Daily Globe.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

LEWIS BAKER.

ST. PAUL, MONDAY, NOV. 15, 1886.

ST. PAUL GLOBE SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

DAILY (NOT INCLUDING SUNDAY.)

1yr. in advance...$8 00 | 3 mos., in advance.$2 00
6mos.,in advance. 4 00 | 6 weeks,in advance. 1 00
One month........70c.

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The Minneapolis office of the Globe is at No. 257 First Avenue south.
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LATE DELIVERY OF THE GLOBE.

Owing to trouble with the GLOBE press Sunday morning, the paper was unusually late reaching subscribers in St. Paul, Minneapolis and Stillwater. In the course of events such things are liable to occur.

MR. GILMAN'S DENIAL.

Of course Mr. GILMAN denies that he is a candidate for the United States senatorship. He is entirely too astute a politician to unmask his guns before he has got them fairly trained upon the enemy. It is better they should not know that such a formidable competitor is in the field against them. And even if Mr. GILMAN is not making an active campaign, is it conceivable that he would refuse the position if it came in his way? The position of United States senator is rather more dignified and awe-inspiring than the governorship secured by a skin-of-the-teeth majority, and Mr. GILMAN was quite ready to accept the latter. It is a position which might well satisfy the most ambitious man, and Mr. GILMAN's worst enemy has never accused him of a lack of ambition. Then, too, how natural it would be for the gentlemen who fancy they control the legislature as well as the governor, to offer the position to Mr. GILMAN. He has demonstrated during the last campaign that he cannot be slighted with impunity, and that his hearty co-operation is necessary to give the Republicans a reasonable hope for success two years hence. The United States senatorship would answer exceedingly well as a salve to soothe his wounds, and the price to the ring managers, in view of what they could gain, would be inconsiderable. There is a very reasonable probability that the distinction will come Mr. GILMAN's way, and the Hon. C. K. DAVIS will have to get up very early these bright fall mornings if he expects to head it off. The Fifth district must be placated and United States Senator GILMAN is the man to do it. In the words of a distinguished contemporary, somewhat near to the St. Cloud statesman, "mark the prediction."

THE SENATORIAL CONTEST.

Although two months are yet to intervene until the time for electing a successor to Mr. MCMILLAN in the United States senate, the candidates are looming up in good shape and the politicians who are ambitious to wear the senatorial toga are busy getting their fences in repair. The newspaper senatorial boom which Gov. DAVIS enjoyed a month or two ago has suffered something of a collapse. Like the traditional cow, who always gave an abundance of rich milk, and just as invariably slopped her foot in the pail, spilling the contents, Gov. DAVIS is measurably responsible for the collapse of his own boom. If he had stayed at home and let the boom run itself he would have been all right. But when he took the stump and antagonized his own party platform on the tariff question he simply committed political hari-kari. The farmers of Minnesota know what they want without instruction from Gov. DAVIS or anybody else. They want a reduction in the tariff, and they don't want to send a representative to congress who is not in accord with them on this issue. The tariff is the rock on which the governor's senatorial boom was wrecked. Taking advantage of the disaster which has overtaken the DAVIS boom, other prominent Republicans are now looming up as senatorial candidates. Gen. GORDON E. COLE wants it plainly understood that he is a free trader and would not be averse to a sentence of six years' confinement in the senate chamber at Washington as a punishment for his heretical Republicanism. Then there is Gov. GILMAN, a veritable coquette, who is blushing a sweet consent while saying nay. The old hero of the Fifth district is not going to give his plans away this time. He has profited by his experience in the canvass for the gubernatorial nomination and has learned a secret which would be a valuable possession to some of the senatorial candidates who are openly declaring their aspirations—the secret of knowing how to keep his mouth shut. It must not be forgotten, however, that a big slice of the Republican strength in the next legislature will come from the Fifth district, and if Gov. GILMAN is not a senatorial candidate himself, he will, in any event, make it mighty interesting for some who are candidates. There is no evidence yet that Senator MCMILLAN is weary of his post. His twelve years' experience in doing the heavy act of sustaining Minnesota's dignity in the upper branch of congress doesn't appear to have fatigued the senator a particle. On the contrary, his strength has been renewed like the eagle's and he is evidently ready to rise on the wings of the legislature and mount up to the glory of a third term. In fact the senator's fences seem to be in a little bit better repair just at this time than anybody's else. While DAVIS and WINDOM and the other big statesmen were galloping around over the state wearing out their lungs advocating a protective tariff and denouncing the tariff reform Democracy, MCMILLAN was quietly getting in his work on the local legislative primaries and arranging things so that his partisan friends would get into the state legislature. The result of his business-like methods will be made apparent when the first ballot is taken. And as for the other candidates the roster of Republican leaders in Minnesota will complete the list. In anticipation of a deadlock and of the senatorial thunderbolt striking in some unexpected quarter, lightning rods are being run up in all directions. One will be chosen, but a great number will be left.

IT IS WORRIED.

The Minneapolis Tribune is frightfully worried because the secretary of state doesn't open the election returns as they come into his office and dish them out to the public through the newspapers. The law makes the secretary of state custodian of the returns, to be held by him until the proper time for counting the vote, but it doesn't say anything about opening them in advance, or about giving them out to the newspapers for publication. Secretary VON BAUMBACH knows the law and evidently understands his duties under the law. No matter what loose practices may have prevailed in his office heretofore he has certainly got on to the correct business end of the situation this time.

