the receding political period, which is fading out of sight and for which there is no resurrection. The machine was conscious of this fact, and to its consciousness of it Mr. LOVELY owes his nomination.

With the coming of the young man into politics comes new issues and the reforming of party lines. The Pennsylvania Democrats have made a splendid start by putting a young, vigorous ticket in the field on a bold, aggressive and progressive platform. The mistake that the Minnesota Republicans have made is that they have not recognized the fact that the conditions which demand the advancement of young men also required the declaration of new principles. Instead of indulging in glittering platitudes, which are absolutely meaningless, if the Mankato and Kasson conventions had promulgated a series of principles adapted to the present and future conditions of the country, their work might have commanded public respect, and have possibly commended itself to public commendation. As it is the two conventions only demonstrated an anxiety to fall into the current without any definite idea of whither they would be drifted or where they would land. The present transitory period affords the grand opportunity for the dominant political party of the future to shape the policy upon which it is to win. That party which can most readily divest itself of the traditions of a past generation and has the foresight to discern the true conditions upon which American progress is to rest for the next quarter of a century will be the party to be carried to the front. The Republicans have proved themselves incapable of doing it. Will the Democrats be equal to the occasion and grasp the opportunity that is presented?

DECLINE OF THE CORSET.

Following the maxim that it is the unexpected which happens, that mysterious and intangible divinity, Dame Fashion, whose decrees have been more binding than those of any earthly potentate, and whose influences over the feminine portion of the world has become supreme, this despotic ruler, in all the arrogance of her power, has been pleased to experiment with the adoption of a little common sense. For many weary years she has exacted an obedience upon the part of her fair subjects, which, though sometimes unwillingly, was always implicitly given. She has, in her mad glee and maniacal ingenuity, invented particularly hideous methods of thraldom, and, laughing in her sleeve, has observed the haste with which her serfs accept the yoke she imposes and even hug the chains which bind them. But, perhaps influenced by the remorse occasioned by ages of wrong-doing and imposition, the oracle intends hereafter to make up for her past misdeeds by inserting the hitherto unknown element of wisdom and common sense in her dicta. As an evidence of her good intention she has begun by frowning upon the universal, beloved but health-destroying corset. With that leaning towards first principles and simplicity of attire which has begun to characterize her, she has observed that neither the Venus of Milo or the Venus de Medici, whose figures she has been pleased to approve, achieved their perfection through wearing the corset and she has come to the conclusion that the modern maid should not allow the ancients, all unassisted as they were by modistes and millinery, to excel her. In ball room costumes she has almost succeeded in bringing about the adoption of old-time feminine models, as they are now represented in the statuary rooms of art museums, but the corset has maintained its baneful sway, in the absence of any authoritative decree against it. It is true experience has proved and physicians have taught the deleterious influence of the grasping and encircling corset which has held all women tightly in its embrace, but these adverse opinions have been as nothing when compared with Fashion's tacit approval. Lovely woman realizes that it is her duty to be beautiful and she is not going to allow a little thing like personal inconvenience to interfere with bringing about that desirable consummation. So, while she has been told that the deadly corset was compressing her vital organs and shortening her life, as long as the resultant contour and curves were thought to fulfill the laws of beauty, she has hugged as a friend to her bosom the harmful contrivance of mistaken fashion as closely as it has clasped her. The substitute which autocratic Fashion offers for the corset which she now, strangely enough, condemns, is said to afford all the advantages, with none of the injurious effects, of the latter. In the interest of the health of modern and future women, it is to be hoped that it will meet with as ready and general acceptance as has been accorded heretofore to less meritorious decrees. But it is sadly to be feared in this one instance Fashion will meet with a rebellion which will override her authority. A habit long adopted is not done away with in a day. But it is well that a beginning has been made which may bring forth fruit in the future.

WE TOLD YOU SO.

If the GLOBE was to say that the capture of the Ramsey county delegates by the McGILL forces was a piece of sculduggery in excess of outrages perpetrated in the South during the days of carpetbagism and kukluxism, there might be those who would think that there was a taint of partisan bias in the opinion. But when the assertion comes from such truly orthodox Republican authority as the evening Republican organ in this city, then the statement must be accepted as an unqualified truth, and be taken without a single grain of salt in it. The GLOBE has had occasion to remark that the Republican party in this state was manipulated by a set of political bosses who had grown fat and insolent by feeding at the public crib, and that the only way to relax their grasp was to overthrow the Republican party. We are all the more gratified to have our judgment backed by such eminent authority as our evening contemporary. The Republican party in Minnesota is controlled by the state house gang. In fact, the state House gang virtually constitutes the Republican party in this state. The Dispatch says "they are barnacles who have abused the trusts reposed in them and have employed the time paid for by the state to rob the people of their rights." It says of the proceedings and results of the Republican county convention held in this city yesterday, and of the Republican primaries which preceded the convention, that it was "a plot of the state house gang—a plot which in audacity and disregard of the spirit of fairness and of popular rights, equals anything ever attempted by the Southern bulldozers." Our contemporary calls upon the Republican voters of the state to rise in revolt against such high-handed measures. That is right. It is just what the GLOBE has has been advising them to do. They have been sending officials to the state capitol "to engage in the dirty business of caucus packing and delegate stealing" long enough. It is time to turn the whole gang out of office and put honest Democratic officials in their place. The GLOBE welcomes its Republican contemporary into the ranks of the reformers. If the Dispatch will now stick to its text, roll up its sleeves and come to the aid of the GLOBE in relaxing the hold that the barnacles have upon the ship of state it will do a good work and will go a long ways toward atoning for its past sins in helping to fasten the barnacles on the vessel. The lamp still holds out to burn and there is still time for repentance.

