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LEWIS BAKER.

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WHEAT SPECULATORS' DYNASTY

With McGILL at the head of the ticket and PILLSBURY at the head of the campaign committee the Republican party is not particularly enticing to the farmers of Minnesota. The farmers of the state have been crushed into the earth by the manipulations of the grain speculators. The grain dealers and elevator people picked on McGILL as their favorite candidate for the Republican nomination and in conjunction with the state house ring succeeded in nominating him. Feeling that they had more at stake in his election than any other class of citizens they then picked upon the Chief Mogul of the wheat ring and put him at the head of the campaign committee. With McGILL and PILLSBURY in control of the Republican party there would be a mighty poor show for the farmer under another Republican administration.

THE STATE HOUSE RING.

Eighteen years' service on the clerical force at the state house has served to identify A. R. McGILL with the state house ring about as thoroughly as a man could be identified with anything. He is a part of the ring, has been one of its most active workers, and is to-day its candidate. There are some things in connection with the management of state affairs which the state house gang evidently want to keep concealed from the public eye. So pronounced is the anxiety of the state house ring to keep its skeleton shut up in its own closet that it is not willing that any member of its own party who is not identified with the ring shall occupy the governor's chair, lest its secret might be discovered. In its twenty-seven years' uninterrupted possession of the state house the ring has had opportunity to cover up a great many crooked things and to prevent them from being exposed to the light of day. The people are curious to know what secrets lie hidden among the musty records of the state house and have determined upon a change of administration. Thousands of honest Republicans who hold that the welfare of the state is of higher consideration than mere party success have united in the movement to overthrow the ring dynasty. They feel that it is time there should be an overhauling of the books and a balancing of accounts. They know that there can be no risk in giving the Democrats control of the state government for one term, while there may be a great deal of danger in perpetuating the rule of the state house oligarchy. If there has been no crookedness, it will not hurt anything to have the fact demonstrated by turning the books over for examination to the opposition party. If there has been crookedness, it is time that the opposition had the opportunity to show it up and put an end to it. That is just the way in which all intelligent, fair-minded people of the state look at the political situation.

Are there any facts upon which to base a suspicion that there might have been crooked practices during the twenty-seven years of ring rule at the state house? This is a question which the voters are propounding and have a right to propound. And it is also a question which is entitled to a plain, straightforward answer. A general averment of fraud and peculation and corruption is so common in political campaigns that people attach no importance to it unless accompanied by a statement of facts supported by evidence. Every one can readily realize the difficulty in sustaining a charge against an indicted party when all the record evidence is in the possession of the party that is arraigned at the bar of public judgment and when there is no way of producing that evidence until it has first undergone the manipulations of the accused. Now, as to the testimony which can be adduced to show that there is probable guilt in this instance. The over-eagerness of the ring to retain control of the executive department and the disposition it has manifested to discard every principle of fairness, justice and decency in its machine methods is circumstantial proof of itself sufficient to justify a suspicion of crookedness. But fortunately there is more direct proof, and it comes from a source that leaves no room to doubt its accuracy. It comes, too, in the shape of documentary evidence. It was not manufactured by the opposition for campaign purposes. The Democrats had no hand in its preparation. It is the report of a Republican officeholder, and if it has a partisan bias it would naturally be in favor of his own side. We refer to the last report of Public Examiner KNOX, the advance sheets of which now lie before us, and which discloses a condition of affairs in connection with the management, or rather mismanagement, of the state treasury of a most startling character. A few days ago, the GLOBE took occasion to refer to the fact that the law had not been complied with in relation to the banks which have been designated as state depositories, and that the financial interests of the state were seriously jeopardized. In addition to this fact the public examiner calls attention to the inadequacy of the amount fixed by law as to the penalty of the state treasurer's official bond. The penalty is fixed at $400,000, and yet at one time the balance in the treasury was in the neighborhood of $1,000,000. The defects in the system of management of the various state institutions are pointed out and will be discussed more fully later along. But the worst feature of all which is disclosed by the examiner's report is the vicious and defective system of accounting, by which the auditor is made dependent upon the treasurer for information as to his cash transactions. The examiner says that "very considerable sums of money are regularly paid into the treasury with which the auditor has and can have nothing to do, and as to the correctness of which he can have no information whatever. He can simply and only charge the treasurer with the several sums said by the treasurer to have been so paid in." Was ever a more disgraceful system of public bookkeeping and public accounting ever known? The treasurer is the public collector and disburser, and yet he is only charged by the auditor, who is the public bookkeeper, with just such amounts as he sees fit to give him. Was there ever such an opportunity for fraud and peculation? Taking these facts in connection with the anxiety manifested by the state house ring to hold on to the key of the treasury, are not the people of the state justified in making the demand for a change of administration? Putting everything together, is there not just and ample ground for suspicion of crookedness? This state of things has been in existence for twenty-seven years, and it is time there was an investigation of the accounts of the treasury department. And what is more, the people are determined to have it.

WHY SUNSET WEPT.

