THE DAILY GLOBE

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

LEWIS BAKER.

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26, 1 a. m.—Indications: For Iowa and Wisconsin: Threatening weather, with rain, followed by colder, fair weather; light to fresh variable winds, becoming northwesterly. For Minnesota and Dakota: Colder, fair weather, preceded in Minnesota by light local rains; light to fresh winds, becoming northwesterly.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 25.—The following observations were made at 8:48 p. m., local time:

Place of Observation.	Bar. Height....	Ther. Exposed.	Change in 24 hours.	State of Weather....
Duluth	30.02	50	....	Cloudy.
St. Paul	30.00	58	†8	Cloudy.
La Crosse	30.08	58	†6	Cloudy.
Huron	29.96	50	*4	Cloudy.
Moorhead	29.94	50	....	Fair.
St. Vincent	29.94	56	†14	Cloudy.
Bismarck	29.92	56	†6	Clear.
Fort Buford	29.92	62	†8	Cloudy.
Fort Assinaboine	30.14	48	*8	Fair.
Fort Custer	30.08	62	*4	Clear.
Helena	30.10	60	*2	Clear.
Fort Sully	29.92	62	†4	Fair.
Fort Garry	29.92	54	....	Fair.
Minnedosa	29.84	52	†8	Cloudy.

*Lower. †Higher.

AN EXTRA SESSION.

The talk about an extra session of congress is being resumed, and it should not be all talk. There is a special evil from which the country desires relief, and which should be given it with as little delay as possible.

The people are paying into the treasury every month $10,000,000 more than required for the expenses of the government. It is a constant drain upon their resources and a heavy tax on their business interests. It is responsible for the present stringency of the money market, and is liable at any time to induce a commercial panic that will involve thousands in ruin. To continue the piling up of a huge surplus which can only be an inducement to legislative extravagance is also a piece of dangerous folly. The people have a right to some consideration from congress, and they ought to have it without waiting until the regular session of congress.

If an extra session should be called immediately upon the president's return from his projected Western trip, the question of relief from onerous taxation would meet with immediate attention. There would be nothing else to divert the minds of the nation's legislators, and being called together for a specific purpose, they would accomplish it forthwith. If the matter is delayed until the regular session, no one can tell when the matter will be reached. There will be the delay necessary to effect an organization, the adjournment over the holidays, the pressing of other important matters, and in short a multitude of questions likely to delay the settlement of the one in which the people of the country are most interested.

By all means let us have an extra session, and let us have it as soon as possible. The people's needs should be considered before the convenience of politicians.

FALLING IN LINE.

And so Brother HENRI WATTERSON also has fallen in line with the boys. Whether his change of heart was due to Brother JOSEPH PULITZER's confession to the true faith, or whether his example led to the reclaiming of the New York journalist from the path of error in which he was treading, matters little. The conversion has taken place, and both now see in President CLEVELAND the only true prophet.

The brilliant Kentuckian, from a condition of desperate doubt, haunting fear and carping criticism, has passed into a state of beautiful serenity, based upon the thorough conviction that GROVER CLEVELAND, and he alone, can lead the Democratic hosts again to victory. This is a state of unanimity we are pleased to see. The active work of the next campaign will begin before long, and it is well that the boys should line up.

There is a straight road, but it won't do to have any stragglers impeding the line of march. The boys, too, are shrewd. They observe the sentiment of the country very clearly, and not merely the Democratic sentiment either. Naturally they want to be in accord with it. There are not many of the wanderers and scoffers left, but there are still a few. Potent indeed is the unsatisfied craving for office in influencing the minds which control certain editorial pens.

But there are gratifying indications that by the time the next convention is over there will not be a single deserter from the camp. And now if Brother DANA would only join the other two distinguished journalistic brethren who have found rest in timely conversion, what a genuine love feast we could have, to be sure.

NO NEED OF A NAVY.

It has now been demonstrated that we do not want a navy, in the sense of a large number of heavy armored ships of war. There is still use for the lighter dispatch vessels and cruisers for coast patrol and similar duty, but we can easily dispense with the costly vessels with which foreign nations have for some time been providing themselves.

And the reason we can do without a navy is to be found in the recent invention by a United States naval officer of a dynamite gun which will prevent any vessel from approaching our shores near enough to occasion alarm or do any damage. It has been shown that Lieut. ZALINSKI's dynamite gun, which can be mounted on a light monitor and is operated by compressed air, can throw fifty pounds of dynamite a distance of a mile and a half with deadly accuracy. In the recent experiments an eighty-ton schooner, at that distance, was blown into kindling wood with two shots.

An ironclad would have been served in the same way and would have presented a much better target, while the light vessel bearing the dynamite gun could not be easily struck by the guns of the man-of-war. It will therefore be seen that this country possesses an invincible weapon of offense and defense and that the entire coast can be protected at a cost less than that involved in the building of a couple of ironclads.

Let other countries, then, go on building up huge navies at an enormous expense. Should they ever attempt to approach the American coast with belligerent intentions it will give us the greatest pleasure in life to knock them into smithereens, even though we don't possess a navy worthy of the name.

STANFORD'S UNIVERSITY.

With a good deal of grandiloquence, which, somehow or other, hasn't a very genuine ring, Senator STANFORD announces that no rich youth need apply for admission to his projected university, which he contemplates establishing on a scale beyond anything of the kind now existing in this country. He declares that the poor alone will be accommodated within the walls and that to them alone will be accorded the privilege of drinking from the Pierian spring that will bubble up within its courts.

