

THE DAILY GLOBE

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

LEWIS BAKER.

ST. PAUL, SUNDAY, JULY 3, 1887.

The GLOBE Press Room is Open: Every Night to all Advertisers who desire to Convince Themselves that the GLOBE has the Largest Circulation of any Newspaper Northwest of Chicago.

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, July 3, 1 a. m.—Indications for Wisconsin and Upper Michigan: northerly winds in the northern portions, variable winds in the southern portion, higher temperature, light to moderate showers, and light to moderate winds from the north and west. For Minnesota and Eastern Dakota: Winds generally northerly, fair weather in the northern portion, local rains in the southern portion and higher temperature.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS. ST. PAUL, July 2.—The following observations were made at 8:35 p. m., on the 2nd inst.:

Table with 5 columns: Place of Observation, Barometer, Thermometer, Wind, and State of Sky. Rows include Duluth, St. Paul, La Crosse, etc.

THE CITY'S POPULATION.

The St. Paul directory for the present year, which will be ready for distribution in a few days, is an exceedingly interesting volume. It also surprises. While every one knew that St. Paul's growth in the past year was very great, few will be prepared for the revelations which the directory makes. It appears that the increase in the number of names over last year is 12,873, a number greater than the whole number of names in the directory in 1878, and over twice as many as it contained last year, which is not far from the most prosperous year in the city's history.

The GLOBE revolves for all, and it is rolling on to that point where all people in the Northwest will be sharers in its daily revolutions.

UNRESTRICTED IMMIGRATION.

The July number of the Forum contains an article from the pen of Prof. H. H. BOYKES on the dangers of unrestricted immigration which will well repay the attention of our national law-makers. Prof. BOYKES points out the fact that, in spite of the magnificent dimensions of our continent, we are being crowded by a turbulent foreign proletariat, and in the days of ancient Rome, and threatening the existence of the republic if their demands remain unheeded. This disturbing element is in reality an unexpended surplus in the labor market, which by its very existence unsettles all economic relations among the great nations of the world.

NEW TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

Georgia has started a new temperance crusade which has the appearance of the drink evil that has yet been originated. It is an anti-treating society, which does not deny to anybody personal liberty, yet it is bent on treating the great social reform in it. It is not a prohibitory or total abstinence movement, but is directed against the social custom of treating, which is a peculiarly American custom, and grows out of the abundant generosity of the American nature. The originator of the movement does not object to a single glass taken in a gentlemanly way, but he insists that the custom of treating has injured many a person into immoderate drinking who would not have fallen a victim to intemperance if it had not been for the false idea that he was in duty bound to observe this American custom.

THE REASON OF THE BUSTLE.

Can you tell a non-professional reader why our country is in such a bustle in wearing that misshapen monstrosity called a bustle? Our correspondent devotes upon our willing shoulders even a heavier burden than that presented us last Sunday by the young man who wanted to know how he could always win at poker, but "to oblige a friend" we will look into the question a little. In the first place, our illustrious friend has lived long enough in this vale of tears to realize that while the most abstruse problems of science or metaphysics may be solved through the proper amount of application, the man has not yet been born who can successfully follow the devious processes of the feminine mind which passeth all understanding. It is true that the Venus Milo, according to the best authorities, did not encumber her shapely form with a bustle, but then the Venus, though the recognized ideal of female beauty, was as usually represented wore very little of anything else and would certainly be voted, should she follow GALATEA's example and come to life in this degenerate age, despite her perfection of figure, as decidedly "bad form." So it is not in obedience to the recognized standard of female beauty that the bustle is worn but rather in spite of it. Though even the most ardent advocate of the article's use can hardly claim it subserves the purposes of beauty, it may be that in the feminine mind it has a utilitarian purpose in that it serves to better display the goods that are worn.

Senator—anything you like—if you have money enough to buy a nomination. With this feeling of resentment and discontent continually brewing in their breasts it is no wonder that the latter day immigrants should prove to be a turbulent element.