NOT AS BAD AS IT LOOKS.

Hon. BURKE COCHRAN, the new Tammany congressman, who is an avowed enemy of civil service reform, claims that in a recent interview with Mr. CLEVELAND he convinced the president of the absurdity of the civil service law by citing the fact that under its operations the president himself would be disqualified from holding a subordinate government position because he had passed the age of 45, and that a higher scholastic standard was prescribed for a $1,000 clerkship than for the president of the United States. There is an apparent absurdity in the condition of the civil service, and yet when we take a closer look at it we see that it is more reasonable than it appears at first sight. In the first place, the president is elected to office, while the clerks in the departments are appointed. In the matter of selecting a president no scholastic standard could be prescribed, because the people could not be restricted in that respect in making a choice of a chief magistrate. In the matter of appointing department subordinates a scholastic standard not only can be established, but ought to be, because the peculiar character of work to be performed requires peculiar qualifications on the part of the individual who performs it. When Mr. COCKRAN has spent a term or two in congress, and has had opportunity to become familiar with the routine work of the departments, he will be better reconciled to the operations of the civil service law. Its incongruities will be less apparent to his mind than now.

THREATENED RATE WAR.

It is now not likely that there will be any serious disturbment of the existing passenger rates until the managers' agreement expires on Dec. 1. Then a period unexcelled for liveliness in railway circles may be looked for. The new roads which have opened up communication between St. Paul and Chicago are anxious to advertise themselves and will probably endeavor to secure a share of the public's patronage through the popular methods of low rates. The other roads, in order to protect themselves, will be obliged to follow suit, and as a result, rates will be forced down to a bed-rock basis. It would seem, however, that the competition might take a more healthy form. Rivalry in the matter of safety, comfort and speed would be as much appreciated by the traveling public as a lowering of rates and would be a form of competition less injurious to the business interests of the different companies. But if a rate-war must ensue, let the managers take a philosophical view of the situation and bring it about in a way to most largely benefit the community, about the time of the opening of the grand ice carnival.

FLUTTERING ORGANS.

The announcement that Hon. GORDON E. COLE had senatorial aspirations has put the Pioneer Press and Minneapolis Tribune in a considerable flutter. About the only thing these two Republican organs do harmonize upon is that Mr. COLE ought not to be elected senator. The harmony doesn't extend any further than that. The Pioneer Press has the contract of electing Gov. DAVIS while the Tribune has another fish to fry. If Gen. COLE doesn't gather the senatorial plum he will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that he is having some fun at the expense of the organs.

TOO SHORT.

The Sauk Centre Herald is impressed with the belief that a constitutional convention is necessary to remedy the many defects and inequalities in the present state constitution, and gives some very good reasons for that opinion. It agrees with the proposition, heretofore suggested by the GLOBE, that a mistake was made when the policy of holding biennial sessions of the legislature was adopted. However well the biennial plan may work in states that are finished, it is not adapted to the requirements of a rapidly-growing state like Minnesota. A sixty-day term every other year is too short a limit for good legislative work in a young and progressive state.

THE exchanges are again teeming with the interesting question: "Why don't men marry?" Perhaps some reliable information upon the subject could be had by interviewing the young women who are popularly supposed to have something to say in the matter.

IT IS understood that numerous postoffices will soon be ready for distribution among the faithful in Minnesota. It is well. The Christmas season approaches, and nothing could more acceptably fill the yawning stocking of the anxious patriot.

THERE is a difference in people. While St. Paul is paving business and residence streets Kansas City is content to wallow in mud and mire, and yet the latter city hopes in time to reach the proportions the former has attained.

THOUGH Farmer GILMAN says he doesn't want the United States senatorship, it is believed that Hon. C. K. will see that it and the astute CHARLIE don't meet each other on a dark night when nobody is around.

WHEN it is understood that Washington will hold within her limits this winter more pretty girls than ever before, the reason why it is called the most delightful city in the country is at once apparent.

SINCE seal sacques have risen 25 per cent. in price the maid who possesses one elevates her pretty little nose perceptibly higher as she passes the maiden who must content herself with a cloth wrap.

IT IS not thought that the president will accept Congressman LAWLER's invitation to be present at the Iroquois club banquet and respond to the toast, "The boys."

IN THE widespread matrimonial wave which is sweeping over the country, JONES, of Florida, stands out prominently as having escaped being engulfed.

THE chilliness of feeling between Messrs. GILMAN and MCGILL may yet be utilized by the carnival managers should BOREAS fail to put in an appearance.

THE threatened rate war has been averted and the carnival managers will now have time to submit argument in favor of the outbreak about Jan. 17.

ODD, isn't it, that despite the excellent gunning weather for the past month the most "dead ducks" are to be found since election.

SOUTHERN winter resort keepers would feel more easy in their minds if Minnesota were not looming up as such a formidable competitor.

THE president seems to have forgotten that congress will meet in less than three weeks when he issued his Thanksgiving proclamation.

IT IS reliable learned that JAY GOULD is becoming jealous of St. Paul real estate men who have been catching on during the boom.

MISS WINNIE DAVIS as a national issue is much more pleasing to contemplate than her venerable, though rather obstreperous father.

AS A graceful compliment Governor-elect MCGILL might tender that oil inspectorship to Your Cousin KNUTE NELSON.

Quarantine to guard against the introduction of cholera has been ordered enforced against all arrivals at Alexandria from Calcutta.

WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS.