A FORECAST FULFILLED.

The GLOBE claims to be something of a prophet. Some months ago, in reviewing Pennsylvania's politics, we laid down the proposition that the administration at Washington had its eyes turned to the future political status of Pennsylvania, and that the proper machinery would be set in motion to carry the election there this fall; that in pursuance of this not expressed program the candidate to be selected for governor would be Hon. CHAUNCEY F. BLACK. Time has rolled on, the convention has been held and although the field was hotly contested by the respective friends of Senator WALLACE and Ex-Gov. CURTIN, our prophetic candidate, BLACK, easily stood the chief, and is to-day the gallant standard-bearer of the aggressive Democracy.

We congratulate our far-away friends on this wise selection. We know Gov. BLACK through and through, and regard him intellectually as one of the ablest men in the country. He comes of good blood politically, for the name of his father, JEREMIAH S. BLACK, now gone to rest, is the name that is above every name in the annals of the Keystone state, whilst it is everywhere cherished by Democrats with a love that will never grow cold. In some counties in the state Gov. BLACK will hardly know an opponent, for the people of all parties will unite in his promotion. He is, besides, an organizer after the manner of Mr. TILDEN. He believes much in the power of the pen, and he handles it with the grace of the artist and the power of the skillful wielder of the broadsword. Minnesota looks with untiring interest on the efforts to redeem from Republican thraldom the state of Pennsylvania. We want that redemption thorough. We want tariff reform, so that our hardworking farmers shall no longer be at the mercy of the iron monopolies of the East. We look to that state for a broad and advanced ground upon the great questions of labor. The Democrats of Minnesota will gladly respond to all such efforts, and the result in both states will, we believe, be a great victory for the Democracy.

THE PRICE OF FAME.

Fame has its drawbacks. That must be the way HENRY IRVING, the English actor, looks at it. Mr. IRVING is an actor of great celebrity, and when he was in this country enjoyed a great deal of notoriety. One result of his fame was that every playwriter was anxious to have a word of commendation from the greatest of English actors. Just a line from him in praise of a play would be money in the author's pocket. Accordingly Mr. IRVING had the manuscript of new plays piled in upon him by the cart-load for his examination, with the hope that he might detect some merit in them and give the authors the benefit of a favorable criticism. Of course Mr. IRVING didn't read any of them. He had no time for such foolishness. There was one playwriter, an Englishman, who makes his home in New York, who sent in his manuscript with the others. And with the others it found its way into Mr. IRVING's waste basket. Now the author claims damages from Mr. IRVING to the amount of $1,500 for the loss of his manuscript and has entered suit against him. Mr. IRVING will learn after awhile that playwriters have some rights which actors are bound to respect, and he will also learn that men sometimes pay dearly for their fame.

A WASTE OF SENTIMENT.

The nature of woman disposes her to the possession and demonstration of affection to a greater degree than her masculine brethren, but this trait has assumed a phase at Eastern summer resorts which cannot be otherwise than strongly condemned. It seems, whether from a lack of masculine visitors or a lack of appreciation on the part of those specimens which have presented themselves, the young women have been thrown upon their own resources for the development of those sentimental attentions and episodes which are supposed to be part and parcel of every well equipped summer resort and without which an outing by the seaside or in the mountains becomes, viewed from the so-called summer girls' standpoint, a barren waste of time. The young women, therefore, recognizing the necessity of preparation for the winter social campaign have, in default of anything better, concluded to fall in love with each other and have done so with a vim. No resort is without its devoted couple, and perhaps several of them, one member of each pair plying the other with all those loverlike attentions supposed to be the peculiar province of the other sex, much to the amusement of the casual visitor and the disgust of the few stray men, who find, like OTHELLO, their occupation gone and themselves totally neglected in the new dispensation of things. All this is, of course, very wrong. It is each woman's mission to make some man happy, and she should not thus squander her wealth of affection upon her own sex, incapable of the proper responsiveness, lest in time of need, when she draws upon it, she should find herself bankrupt. If in the tremendous preponderance of women over men in the East they find their opportunities curtailed, or if such available young men as do exist are indisposed to appreciate their manifold charms, let the feminine visitors to Eastern summer resorts come next season to Western watering places, where the preponderance is on the masculine side, and all young men are gallant. Come West, young woman, come West, and be appreciated.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The McGILL pole, being the longest, knocked the Ramsey county persimmons yesterday. The convention was a very tame affair. McGILL had mopped the earth with GILMAN in the primaries and there was no standing room for the latter in the convention. The short cut that the county executive committee took on GILMAN in calling the convention before he had time to get his wires laid exploded the little GILMAN boom which had been started in Ramsey county. It died a bornin', so to speak. It strangled to death in the arms of its nurse, and now Farmer GILMAN regrets the folly of investing in a organ. Hereafter when Farmer GILMAN makes a trade for an organ he will be apt to get one that can chew all it bites off.