Very generous indeed of the millionaire senator, but doubtful in its sincerity and impracticable in its realization. No university can succeed without students, and students are hardly likely to apply for admission to an institution whose doors are closed against them until they make a confession of poverty. The innate independence of the American character would revolt at such a condition.

It is much to be feared that there is a touch of demagogy in the senator's assertion. He has shown too little consideration for the poor in the past to inspire confidence at this late day. And the imposition of such a condition would be fatal to the university's usefulness from an educational standpoint.

It is California's proud boast that but few of her people are incapable of supporting themselves and their families in comfort at least. If STANFORD's university should be limited to students professing poverty their number would be small indeed. He ought not to expect to deceive an intelligent people by such clap-trap.

If he desires really to acquire fame as a public benefactor, his university should be thrown open to all alike without arbitrary distinction as to worldly goods. In no other way can it cultivate its field of usefulness and preserve the spirit of independence and self respect among the students.

ENGLAND'S GREED.

Old England is at her old tricks again. She has once more looked upon a section of this terrestrial ball with covetous eyes and has instituted measures looking toward the gratification of her greed for conquest, or rather for insolent robbery from a government too weak to resist.

For be it observed Old England selects the field of her operations with wonderfully nice discrimination. You don't find her coolly appropriating territory belonging to a country which is able to support a formidable standing army and navy. Bully-like, she knows better than to attempt anything of that kind against any but a weaker government, which is not able of itself to resist aggression and which has no powerful allies to call to its aid.

So it happens that in her desire for conquest without danger to herself our transatlantic neighbor has turned her eyes toward South America. She has looked upon Venezuela, and territory belonging to that country has found favor in her eyes. From looking she has passed to longing, and initial steps have been taken to forcibly acquire a region large enough to make several good-sized states.

Non-interference with the affairs of our neighbors is of course one of the fundamental ideas in our governmental system, but when those affairs may also concern us ultimately it should be remembered that one of the most cherished traditions of this nation is a firm adherence to the MONROE doctrine, the prevention of unwarranted foreign intrusion into American affairs. The United States have interests in South America which would well warrant them in disputing England's arrogant assumption of supremacy in that direction, and should Venezuela call upon us for assistance in repelling any baseless aggression, it would be a grave question whether such aid should not be freely given.

It is more than likely that, in fancying she has found a weaker country upon which she can prey with impunity, old England will receive a startling surprise very little to her taste, and which will cause her new scheme of conquest to be abandoned with celerity.

A NATION OF LAW.

It is a matter of surprise, as well as of mortification, that an organized body of St. Paul workingmen should have adopted resolutions of sympathy with the condemned Chicago anarchists. There may be an honest difference of opinion among people of all classes as to the severity of the penalty imposed by the Illinois courts. There are those who thought that the evidence did not warrant the imposition of the death penalty, and if those who thought that way had constituted the jury the verdict would have been different. But the twelve men who sat on the jury and heard all the evidence, as well as the judge who presided over the trial, all concurred in the opinion that the seven prisoners were guilty of murder in the first degree. All the forms of law were complied with, and in no particular was its spirit violated. The supreme court of the state affirmed the decision of the lower court. So whatever may have been our individual opinions respecting the guilt or innocence of the prisoners before the trial, every American citizen of law-abiding instincts will now cheerfully subordinate his own opinions to the judicial decision which has been rendered. The resolutions adopted by the German Carpenters' Brotherhood No. 157, and which were published in yesterday's GLOBE, are not only of an incendiary character, but they are calculated to put the workingmen of this city in a false light before the public. The resolutions denounce the decision of the supreme court of Illinois, and we venture the assertion that not a man who voted for the resolutions, or even the member who drafted them, has ever read the decision or knows what is in it, except in a general way that it affirmed the death penalty imposed by the criminal court of Cook county. The resolutions furthermore affirm that the condemned anarchists are martyrs in the labor movement. Is that the light in which the workingmen of St. Paul look upon this matter? When or where were the seven anarchists connected with a legitimate labor movement? Not one of them ever earned a dollar by an honest day's labor. They never professed to be anything but professional agitators. While honest laborers were at work these blatant, red-mouthed villains were going around inciting a rabble to arson and murder. Did that kind of conduct identify them with the labor movement? No. The GLOBE undertakes to speak for the workingmen of St. Paul, and say that they do not recognize the Chicago anarchists as in any sense the representatives of the labor movement, and in that particular, at least, the resolutions are a libel upon the workingmen of this city. There may be anarchists in St. Paul, and some of them may be members of the labor orders. But we do not believe that the workingmen of this city as a class are in sympathy with anarchism. But, inasmuch as one order of the organization has declared its belief that the condemned anarchists are martyrs in the labor movement, it may be necessary for other labor organizations in their own vindication to formally repudiate the action of No. 157. This is a law abiding nation, and those who do not respect our laws, and are not loyal to our institutions have neither lot nor parcel with us. America has no better class of citizens than the loyal laboring classes, and no deadlier enemy than the anarchist.

MONDAY TABLE TALK.