Another trouble that Prof. BOYKES intimates is in the difficulty in ever assimilating this element with the American population. People who are animated by this spirit are not easily Americanized. But an additional difficulty in the way of bringing them in sympathy with our institutions lies in the tendency of the immigrants to form communities by themselves, and to keep up their own languages, traditions and customs, and to regard the natives with ill will and suspicion.

Prof. BOYKES is of opinion that laws merely to extend the time for naturalization are of no avail. It is not the privilege of American citizenship which entices the immigrant away from his old home, it is the prospect of earning an easier living. And when he is disappointed in this respect he becomes sour and revengeful.

IT ROLLS ON.

To day the GLOBE prints more papers than ever before for a single issue. It does not, however, print a single copy beyond the legitimate demand, calculated on the percentage of increase rendered necessary from week to week. Though there has not been a week in the history of the paper since the present management took hold of it when the list has not been larger than at the end of the preceding week, the increase during the last three months has been so marked as to be almost phenomenal. Each Sunday what seemed to be an in-judiciously large edition has been printed, and regularly each Sunday it has been exhausted before the demand was supplied.

TRUE FRATERNITY.

True fraternity; sympathetic kindness to all; each contingent boys faced each other in the bloodiest battle of the fiercest war the world has ever known. Each contingent boys faced like the brave band it was. The whole civilized world was awe-stricken at the stubborn contest between determined men. The carnage that marked that awful conflict has happily seldom been paralleled.

YET CONTRAST THE PICTURE.

The sun which set upon that Sunday of twenty-four years ago shown down upon the bodies of thousands of brave men. Its face was almost obscured by the thick smoke of battle which yet rolled about the bloody field as though it would shut out the greasy sight and muffle the dying heroes' groans. The sun which rose this morning shown down upon smiling fields, rich with the promise of the coming harvest. Each contingent boys faced like the brave band it was. The whole civilized world was awe-stricken at the stubborn contest between determined men. The carnage that marked that awful conflict has happily seldom been paralleled.

THE WORLD HAS NEVER SEEN IT.

No other in this broad land of freemen will see the anniversary of the day when liberty was born be celebrated more appropriately; nowhere will it be observed with such sympathetic feeling for these heroes camping together side by side to-day at Gettysburg, each having risked his life for what he believed to be the right, have clearly enough learned to realize in a way, the present generation can never understand the significance of this Union of ours.

REPUBLICAN REMINDERS.

Every once in a while some scandalous reminiscence of the moldorous Republican administration of the government crops out. It appears that the late LEVY BACON, Republican financial agent for the treasury department, a protégé of the notorious ZACH CHANDLER, besides being liberal with the government's money in extending loans to his fellow clerks, also made the public treasury do a good deal toward lubricating the Republican machine.

ICE WATER.

The weather is very hot and a word of caution is in place. We are not going to caution you against the fatal melon and cucumber. You probably know all about that. But we do want to caution you against the temptation to use too much ice water these hot days. The weight of medical opinion is against the use of ice water together. It is unwholesome, and if indulged in excess, especially when the drinker is over-

heated, it is liable to prove fatal. At all events the stomach is always in the best condition when a drop of ice water never enters it. There ought not to be the same temptation to use ice in the water we get in St. Paul that there is in many other cities. Ordinarily our city water is cool enough for drinking purposes without the use of ice.

Col. H. D. BAKER, of the Fargo Argus, is in St. Paul gathering a few metropolitan ideas to assist him in helping Maj. EDWARDS boom the Dakota metropolis. As he has taken advantage of the golden opportunity afforded by the veteran major's comprehensive knowledge of the national game, St. Paul friends of the colonel will do well to be careful how they poke poker at him as a form of entertainment. We learn from him that despite the absence from the territory of Col. DONAN natural gas in Fargo is an assured success and may even eventually be used to run the Argus with, in preference to the manufactured article.

LUKE POLANSKI, the famous Vermont politician, who, like Old GRIMES of political memory, "always wore a long blue coat buttoned up before," is, like Old GRIMES, gone to his last account. Like EDWARDS, he was one of the institutions of Vermont, and the unique place in the life of himself will remain long unfiled.