It is said that our minister to Turkey, Hon. SUNSET COX, was very much affected recently by a visit to the grave of HANNIBAL, his sympathies being so wrought upon that he shed tears over the resting place of the famous Carthagenian general. We are not told what occasioned the emotional overflow. Mr. COX's is one of those bright sunny natures that never take affliction to heart. And even if he did, HANNIBAL has been dead so long that the wound ought to have been cured in Mr. COX's breast by this time. It has been over 2,000 years since the famous general and statesman kept the oath of eternal hostility to Rome, made to his father at the early age of 9 years, by taking his own life rather than be betrayed into the hands of his enemies. Such a lapse of time ought to be sufficient to assuage ordinary human grief over the death of an individual. It was perhaps the recollection of one trait in HANNIBAL's nature that touched the well spring of Sunset's sympathetic nature. During his civil administration HANNIBAL developed the qualities of a great reformer. It was his hostility to the embezzlers of the public revenues and monopolizers of office that chiefly crowned his fame as a civil ruler. It was perhaps because of the recollection of this fact that Sunset wept. There are no HANNIBALS in these days of political degeneracy. Mr. COX's twenty years in congress gave him an opportunity to know enough of American political life to realize that when brought in contrast with the sterling patriotism of the old Carthagenian barbarian, it would make an angel weep.

A SUGGESTION FOR CHICAGO.

When Chicago was laid waste by the great fire, universal sympathy was aroused for her desolate condition, and from all quarters of the country poured in a golden stream to strengthen her and enable her to recover her former greatness. That she has done so need not be said. But of the immense amounts of money which then came to her timely aid, there remains yet a good portion unused. With the accrued interest, this fund now, it is stated, amounts to $1,700,000. Chicago no longer has any need of it. She cannot honorably spend it for any other purpose, except as was originally intended, to relieve distress. It is altogether improbable that Chicago will ever again be visited with a calamity of a universal nature such as the great fire. What, then, shall she do with this large unexpended balance of charitable contributions? There is one obvious means of disposing of it which would meet with general commendation. Let her send it to Charleston to be used as a building fund or in any other way the wisdom of a competent committee may suggest. Charleston still stands in dire need, and although the generous response from all sections of the country to her appeals have relieved the pressing necessities of her people, there is yet much to be done. The Chicago fund would be singularly appropriate, for having been originally subscribed by the people, it would be a donation from them again, and the purpose for which it was at first intended would thus, analogously, be carried out.

A NOTABLE IMPEACHMENT.

An illustration of what one honest, wide-awake newspaper can do is found in the result of the fight between the Philadelphia Times and the mayor of that city. When the Times first preferred charges of maladministration against Mayor SMITH, the mayor and his friends smiled in contempt upon what they professed to regard as the puny effort of a partisan paper to make political capital. The Times kept banging away, hunting up evidence and publishing it, until at last, in respect to the aroused public sentiment, the common council of the city of Philadelphia has been compelled to impeach the mayor and he is now arraigned on trial. The Times has made a damaging case against him, and if the statements which have been published are borne out by the testimony there seems to be no escape from conviction. It is pretty tough on the second city of the Union to have its chief magistrate impeached on a charge of embezzlement, but it is a fortunate thing for the city that it has a newspaper with the moral pluck and power to hunt the rascals down.

COURT HOUSE ENLARGEMENT.

The court house commission did wisely in refusing to consider any proposition looking to the enlargement of the court house now in process of erection. When completed the structure will be one of the largest, most commodious and best appointed municipal buildings in the country. The addition of another story would not be in harmony with the architectural arrangement already adopted, besides furnishing room which, while it might be in some way utilized, is not now needed. If any additional expense is to be undergone, it should be in the interior finish of the building. The commissioners say that the sum appropriated, $600,000, will not be sufficient to provide anything but the cheapest kind of fittings if the exterior is to be completed on a scale with the present elaborateness. In a structure such as the new court house is to be, a pride and ornament to the city, the people do not want anything savoring of shoddy and shabbiness. Its interior ornamentation and furnishing should be in keeping with the rest of the magnificent building and whatever additional expense is entailed, within the bonds of reason, the people will doubtless be perfectly willing to pay. The court house does not need an additional story, but it does need the absence of anything like meanness in its decoration and furnishing.

GOV. HILL'S MOVEMENTS.

It looks very much as if Gov. HILL was in training for the next Democratic presidential nomination. The New York Democratic state committee has been reorganized so as to put the whole state Democratic organization in the hands of Mr. HILL's friends. If he goes into the next national convention with a solid delegation from his own state he will have a good starter in the race. In the meantime it will not do to take it for granted that DANIEL MANNING doesn't keep an eye on the situation.

THE INDUSTRIES OF ST. PAUL.

The above is the title of one of the handsomest publications that it has been our good fortune to see for a long time. It is a book of 168 pages of solid matter, treating of the relations of the city of St. Paul as a center of trade, of its business houses and manufacturing establishments. Mr. ANDREW MORRISON is the compiler and editor, and he has very faithfully presented the public with a concise and accurate statement of the many natural and artificial advantages of the city, and incidentally of the state, relative to trade, commerce and manufactures, and in calling attention to the present conditions of prosperity he has outlined the future probabilities of St. Paul. The work is handsomely printed and beautifully illustrated, containing views of a number of the finest residences in the city and portraits of some of the leading business men, as well as faithful pictures of some of the charming scenery for which St. Paul and its suburbs are celebrated.