"I acknowledge, after a week's trial of it, that your advice regarding a brief season of conversation to conclude the morning meal is an excellent aid to the digestion," said the member of the family who was known to possess literary tendencies; "but apropos of your discourse last Monday, regarding the duty which every man owes to society to become a constant church goer, I am afraid I must confess myself something of a backslider. I felt rather too luxuriantly comfortable dozing away this morning to heed the chiming of the church bells, and when I appareled myself for the day, I found it rather too late for church going. I'm sorry of course, but I'll give your theory a test sometime again. How did I pass my morning then? Very profitably indeed, I assure you. With my SUNDAY GLOBE I put in the morning about as comfortably and instructively as it could have been done. Rather wasted my time reading the Sunday papers? Not a bit of it. The daily paper, and particularly the Sunday paper, is, in my opinion, a great educator. You think there is too much of it? Well, I can't agree with you. The clientage of a newspaper is, I take it, of such a varied nature that the complexity of matter printed in the Sunday papers becomes a necessary with them. They are obliged to cater to all kinds of tastes and all kinds of people. What will be read with interest by one will be stupid to another, and vice versa. To preserve the balance a variety must be presented, from which any reader, without regard to age, sex or previous condition, may find something interesting. It could not be done were the papers any smaller. And did it ever occur to you that there is a perfect mine of information, and instructive information, too, in the Sunday paper that you couldn't discover in an extended course of other reading? In your Sunday paper you will not only find all the news but interesting bits of knowledge regarding familiar and unfamiliar things, fragments of history, specimens of the best current literature, matter for the grave and gay, for those who desire amusement pure and simple, and for those who desire to add to their store of knowledge. The Sunday paper is, in fact, a kind of condensed encyclopedia, brought down to current times. If it prints the details of a dog fight, it also gives admirably condensed sermons on a variety of topics. The Sunday paper should not be hastily skimmed over. It should be read and read carefully. Dull indeed must he be who from a careful perusal of its numerous columns can not bring a mind whose storehouse is more amply stocked. It would be a sorry day for the people if our clerical friends should succeed in their cherished scheme of suppressing the Sunday papers, for in doing so they would eliminate a factor in popular education which cannot be lightly considered. Of course you all agree with me, but I felt like monopolizing the table conversation this morning and it makes me feel better to ventilate my views occasionally."

STRAY SUNBEAMS.

The figures published in yesterday's GLOBE opened the eyes of the people of the two cities in regard to the immense passenger traffic between St. Paul and Minneapolis. Everybody knew that the traffic was great because it is a rare thing to travel over any of the short lines when the trains are not full. But very few were prepared to believe that the number of passengers carried on the short line trains in one year amounted to 6,000,000.

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These figures are decidedly encouraging to the projectors of the new rapid transit line which it is proposed to operate by electricity. It must be remembered that the interurban passenger traffic between the two cities is rapidly increasing every year, and in five years from now is likely to amount to 20,000,000. That will make plenty of room for several new transit companies.

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PHIL ARMOUR has probably given the farmers more trouble than any man of the times. It is all because of Mr. ARMOUR's inclination to accumulate large fortunes by selling adulterated food. The country is familiar with the oleomargarine racket and the difficulty the dairymen had in wiping out the axle-grease business. Now the legislatures of some of the states have commenced a crusade against cottonseed oil, which Mr. ARMOUR admits is used as an adulterant in his great lard factory. Massachusetts and Illinois have already passed laws forbidding the sale of adulterated lard, and every state where the hog is a staple product will fall into line.

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While this war against adulterated food is being waged there is another matter that ought to be looked after. That is the adulteration of sugar and syrups. Glucose is playing an important part in sugar and syrup manufacture just now. It is also usurping the functions of the busy little bee, for a great deal of stuff that is sold for honey nowadays is only glucose done up in honey shape. It is a profitable thing for the manufacturers of sugar, syrup and honey, because glucose only costs 2½ cents a pound.

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Glucose and cottonseed oil are both harmless adulterants; at the same time the majority of people who buy the articles prefer to buy at glucose and cottonseed oil prices. Biscuit made of cottonseed oil may taste all right, and warm griddle cakes swimming in glucose may be relishable enough for uneducated palates. But the main point against all such food adulterants, even though they are harmless, is that it disables honest manufacturers. They can't compete with the dishonest ones. The absence of prohibitory laws puts a premium on rascality.

They Cost Like Seventy-five.

Norristown Herald.

Catherine Owen has published a book called Ten Dollars Enough. She may think so now, but by the time she gets all the jet trimming and stuff for the overskirt she will find that about $10 more is necessary, not including the dressmaker's bill. Ten dollars is enough for the material, but trimming and making cost like sixty.

BOTH.

Both of us, dear,
Yes, both,
The last soft rustling of these elms shall hear,
And then shall go,
To sit beneath the "tree of life;" and so
Why should we fret
That one the "leaves of healing" first will get?

Both of us, dear,
Yes, both,
Shall for the last time see the ripples clear
Of yonder brook,
And then upon the living waters look.
Why should it seem
So hard to wait an hour beside the stream?

Both of us, dear,
Yes, both,
The pearly gates shall some glad day draw near,
And enter in,
Freed from this load of suffering and sin.
How blest we are
If one, going first, can hold the gate ajar.

Both of us, dear,
Yes, both,
Shall see the last faint twilight disappear
On moon or star,
From this low window where our clasped hands are
Why feel dismay
If I, for you, should seek the upward way?

Both us, dear,
Yes, both,
Shall learn the final lesson of a year,
And then shall rise
To the Great Master teaching in the skies.
Is it not meet,
That one go first to find the other's seat?

Both of us, darling?
Both;
Why then so loth
That a few years apart our steps should be?
Years are but minutes to eternity.

—Julia H. May, in Chicago Advance.

ANENT WARDEN REED.

Reed Has a Weak Case.