AGAIN THE GLOBE presses the capacity of its fast new presses in supplying the eager demand for the SUNDAY GLOBE. If every family in the two cities is not supplied to-day it will be because there are some few people left who don't know a good thing when they see it.

THE SUNDAY GLOBE TO-DAY CONTAINS A HOST OF GOOD THINGS.

That was the lesson taught on the field of Gettysburg yesterday and repeated again to-day in the reunion of those old-time enemies, the Philadelphia legion and PICKETT'S Confederate corps. Just twenty-four years ago to-day they faced each other in the bloodiest battle of the fiercest war the world has ever known. Each contingent boys faced like the brave band it was. The whole civilized world was awe-stricken at the stubborn contest between determined men. The carnage that marked that awful conflict has happily seldom been paralleled.

WASHINGTON WILL CELEBRATE THE FOURTH BY FEEDING A THOUSAND OF ITS POOR.

Isn't that a more fitting celebration of the nation's greatest holiday than the firing of tons of powder and thousands of rockets?

TWO LUCKY BASE BALL PLAYERS WILL WEAR HANDSOME MEDALS AT THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON PRESENTED BY THE GLOBE.

The medals are beautiful and you ought to drop into the Third street jewelry store in which they are exhibited and have a look at them.

MR. BLAINE should mount London Tower to-morrow, wave the American flag and "holier" he might make campaign capital on account of his patriotism, but he will probably be dining with a duke.

NO PERSON should neglect the opportunities offered him by the various churches to-day. To-morrow is the glorious and no one can tell what a day of powder and rockets may bring forth.

ONE MAN who played the GLOBE'S tips in the races made \$500. The GLOBE revolves for all, but don't follow his example unless you can afford to lose, if by chance the tips should fail.

THERE are eight editors in Boston over eighty years of age, and those who have read their papers will have no doubt whatever as to the correctness of the statement.

QUEEN VIC declined to receive the dusky Queen KAPAT the first table when she gave her "royal dinner," but she received QUEEN KAPAT'S "jubilee" present as soon as it came.

MR. BLAINE doesn't seem to have any year for Americans in Europe, and when he comes home it is just possible that Americans in America will have no use for him.

DR. MCGLYNN reiterates the assertion that a papal embassy is to be sent to Washington. And how would Dr. MCGLYNN like to be the ambassador?

THERE was great racing on the fair grounds yesterday. When the Twin Cities devote their energies to anything it can't possibly fail of success.

IF you are awakened up betimes in the morning by noisy patriots console yourself with the reflection that the Fourth comes but once a year.

THE small boy who is packed off to the country or locked in the cellar will be the least liable to Fourth of July accidents.

AS THE great national summer resort Minnesota stock is now away above par. For midsummer weather St. Paul real estate is doing pretty well, thank you.

AN Example for Sensible People. New York Sun. "And had I better speak to your father to-night, dear?" he asked, as he suddenly continued to hold on to her while she broke into the rocky bay.

"No George," she answered from his top vest button, "not to-night. It is nearly 12 o'clock, and papa has doubtless gone to bed."

SOMETIMES They Are, Though. New York Ledger. Two business men were talking the other day about the efficiency of their assistants. One expressed himself warmly upon the subject. The other quietly remarked: "Wait a minute. Did it ever occur to you that if those people were as smart as we are they would not be our assistants?"

GREEK and Latin are Elective. Kinderhook Rough Notes. Among Harvard's graduates this year there is said to be an anarchist. This cannot be true, since, as anarchists oppose all rule, no anarchist would condescend to observe even the rules of Latin and Greek grammar. How then could one be graduated at Harvard?

DESTINY. The weaver, weaving the web of my past, In some of my days, I was a Grew weary of heart and hand, and missed A cast of the shuttle, to and fro, And the loom, and the shuttle, and the sail seas over.

HE had planned for a sea, so quiet and wide, And there was his daughter at home, For a good ship, aided by wind and tide, For a harbor of rest when the voyage was done.