IN SPAIN, when politics become very exciting and a crisis approaches, the papers suspend publication. There would seem to be a demand for real newspaper men on the Spanish newspapers. Still, even in this country certain newspapers could be called to mind whose suspension during times of political excitement would, in the interests of decency, be a distinct public gain.

FROM cyclone-stricken St. Cloud and Sauk Rapids comes the report that there the vote for Next Governor AMES will be practically unanimous. They remember that the big-hearted doctor worked day and night to alleviate the suffering in those towns, while the Republican ringsters remained comfortably at home.

ALREADY the English, or rather the canny Scots, have challenged the New York Yacht club for a race again next year for the America's cup, but an important modification is noticed in the published intention to build the new contesting yacht on American models. Whichever wins, under these circumstances, it will be an American victory.

NOW IF Monopoly Candidate McGILL should ever be obliged to work for a living, instead of being supported by the state treasury, he might in a measure appreciate the sentiment which actuates the workingmen in choosing Next Governor AMES for their champion.

THOSE Philadelphia policemen who went on a "tear" and terrorized inoffensive citizens, had probably heard of the taunts made regarding the excessive quietness of the town and were merely engaged in an effort to bring it up to something like the New York standard of liveliness.

INSURANCE Commissioner and Ring Candidate McGILL should not fail to make the liberal requisitions for campaign funds which will doubtless be cheerfully honored by the insurance companies. He will have need of them, though they will avail him nothing.

WHEN the friends of Gov. DAVIS comprehend the full extent to which their idol has been ignored, derided and reviled by the late Republican convention, they, too, may have something to say on the 2d of November next which will open the eyes of the bosses.

WHEN the people of the state understand the criminally loose manner in which the state house gang has conducted the state's finances, will they want to perpetuate such a condition of things by the election of the gang's pet, A. R. McGILL?

AS EACH additional AMES club is formed among the workingmen it will be in order for the Republican organs to again insult their intelligence by shrieking that the workingmen don't know who their friends and champions are.

TO THE uninitiated it might be explained that the reason the great sparring match to take place in Minneapolis next Monday is called a feather-weight contest, is because either of the contestants is likely to be "down" at any moment.

IT IS learned that the new device to be placed upon Boss PILLSBURY's coat of arms will represent him with one foot on the neck of the farmer, the other on the neck of the workingman, and the motto will be the word "Boss" in gilt letters.

THE complacency which plays upon Your Uncle LOREN's MACHIAVELIAN countenance as he reviews the late convention only fades away when he reflects upon the day of reckoning the people will bring about early in November.

IT IS said that Germany is rapidly concentrating her forces in warlike array. Perhaps the American hog is about to make another attempt, backed by all Cincinnati, to force its way into the country.

DAKOTA Democrats now have an excellent opportunity to redeem their territory by the election of a delegate. Delegate GIFFORD's nomination by the Republicans by no means insures his election.

IF YOUR UNCLE IGNATIUS doesn't succeed in stirring up a very pretty quarrel between the shades of SHAKESPEARE and BACON it will be because his hand has lost its cunning.

HAMLINE university opens the new school year under exceptionally brilliant auspices. It seems a new tutor has been secured who is an unexcelled base ball player.

UNTIL the vital question of the ice palace location is decided the people of St. Paul can hardly be expected to take an absorbing interest in politics.

ST. PAUL's base ball team——, but on second thought, perhaps the less said about St. Paul's base ball team the better.

MIDST THE MADDING THRONG.

"I am mighty glad that the St. Paul base ball team has only five games to play," remarked a base ball enthusiast.

"Why," said his companion, equally enthusiastic on base ball matters, "we can't possibly win the championship, even if we should win every game."

"I am not thinking about the championship," continued the first speaker. "I know that we stand no show at that."

"Why are you glad, then, that we have so few games to play?"

"Because we can only lose five games more."

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Mr. Wealthy Young Man—My darling, at last we are alone, and I can tell you of the love I bear you.

Miss Poor Young Lady—My dream is realized. When will you ask my father's consent?

Miss Poor Young Lady's Father) who chanced in the parlor at that moment)—Never mind me, I'll give my consent now. God bless you, my children.

Mr. Wealthy Young Man—Excuse me, sir, your daughter and I were rehearsing our parts for the charity entertainment.

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A quiet young lady and an equally uncommunicative young man occupied the reception room. The silence was becoming oppressive. Several topics had been started without success. The conversation acted as though it had a drag upon it and would not go.

The young man dangled his watch chain until the sport became wearisome and threatened to develop into St. Vitus' dance. The hostess played with her fan. Finally she launched out on a new subject.

"Have you ever been at Oshkosh?" she said.

"No," replied the caller, "have you?"

"No," she answered.

The silence continued.

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They lifted him out of the car and assisted him to the carriage. They carried his traveling bag, overcoat and duster and deposited them on the carriage seat.

"How do you feel now?" asked one of the assistants.

"I'm better now," he replied. "Oh, I'll be all right in a day or two."

"Railroad accident!" asked a bystander of one of the assistants as the carriage rolled away.

"Not that I know of," was the reply.

"What was the matter with that man?"

"Oh! he's getting home from a season at the watering places. He's all tired out. He has come home to get rested."

THE ONLOOKER.

The Ring Candidate.