USELESS VINDICTIVENESS.

Some evil-minded person at Albert Lea who holds spite against Mr. JOHN A. LOVELY was so incensed at Mr. LOVELY's nomination at Kasson that he gratified his revengeful spirit by cutting off the tail of Mr. LOVELY's cow the night after the election. If the perpetrator of the fiendish act had stopped to reflect a moment he would have seen how superfluous his work was. When MILO WHITE was defeated on the oleomargarine issue the tail of every cow in Minnesota was cut off. Mr. LOVELY is the candidate of the cow-tail cutters.

THE MINNETONKA DISASTER.

The treacherous waves of Minnetonka engulfed another batch of victims yesterday. If visitors to the lakes would keep in mind that a ninety-degree temperature in Minnesota means a wind and rain storm there would be fewer lives lost by venturing out on the lakes during an excessively hot day. The better the day the more tempting it is to go out upon the lake, but it should also be remembered that the hotter the day the more danger there is.

THERE has been another eruption of O'DONOVAN ROSSA, and the entire city of New York is in danger of being buried beneath the flood of fire and brimstone that is flowing from his seven-by-nine crater. The steps taken by the Irish convention didn't suit him, and he proposes to march on England single-handed and bore a two-inch hole in her. Just when O'DONOVAN will start out has not been announced, but he will probably wait until he has devised some way of walking on the water.

E. P. PARSONS is the best-looking man in the bouquet of Chicago bomb-throwers who have been sentenced to go upon an exploring expedition into eternity with a rope tied to them. He bears no resemblance to the average long, green anarchist, but his smart mustache, dainty goatee and clear-cut features give him the appearance of a Dakota poker player. It will be a rebuke to the fine arts to shroud his handsome features inside a black cap just prior to the dislocation of his spinal column.

A ST. LOUIS physician has discovered an infallible preventative of lock-jaw. It is chewing gum. When the first symptoms of the disease make their appearance the patient's mouth is forced full of chewing gum and his or her jaw set in motion. In the case of a woman when the jaw is once started it does not stop until the gum is played out. The doctors say that this is the only thing that will cause a good, thirty-eight-caliber lock-jaw to turn pale and sneak into the alley.

LITTLE JUANITA, the daughter of JOAQUIN MILLER, is creating a sensation in the Catskills by her extraordinary recitations. Baby JUANITA's popularity is chiefly due to the fact that she has never attempted to fire a wad of her father's poetry at the Catskill community.

PINKERTON detectives watch the body of W. H. VANDERBILT day and night. These New York people seem to have the idea that the old fellow will creep out of his tomb and raise the freight rates on west-bound roads unless they put the detectives onto him.

THE incoming trains from the chicken-shooting grounds and the Northwestern summer resorts are crowded with all sorts and conditions of men. A famous burlesque troupe has come to town.

IT IS a mistake to suppose that the state fair is going to be any less attractive this season. On the contrary, visitors to the Exposition who do not take it in will find their trip far from complete.

FARMER GILMAN isn't saying much publicly, but it is said that a distinctly sulphurous odor will attach for days to the room he retired to when he heard the result of the Ramsey county primaries.

NOMINEE LOVELY's delegates might exhibit their nerve and staying qualities at the Exposition for the benefit of weak-kneed delegates to a convention soon to take place in the Fourth district.

IT HAS gone out that several society ladies of Minneapolis are studying the Mexican language so that they will be able to interpret the music of the Mexican band at the Exposition.

THE president is evidently great friends with the correspondent who telegraphs the results of his fishing, but the latter should remember he has an immortal soul.

NOMINEE LOVELY ought to attend every service in his church to-day and Ex-Congressman WHITE might feel better if he followed the former's example.

THE only thing that remains to be done is for the Exposition stockholders and directors to be particularly fervent in their petition to-day.

WITH St. Paul's most famous orator to speak a good word for it at the opening, the Exposition can hardly fail to be a success.

In Sad Company.

Fergus Falls Journal.

After an absence of six weeks Rathbun's Pelican Rapids Times comes to hand, devoting its entire space to advocating C. A. Gilman's nomination. This will make company for the Battle Lake Review, which has been decidedly lonesome since it betrayed its mission. We regret to see our old friend Rothbun forced into such company, but probably he goes on the principle that to be for Gilman is better than not to be at all.

MIDST THE MADDING THRONG.

Do you know any opening this side of the grave?" asked an impecunious and wretched-looking individual, in search of financial assistance, of a well-dressed traveler on his way to the depot.

"Do you happen to know of such an opening?" continued the applicant, "where an honest laboring man can get in?"