Glencoe Register.

The investigation of the charges against ex-Warden Reed, of the Stillwater prison, shows that very loose methods were practiced in doing business and not only by the ex-warden, but several other prison officials, were living off the state and were public plunderers. It is evident that prominent business men throughout the state were in a "ring" and that they will do all they can to cover up their tracks, and shield the ex-warden. We take but little stock in the charge of immoral conduct, supported by convict testimony. Reed's personal character for uprightness would seem to dispel such an idea. His attorney, however, has sought to divert public attention from his client by interpolating in his answer charges against the Warden Stordock, which are not relevant to the case. These charges are weak, insufficient, and have no foundation in truth, and should not influence them in their present hearing. We hope Mr. Reed's character will not be smirched or his reputation impaired, but it begins to look as though he had a very weak case, when the slums and houses of illfame in St. Paul are resorted to for rebutting testimony.

Stordock as an Advertiser.

Wilkin County Gazette.

The Stillwater scandal is giving the country newspapers plenty of copy for their typesetters. But the daily press appears to be very unwilling to express any opinion upon the subject editorially. Mr. Stordock is an old resident of Wilkin country and we can say in truth that he is trusted and highly esteemed by all who know him. His own people will refuse to believe any of ex-Warden Reed's lawyer's stories against him. Reed has been seriously charged but he cannot clear himself by calling Stordock "another." It is our candid opinion that Warden Stordock believes these charges of immoral conduct against Reed, though he will find it hard work to prove them with the witnesses he has produced. The trouble is, that Stordock, though a first rate fellow, is rather inclined to the sensational in politics, and believes in advertising—in other words, has a weakness for notoriety, and we fear that a mistake has been made in bringing ex-Warden Reed's conduct into question, relying on the testimony of people who are so hardened in crime that perjury is a small matter in their eyes.

Inclined to Excuse Reed.

Rochester Post.

The charges brought by the present Warden Stordock against his predecessor consist in the first place, of allegations of improper relations by Reed with some of the female convicts, women of the vilest character and whose word is absolutely worthless. To that sort of evidence Capt. Reed's denial ought to be sufficient answer. It is an outrage upon justice to promulgate charges against a decent man that are based only upon the statements of vile women. Such testimony ought not to be heard against any one, and an officer in the position of a warden is entitled to protection against any such assaults on his character. The fact that Warden Roed has always stood well in the estimation of those best acquainted with him and the evident vindictiveness of his successor, Stordock, in bringing the charges against him, clearly entile him to a strong presumption in his favor, while the eagerness of Stordock to blacken the reputation of Reed, and the dirtiness of the means he has takn to do so, with his disposition to use the office for the gratification of personal spite, show him, at least, to be ntterly unfit for any honorable position.

The Work of Purification.

Preston Republican.

The inuestigation of ex-Warden Reed has resulted in an answer by the accused that will lead to the ventilation of the crookedness that disgraced the last republican state convention and came near electing Dr. Ames governor. If an unprovoked assault upon the character of Mr. Reed leads to the exposure of political rascality he can afford the inconvenience imposed upon him. The people must insist upon knowing all the facts that they may "turn the rascals out." Gov. McGill must aid the investigation by every means in his power if he would escape the suspicion of complicity in the damnable tricks of bosses and their unscrupulous helpers. Now is a good time to commence the work of purification.

A Most Absurd Blunder.

Pipestone Republican.

Ex-Warden Reed may not be guilty of all he has been charged with in his official capacity at the Stillwater penitentiary. To convict a man of previous good character solely upon the evidence of thieves and murderers, is not just the thing; but, whether he is innocent or guilty, he certainly takes a very poor plan when he attempts to shield himself by charging every one else with crime. Either Reed or his lawyer have made a most absurd blunder in their reply to the charges made, by making counter charges against Stordock, prominent politicians and the Republican party generally. It is too much like the mad boy crying "you're another."

A Regular G. O. P. Fight.

St. Peter Herald.

The investigation of the alleged irregularities in the management of the state prison by Warden Reed has blossomed into an interesting affair. Stordock first charges Reed with gross immorality and irregularity, and, in his answer as respondent, Reed does away with all of the charges and makes accusations against the new warden, Stordock, which if proven true will unquestionably depose that patriotic official. All of this, too, is between leaders of factions in the G. O. P. There is doubtless much that is wrong, and the sooner it is cleared up the better it will please the public.

An Outrage.

Mankato Review.

Judging from the proceedings already made public, the maligners of Capt. J. A. Reed, ex-warden of the state prison, will not succeed in accomplishing their purpose to break down his good name. We have always believed Mr. Reed innocent, and hope to see him fully vindicated. The whole affair is an outrage on a good officer and highly respected citizen.

A Foul Atmosphere.

Mitchell (Dak.) Republican.

As if the moral atmosphere around the capitol of Minesota were not already foul enough, the warden and ex-warden of the penitentiary are showing up each other's records from the beginning. That end of Minnesota should be quarantined for the sake of the rest of the Northwest.

Should Give Him a Lantern.

Heron Lake News.

The investigation of ex-Warden Reed's management of the state prison is just and proper. It looks dark for Mr. Reed and we would suggest that some of his friends hand him a lantern—he'll need it before he gets out of the woods.

May Prove a Double-Header.

Montevideo Leader.

The state prison "investigation" is taking a serious turn, and may prove a limber-jointed double-header that will unearth an undesirable and rotton management all around, or else there have been some mighty big stories told.