Duluth Tribune (Rep.)

The state house ring was triumphant on the fourth ballot at St. Paul. It is too early to see through the smoke of battle, or form more than an ordinarily intelligent conclusion or opinion as to the combinations which brought about this result. McGill was in the field actively long before any of the other candidates thought it necessary to take any steps regarding the canvass throughout small points in the interior, and in this he was backed by all the machinations of the powerful state house ring. His plans were all arranged by this ring, and it is doubtful if he even knew himself the extent and power of this combination, though he has been closely identified with its members for the past sixteen years.

THE BLAINE BLUFF.

The Great Apostle of Protection Invited to Stump For a Free-Trade Platform.

St. Paul Dispatch (Rep.).

The Pioneer Press claims, and rejoices over the fact, that the Republican state convention declared in favor of "tariff reform," or in other words, free trade as represented by the vote of four of the Minnesota congressmen to take up the Morrison revision bill. There is no question that the convention did approve of the action of Messrs. Nelson, Strait, White and Wakefield in voting to consider the Morrison bill, and by that action virtually condemned Hon. W. D. Washburn for voting against it. This, of course, a majority of the convention had a right to do, but there was a gross incongruity in the subsequent action in passing a resolution sending greeting to James G. Blaine and inviting him to come and stump the state for the Republican ticket nominated on such a platform. If there is one principle which James G. Blaine represents more distinctively than another, it is the principle of protection to American industry. He took pains to put this issue forward prominently in his great speech opening the recent Maine campaign. Mr. Blaine and all his representative followers strongly condemned the course of the four Minnesota congressmen in voting to take up the Morrison bill. Would it not be rather embarrassing to Mr. Blaine to come to Minnesota to stump for a ticket and platform which stands upon a principle which he condemns? The action of the convention on this point was demagogical in the extreme. It was evidently done with a design to "hit it if it was a deer and miss it if it was a calf." It took a stand virtually in favor of free trade, and then invited the great apostle of protection to come and stump the state for the ticket!

Put An End to Plundering.

Chicago Herald.

It is the West which must and will put an end to the plundering which has been going on for twenty years under the name of protecting home industry. To look to the stupendous interests which have waxed strong under this system for relief from its unjust exactions, or to the intimidated and ignorant labor which they employ, would be idle. The people whom this monopolistic scheme despoils must accomplish their own deliverance. A little more patience, a little more courage and wisdom on the part of the people's leaders, and a little more agitation, and the long-spoliated West will rise like a giant from his sleep and throw off the bonds with which it has been made subservient to the will of rings and combinations.

Call At a Mark.

New York World.

On the last day of the month that has expired since the acting secretary of the treasury invited holders of the three per cent. bonds to present them for redemption, $100,000 in these securities were received at the treasury, making "nearly $1,000,000 in all" that have been brought in by this urgent invitation. The failure of the experiment to induce voluntary surrender of the bonds being thus apparent, is it not time to call at a mark instead of calling "into the air?" Nearly $3,000,000 of annual interest could in this way be stopped, and the treasury be relieved of a surplus against the maintenance of which the Democracy has earnestly and rightly protested. What is needed is a bond call that will call.

Rather Too "Fly."

New York World.

At the business session of the Norwegian Methodist conference at St. Paul on Saturday it was stated that the charges preferred against Presiding Elder P. E. Jensen, of the Red River district, by A. Peterson had been withdrawn. It seems that the elder, probably in a moment of unconsciousness, removed a fly from the wine with a piece of the communion bread, which was afterwards replaced on the plate and offered to Mr. Peterson, who, evidently thinking his superior rather too "fly" for the time and place, made a charge of sacrilege against him.

Old Protection Pillsbury.

St. Paul Dispatch (Rep).

Ex-Gov. John S. Pillsbury is quoted as saying: "I am well pleased with the platform, except the part indorsing the Minnesota congressmen for voting for the Morrison bill. That ought not to have been done." Mr. Pillsbury is chairman of the State Republican committee.

No Room for Knute.

Duluth Herald.

Knute Nelson may be entitled to a voice in the national house of representatives, but he cuts no figure in the Minnesota state convention.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Dr. McCoy Discussed.

Doubtless many of your readers have been entertained by reading the editorials in some of the Minneapolis and St. Paul daily papers on the arrest of one Dr. McCoy, of the former city, upon complaint of the state medical examining board; and of Dr. McCoy's defense, and his offer of $2,000 to "enrich the cause of local charity." A few words upon the subject may not be out of place.

First—The question arises, is the practicing of medicine without a license a misdemeanor? Our medical law says it is.

Second—Has Dr. McCoy received a license? He tells us he has not, but that "under the circumstances he is entirely justified in practicing without the license they have illegally denied him." If the examiners have "transcended their powers" in refusing him a license, he has the means at hand to compel them to do so. Two wrongs don't make a right.