"Have you looked about for such an opening?" asked the traveler.

"That I have," responded the alms-asker.

"And can't find any opening?"

"Not a single one."

"Well," replied the traveler, "judging by your appearance, I think I saw the opening that you want."

"What was it?"

"The manhole to a sewer."

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James Goodhue and John W. Cathcart are two friends in St. Paul, who are well known in the legal profession and in the community generally. They have resided hereabouts for many years and, by abstaining from politics and attending strictly to the bar, have amassed a comfortable fortune, which they enjoy in their own peculiar way.

Not connected in a business way, they nevertheless have been associates in the trial of different cases, and success has usually attended a combination of their efforts. When opposed to each it has a toss-up as to the winning side.

These potent facts were under discussion by them one very hot day not long ago. They agreed perfectly that together they constituted a hard team to whip, and when on opposite sides of the same case that each side was ably represented. They discussed the weather. There was a unanimity of opinion that it was warm even unto sultryness. One advanced the argument that it would be a good move to visit White Bear lake and toy with the riplets upon the shore, the other indorsed it as being in conformity with good law and common sense.

And to the lake they went.

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Far from the the throng they went on arriving at the station, and betook themselves to a secluded portion of the shore, where the foliage of the overhanging trees shaded the surface of the water and made it most inviting to the travel-stained idlers.

Cathcart suggested the propriety of going in bathing. Goodhue did not resist the motion, so it was decided that they should enter the water forthwith.

Cathcart disrobed and was soon splashing about in the water. Goodhue began this disrobing process, but, wearied by the heat and the journey, fell asleep on the bank. He slept while his companion churned the water, in his efforts to float, like a stern-wheel steamboat. Cathcart, at last, became fatigued with his unusual exertions and decided to come out. He noticed his friend asleep as he came out of the water, and thought it would be a good idea to frighten him. So without replacing his clothes, which were left on the bank close to the sleeping man, Cathcart put on a duster belonging to Goodhue and walked up the shore some distance to a deserted house. Here he entered and, throwing himself down on the floor, was soon fast asleep.

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A fisherman chanced along the shore. He saw the sleeping Goodhue and the clothes of the invisible Cathcart. It flashed through his mind that some sensational drowning had occurred. He aroused the sleeper and asked him what had become of his companion, whose clothes were on the shore.

"Cathcart is drowned," exclaimed the thoroughly frightened Goodhue as, rubbing his eyes, he took in the situation and concluded that Cathcart had gone in and, taken with cramps or the result of some other incident, was there at the bottom of the lake.

"Did you see him drown?" asked the fisherman, who, pole in hand, was preparing to poke around for the body.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Goodhue. "I did not see him drown. What shall I do?"

"I'll go and get some men and grappling irons," said the fisherman, "and we'll drag the lake for his body. That's all you can do."

Soon the fishermen and several residents of that portion of the lake returned, fully prepared to drag the lake for the remains of the supposed unfortunate man. As they began their work, Goodhue walked up and down the shore, saying, "My God, how can I ever tell his family; why did we ever come out here anyway? His poor mother! How can I tell her?"

"'Taint no use," said the fisherman after the dragging had been going on for some half an hour or so. "We can't get him this way. Just wait till we drag the cannon down here. Firing over the water will raise 'em every time."

In the course of time the cannon was brought and with it came a gathering of men and boys on the lookout for some excitement even if it was nothing more than the finding of a dead body. The cannon was fired. It aroused the sleeping Cathcart. He came forth clad in his linen duster. He failed to comprehend the situation. The members of the crowd mistook him for a fellow curiosity seeker.

"He's the deadest cuss I ever saw," said the old fisherman as the reverberation of the explosion died away, and no signs of the remains appeared on the surface of the lake.

"How can I tell his family?" wildly exclaimed Goodhue as he paced up and down, having Cathcart's clothes under his arm.

"What in the devil are you doing with my clothes?" asked Cathcart as he walked down into the little gathering and appropriated his own.

Cathcart dressed himself, while the fisherman and his followers hauled the cannon back to its accustomed place. They likewise carried with them the grappling hook and poles. Goodhue sat down and pondered. He was speechless.

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Eighteen years have made marked changes in the life and fortunes of Archibald Guthrie, the division superintendent of the Manitoba railroad. His success illustrates the possibilities of this great Northwest, and shows how worth and industry will win without friends or influence.

"The first time I ever saw Guthrie," said a railroad man to me, "was eighteen years ago this coming fall. It was at Sauk Center. I used to run in there then. One night, at the little hotel, the station agent and me and another fellow wanted to play a game of seven-up for the oysters. We wanted a fourth hand. Sitting in the hotel was a young feller with blue overalls. We asked him to play. He said he couldn't afford to lose, and and so could not play. The station agent asked him if he was out of work, and he said he was. The upshot of the talk was that if he would play the agent would give him something to do in the morning. We played, and the station agent and young feller got away with us. We had the oysters.