Rev. Dr. Thomas, of St. Paul's Episcopal church, preached a sermon to his congregation yesterday forenoon, which probably was very palatable to some of them, and which, no doubt, increased their respect for him. The deep interest taken by the audience was evidenced by the stillness that prevailed throughout the church, not even the rustle of a lady's dress being audible from the opening to the close of his remarks. The cause of this interest was the fact that the able divine proved that it was an awful easy matter to be a Christian; and those who had tried it, and reached a contrary conclusion, were greatly relieved in mind and breathed much easier. It was plain to be seen that a number of the congregation had been worried over the problem, and had found the road an exceedingly difficult one to travel; but, after the worthy pastor had pointed out to them how easy it was to get over the rough places, and what bugbears they had raised in their own pathways, one could almost hear the sigh of satisfaction that went up. The prescription, after the formula of so competent a doctor, was so pleasing to take that one could swallow it and smile instead of making a wry face. And that's why so many liked it so well.

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The doctor made an earnest plea in favor of liberty of conscience, and placed it upon so broad a plane that one was left to depend almost wholly upon his conscience to decide for him whether he had done right or wrong in any action. He did not apply this to matters which the Bible declared to be wrong in themselves, or which were recognized as wrong by common consent—but to indifferent matters outside of the really flagrant and pronounced sins. In these indifferent matters, he said, a Christian could rely upon his own conscience to decide the right or wrong of it, and God would not censure him. In regard to dancing, wine drinking and music in churches, he contended that they were not wrong in themselves, and that instances were numerous in the Bible where they were practiced and not censured by Christ or the church. These things were wrong in themselves only when carried to excess or so surrounded by worldly influences as to make them liable to adverse criticism.

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Dancing in public, until a late hour at night, was a case in point. It was not right. But—though the doctor did not say so in so many words—a nice, quiet private dancing party, concluded at a seasonable hour, could not be objected to. Wine drinking could be carried to excess and made a sin, but in itself there was no harm. There were Christians, however, who believed both were a sin, and others who believed they were not. There was an honest difference of opinion. In all such cases the only safe guide was one's conscience. God would accept the dictates of conscience in deciding these questions of right or wrong. The mothers in India who threw their children into the Ganges would not be punished because their consciences told them it was their duty to do this. So in these days liberty of conscience in religious matters was a part of religion to decide many questions that came up on which there was a wide difference of opinion.

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But he went on to say that liberty was in danger of becoming license, and this would be wrong. To checkmate this tendency two things were necessary—charity and sacrifice. If, in exercising liberty of conscience, one should do that which would offend; should create dissension and bitter feeling, and adverse comment, charity should be practiced, and the offending action should not be repeated or persisted in. It might be necessary to go farther and make sacrifices, giving up certain things that it was not pleasant to do. He pointed to the large cross which stood back of him in the rear part of the chancel, and said that at one time there were loud protests against using it in the Episcopal service, because it was a reminder of Catholicism. But this opposition was not now apparent. Still, if it was necessary to remove any element of discord, or that which was offensive, anything in the ritual would be given up. But liberty of conscience was the prime factor in a Christian's life to decide indifferent questions, with charity and sacrifice as checking forces.

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A cynic, or a man who is looking for an easy way out of the dilemma, would naturally draw consolation from the doctor's discourse. Who is it that does not flatter himself that he can get away with his conscience if allowed a fair chance to argue the case at point? How many of us there are who have keenly felt the pangs of remorse over some sin we have committed, and who have been tackled by our consciences in a hand-to-hand wrestle. We all know how it is! Many a time we've had an awfully lively time of it, and old Conscience has almost winded us before we have succeeded in throwing him. But we've most always done it; and, when we've had him down, with our hand on his throat, we've argued with him until he has admitted that we were right and he was wrong. Experience proves that it can be done. And after a man becomes an expert, his conscience stands no more show with him in an argument than would a lawyer from a Wyoming mining camp in a bout with Roscoe Conkling.

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If you really want to sneak out of it you never have any trouble in bringing conscience over to your side. There is no piece of India rubber manufactured that can rival in elasticity a man's conscience; and, if this is to be made a test of a man's Christianity, the easy-going fellows who delight to be Christians, if it doesn't involve any special inconveniences, will smile clear around to the back of their necks. And a certain class of church members—if their actions should offend, and if they were spoken to about it—would forget all about charity and sacrifice. They would simply be careful to avoid all publicity and thus give cause for criticism, and then their consciences would be lulled into a serene sleep. Of course it is very clear that these deductions can be drawn only by that class of church members who are looking for the easiest way to be a Christian. They will be apt to distort the doctor's real meaning and make his discourse an excuse for occasionally dodging when they do not feel exactly like facing the music. There is no better avenue of escape for people who want to act like this than by the liberty-of-conscience route. Many of them will thank Dr. Thomas for bringing the matter so clearly to their attention.

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If you want any passes for the Boston Ideals' engagement, all you have to do is to get confidential with Advance Agent Johnstone, and then say you heard the new tenor in Chicago, and you really think he is the best the world ever produced. When Mr. Foster arrives he will be astonished to find so many passes out, and of course he will demand an explanation. The scheme has been extensively worked on Mr. Johnstone, and at last accounts he hadn't caught on.

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It turns out that Dave Sutton did not get away with some of the ducats of Joe Pulitzer in New York. This changes it so far, but it doesn't alter the fact that Sutton is a small man in a very big hole.