The statement of Dr. McCoy and his satellites, that the regular physicians of Minnesota are envious of his wonderful ability, is too silly to be given credence by sensible people. It is a well known fact that the medical profession is ever ready to pay due homage to genius wherever found. All his assumption of superiority in medical knowledge is decidedly in bad taste, to say nothing of its truth. Will some one tell us what the learned doctor has contributed to the general fund of medical literature since his advent in 1877? What books has he edited, and to what medical journal is he a contributor? Whether Dr. McCoy intends to remain in Minneapolis ten days, ten months or ten years, and the fact that he does or does not own property in that city "has nothing to do with the case." Nor does it in any way affect him whether he is a better or less well-read physician than A, B or C. The qualifications of his neighbor and his office boy will not help him out. Really, he must excuse the gentlemen of the medical profession if they decline to come down to his level when the law says, in substance, that he must come up to their standard. The medical law was framed to secure, as far as possible, an aristocracy of brains, rather than cheek supplemented by wealth. It isn't sufficient that a person be a graduate of a regular medical college in order to enjoy the benefits conferred on the alumni. He must remain in good standing. When he becomes a student in such institution he is understood to pledge himself to be governed by the rules of that college and those observed by all professional gentlemen throughout the world. He must continue to be a credit to his alma mater, and any other course is a breach of confidence. At Bellevue college students are given to understand that "quacks" alone advertise, and that "it is derogatory to the dignity of the profession to resort to public advertisements." And the eminent gentlemen who compose the faculty of the celebrated Bellevue college do not advertise. I venture to assert that if any student about to enter any one of our recognized medical colleges declared his intention to advertise himself after the manner of Dr. McCoy he would not be allowed to matriculate. In short, among medical men it is the opinion that Dr. McCoy has forfeited all right to recognition by Bellevue college and the state medical examing board because he is not in good standing. E. J. ASHMORE, M. D.

Ashby, Minn., Sept. 24.

Travels on Railroad Passes.

To the Editor of the Globe:

It is a singular contradiction that A. R. McGill should profess antagonism to railroad monopolies when he and his son travel on railroad passes, and I venture the assertion that the canvass that has been made all over the state for delegates has been on railroad passes. I would suggest that before making war on railroads he decline railroad passes. I do not think they were forced on him unasked. Let him deny that he rides on railroad passes and we can bring the proof that he does. Yours truly,

A REPUBLICAN.

St. Peter, Minn., Sept. 24.

A DEAD HERO HONORED.

Unveiling by the Emperor of a Memorial to Austria's Great Naval Commander.

Two Accidents in Germany Involving Heavy Loss of Life---The Lightning's Fatal Work.

Mysterious Murder of a Foreigner in an English Railway Compartment Car.

Irish Moonlighters Hunted Down by the Constabulary--Russia's Orders to Bulgaria.

Austria's Great Admiral.

VIENNA, Sept. 24.—The column erected to the memory of Admiral Baron von Tegethoff at the entrance to the Prater, was unveiled to-day by Emperor Francis Joseph in the presence of an enormous assemblage. The imperial family were all present accompanied by most of the nobility, all the cabinet ministers, the Vienna municipal officials, the resident diplomats and delegates from the different branches of the Austrian army and navy and a number of officers who served under Admiral Tegethoff. There were present also several deputations from foreign countries, beside the vast concourse of people. In his ceremonial address the emperor declared that the column was dedicated as a memorial of the great deeds of Admiral Tegethoff and the navy, and said he hoped the name of Tegethoff, now honored in this public and formal way, would always inspire Austrians in the future to deeds of patriotic devotion.

FATAL ACCIDENTS.

Soldiers Killed in a Railway Collision--A Mine Horror.

BERLIN, Sept. 24.—A train laden with German soldiers returning home from Strasburg and Alsace, after having completed their three years' service, collided with another near the Berlin depot. Three of the soldiers were killed and twenty were wounded. The collision was caused by the misplacing of a switch.

FORTY-FIVE KILLED.

A dispatch from Essen announces that an explosion of fire-damp occurred in a coal pit near Scholke to-day, and that forty-five persons were killed and sixteen injured, eight of the latter being in a precarious condition.

EIGHT BURNED TO DEATH.

VIENNA, Sept. 24.—Lightning to-day struck and set fire to the Italian bark Nicola while she was being laden with benzine at Fiume. Eight men perished in the flames.

A TRAIN TRAGEDY.

Another Man Found Murdered in One of the English "First-Class" Cars.

LONDON, Sept. 24.—A sensation has been produced by the announcement of the discovery of a mysterious tragedy in a compartment car. The discovery was made last evening, but was not made public until to-day. When the 6 o'clock train from the city on the underground railway arrived at the Queensford station last evening, a news boy noticed blood dripping from a compartment of a first-class carriage. He raised an alarm, and a gentlemen was found lying on the floor of the car. He was unconscious, and blood was flowing freely from his head. It was found that on his forehead there was a deep wonnd four inches in length. This had evidently been made with an instrument sharp and heavy. The scalp was not only cut clear through, but the skull was crushed in and the brains were protruding. On the man's person was found a gold watch and chain and some finger rings, none of which had been disturbed, but very little money. The man was at once conveyed to a hospital. He is still unconscious and his condition is precarious. It has been learned that his name is Moritz A. Fischer, and that he is the head of the house of M. A. Fischer & Co., foreign agents of Carter Lane, E. C. The police have as yet been unable to gain a clue to the cause of the murderous attack, or to the identity of his assailant.

IRISH AFFAIRS.

The Police Run Down and Capture a Dozen Moonlighters.