IT was only time to an instant grown, A single thread from the pattern loom, But chance and time were forever flown, And the ocean of peace by the storm is tossed, The girls have flown to the rocky away, And the vessel is fighting the wind and tide, While the ocean of peace is wild, outside, So life is changed by chance and fate From its easy peace and rest to its dreary pain, Born to early or born too late, And Sisyphus toils at the stone in vain.

AB, well a day, it matters little to me, With the sea and the sky, and the sun, The river flows onward and down to the sea, And its waters are hushed in the ocean's breast.

WHISPERS.

In view of the numerous stories floating about regarding the political positions of those shrewd wire workers MESSRS. GILMAN and NELSON, the WHISPERER, deems it his duty to add a little gossip, which comes from an authentic source, to the general fund. It seems that these two worthy gentlemen were in St. Paul recently, and that their appearance at their usual haunts. Instead of that they quietly betook themselves to a room in the Merchants and remained in executive session in a solitude de deux for the better part of a day. The result of their deliberations, my informant says, is likely to create commotion in the Republican camp in the near future. In accordance with the plans concocted at this short meeting, Mr. GILMAN is to put in most of the summer getting "solid," as the politicians have it, with the local wire-pullers throughout the north end of the state, having of course the valuable assistance of the astute Mr. NELSON. Then when the time comes for the next senatorial election the portion of the state which Mr. NELSON is popularly supposed to carry will be "solid" for the Republican Parian marble. It is the perfect hand of a blue grass beauty. Small, slender, tapering, round, with delicate fingers and dimpled knuckles, such a hand as a man would risk his life to gain and a woman would give her soul's salvation to own.

His greatest work was "Woman Triumphing," commonly called "The Triumph of Chastity," which is pronounced the greatest creation of all our American sculptors. But scarcely had the sculptor finished his great work when Death closed his career forever. He died as he had lived, in extreme poverty, and was buried in an unmarked grave by the Arno. That was more than twenty years ago.

It was not until last week that Mr. HART's native state performed tardy justice to his memory, by bringing his remains home and giving them their last enshrinement in the cemetery at Frankfort, where so many of Kentucky's famous sons are resting. His grave is near that of DANIEL BOONE, and he was buried with much pomp and ceremony. The governor and state officials were in attendance. ROBERT BURNS WILSON delivered the address, and the welkin rung with the applause of the thousands who had come from all over the state to do honor to the dead man whose genius had reflected fame in his native state.

And yet what a poor return was all this pomp and ceremony for the life of hardship and suffering JOEL HART had undergone. A title of the money expended on his funeral honors would have bought a fine home for him while living. There were men present at the funeral last week anxious to do honor to JOEL HART'S crumbling bones who, when the dead man was a poor stonemason in Clark county, would have thought it presumption in him to speak to them on the street. Such is life, and such are the people who inhabit this globe.

The "Aldor" deficiency has been nearly paid up by the guarantors of the fund. With the exception of four or five gentlemen who are out of town, all the subscribers to the fund came promptly forward and paid in full their proportionate share of the deficit.

The running race between the lady equestriennes on the race course yesterday afternoon produced more enthusiasm than all the trotting and pacing races of the two days put together. All of which goes to confirm the GLOBE'S statement that running races still present the strongest attraction for the sports-loving American people.

If anybody is at all sceptical about the marvelous increase of St. Paul's population, as shown by the last directory figures, just let them step into the Globe office and take a glance at our Baby Benefit list. The number of babies that have been born in St. Paul within the last year is something astonishing.

THE force of Civil Service Reform. New York Evening Sun. A peculiar farce was enacted the other day when a special examination was made of a young man who had applied for a position as an accountant in the agricultural department. He described perfectly the instrument, all its uses, the difficult art of drawing objects seen under the microscope, and much more pertaining to his profession, which he stood 95. He was then examined in English literature and other studies. In literature he was asked to name all the prominent authors of the Elizabethan period, and to give a quotation from the writings of each. His answer brought his general average down to 45.

A Sudden Cure Might be Fatal. New York Sun. "Good by, my dear," he said to his wife, as the bell rang for all ashore. "I hope you will have a pleasant voyage with your friends, but I shall be sick with shal-lity to hear of your safe arrival."