A Subject for Moralizing.

Dawson Sentinel.

Cole Younger is associate editor of the Prison Mirror. Cole should be allowed to dish up the Reed-Stordock case for the convicts—it would make a good subject for Sunday moralizing.

Quarters for Reed.

Red Lake Falls News.

Mr. Reed, late warden of the penitentiary, has received a character from the convicts that would almost justify him changing places with them.

Don't Breathe the Foul Air.

Cannon Falls Beacon.

A committee is investigating the charges made against ex-Warden Reed, of the penitentiary at Stillwater. The details of the investigaion are too revolting for publication. While this skunk skinning goes ontat Stillwater all decent people may hold their noses.

A Word for Reed.

Anoka Union.

Ex-Warden Reed's character is being shamefully traduced by convicts and ex-convicts.

But It Served Him Right.

Washington Star.

The broad charge of inaccuracy is so often hurled against the whole fraternity of journalists that thousands of thoughtless persons, on learning how Editor Murat Halstead has been misquoted, will shout in chorus that it served him right. What Mr. Halstead is briefly charged by the paragraphers with saying is that Mr. Blaine does not want to be president of the United States. What Mr. Halstead undoubtedly did say is that Mr. Blaine is not giving himself any uneasiness about the presidency, but is actually doing what he professes to be—seeking rest and recreation. It is to be hoped that no politician will be foolish enough to found his course of conduct in respect to next year's campaign on the theory that Mr. Blaine has quitted politics and would not take the presidency if it were offered him. The man in American public life who would do that is yet to be discovered, and it will take a pretty long search to find him.

Look Out for Rice.

Litchfield Ledger.

The St. Paul GLOBE has got a fellow making cartoons, and in one of his latest efforts he pictures McGill, Gibbs, Merriam, Gilman and Rice in a grand war-dance for the next governorship of Minnesota. We would suggest that he look a "leedle oudt" or that man Rice will have the scalps of all those other braves dangling at his belt. The people in the western and northern part of the state are kind of "stuck" on his political and official shape, and are liable to freeze to him like a blizzard to a coal heap. The northwest is fast getting to be the big end of the dog and the wagging is liable to change ends at most any moment. Rice's appointments of committees in the last senate were highly satisfactory to the farmers you know. Then, too, he is a crippled veteran and a good solid man—just such a one as the people ought to tie to. Gubernatorial lightning will strike him or some one of the dozen other good men that live out this way.

Let the Republicans Go Ahead.

New York Herald.

It is rumored that the Republicans propose to spend any amount of money during the coming autumn and spring to scatter the literature of "protection" broadcast. That is a good thing to do. Give the people all the facts and figures and arguments, and then let them chew the cud for awhile. Before the crocuses come up next year they will conclude that the party which taxes the necessaries of life and encourages big monopolies by a high tariff is just the party to cool its heels on the outside of the White house while the other party on the inside is running the government in the interest of the sixty-five millions, minus the monopolists.

Willie Wallie as a Prophet.

Kansas City Times.

Willie Wallie Phelps—hey, but he's doleful—has consented to be interviewed on the political outlook. Mr. Phelps pretends to believe that Mr. Blaine will get an augmented vote "from dissatisfied Democrats, from protection Democrats, and from every Irishman who has acquired the right of American suffrage." What, then, is the use of holding a Democratic convention next year? But we think we heard Mr. Phelps make this same remark in 1884. There are dime museum yearnings for Democrats who will vote for Mr. Blaine.

Used to Pennsylvania Whisky.

Harrisburg Call.

Yesterday a glass tumbler was accidentally thrown out of the window of the telephone office, in the fifth story of the Trust building, and when it struck the pavement below it rang like a bell, and Ben Flowers, who was passing at the time, picked it up safe and sound. In striking, it actually knocked off an inch or two of the corner of a brick. This occurrence is extraordinary and hardly ever might happen again.

Don't Heal in the Fall.

Montevideo Leader.

That was a dangerous group for even a cartoon that last Sunday's GLOBE produced, and it is to be hoped that those apparently preparing for mortal strife will think better of it and not hurt anybody. Wounds don't heal worth a cent in the fall of the year.

The Right Kind of Timber.

Glencoe Register.

Merriam is just the kind of timber out of which governors are made, and if he should take a notion one of these days to put a "boom" on the track, it will go at a minute gait. A Merriam administration would out-popularize Cush. Davis' palmiest days.

Interesting to Dudes.

Savannah News.

There is a magnificent formation of rock salt near the town of San Quentin, Cal., fourteen miles long by three or four wide, and from 100 to 125 feet in depth, forming an inexhaustible supply which can be used to good advantage by ships unloading at that port for ballast for the return trip.

Size Doesn't Count.

Buffalo Express.

And now it turns out that Cleopatra was a little, sawed-off, vest-pocket edition of a woman, only four feet six inches high—according to the longitude of her mummy. Is this the tid-bit for whom Antony "rashly threw a world away?"

He Valued the Outfit.

New York Tribune.

When Mrs. Albert Kinsey, of Mooresville, Ind., eloped with the hired man a fortnight ago, she took along with her the Kinsey family broncho, the buggy (a red-wheeled one) and the dog. Mr. Kinsey offers a reward of $50.

Olson's Favorite Hold.

Heron Lake News.

A writer in the Farmer suggests Hon. Eric Olson, of Martin county, as the proper man to put at the tail of the Democratic ticket next fall. It's very seldom that Eric gets a hold at all, but when he does it's generally a tail hold.