DUBLIN, Sept. 24.—The police last night ran down and surprised a party of moonlighters at Feale bridge, County Kerry. Three constables, toward midnight, concealed themselves a short distance from the Feale bridge police hut. Not long after the constables were in hiding they noticed the moonlighters approach. The constables ordered them to halt in the queen's name. The moonlighters replied to the summons with a volley from their rifles, aimed in the direction whence the summons came. The police then fired buckshot at the moonlighters, who were in plain view of the moonlighters. One of the moonlighters fell. The others turned and fled. The police pursued, menacing them with threats of shooting, and succeeded in overtaking and manacling six, who, with the wounded man, were taken to jail. The police scoured the country for the others, of whom they have arrested, twelve, and taken to Listowel.

At a meeting of the Limerick branch of the league to-day the mayor of Limerick announced that Mr. Abraham, member of parliament for Limerick, was trying to procure relief for or the release of Daly, the imprisoned dynamiter. At a meeting of the Cork corporation to-day an address of welcome to the lord lieutenant of Ireland was negatived. The seventeen Nationalist members complained that the viceroy's first act was to cause the arrest of Father Fahey.

Zorilla in Paris.

PARIS, Sept. 24.—Senor Zorilla, the leader of the Spanish revolution, in an interview published in the Figaro, says last Sunday's uprising in Spain was premature, and declares that in the revolt, which will take place at the proper time, many of the generals in the Spanish army will support the revolutionists. Spain has demanded from France the expulsion of Ruiz Zorilla from French territory. The French cabinet to-day discussed the demand and separated without being able to agree as to the proper answer to make Spain. It was resolved to submit the matter to President Grevy.

Zorilla, in an interview, said that he knew nothing of the revolt in Spain until he read of it in the papers. He approved the action of his friends, but did not expect so sudden an explosion.

Canadian Exports.

PARIS, Sept. 24.—The National, commenting on the remarkable display of the products of Canadian industry at the Indian and Colonial exhibition in London, asks why of the £20,000,000 worth of goods annually exported by Canada, £8,000,000 go to England and only an insignificant portion to France. The article concludes:

"Though the French feeling is still vigorous in Canada, the business connection of that country to England is too close to be suddenly snapped. But when France is ready to welcome Canadian commerce to such an extent as will compensate Canada for the loss of her English custom, there will begin an evolution in that country so dear to France and those whose motto is—'Canada for the Canadians.'"

England's New Turkish Minister.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 24.—It has been finally settled that Sir William White, new British minister at Bucharest, will succeed Sir Edward Thornton as British embassador here. Sir William White is considered a strong diplomat, well versed in Eastern affairs and able to counteract Russian intrigues with the Porte.

Annoying the Protestants.

MADRID, Sept. 24.—On Sunday last the mayor of Madrid, with a number of policemen, knocked at the door of the British chapel and summoned the clergyman to leave the pulpit and the congregation to disperse. When the latter protested, the mayor answered evasively, and pretended that the singing of the congregation disturbed the neighborhood. The same mayor refused to allow the reopening of Protestant schools which were closed a year ago during the Conservative regime.

A Significant Incident.

PARIS, Sept. 24.—An incident transpired in this city to-day which is being talked about as "suggestive." As a detachment of French troops, commanded by Gen. Riu, was being marched through the quarter where the Strasburg statuary stands, the whole force stopped in front of the sculpture and presented arms towards it, while the trumpets were sounded and drums were beaten.

Opera at Metz.

METZ, Sept. 24.—A grand operatic performance was given in this city in honor of the presence of Crown Prince Frederick William and party. Prince William, Prince Regent Albert of Brunswick and the Grand Duke of Baden were in the party. Fraulien Sofia Neuberger, the well-known German-American prima donna, took a conspicuous part in the performance, and her singing was greeted with great applause.

The Bulgarian Question.

SOFIA, Sept. 24.—It is stated that the Russia ultimatum, of which Gen. Koulbars is the bearer, demands the immediate raising of the state of siege in Bulgaria, the liberation of all political prisoners, and the indefinite postponement of the elections for members of the national assembly. However there are no signs of flinching on the part of the regency. On the contrary, the anti-Russian feeling increases daily.

CONTEMPTIBLE METHODS

Being Resorted to by Journals Claiming to be Decent.

Special to the Globe.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—A gentleman of high standing in the Republican party, and who is well known in Minnesota and well acquainted with the history of her men of prominence, says that he is more than disgusted with the methods which certain alleged journalists have been pursuing in their antagonism of the Democratic candidate for governor. He says:

Decency in political warfare must prevail. The time for the avocation of the detractor and defamer of public men has passed away in this country. Nothing can be accomplished by assaults upon the private characters of public men. When I see a paper of respectability and standing in a community befouling its columns in a vain effort to smirch the character of a candidate for preferment before his fellow citizens, I am always reminded of the reply which was made by the Mormon delegate, Mr. Cannon, of Utah, when he was asked by a lecherous member of congress how many wives he had. His answer was, "I do not know the exact number. But I have enough to keep me from running after the wives of other men. His insulter was distinguished for that contemptible practice, and was silenced. When I see a newspaper giving prominence to accusations against a political opponent, I am always inclined to look closely into the private life of the author of the calumny; and it generally happens that he is not above suspicion. At any rate, the very practice of such journalism is of a downward tendency on the part of its author. No man and no party can be elevated by pulling another down. As Puck said, in a cartoon during the Garfield-Hancock campaign, "Does it make you whiter to paint him black."