"The next morning he came down to the station. The station agent wasn't so set about giving him a place as he was the night before. The young feller said as how he wanted to go down to Minneapolis and get some money what was owing him for working in the mills. The agent, thought as how he could get out of giving him a place, said he could go to work then or not at all. He took off his coat and went to work, did this young feller. Not long after that the brakeman on my train was killed this side of Sauk Centre. I thought of that seven-up player and didn't have any brakeman till we got there. He went right on and soon he began to climb up. From a brakeman he became a conductor and now he is a division superintendent. It just shows what a little thing like a game of seven-up will do for the right kind of a man. Without that chance he might never have been known, and to-day would have been working along the track instead of being the division superintendent of one of the biggest roads in the Northwest.

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"Going to the circus, Bill?" asked a boy of his companion as the two stood in front of a stand of show bills and gazed with open-eyed wonder at the pictorial scenes within the sawdust arena.

"No," replied Bill; "I wish I could. I went to the last one."

"Out of dust?"

"That's what. I sold the cistern chain for the last one, and I can't find no more cisterns. I guess I'll have to stay at home."

THE ONLOOKER.

Let Gilman Explain.

Dakota County Tribune.

C. A. Gilman denies vigorously that he is the railroad candidate for governor; but if he is not, will he kindly point out who is? Or does he imagine the people simple enough to believe that the railroad magnates are taking no hand in the campaign?

SCENES IN THE CITY.

How an Artist Turns an Honest Dime or Two by Drawing Silhouettes.

He Gets a Crowd About Him and Selects His Victim—The Proceedings.

The Ice Man and His Infantile Following—Remembering a Sick Little Child.

Roxy and Her Lover Just In From the Farm to See the Circus.

THE STREET ARTIST.

An easel of primitive make and design stands in the hallway of a building on Third street. The easel holds a square drawing-board upon which is tacked a square piece of white card board. The card board contains numerous silhouettes of different faces. Some of the black and white outline drawings represent old people, others delineate the profiles of young persons and others show the facial outlines of children's faces. In front of the easel stands a man with a crayon in hand. He is surrounded by a motley gathering of men and boys who have been attracted by the novel street exhibition.

"Who is the next lucky man?" asks the man with the crayon in his hand. "Who is the man to have his picture taken?"

No one replies. The crowd increases in numbers as the artist begins his talk. It includes a very tall and a very young man, who bears with him evidence of having recently come from a farm. He is pressed forward and attracts the attention of the artist. The latter singles him out and continues his talk.

"What's the matter with my taking your picture?" queries the man as he toys with the crayon and moves it up and down between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand. "It will be a nice thing to send to the old folks at home, or nicer yet to present to some of the young folks."

"How much is it?" asks the tall victim.

"Ten cents," replied the artist, "and you never will get it cheaper. That's right, come right up here and stand with your sideface to me—a little bit that way; that's it, now it wont be a second till I have you in black and white."

The artist dashes along the cardboard with his black crayon, while the tall young man looking as serious as becomes a man with intentions on having his picture taken then and there. His profile is in the direction of the artist while his face is turned toward the crowd, which, largely augmented, stands on the sidewalk and watches the proceedings with evident interest and some surprise.

"Don't yer move, young feller," exclaimed a member of the crowd, "or yer picter will be spoilt. That's it, look a leetle pleasant."

"Don't open your mouth so wide," remarked another, "or there won't be anything else in the picture."

"There you are," said the artist, as he put the finishing touches on the silhouette, "and a fair likeness it is, too, if I do say it myself."

The tall young man paid his money and took his outline drawing and examined it carefully. Others assisted him in the examination, and many comments, kind and otherwise, were passed thereon. At last the inspection ended and the original and his picture disappeared. As he did so, the artist began his crusade for another subject.

THE ICE MAN.

Two heavy iron-gray horses, attached to a heavy ice wagon, zig-zag along the street. First on one side and then on the other they saunter along, the racket of the heavy, rumbling wagon on the paved street, attracting no end of chaldren. The man in charge of the wagon, a burly and surly looking individual, follows on behind. He carries a huge pair of tongs, and occasionally yells at the horses as, having deposited a small piece of ice on the sidewalk where the sun's rays have full sweep at it, he is in a hurry to get to the residence of the next customer.

"Halloo, Bill," is the salutation of a small boy who, hearing the noise of the passing vehicle, comes out and trots along with the ice man.

"Furst rate," responds the burly, surly man, his face lighting up. "Where's yer pardner?"

"Oh! You mean that boy that was with me yesterday?"

"Of course. Where's he to-day?"

"He fell off his barn and broke his leg last night. He's purty sick, I tell you."

"Is that thrue?"

"Cross my heart and pon my sacred honor;"

"Well! Well! that's too bad, so it is. But here, you take this piece of ice; it's big enough for both of you and give half of it to your sick pardner. Tell him Bill sent it to them will yer?"

Suiting the action to the word he took out a big piece of ice and handed it to his youthful friend. As the boy, carrying the ice first on one hand and then on the other, disappeared from sight, a little girl came running along the pavement.

"Say, Mister Bill" she said, "will you give me a piece of ice?"