McGill Don't Scare Them.

Heron Lake News.

Don't worry, gentlemen. Hon. John Lind isn't fretting very much over the report that Gov. McGill will be a candidate for congress in the Second district.

Blaine's Headgear.

Alta California.

Mr. Blaine's battered silk hat, worn in 1884, is kept in a glass case by the Republican committee of Pennsylvania. The sore head that was under the battered hat is now in Europe.

A Feast of Reason.

Jones meeting Gushley in restaurant: "Why, I say, I thought your Authors' club was to give a dinner to-day—about this time, too, eh?"

"I know, Jones; I'm just getting into condition.

It's American, You Know.

New York Sun.

The London postmen have petitioned the postmaster general to be called "letter carriers."

WHAT THE EDITORS SAY.

Anarchists' Sentiment.

Morris Sun.

Mawkishly sentimental is the term applied by certain papers to any who venture to say that the penalty of death should not be imposed upon the seven condemned Chicago anarchists. But it is a consolation to those who are in this category to know that they keep the company of the best citizens of our country. We have always believed and do yet believe that the conviction of these men of murder was plainly an outrage. To the unprejudiced observer it looked too much like a conviction to satisfy the demand of an indignant public and excited community, of a "life for a life, a tooth for a tooth." This wholesale hanging bee is branded by all intelligent add fair-minded citizens (mawkishly sentimental," if you please) as a notorious outrage; and, if consummated, it will forever redound to the discredit of this "land of the free."

Another Sin.

Caledonia Argus.

Another sin of commission entitling that last legislature to political damnation was the passage of the bill abolishing convict labor for hire in any avocation in which it would compete with free labor. From being nearly self-supporting the state prison will soon become an annual charge on the state of at least half a million a year. Just what the prisoners can be put at where they will not compete with free labor is the enigma over which the state prison board is puzzling its wits. They might be put to sawing air or chopping sand or turning grindstones on which nothing is ground, but there can be no productive labor at which they can be put which will not compete with some free labor somewhere.

Coming Home to Roost.

Rochester Democrat.

From the investigations going on at Stillwater, says the Mankato Journal, one is led to believe that "the chickens are coming home to roost," for it will be remembered that every McGill stump speaker made a great ado about Ames' private character, yet the taxpayers of Minnesota would raise a $1,000,000 less taxes, that we know of, had A. A. Ames been governor of Minnesota instead of A. R. McGill. Mr. Ames is altogether too shrewd a man to let any one come any 'shenanigan" game over him like the late tax steal.

They Miss the Colonel.

Northwest News.

Our own Appollo among the goddesses of "the sunny South," Col. Peter Donan, of course, is greatly missed in Dakota, especially by the thousand and one distracted Eastern belles, who came West in response to his glowing depiction of bachelor yearnings for loving hearts beneath the aurora borealis. It is perhaps well that the gallant colporteur of tropical literature and roses, keeps out of this among the Southern azaleas of letters, at least until the torrid simoon of disappointed maidenhood shall have spent its fury on the prairie atmosphere.

Visit the Globe Tower.

Crookston Journal.

While in St. Paul last week we ascended to the top of the GLOBE tower, and for a few brief minutes enjoyed the sensation of having the world at our feet. With the United States spread out in full view beneath us and the Democratic party beneath our feet we were monarch of all we surveyed, for a brief season, and the sensation was not unpleasant. Our friends, when in St. Paul, should not fail to ascend the tower, which is the next thing to going up in a balloon.

A Warmed-Over Love.

Litchfield News-Ledger.

St. Paul and Minneapolis are trying to kiss and make up with Jim Hill so he won't move his Manitoba shops to St. Cloud. After they have kicked the fat into the fire they are endeavoring to put the fire out. We do not know whether Mr. Hill will accept a warmed-over love or not; but if he does he will have those cities so firmly bound to him that even a Chicago divorce court could not pull them apart. All this time St. Cloud will be coqueting with Duluth and booming just the same.

No Peer in the West.

Waconia News.

Of the many periodicals that come to our X table the St. Paul GLOBE takes "first place." The GLOBE is the acknowledged propounder of Jeffersonian Democracy in the Northwest. To its untiring zeal and energy is due the great cut down of the Republican majority in this state at the last election, and this fact alone entitles it to the hearty support of every loyal Democrat. As a monument of journalistic enterprise in the West it has no peer!

Thanks to the Swindlers.

Dawson Sentinel.

The public debt of Minnesota is nearly $4,500,000, and we having nothing to show for it, while that of Iowa is only $245,435. Divided among the population the rate per capita in this state would be over $5, and in Iowa about 15 cents. We may thank the old railroad bond swindle for this enormous debt.

Only a Tale.

Lanesboro Journal.

Donnelly, the brilliant, has an amazing faculty of gathering the world in crowds to listen to his wonderful tales of what he is about to do. To such a speaker and writer such tales as Atlantis and the Great Cryptogram give wide scope to his peculiar genius, but the outcome is likely to be—only a tale.

The Wonderful Twins.

Belle Plaine Herald.

St. Paul and Minneapolis have done themselves proud by their spendid exhibitions. But perhaps the greatest wonder which met the gaze of the hundreds of thousands of visitors was the immense, we might say unprecedented growth of the Twin Cities. The question frequently heard asked by visitors was, "when will they stop?"

A Legion of Friends.

Elbow Lake Herald.