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"Figures vous que mes amis d'outre-mer, cher deux amis pour servir de temoins a mon mariage?" "Dame! on ne trouve jamais d'amis dans le malheur!"

CAN ANYBODY TELL? Why are there five lamps on Acker street, between Mississippi and Buffalo, and not one between Buffalo and Elk on the same street? Those men who profess to control the board of public works charged the property with electric grade, full grade and change of grade and when they have skinned the unlucky wretch they leave him to grope his way in darkness. TASPAYER. St. Paul, July 3, 1887.

THE Country Anxious. Mankato Register. Mr. Donnelly's book will have a large sale, for the country is anxious to know whether or not he will annihilate Shakespeare.

I KNOW I have a constant friend, A heart, yet ever at my side, Who clings to me in my steps— A keen companion and a guide. He can not leave me in my need, He can not desert me in my hour, Yet, not resistless, I obey His voice, and follow his command.

Although the car can catch no sound, The hand nagged palpit can feel, Yet, 'er my inmost soul and will, I sense his every least appeal; And thus I know his kind intent, His wishes and his full command; And then I feel the penalty, He guides me with his angel hand.

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AS PHON LEE'S NAME DID NOT APPEAR IN THE LATE RACING RACE IT IS TAKEN FOR GRANTED THAT HE GREW UP IN CHINA, AND CONSEQUENTLY THE BOOK WILL BE AWFULLY STUPID.

Thirty years ago JOEL T. HART was a poor stonemason in Clark county, Kentucky, who, together with his battles with poverty and bad health had a hard time to get along in the world. The poor fellow possessed genius and ambition, but he had no friends. With the little money that he saved by several years' hard work at his trade he went to Florence to study sculpturing. Up to that time all his ideas of art were innate. He possessed no knowledge beyond his experience in building chimneys and stone fences for the Kentucky farmers, and all that he ever saw in the way of statues were the rudely carved monuments in the village cemetery.

Mr. HART had not been in Italy long until his work attracted the attention of art connoisseurs. One little piece of work brought him fame. It was simply a woman, as he called it, in the finest of Parian marble. It is the perfect hand of a blue grass beauty. Small, slender, tapering, round, with delicate fingers and dimpled knuckles, such a hand as a man would risk his life to gain and a woman would give her soul's salvation to own.

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A FOOL'S WISDOM.

The last campaign in Minnesota was fruitful with incidents. One of the most painful of these for the cherished dignity of the Republican candidate for governor occurred in the Fifth district. It was an Irishman's response to the interrogatory, "Who is McGill?" He said, "Who is McGill? I know McGill, that he's a piece of statutory for orniment on Charley Pillsbury's barn, and that he wears corsets."

It was unquestionably a rare political stroke on the part of Knute Nelson to use the Business Men's association of Minnesota to advance his office-holding interests. The Alexandrian giant never failed for pickering a greater prize without an underlying purpose that is not revealed on the instant. His interstate commerce speech at Mankato is set either the governorship or a seat in the national senate. "The country against the Twin Cities" is the watchword of Mr. Nelson's campaign, and, as the former polls some 80,000 more votes than the latter, it is evident that he is a man who intended to lose.

While William R. Merriam is disturbing the dust with his trotters, and accumulating it in his bank, it is to be hoped that he will not forget to render in proper manner the man who made his political alliance with Donnelly a possibility. James B. Hubbell, the greatest creation of all our American sculptors, but scarcely had the sculptor finished his great work when Death closed his career forever. He died as he had lived, in extreme poverty, and was buried in an unmarked grave by the Arno. That was more than twenty years ago.

At this juncture Mr. Hubbell's rotund form appeared, was inserted in the "Aldor" breach, and it was closed. The speaker was then laid down in the same bed, and, though there may have been some kicking, the bed clothes have not fallen off yet. When they do, whether they will reveal Donnelly black and blue, or Merriam sans office is a matter of public interest. Mr. Hubbell was the warmest personal friend that Morton S. Wilkinson had in his palmy days, and, in an indirect way, the final defeat of Wilkinson's reelection to the United States senate has been laid at his door.