"Certain, me little lady," gallantly replies the ice man. And he gives a chunk of ice as requested. Down the street he goes talking to the children, and being addressed by them.

"Kids are all alike" he says, referring to his children acquaintances, "and they all is gone on the ice man. I know what it is, for I was a kid, an' used to foller the wagon all around to get a piece of ice. Somehow it never seemed so good at home, as to get a chunk out of the wagon. I remember how they had a cross ice man an' we kids was afraid of him. He was a terror, he was, an' he just spoilt lots of fun for me and the other kids. I just made up my mind if I ever got to be a man I'd run an ice wagon, an' no kid should ever be afraid of me. Kids are great, they are, an' if they take it into their heads to make it unpleasant, they kin do it. All right, Sam, jump in the wagon an' get what you want."

SEEING THE CIRCUS.

Roxy and her lover are in the city. They have come to see the circus and everything else that is visible within the corporate limits. No one has any difficulty in telling Roxy and her companion on sight, no matter if she has never been introduced or described. She is right from the farm and she shows it in her carriage, in the way she looks at the most trivial object, and in her whole appearance. Her companion is from an adjacent farm. That fact is also apparent from his general make-up. That they are acquainted is evident from the way they go along, handin hand. They are afraid of getting separated or lost in the never-ending procession of pedestrians, and are constantly on the lookout for the circus parade.

Roxy is dressed in white. Her red hands and red face do not appear less red by contrast with her white garment. Her dress is simplicity itself, save that a blue ribbon encircles her waist and serves as a belt, and a second ribbon of red officiates as a collar. Her straw hat has ribbon ornaments. In her disengaged hand she carries a black, well-used parasol. Her feet, visible at times from beneath the folds of the white dress, are clad in brogans, dusty and red with age. They are superficially filled with creases, showing plainly that they do not fit her. She does not know it, however, and is happy in her ignorance. On the farm Roxy is quite a belle and in a small way makes and unmakes the fashions.

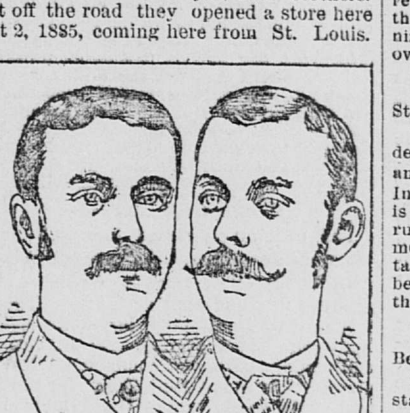
Her companion has on boots—boots are carefully laid away for Sundays and for excursions to the city. They are heavy boots, but by contrast with his everyday working pair they seem fine to him and he is perfectly satisfied. His clothes of broadcloth hang upon his tall, ungainly figure without any attempt at perfect fit. They have been folded up and kept on a shelf, for they show the folds. He considers them pretty fine, and is not the least ashamed of his store clothes. He knows they are about as good as anybody wears in his school district and is, therefore, quite impressed with his own appearance. His wilted shirt collar has a black necktie encircling it, and his blonde, chopped off hair is partially covered by a black slouch hat. In his left hand, for his right is busily engaged in holding Roxy's, he has a red handkerchief, which he waves in the air as he goes marching along.

A popcorn man meets them, and stops forthwith to effect a sale. The dicker is successful, and soon Roxy and her lover are enjoying the red and white puffed-up kernels of corn. They wander about through the hottest part of the day, and finally saunter over to the circus grounds and await the opening of the tents for the afternoon performance. The circus men all know them, for they meet their counterparts in nearly every city. The circus performance is under way. Roxy and her lover are there. They are on the top seat, and it is hard to tell which they enjoy the more, the entertainments afforded in the rings or the peanuts and red lemonade. The performance is over, and Roxy and her lover are in the crowd. They disappear hand in hand, on their way back to the farm.

TYPES OF TRADERS.

Two Wide-Awake Commercials Who Traveled From the Grip to the Counter and Cash-Box.

There are two young men in this city engaged in a flourishing mercantile trade who illustrate in their lives the possibility of self-expansion and self-reliance that is in the way of every knight of the grip. Both were wide-awake commercials on the road, and both are enterprising merchants now, doing business on a broad plan. These are A. T. and W. A. Goyer, two brothers. Just off the road they opened a store here Sept 2, 1885, coming here from St. Louis.



A. T. Goyer did Kansas for Orr & Lindsley in the boot and shoe trade. He started out with the grip when only 17 years of age, traversing Tennessee and Kentucky for a St. Louis wholesale clothing house. He got his knowledge of the gents' furnishing trade from Wilson Bros. & Boyd, and he left them only to become the manager of the Black Hills business of George Hearst, a San Francisco millionaire. Mr. Hearst made him his sole buyer, and put confidence enough in him to let him go and purchase $20,000 worth of goods at a time. As an instance of his determination to "get there," once when he was traveling through Kansas, he had barely time to catch a leaving train. Seizing his strings of boots and shoes, he slung them over his shoulder and ran for all he was worth, catching the train and leaving a discomfitted rival behind. He looked over the situation in St. Paul in May, 1885, and was soon getting his plans laid for business "on his own hook" and future greatness. Last Monday he left for the East to purchase his fall and winter stock.