The Evidence Conclusive.

Officer Taylor, of Minneapolis, arrested John Gerign, a tramp, last evening on a charge of holding up and robbing a man on Second avenue south. Three men were implicated, but the man who was robbed could only identify this one, in whose pocket part of the stolen money was found.

To-Day's Weather.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25, 1 a. m.—For Iowa, local rains, followed by fair weather and cooler, variable winds, generally westerly. For Michigan and Wisconsin, local rains, followed by fair weather and cooler, winds shifting to westerly. For Minnesota and Eastern Dakota, local rains, followed by fair weather, and slightly cooler, northwesterly winds, becoming variable. For Nebraska, local rains, followed by fair weather, slight changes in temperature and variable winds, generally westerly.

Crushed to Death.

WATERTOWN, N. Y.—A terrible accident occurred at the iron mines at Jaysville, St. Lawrence county, at about 6 o'clock yesterday morning. A charge of dynamite had been fired and the foreman, William Apple, and two workmen, Felix Bass and Frank Blackburn, descended to observe the results of the blast. They had scarcely entered the mine, however, when a mass of rock fell, instantly killing Bass and Blackburn. Apple was badly injured.

Steamship Arrivals.

Queenstown—The Celtic and Italy, from New York, and Kansas from Boston.

New York—The Hammonia from Hamburg.

Boston—The Pavonia from Liverpool.

Telegraphic Trifles.

The Marquis of Salisbury has gone to France.

James Russell Lowell has arrived at Boston from Europe.

There is no truth in the statement that Lord Lansdowne went to England in connection with the fishery question. He took the usual gubernatorial holidays and spent them in the mother country.

The centennial anniversary of the independence of the Right Worshipful Lodge Free and Accepted Masons, of Pennsylvania, was celebrated at the Philadelphia Academy of Music. Many well-known Masons were present.

Great excitement prevails in Hope county, Arkansas, over the abduction of Miss Maggie Bishier by Edward Dowman and a companion. When the abduction became known a posse was organized, which pursued the abductors and finally captured them. There is talk of lynching them.

George W. Still, of Middleport, O., is lying unconscious at the Cincinnati hospital from numerous cuts about his head and body. He had been found in this condition alone in a shanty boat on the Ohio river. Appearances indicate that his assailant was his partner, who cannot be found.

GUESSING THE HOG'S WEIGHT.

It Was All the Hoosier Thought Of, And the Drummer Got Mad.

Chicago Herald.

Coming in over the Monon route a few days ago a Chicago drummer sat musing by the open window and wiping perspiration and coal soot from his brow, and, of course, occupying two seats. Down in Indiana some place a native came in the smoker, and says:

"Shove along, stranger, an' give a feller a show. Been killing hogs and feel all used up."

Then the native sat down, settled himself comfortably, much to the drummer's disgust, and resumed:

"Say, stranger, killing hogs is hard work. Did you ever kill any hogs?"

But the drummer did not condescend to answer.

"By gosh," continued the irrepressible Hoosier, "we killed the biggest hog yesterday that was ever killed in Injeany. How much do you s'pose that hog weighed?"

Still no answer.

"He was so tarnal big that it took eight of us to lift him up to the ham stick, it did, b'gosh. You hain't no idea how much that hog weighed, have you, stranger?"

"No, I haven't," the drummer blurted out; "how much did your d——d hog weigh?"

"I don't know, mister. We didn't weigh him."

Assorted Clerical Duties.

Elmira Gazette.

"Does the preacher pray when he comes to your house?" asked a little five-year-old First ward girl of a companion,

"Oh, no, never," was the quick answer.

"Why doesn't he? He always does when he comes to our house," continued the girl, "and tells mama its been 'a season of rest' to him. What does he do when he comes to your house?"

"Oh," replied the young miss, with a sigh, "he generally stays to dinner."

Fair Warning for Grandma.

Boston Transcript.

Little Freddie was talking to his grandma, who was something of a skeptic. "Grandma, do you belong to the Presbyterian church?" "No." "To any church?" "No." "Well, grandma, don't you think it's about time to get in somewhere?"

MY CHILD LOVE.

It was only a little child's face peeping out through some plants that were in the window-seat. But it was such a wee, sweet face that I could not help it, but stopped in the street, drew out my sketch-book from my pocket, and began to sketch it. The child kept her position, watching me as if under a charm. With a rapid hand I drew in the surroundings, but when I came to the sweet face my pencil grew gentle. I touched tenderly the soft, rounded outlines, the little rings of curly hair, the earnest, wide-open eyes. I wanted to linger over each line, as it made the likeness more perfect, but I feared she would move and I would lose it all.

She was just the kind of child that you want to take in your arms and cuddle and talk soft, loving nonsense to, while the earnest eyes gaze at you until you could cry.

It was a quiet street in the sleepy old town where I was spending the summer, and there were not many passers-by; so I sketched until I had finished my picture as far as was necessary. As I went away I kissed my hand to the child, and she returned it in a quaint little way that suited her well.