Ex-Warden Reed cannot establish his innocence of the crimes for which he is now being tried by endeavoring to besmirch Warden Stordock's reputation. Mr. Stordock's friends are legion in this part of the state and they firmly believe that he is neither immoral nor corrupt.

Gov. McGill's Burdens.

Elk River Star-News.

The burden of Gov. McGill's duties seem to be attending county fairs throughout the state, and he is performing them with a degree of fidelity that is truly commendable. If his political fences receive a little side attention during these rural visitations—but then, of course, they don't.

A Minnesota Anarchist.

Hancock Olive Branch.

A dark blot on the pages of American history will be the day when the seven Chicago anarchists are hung, and it is to be most sincerely hoped that the fair name of this great free country of ours will never be disgraced by the perpetration of such an outrage.

Exposing Railway Roguery.

St. Vincent New Era.

Leaving national politics and coming down to state affairs, who to-day are exposing railroad roguery in Minnesota as effectually as Judge Wilson, a Democratic member of congress, and the GLOBE, the greatest organ of the party.

Sticks to His Man.

Ortonville Herald.

With a persistency worthy of a better and more hopeful cause, the Heron Lake News is still attempting to galvanize a little life into that eerie thing, the Gibbs boom.

Added to His Record.

Ortonville Herald.

Gov. McGill farther added to his record as a statistical fiend at the Southern Minnesota fair at Rochester, where he made a speech that would make a mechanical adder hide its head.

Highway Robbery.

Farmington Tribune.

A Fergus Falls dispatch to the Minneapolis Journal spoke of Senator Compton's "bold stand" on Donnelly's usury bill. Yes, it was a bold stand; the boldness of the highway robber.

Merriam's Opportunities.

Elk River Star-News.

If Mr. Merriam neglected his opportunity as grand mogul of the state fair to make himself solid with the honest grangers, it was his own fault. Still, we don't believe he did.

Make Them Longer.

Granite Falls Tribune.

It is safe to predict a Republican successor to Mr. McGill. That man's name might consistently commence with "G." Merriam is a success in running a fair, but his pants are too short to occupy the gov's chair.

Give Him a Chance.

Benson Times.

Ex-Warden Reed seems to be the under dog just at present, and most of our exchanges are going for him accordingly. Better wait until the investigation is over before bringing in your verdict. "Give the old man a chance."

KENNEDY IN IRELAND.

Pleasant Chat With a Well-Known Minneapolitan.

Oh, Ireland, are you not grand. You look
Like a bride in her new adornin',
And, with all the pent-up love of my heart,
I bid you the top of the mornin'.

Listening to Edward Kennedy in his pleasant home on the south side, the other evening, recount his arrival and stay of five weeks in the "old dart," after nearly thirty years of absence in this, the land of his adoption, vividly recalled the popular verses (of which the above quotation is a part) Petroleum V. Nasby wrote when told of the return after a long estrangement of an old but enthusiastic Irishman to the green isle, who, on seeing once more the cliffs of Kerry loom up on the horizon, exclaimed: "Oh, Ireland, up from my heart of hearts I bid you the top of the mornin'."

Edward Kennedy is one of the oldest settlers and best known and respected of the Irish race in Minneapolis, consequently a slight sketch of the recent trip he undertook to the Emerald Isle cannot fail to contain a good deal of interest about that distant but fondly loved country, which has been the birthplace of so many of America's most influential and respected citizens. Speaking of the fact that Ireland has ever been called the Emerald Isle, from the beauty of its grassy fields, he said that here in Minnesota the grass had far more of an emerald tint than in any part of Ireland visited. The season has been an extremely dry one, and the crops are a total failure, even the potato crop for which Erin is justly famous is a very poor one this year.

Landing at Queenstown, the beautiful harbor in County Cork, the counties of Cork, Kerry, Limerick, Clare and Tipperary were fully traversed in the very best manner, to see and study the condition of the country. This was on a "jaunting car," one of those peculiar vehicles wittily described by an Irish wag as a carriage that had its wheels inside, which will be at once appreciated by all who have ever seen an Irish jaunting car. The unfortunate condition of Ireland was graphically expressed when he related the marked absence of young men everywhere; all one can see is old people and children; the manhood—the flower of Ireland—have all to pass through the poignant grief of bidding farewell to the land of their birth, and going forth in search of a happier fate, and better fortune, to the busy towns of this great Union; to the sheep farms of distant Australia; and in fact to any land where kindly hearts and willing hands are gladly welcomed in the new worlds, if not at home.