W. A. Goyer has an unbroken business record. Nov. 12, 1869, he engaged with John W. Hickinson & Co., wholesale fancy dry goods, of St. Louis. Commencing as entry clerk, in four years he was made cashier. When he went there, Mr. Hickinson asked:

"Goyer, do you think you can make out a bill?"

"I guess so," responded the youth; and this self-confidence has always been a prominent characteristic in him. He occupied the important responsible positions of cashier, bookkeeper and confidential clerk before he left this firm. For five years he was with Dodd, Brown & Co., at that time the largest wholesale house in the West. One day a traveling man met with an accident and was disabled. Mr. Dodd asked Goyer if he would go out on the road. "Yes, I will," responded the clerk with alacrity, and he went, taking in forty-one orders in sixteen days. When traveling for Ely, Janis & Co. he fastened on the idea of doing exclusively cash business. He was with them until July 1, 1885, and on Aug. 1 he with his brother had their present gents' furnishing plant located on Third street in this city which they opened a month later.

W. A. Goyer in company with a rival salesman was on the cars en route to Lebanon, Ill., when his competitor said:

"I have a customer in Lebanon, and I am going to get from him an order for $1,200 worth."

Goyer never said a word. He simply made an excuse and went into the baggage car, where he wrote a letter to this Lebanon merchant, asking him to look over his samples before purchasing of S——, and see which could do the best with him. The letter was dropped into the mail car and reached the prospective customer before the rival commercial traveler got his trunks off the train. S—— had his samples all open in the mercant's store soon, but the merchant put him off until it became monotonous. Goyer had seen him and told him he would show him his goods in the evening when he had leisure. Train time came and the rival had to go. He was trying to keep track of Goyer with eagle eyes, and was surprised to not find him at the depot. He must go on, however, without his friend, whom he had doubtless taken for a "chump." As the train steamed out of the depot with him on board minus his anticipated order, Goyer was quietly writing down descriptions of goods not to exceed $1,200 worth for his Lebanon newly-made customer.

Should Be Reappointed.

St. Cloud Times.

We trust that President Cleveland will examine into the circumstances connected with the appointment of Dr. Guernon as collector of customs and his rejection by the Senate. If the president will do this, we believe that his well known spirit of fairness and honesty of purpose will lead him to reappoint the rejected collector.

Worthy Any Honor.

Morris Tribune.

Hon. George L. Becker is receiving a decided boom for the Democratic nomination for governor. Gen. Becker is a man of ability and honesty and is worthy of any honor his party is able to bestow upon him.

TELL ME, YE WINGED WINDS.

"Tell me, ye winged winds,
That fan me as I walk,
Know ye some blissful spot
Where candidates ne'er talk?
Some rich and balmy isle,
Some green, Elysian dell
Where silence doth beguile
And cast a mystic spell?"
The sad wind listened unto Colonel Quay,
And sobbed for pity as it murmured, "Nay."

"Tell me, thou ocean old,
Whose finny tribe I snare,
Know'st thou a quiet fold
Where silence fills the air?
Where Beaver's lips might latch
In stillness snug and warm,
And Hero Norris catch
The lockjaw in mild form?"
The billows, pausing in their mighty play,
Roared loud in sympathy and answered,
"Nay."

"And thou, oh! orb of night,
Who standest aye on guard,
Provoking canine spite,
But gladd'ning love-sick bards,
In all thy long career,
With countless epochs fraught,
Hast thou not found a sphere
Where candidates say naught?"
The moon let fall a melancholy ray,
And whispered plaintively, "Dear colonel,
Nay."

"Then shout, each campaign club,
Sing, yell and make thinks hum,
And beat a rub-a-dub,
Bring forth the fife and drum,
Whene'er a candidate
About to speak appears
Don't for a moment wait,
But rend the air with cheers."
Wind, sea and moon breathed low their satisfaction,
And Fortune chuckled, "That's the line of action."

MINNESOTA POLITICS.

The Political Situation as Viewed Through the Editorial Spectacles of the State Press.

Evenly Divided Opinion as to Whether Gilman or McGill Holds the Whip Hand.

General Drift of Republican Sentiment Toward Hon. C. K. Davis for Senator.

Amateur Farmers.

Atkin Age.

Charles A. Gilman and J. J. Hill are a fine pair of farmers, and would make a splendid ticket for the alliance to support. Such nice men, you know, and so certain to look after the farmers' interests.

A Sure Candidate.

Dodge County Republican.

Ex-Gov. C. K. Davis is a probable candidate for United States senator, to succeed Senator McMillan. He is a brilliant and profound man, and would fill the position with credit to himself and honor to the state.

Has Many Friends.

Rock County Herald.

There is no mistaking the fact that ex-Gov. Davis is, and has been for years, the choice of Southwestern Minnesota for United States senator. His reputation as an orator is national, and he is recognized as one of the most brilliant men in the country. No man in the state could give to Minnesota higher rank in respect to its representation in the senate than Mr. Davis. This fact is generally recognized, and if the influence of "boodle" can be overcome he will undoubtedly be elected.