I took out a canvas as soon as I reached my little sanctum, and, though twilight was approaching, spreading my pallet I began to paint. It was a pleasant task I had set myself, and I worked earnestly, until the darkness gathered so thickly that I was obliged to stop.

The next day I started off with a quick step that would give me no time for loitering in case I found the child at the window.

She was there and recognized me, kissing her hand.

As the days passed on, the picture gained upon me so much that I determined to make it that much talked and thought of painting that should be sent to the academy; so I worked hard upon it, seeing the child whenever I could.

It seemed a little strange to me that the only sign of life I could see about the house was the child at the window, and that she should so often be there, evidently watching.

One day I found that she was still at the window when I went home, so I quietly altered my hours that I might see her twice a day instead of once.

I had come to have quite a feeling of mystery about by child-love that I would not break in any way by asking her name or anything about her. All I knew I wanted to come to me through her, and I knew no one in the town to whom I would care to mention such a pleasant, foolish little affection.

Once or twice, passing the house earlier than usual, I found my little friend outside, and slipping her tiny hand in mine she would walk along by my side a little way, then turn back. She was as content to ask no questions as I was, and so our friendship progressed. Sometimes in passing I put a little bunch of flowers on the window for her; sometimes she would slip a clover bossom or a daisy in my hand. Our advances on each side were coy and reserved, for she never spoke, and when I spoke to her she answered with a little nod.

One day she had laced in the window-panes her letter cards, with pictures on them, three or four in each pane, as high as she could reach. As I passed, there was the dear little face, as usual, peeping through the flowers, and she pointed to the cards in a grave, amused way that was irresistably entertaining. That night I drew a little picture for her, and put it on the window the next day.

My painting was almost done, and it was hard to tell which of the two I loved best, the child or the picture, when I was taken sick, and had to stay in by bed for three or four days.

My thoughts dwelt particularly on the little one, and I missed her more and more. My landlady was very kind and attentive to me, but it was the kindness of charity, not of love, and I felt very lonely. I wanted my little friend, and fancied that if her soft fingers could touch my hot, aching head it would cure me.

With thinking of it I grew so anxious that as the time came around at which I usually saw her I could remain in bed no longer, but arose, and, after dressing, went to her house. When I came in sight of it I saw a man carrying a little coffin. My heart sank within me, and with a shiver I hastened on. The door was open and I entered. Bewildered for a moment I stood still not knowing which way to turn, then went into the back room.

There lay my darling on the bed, still and white, with a few flowers in her little hand.

"Oh, when did she die?" I cried, unable to keep the tears from my eyes or voice.

A gentleman whom I had not seen, sitting on the other side of the bed, lifted up his haggard face, and, with a desolate, heart-broken look, answered me, hardly showing any surprise at my question:

"Last night at twilight."

Unable to stand any longer I dropped in the chair and watched her with solemn eyes. Presently the gentleman again lifted up his head from the pillow she lay on, and looking at me, asked:

"Are you the new friend she told me of, of whom she seemed so fond?"

I nodded my head; and presently, when I could speak without crying, told him of how our friendship had commenced; how, while painting her picture and seeing her so often, I had grown to love her as if she had been my own flesh and blood.

Then he told me how she had, a short time before she died, signed to him to give her the little picture of the Christ-Child I had painted for her, and after kissing it, and making him kiss it, she had died with it in her hand.

He showed me how she had told him of me by making him take her place at the window and then imitating everything I had done, ending by kissing her hand. That she kept for a sign for me, and in that way kept him informed of the progress of our friendship. If a day passed without her seeing me she would tell him by kissing her hand and shaking her head mournfully. He burst into tears and said: "My darling little angel! Everything she did was done silently; she has never spoken."

"She was my only darling," he said with a sob pitiful to hear from a man. "All I had on earth to love, and now she is gone! Since the time she was born, and her dear mother, dying, put her in my arms, I have never left her for a day, and now she has left me forever. Whenever I went out she stood at the window watching for me when I came back, and then, cuddling in my arms, never left me."

I went with her father and the old nurse when we carried her to her resting-place among the flowers she so much loved, and then I went back to my picture with a little lock of her hair, my only outward sign of her.

I have since painted pictures that won praise from men, women, and critics that the world called fine, but none that came so entirely from my heart, or that always continued to touch it so nearly, as the painting of the little child I found always watching in the old town, whose earnest eyes and bright, sweet smile kept me from knowing that the lips were speechless.—Hearth and Home.

Monarchs' Queer Taste.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"I noticed that the Emperors of Austria and Germany kissed each other several times at Gastein," remarked Algernon Fitzpercy to Ethalinda DeWiggs.

"Yes, I saw that, too," replied Ethalinda, "It was strange taste, but perhaps there were no girls about."

Then there was a sound as of a horse's hoof being drawn from a clay puddle, as Algernon proved that he was not afflicted with any such queer taste.

The Reason Why She Left.

Boston Transcript.

"Why, you haven't left your place, Mary!"

"Yes, I have."

"Bless me! Why, everybody who has lined with Mrs. Blank gives her a good name."

"Oh, she's all right as far as good treatment goes, but she and I are of different complexions. Why, her bonnet makes me look like a fright."

Squeaky shoes—The kind an old woman drives away chickens with.—Dansville Breeze.