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Harriet Hosmer, the sculptress, is said to have faith in Keeley, the motor man. This confidence was acquired, it is said, after Keeley had given her an order for a statue of the motor, done in Italian marble, to cost $30,000.

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The original letter of Benedict Arnold, written in vindication of his perfidy and treason, is said to have been found in an old loft in New York. It has leaked out that the Republican state central committee of Minnesota has made application for duplicate copies, which are to be quietly mailed to Charlie Gilman and Knute Nelson, so as to reach them on the 14th of February.

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A Detroit dispatch says Senator Jones hasn't had a drop of liquor for six months, and has lost all taste for it. The young lady in the case, however, has renewed assurances of the fact that he hasn't ceased to li-quor.

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Des Moines, Ia., wants to borrow $225,000. Well, what's she making such a fuss about it for? Why don't she send us a note properly filled out and with good security?

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The manager of the St. Paul telephone office reports that a number of requests have been made to him of late by his young lady operators to be transferred to Davenport, Ia. An item was printed in the papers recently that six of the lady operators in the Davenport exchange had been married within a year.

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An earnest appeal is made by the Hancock (Minn.) Olive Branch for somebody to establish a distillery there—it is alleged to keep the money at home. It is evident that this is a subterfuge. The editor is tired of drinking out of a glass, and yearns to lie alongside of a huge tank and absorb inspiration through a rubber tube.

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When the GLOBE restaurant is opened a cordial invitation will be extended to the members of the Pioneer Press staff to come over and get a square meal, and they are assured that the bill of fare will be more palatable and attractive than the one suggested by that paper for the initial banquet. The GLOBE is generous; there's nothing mean about it. Since the era of retrenchment set in in the Pioneer Press office, causing a reduction of expenses all around and a cutting down of salaries—all on account of the rapid and wonderful growth of "the opposition"—the staff have been compelled to economize and to live on half rations. If they can worry through the winter the GLOBE will fill them up when the birds begin to sing.

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Miss Emma Allen, of Fillmore county, and Miss Agnes Safely, of Cottonwood county—who have been elected superintendents of schools—should not allow their ambitions to cool now that they have climbed one round of the ladder of fame. Although it is not considered exactly nice for a lady to climb a ladder, it is to be hoped that no sense of false modesty will cause these worthy young women to stop where they are and make no attempt to get to the top. If they keep on as they have begun there is a chance for them some day to be the wives of presidents—or newspaper men.

ON MADISON AVENUE.

Life.

"I shay, ole man, how d'you account for the time? Twenty minitsch of fifty."

"By Jove! we've been in th.sh car two nights!"

STRUNG FISH ON A SNAKE.

The Peculiar Pet of an Awful Liar, and How It Was Utilized.

When I was living down to Punta Rassa, said a native, I had a black snake that was treated just as if it was one of the family, writes a Florida Munchausen to the Louisville Courier-Journal. It had grown up with us, you might say, for my boys had caught it when it was only about a foot long, and it got to be over four feet. When the children would go out into the yard for a frolic, or off nutting or fishing, they always took Ben—which was the name of the snake—along. He was very useful in every way, too. Some days the boys would go out after berries or wild grapes, and take a bushel basket with 'em. Ben would coil up in the basket and go, too.

Well, if they filled the basket, which they generally did, it made a pretty hefty load for two to carry; so they'd just show the snake what was wanted and he'd fasten his head on one side the basket and his tail on t'other, making another handle, so to speak, and, well, four of my boys would carry the load home without sweating any o' 'em too much. If it were brier-berries they had, Ben would help stem and pick out the briers and sticks and dirt from 'em. In that kind of work he was as handy as a ten-year-old gal.

When the boys went fishing Ben would lay down in the boat and go fast asleep, but when they got through and pulled for shore he'd wake up, yawn a little and then stretch out straight, for he knew his place in the procession was waiting for him. The boys always used him to string their fish on, and then one would take him by the head and the other by the tail and they had as nice a fish-cart as you'd wish to see.

Canadian Finances.

OTTAWA, Ont., Nov. 14.—The annual statement of the minister of finance of the revenues and expenses of the Dominion for the fiscal year ended on June 30 last, which will be published to-day, will show a deficit of $5,800,000. The revenue during the year was only $32,200,000, while the government expended $39,600,000. The treasury is nearly empty, and the minister of finance will shortly be forced to float a new loan to enable the government to meet current expenditures. Never were the finances of Canada in a more deplorable condition, and matters are getting worse every day. The minister of finance stated yesterday that he had underestimated the revenue he would receive from customs duties, as shrinkage in values had caused a large falling off in the revenue collected from this source.

Butter, Cheese and Eggs.

CHICAGO, Nov. 14.—The members of the National Butter, Cheese and Egg association to-day elected H. H. Gurler, of De Kalb, Ill., president for the ensuing year. They had quite a spirited discussion over a resolution by Mr. Dutton, of New York, that all dealers and exhibitors of oleomargarine be boycotted. Everybody wanted the floor at once, but the tempest was abated by the adoption of a substitute that the members of the association should hold themselves aloof from the Illinois state board of agriculture as long as that body encouraged those who make oleomargarine. The convention has adjourned sine die.

Patrons of Husbandry.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 14.—At the morning session of the Patrons of Husbandry to-day J. B. Clardy, of Kentucky, spoke of the defects of the United States signal service system. The committee on agriculture was instructed to investigate the matter and report. J. H. Bingham, of Ohio, was re-elected a member of the executive board. It was resolved to recommend to the earnest support of every farmer the centennial anniversary of the framing of the consitution of the United States and to urge the governors of the states and territories to send delegates to the convention, to be held Dec. 2. It was also resolved to request President Cleveland to encourage the celebration.