Time for Independence.

St. James Journal.

"This is a good year for voters of every denomination" to cut loose from party ties and administer a rebuke to machine politics. In Minnesota the Republican party machinery is in the hands of a few politicians, who are running it to a cut-and-dried program. The men who cast the ballots are not consulted or taken into consideration at all. A ticket will be made up for them, and it is expected that they will swallow it, hoofs, horns and all.

Stands a Good Show.

Benson Times.

Hon. B. B. Herbert of Red Wing, who stands first in the race for the Republican nomination in this congressional district, was in town Thursday week, feeling the pulse in this part of the political vineyard, and inquiring after the crops. Mr. Herbert is one of the best men in the state, and, we think, stands an excellent show to be nominated, and if he is his election scarcely admits of a doubt. Unless we are much mistaken as to the feeling of the people, Swift county will be found doing her best in his behalf.

A Current Report.

Glencoe Register.

It is currently reported that the officers of the State Farmers' alliance have sold that organization to Gilman. It remains to be seen if they have ability to deliver the goods.

Praise for the Chevalier.

Benton Topic.

McGill is a man whose very name is identified with the cream of the public movement of this state. He is the editor of a prominent paper, through the medium of which he has labored, not for his party alone, not for clique, but for the people at large. By a union of the various constituencies he can easily be elected.

Could be Happy With Either.

Montevideo Leader.

The Leader has a warm personal regard for both Capt. Reed and Editor Herbert and feels confident that with either one of them in congress, the Third district would be ably and faithfully represented. It has not come out for either one of them, as against the other, but it is certainly prepared to say that it prefers either one of them to any other candidate that has been mentioned, and hopes that whichever one may get the delegates from this county the other will be their second choice.

Booming Lind's Lieutenant.

Slayton Gazette.

The outlook for Col. Bobletor of New Ulm, candidate for state treasurer, is very promising. There is no earthly reason why Mr. Bobleter should not receive the unanimous support of the Second congressional district. He is in every way qualified for that responsible position.

In Place of Judge Wilson.

Houston Valley Signal.

Judge Wilson has positively declined. Now for Capt. W. H. Harries of Caledonia for congress. If the captain is nominated he will carry the district by a large majority. Democrats, arouse! Here's a chance. Hurrah for Harries and victory!

The Coming Man.

Sauk Center Herald.

Hon. John L. Gibbs says that any convention slate upon which his name is not written in bold face caps will be found to be a delusion and a snare. He is satisfied with his prospects, he says, and, of course he would not be unless he was convinced of his success. Can either of the other candidates say as much? Verily the coming man must be Mr. Gibbs.

Too Late in the Day.

Glencoe Register.

Ex-United States Marshal Denny of Carver has finally announced himself as a candidate for congress. Mr. Denny has many warm friends in the district, and if he had stepped into the field earlier he might have made it warm for the other fellows, but now his only hope would seem to be a dead-lock between Herbert and Reed or same other contingency of the kind arising. In such a case, while Mr. Denny would not be exactly the "dark horse," he may become the next thing to it and possibly ride in ahead. One never can tell until after the election just what is to happen.

Will Contest His Claims.

Lanesboro Journal.

The friends of McGill and Gibbs by no means concede the claims recently made by Gilman and they are waking up to business—in fact a large share of Minnesota voters were not in St. Paul last week, so all estimates and figures need to be taken with allowances for what those who staid at home may say.

A Possible Nominee.

Herman Herald.

Gen. George L. Becker of the board of railroad and warehouse commissioners will probably be the Democratic nominee for governor. He is the only member of the board in whom the people up this way have any confidence and should Gilman be the Republican nominee, Becker's vote would far exceed the Democratic strength.

The Poor Man's Champion.

Litchfield News-Ledger.

It will be a hard blow for railroad and other corporations to see C. K. Davis go to the senate. He has for a number of years been the poor man's champion in claims against corporations.

A Spontaneous Boom.

Elk River Star News.

Cush Davis' boom for United States senator is spontaneous and not worked up. Even Democrats think he would honor the state in the senate.

Nothing But Aspirations.

Perham Bulletin.

Henry A. Castle of St. Paul has announced himself as a Republican candidate for lieutenant governor. He should aspire for something higher, as aspirations is all that the Republican party will have this season; the Democrats will get there.

Why Gilman is Elated.

Chaska Herald.

It is said that Gilman feels highly elated over the date fixed for the Republican state convention, the other candidates being favorable to an early convention. Gilman is said to be gaining ground in southern Minnesota, having already carried Houston county. He is a tireless worker, and his opponents will have to rustle themselves if they expect to defeat him.

How It Looks.

Hutchinson Leader.

It looks as if Capt. A. H. Reed would succeed Strait as representative from this district.

One Editor's Choice.

Atwater Press.

A. H. Reed the one-armed veteran of Glencoe, is our choice for representative to succeed Major Strait.