When the Republican ("third party") national convention was held at Cincinnati—the convention that nominated Greeley and then laid down on him—Wilkinson attended it at Hubbell's persuasion—not to aid Greeley, but to see the fun. The organization of the convention was the last nail in the published list of delegates present Wilkinson's name appeared. On his return to Minnesota he was accused by his enemies of being a Greeleyite, and with its customary treatment of genius, the Republican party shelved him. He has remained shelved ever since, with the exception of a few terms in the legislature.

State Auditor Braden, I understand, has taken several blocks of stock in a daily paper recently started in the Second district. The same report is made of Eli Warner, the governor and one or two others of the state capital officials. The significance of this appears to be that these gentlemen realize that the Second district is saved. Mr. McGill's boom last year, and that is the part of wisdom to keep a hold on it. Mr. Warner has a deep interest in McGill's reelection. He has been assured that if he is not he might as well resume his study of Greek at Garden City. Mr. Warner's appreciation of the present administration's importance may be measured by the dispatch sent by him to a friend in Mankato when the returns indicated McGill's election. It read, "Igotthere."

I made reference above to Morton S. Wilkinson's genius. As an orator, polished and full of fire, it is doubtful if the state has ever heard his equal. Donnelly's stump speeches are not polished, and Gen. "Jim" Baker's oratory has too much pertaining about the neck. Mr. Wilkinson was from an honest combination of study and inspiration. In one of the state conventions held in Minnesota, about the time of Andy Johnson's impeachment, Wilkinson was presiding officer. The delegates were determined to pass a resolution indorsing Schuyler Colfax. Wilkinson opposed this, and, taking the floor, in a minute speech, saved the party, by a masterly eloquence, upon the delegates that they changed their minds and indorsed Ben Wade instead of Colfax. The speech was an effort such as is only heard once in a lifetime.

I do not pretend to account for it, but the frigidly with which John Lind and Knute Nelson grasp hands when they meet is noticeable. The embrace is not of that warmth with which Loren Fletcher falls into the governor's arms. That these two congressmen are not friends is evident, but the secret of their dislike to each other is yet to be told. One version has been given, and bears some faint resemblance to the truth. That is, that Lind's supposed political and palpable alliance with his interests, the Mankato convention of July last alienated from him Nelson and his friends, whose interests lay in the success of Gilman. A McGill-Lind-Fletcher alliance was too much of a dose for the Fifth district Republicans to swallow.

'Tis the shortest of it that when the sun shone on me I wore fine linen, and when it did not I was fain to be unclothed with rags." I dedicate this quotation to Oil Inspector Willis with such feeling. It inspects vividly his see-saw condition January 1. When the legislature threatened to deprive him of a fat office, he was the saddest looking object that entered the capitol. His dress was untidy, his shoes shabby, and his general make-up that of Col. Woful. But since salvation was won by him not even the judges of the supreme court present a more dignified appearance than our Henry. Fifteen thousand dollars a year will do wonders for a man. By A Fool.

Has No Need of Politics. Sleepy Eye Herald. Ignatius Donnelly has about completed the book in which he attempts to prove that Lord Bacon wrote the plays of Shakespeare. A Chicago publisher has contracted to publish the work, which will be within a year and to pay Mr. Donnelly a royalty of \$1 per copy. A man who can achieve fame and fortune in literature in this way can well afford to dispense with the vulgar, the flattery, support of granger legislators.

The Circus is Closed. The Jones Small circus at Red Rock is closed for the season. We doubt if the good accomplished counterbalanced the evil resulting in the attraction of

WHO IS THE ECTOR?

"I know a good joke on an editor from Helena, Mont," said a conductor on the St. Paul, "and I guess I'll have to tell it. He's a colonel, but I shan't give you his last name. Last week he came to St. Paul on business, and after registering at the best hotel in town, started out to see the sights. It was about 2 o'clock in the morning when he returned, a little worse for wear. It happened that the night porter who showed him to his room was only about half awake, and without knowing what he was doing, ushered the colonel into a bed, and, after a drink of water, he