A Sure Sign.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

Jones—Well, Tom's honeymoon seems to have ended.

Grimes—Oh, I don't know. He seems very devoted.

Jones—That may be, but I saw him purchasing a cook book not more than an hour ago.

Hayes at Chattanooga.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Nov. 14.—Ex-President Hayes arrived to-night from Atlanta, where he attended the Prison Reform congress, and is the guest of Judge D. M. Key, his former postmaster general. He will remain until Monday.

The Townshend Fire.

BRATTLEBORO, Vt., Nov. 14.—The fire at Townshed last night, burned until after daylight this morning, but was confined by strenuous efforts to one store, the postoffice and six dwellings. The loss has not been estimated.

Lost His Ring Finger.

LONDON, Nov. 14.—The report that Lord Aberdare had met with an accident while out shooting is confirmed. The accident occurred yesterday in Brecon, Southwalk. Lord Aberdare's gun exploded, injuring his right hand so seriously that the ring finger had to be amputated.

Continually Preparing for War.

PARIS, Nov. 14.—M. Rouvier succeeds the late Paul Bert as French minister resident in Annam. Gen. Boulanger, minister of war, in an address to a gymnastic society, said that the government was continually preparing for war, that being the only guarantee of lasting peace.

Irish Tenants Resolve.

DUBLIN, Nov. 14.- Three hundred tenants on the Bonsonly estate met to-day, and were addressed by Irish leaders. They resolved to deposit the amounts of their rents, less 30 per cent., with a trustee, instead of paying the landlord. Gen. Buller has returned to England.

LACONICS BY LIGHTNING.

Paragraphic Chronicles of Interesting News Events Received by Telegraph Last Night.

A land slide at Embrun, Hautes Alpes, which was caused by the rains, buried eight persons, all of whom were killed.

Ward, the English socialist, who was arrested in Trafalgar Square, London, on the 9th inst., was fined 10 shillings for disturbing the peace.

Prime Minister De Freycinct has asked the French chamber of deputies to appropriate $2,000 for the purpose of according the late Paul Bert a suitable state funeral and will also ask that Mme. Bert be pensioned.

Baron Henry De Worms urges the English Conservatives to be vigilant in view of the fact that the church disestablishment question may form a possible ground for reunion of the liberal factions.

In connection with the late meeting of the American bishops in Rome and the plenary council in Baltimore, the propaganda has completed and submitted to the pope a code of rules defining the relations between the bishops and the pope and in regard to the discipline of the Catholic clergy.

Castelar on German Parasites.

From a Paris Letter.

Castelar set forth, in richly eloquent and classic language, a theory about German parasites. They were like those inferior creatures who took possession of superior organism in a state of decline. Wherever monarchy was losing vitality, a German princelet was sure to crowd out the native dynasty. Castelar does not believe that Russian czarism has a long life before it, if for no other reason than that the imperial family are Germans. The Holstein-Gottorps, successively crossed by Anhalts, Wurtembergs, Hohenzollerns, Hesses (of Darmstadt) and Holsteins, and all the grand dukes without exception, have, since the time of Catherine II., been marrying German wives. The Belgian Catholics made a Catholic revolution in 1830, and got for their pains a German Protestant for a king. The Portuguese have now a Saxe-Coburg dynasty, and the house of Savoy is Germanizing itself. The proudest Englishmen tacitly admit that they are not as good as the meanest German prince, and seem to think that the serenely high Frauen who are imported to reign over them do them too much honor in quartering themselves on the English nation. Castelar said that in Spain the fact that the regent was German, and had a teutonic entourage, was greatly against her.

Blessed His Victim.

New York Sun.

Doc Johnson, of Littlefield, Idaho, is a professional gambler of the John Oakhurst type, dresses faultlessly, is particularly polite and very popular. He won money of another gambler named French Joe, and a quarrel followed. Joe, who was a big man, weighing 195 pounds, slapped Doc, who is slight. Doc asked him to stop, and when Joe didn't stop, drew a pistol and shot him dead. This was in Doc's gambling house, which was crowded. After the shooting Doc treated the crowd, and after drinking walked to the dead man, who lay where he fell, and said: "Well, Joe, you have been looking for this for the past five days. I tried to avoid it. May God bless you and forgive you for taking advantage of me." He then gave $100 toward the funeral expenses. The coroner's jury exonerated Doc from all blame.

Business-Like Sons-in-Law.

Indianapolis Journal.

On dit that Lawrence Barrett had to settle a dot of $10,000 per annum on his daughter before she married the German baron, whom the father-in-law proudly, not without affection, alludes to as "the baron, my son in-law." Those noble sons-in-law are very particular about the parental dot to their brides, and are very exacting in the payments. It is whispered that when Jerome was lax in sending over his $25,000 to Lady Churchill, Lord Churchill promptly cabled for it; but since the peer is again on the high road to prosperity, with an insured rent roll, there has been no occasion for this strictly-business proceeding, as there was when the mansion was unoccupied as a club-house. I do not know whether the baron ever annoys Mr. Barrett in this way.

Fought Seven Rounds.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Nov. 14.—James Cassidy, a Chicago blacksmith, and Joseph Wallatz, a miner of Joplin, Mo., fought seven bloody rounds with bare fists on a sand bar in the middle of the Missouri river early this morning. A purse of $250 was the stake. About $2,000 changed hands on the result. In the fourth round Cassidy stretched Wallatz senseless upon the sand. He lay motionless for seven seconds and Cassidy's backers were claiming the fight. Suddenly Wallatz jumped to his feet and gave Cassidy a crushing blow full in the face, following it with a terrific body blow. Cassidy fought gamely, but he was dazed, and at the end of the seventh round, blinded with blood, he succumbed to his opponent.

Died of Hydrophobia.

CHICAGO, Nov. 14.—Daisy Irick, a young lady 16 years old, died to-day after twenty-four hours' writhing in all the horrors of hydrophobia. She was bitten twenty-seven days ago by a Newfoundland dog, but was supposed to have entirely recovered from the effects. Last evening she went into a continuous series of spasms, and developed a fearful thirst, coupled with an indescribable aversion to water. The doctors pronounced the case hopeless, and she continued in agony and was conscious to the last.

The New Labor Party.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 14.—The first conference of the workingmen with a view to forming a new political party in this city was held here to-day. There were present representatives from various Knights of Labor assemblies to the number of about twenty-five hundred, and a temporary organization was formed. The mayoralty contest in February next will be selected as the time upon which to made the first fight.

Ninety-Six Persons Lost.

LONDON, Nov. 14.—Advices have been received at Plymouth that the Chinese steamship Takataman burst her boilers while running under high pressure in a gale off Nygata, and that ninety-six persons who were on board perished, including the officers, who were Englishmen.

Didn't Attempt It.

NIAGARA FALLS, Nov. 14.—Frederick Walters, the Buffalo barber, who made the announcement that he would jump from the suspension bridge to-day, did not make the attempt. It was very windy and it would have been suicidal for any one to undertake the leap.

Jumped 115 Feet.

VIENNA, Nov. 14.—A youth to-day committed suicide by jumping from the spire of the St Augustine court church, a height of 115 feet.

Silver Cloud Killed.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 14.—Baldwin's Silver Cloud, while being exercised at Bay district track, accidentally butted his head against a gate post and was killed.

On Account of Hostility.

LONDON, Nov. 14.—The Belgian station on the Congo has been abandoned in consequence of the continued hostility of the Arabs.

WILT LOVE ME WHEN I'M BALD?

Will you love me, oh, my darling,
When my youth has passed away,
And my brow with care is wrinkled,
And my hair grows thin and gray?
When old Time's relentless fingers
O'er my face his name has scrawled?
Will your heart still cling to mine, love?
Will you love me when I'm bald?

When no more your gentle fingers
Wander through my waving hair,
And with loving, sweet caressing
Touch each lock with gentle care?
When my old bare pate is shining,
Where a few lone hairs are sprawled,
Will you still be true, my darling?
Will you love me when I'm bald?

—Omaha World

ON THE PIAZZA.

ENGAGED.

All the week she has sat, from morning till eve,
With a far-a-way look on her face,
Complained of the dullness, and threatened to leave,
And remarked, now and then, that she couldn't conceive
Why people should come to the place.

But a change has to-day come over her, quite;
She is blithe as a robin in spring,
And she put on her flimsiest gown of pure white,
All in honor of him who is comming to-night—
O, love is a marvelous thing.

WEDDED.

All the week she has waltzed, and flirted, and smiled
In that charming, feminine way
That sets both the young men and old men just wild—
As sage as a matron, as gay as a child—
She's the belle of the house, so they say.

But a change has to-day come over her, quite,
And her laughter is lacking in ring;
She's a headache—feels stupid—is not very bright—
The fact is, her husband is coming to-night,
Wedded life's a curious thing. —Life.

SHE TOLD HER LOVE.

Ella Vernon was the only daughter of a rich gentleman who dwelt in a country mansion buried in the midst of stately woods.

She was eminently beautiful, highly accomplished, and possessed a good and kind heart. Her being an heiress also added to her great accomplishments.

She loved a poor cousin, Henry Morland by name, who, at an early age, had been left an orphan, and whom Ellen's father, Sir John Vernon, had brought up and educated. From their earliest years, at intervals such as his holidays and college vacations, the young people had been in a manner brought together, and as their ages were almost alike and Henry was a well made, handsome fellow, possessing considerable mental and personal attractions, their assimilation of taste as much as anything else had contributed to waken up feelings between them that neither had as yet given vent to in words.

Henry loved his beautiful and wealthy cousin to distraction. But the sense of his own dependence kept him from advancing his claims.

Sir John Vernon had the most perfect confidence in Henry's honor. Not thinking that there might be the slightest danger in permitting the young people to be together, he continued to regard them both with the same tender solicitude as ever, as though they were in a manner brother and sister.

It was "leap year," and the vacation which Henry spent at the hall proved on this occasion to be to him a source of pain and agony. The beauty of Ellen, her artlessness, her affectionate manner, and her frankness, raised his affections to such a height that the very excess of his love magnified his difficulties and made him look with a sensation of fear upon his passion, which once or twice prompted him to speak, and by consequence become an ingrate to his benefactor, to whom he owed everything in the world. He resolved to die rather than incur the displeasure of his uncle, the sting of his own reproaches and the possible rejection of his suit by Ellen. This thought, beyond all others, was most pregnant with pain. He therefore shunned her presence as much as he could, and spent whole days in the library, brooding upon his lost prospects.

Ellen noticed this change and, with a woman's tact, comprehended the reason of it. With a mixture of grief and pleasure she engaged herself in the execution of a plan, which was that of awakening his jealousy and driving him into a confession, to which she was only too willing to listen. A rumor was accordingly spread that a sporting baronet of the neighborhood had not only determined upon wooing the young lady, but also of wearing her, having laid a very heavy wager upon the result.

Henry's passion was instantly roused, and rage, vexation and love by turns tormented him. He would have called the insolent rival out, having accused his cousin of playing false, forgetting that she had never plighted faith to him; he accused the world of unkindness, his uncle of tyranny; in fact, like a lover utterly beside himself, he would have been guilty of a thousand extravagances, but the intolerable idea came, what was he to her, or she to him? What right had he to dictate or to question? And thus he was as far off as ever.

Ellen found that her plan of awakening his jealousy had been effectual enough, but that no other result attended it. She also found that her poor cousin's sadness and dejection increased, and its melancholy began to communicate itself to her.

It was therefore absolutely necessary for the happiness of both that matters should be brought to a crisis; for, in addition to the annoyance she felt at Henry's silence, the marriage which was rumored in jest began to take an aspect of serious earnestness, a proposal having actually come, from a rich and estimable man in every way, to her father, which proposal Sir John Vernon had just communicated to her.

Holding in her hand the letter which had been sent to Sir John, she one morning sought the library, and her heart beat a little strongly as she reflected that she was about to press her cousin so that he should be compelled to declare his passion at once or give her up forever.

"Ellen," said he, "let me beseech you to tell me what is the cause of this agitation: you alarm me—why are you so moved?"

"Do you behold this letter?" asked Ellen, tapping it, accompanying the action with a mysterious look.

Henry glanced upon it with increased misgiving, but merely said, "Yes."

"And can you guess its contents? No, you cannot; you who have ceased to be interested in me cannot divine its nature."

"Spare me reproaches that I have not merited, Ellen," said Henry, in a tone so mournful as to make her regret the words she had used in a mere jest. "If you knew all," he continued, "you would be inclined to be more lenient toward me. I do not say pity," he added, with a bitter emphasis, "because there is something debasing in the sentiment. But to end this, unprofitable as it is, tell me what all this signifies—suspense is agony—what is that paper?"

"Read it, and judge for yourself;" and as Ellen spoke she gave him the dreaded letter. Hastily glancing over it, his countenance grew white as a sheet, and he felt himself about to faint from the deadly sickness that attacked him. He made a desperate effort to bear against it, but the internal fight he had long held had prostrated his strength more than he thought, and he sank with a groan upon the chair.

"For Heaven's love, Henry, what ails you?" cried Helen in turn. "Alas, I have carried this to too cruel an extremity!" she murmured, and Henry began slowly to open his eyes.

The letter was, in fact, an excellently well written but formal proposition for her hand, and as the writer was not ten years the lady's senior, though of a cold and pompous disposition there could not be any serious obstacle in the way. It was to Henry Morland like the receiving of a death blow; a sense of duty, of propriety, of manliness, came to his aid, however, and with a desperate effort he said: "I—I—congratulate you, Miss Vernon."

"I wont be congratulated," broke in Ellen, "and you are not in earnest when you say so; and I wont be called Miss Vernon—you may as well say Lady Beazley, of Beazley Hall, at once—its odious—its shameful!" and she walked impatiently about him. There was a pause on his part for he knew not what to say.

"Why don't you speak to me, Henry?" begun Ellen. "Have you no feeling?"

"You have a proposal," said Henry, "that many a lady in the country would envy. I should wish you wedded to a man you love, for whatever you may think of me, I cannot forget that we have been children together, and your happiness has always been the object of my thoughts."

"Thank you, Henry, thank you!" and with a frank, unconscious and unspeakably tender manner, she laid both hands upon his shoulders and bent her deep, beautiful eyes upon him.

It was next to impossible for any one to resist the fascination of that glance, and Henry, attracted without the power of resisting, took her face in his hands and kissed her forehead.

It recalled him to himself and the sudden revulsion was absolute torture.

"I cannot pretend to advise you in this matter, my sweet cousin," he began; "but if you entertain the thought I trust you will be happy."

"I detest the man!" cried Ellen, flinging away his hand angrily. "One would think that all were turned against me."

"Do not believe it," said Henry, gravely, "And as this may be the last interview"——

"The last?" echoed Ellen.

"That we may have for years to come, let us not part with a misunderstanding. Had my own prospects been different I should have found myself in a condition to—to advise you better."

"In what way, Henry?" asked Ellen, with an arch smile.

"I cannot tell yo now. Let it suffice to say that my inability to do aught prevents me from saying what I would. Poor and dependent as I am, with a debt of gratitude to pay which I would not have lessened by a sentiment of false pride, I must tell you that, for my own happiness, my own advancement, I must make a bold step in the world and fight among men for my own share of good or ill fortune, as fate wills it."

"But what necessity is there for this?" demanded Ellen, with a touch of her old impatience. "Does not my father love you? Has he not made your future prospects his study? Besides it will be necessary for you to attend, as a near relative, at my bridal."

A faint smile crossed his pale lips as he said: "In this, without accusing me of unkindness, you must hold me excused. I can make some sacrifices of feeling, but this is beyond my power."

"Will you, if you please, speak plainer, and tell me what you mean and why you cannot do this?" asked Ellen, with mock gravity, "for," thought she, "he will tell me now that he loves me."

"Every sentiment which makes a man respect himself—every impulse of honor will tie my tongue forever on that head. Spare me, then Ellen," he added, mournfully; "I cannot prolong this interview. I am so little tutored in disguising my feelings that I must say I regret this, while I trust it will eventually be for the security of your own happiness."

"You love me, Henry—you love me!" cried Ellen, catching him by the arm.

Ellen felt that he trembled from head to foot. She saw that he turned pale as death; but the firm compression of those pallid lips told her that nothing could wring forth a confession from him. She knew that his lofty nature cherished a sense of honor bordering upon the chivalric. He was silent.

"Must I, then, speak?" said Ellen. "Is the order of things reversed?" And she smiled radiantly. "It is well for my maidenly character that leap-year entitles ladies to a privilege which they may use uncensured. Henry, my dear cousin, I love you! Must I sue in vain? Will you not love your pretty cousin?"

The astonishment of the youth was only equaled by his joy. With the most unfeigned rapture beaming out in every feature he could barely articulate her name, "Ellen!"

"Well, sir?"

"Are you jesting with me? Do not torture my heart, already overwrought."

"Cousin Henry, I love you," was her reply. "Will you not love me in return?"

"Now and forever!" exclaimed he, clasping her to his breast. "As I have always fondly loved you."

"Then let us go in and see papa," said Ellen. "I am sure of his consent; and what is more, I was of age yesterday and no one seems to have taken the slightest notice of it, so that if he should be inclined to object I can act upon my own responsibility."

Need we say the result. The same day Sir John Vernon's consent ratified their love and a few weeks after beheld them happily wedded, and the festivities of that occasion will probably be engraven in the chronicles of some country traditions when those who gave rise to them are sleeping peacefully in the dust; their lives having glided away in the midst of peace and domestic fesicity.

BANANAS IN THE WILD WEST.

A Granger Who Imagined That His Eye Teeth Had Been Cut.

A granger on a west-bound train wanted to know the price of bananas. The train boy gladly informed him.

"What! 10 cents for two of them little bananas?" exclaimed the down-East rustic, who was going West to grow up with the country; "guess I'll wait till I can get 'em cheaper'n that 'fore I eat any, young feller."

"Oh, I see that you're no greenhorn," replied the train boy; "you are up to tricks, you are. You must have traveled a good bit in your time. Now, it isn't everybody travelin' West, as you are, that knows he can pick bananas off'n the trees out west of Omaha without paying a cent for 'em. I see that's what you're waiting for, and so I will have to make my sales to passengers who don't know as much as you do."

Half an hour later, says the Chicago Herald, the emigrant was telling some of his companions that he had made up his mind to stop out in the bananna-grove belt of Nebraska and see if he couldn't buy a small farm.

The Sultan a Cousin of Napoleon III

St. James Gazette.

It is not generally known that the sultan is a cousin of the late emperor of the French. The Gaulois, however, assures us that such is the fact. His father, Abdul Medjid, was a lineal descendagt, it appears, of Mlle. Dubuc de Rivry, who fell into the hands of Algerian pirates in 1788—a not uncommon incident in those times—and was carried by them to Constantinople, where she eventually became the favorite wife of Selim, the then reigning sultan. Mlle. de Rivry, who was a Creole by birth, was first cousin to Mlle. Tascher de la Pagerie—the Empress Josephine—whose daughter, Queen Hortense, was the mother of Napoleon III. And, according to the same authority, a fresh admixture of French blood in the royal line of Turkey, dating from the present reign, is quite within the bounds of possibility. Abdul Hamid's first love, we are told, was a young French woman, Mlle. Floria Cordier, whom he met in the course of a morning walk at Pera. The young woman, who was a simple conturiere, made no difficulty in embracing Islamism at the young prince's request, and he made her his fanoum. Her friends have heard nothing of her since and do not know whether she is alive or dead.

Paris Not a Place For Bargains.

Henry Watterson in Louisville Courier-Journal.

One may live in Paris as he sees fit to live, or has the means to live. Here, however, as everywhere else in the world, prices have steadily gone up, and the franc will be less in the market than formerly, and, even at its reduced rate, cannot obtain the same quality either of food or drink as formerly. I had the opportunity the other day of comparing the carte des vins of the Cafe Anglais of 1866 with that of the present year, and found every item upon it advanced from 30 to 50 per cent. The apartments for which I paid 300 francs a month in 1873 are now held at 500, and a little entresol, which, twenty years ago, caused me six francs a day, I found, upon inquiry, held at ten, although I should consider it dear at half the money. The ladies tell me it is even so at the Magazin de Louvre and the Bon Marche. Cheap wearing apparel has gone out of fashion. Woolens are dearer here than in Louisville, and on neither side of the Seine can any of the old-time bargains be picked up. To be sure, the French have mastered the arts of dress, millinery and cooking, and we shall seek in vain for such taste and style as prevailed here in these particulars. But they have learned to charge for their superior decorative skill, and a little money is as unhandy in Paris as in London or New York.

A Big Trotting Event.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 14.—A trotting race, free for all, for a purse of $5,000, has been arranged to take place on the Bay District track, this city, Nov. 27. The following famous trotters are entered: Crab, record 2:17¼; Guy Wilkes, 2:15¼; Charles Hilton, 2:17¼; Harry Wilkes, 2:14¾; Antevales, 2:19; Oliver K, 2:16¼.