It was with very tender emotions Edward Kennedy drew near to Nenagh in Conny Tipperary, the place where he was born, and made himself known to the older residents, who found it hard to believe the prosperous, stout, grey-headed gentleman before them was the same raw, uncultured lad who had started twenty-seven years before to make his fortune in America, but when he fully explained matters—that people grow old in the states—as well as elsewhere, and he really was Ed Kennedy, they gave him a royal welcome, such as only Irish hearts can give. Nenagh is the second important town in Tipperary and bids fair to be the first, as it is a busy, lively borough. Old country places do not change like towns in the West, and he did not find it materially altered. One thing, however, interested him greatly, the jail of his time long ago is now used as the convent and school of the Sisters of Mercy, and the chatter and prattle of innocent children fills the corridors where once the sinful and felonious were imprisoned. During his visit the Bodyke evictions took place. It will be remembered these wholesale and outrageous driving of people from their homes so stirred the heart of noble Michael Davitt, that he made use of language in his speeches at the time, that nearly cost him his liberty again. Apropos of all this Mr. Kennedy rode in a train on a trip he took from Limerick to Ennis, with Capt. O'Callahan, the Bodyke landlord in question, a man whom he describes as of sinister and forbidding aspect, having the peculiarity of one brown eye while the other was of a very blue color. But hold, Mr. Kennedy, may be it was a black eye he had instead, lauded him from some gallant land leaguer for all his villainy to his poor unfortunate tenants. A few days were spent in the capital, and Mr. Kennedy is enthusiastic over all the famous sights of "dear, dirty Dublin"—especially was he delighted with Glasnevin cemetery, and a memory to be cherished the rest of his days is the fact his hand rested on the coffin of Daniel O'Connell. Here also lies the remains of the Manchester martyrs—Allan, Larkin and O'Brien—and the lately erected monument to Rev. Dr. Cahill is in the cemetery also. This prelate died in Boston twenty-five years ago, but he was taken and reburied a short while ago in Glasnevin, the same being one of his last wishes. Killarney and Blarney were not missed, and they were crowded with tourists from all over the world. The summer exodus to Europe increases every year and on the return Mr. Kennedy found it very difficult to procure a passage. At Liverpool there were more than 30,000 people waiting to come back to the "states." The condition of Ireland is a reflection of the state of government foisted on an unfortunate and almost helpless populace, the people are miserable, rack rented, and even the elements seem to join in the general causes of the public misery. A feeling of despair seems to have settled over there and the fair, the gay, the debonair Irish character of many a famous novelist is a thing of the past. A good deal of trust and solid faith are placed in the Irish party in parliament and in the great Gladstone, but the sure and certain number of years that must first intervene dampens the expectancy, and recalls bitterly the "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick." Taken altogether, Mr. Kennedy's trip was highly enjoyable, aside from the sad state of the land of his birth, but he says he was mighty glad on reaching New York to feel that he was once more treading the land of the greatest country on earth; he was once more within the dominion of the most just and beneficent constitution ever promulgated by mankind.

His arrival here, the welcome at the depot and at his house, vouchsafed him by his fellow-citizens, all this has been recorded in the daily news of the GLOBE and was a very happy ending to a very memorable five weeks spent in the career of Edward Kennedy.

TROUSDELL.

A Love (of Money) Match.

Rochester Herald.

A few years ago a wealthy old gentleman of Cincinnati married a beautiful young lady of Kentucky, and now he is suing for divorce on the ground of wilful absence. He says that trouble began on the wedding trip because he refused to transfer $20,000 worth of property to his bride. She refused to live with him unless he made the transfer.

THE CLEARANCES.

Exchanges of the Leading Cities for the Week Just Ended.

BOSTON, Sept. 25.—The following table, compiled from dispatches to the Post from the managers of the leading clearing houses of the United States, shows the gross exchanges for the week ending Sept. 24, 1887, together with the rates per cent. of increase or decrease as compared with the amounts for the corresponding week of 1886:

CITIES.	Amount.	Inc.	Dec
New York	$659,084,314	......	4.7
Boston	82,417,512	23.1	....
Philadelphia	60,432,260	1.2	....
Chicago	58,705,000	16.8	....
St. Louis	16,517,824	15.2	....
San Francisco	15,305,375	21.0	..
Baltimore	12,021,115	3.1	....
Cincinnati	10,285,900	0.9	....
New Orleans	5,637,305	5.9	....
Pittsburg	10,364,748	28.9	....
Kansas City	6,702,000	34.2	....
Louisville	4,674,463	51.2	....
Providence	4,353,800	1.7	....
St. Paul	3,883,138	24.9	....
Milwaukee	4,295,142	21.2	....
Omaha	2,896,245	48.0	....
Minneapolis	4,154,099	0.4	....
Denver	2,149,549	27.9	....
Galveston	1,633,820	......	7.7
Detroit	3,749,062	24.9	....
Cleveland	3,145,136	9.4	..
Indianapolis†	1,750,517	......	5.6
Memphis	1,558,526	89.9	....
Columbus	2,246,276	38.9	....
Hartford	1,513,854	......	9.8
New Haven	1,060,389	......	1.4
Peoria	1,345,969	48.9	....
Portland	984,855	6.2	....
Springfield	1,066,983	26.7	....
Wichita	694,103	84.2	....
Norfolk	747,756	7.2	....
St. Joseph	1,470,376	78.4	....
Worcester	925,373	10.7	....
Lowell	514,940	15.5	....
Syracuse	566,764	6.0	....
Grand Rapids	497,445	25.9	....
*Duluth	1,826,132	.. ..	....
Total	$989,358,930	1.1	....
Outside New York	$330,274,616	15.1	....

† Last week's total. * Not included in totals.

A LITTLE SCENE AT KINSLEY'S

Quiet Sensation Caused by a Colored Quartette of Fashionable Diners.

There was a very interesting scene in the ladies' and gentlemen's restaurant of Kinsley's establishmeut the other evening, says the Chicago Herald. The scene was occasioned by the entrance of a well dressed quartette of colored people. Their manner easily marked them as well-bred persons. One of the men is an employe of one of the fashionable tailors on Michigan avenue, and he was accompanied by his bride, a woman of Amazonian stateliness and comely features. The other gentleman was a well-known professional man, accompanied by a fashionable bronze-colored belle from an Eastern city. The party selected one of the most conspicuous and attractive tables under the glare of brilliant lights, which brought out all the shades and tints of their complexions, heightened by their vari-colored theater costumes. Kinsley's patrons have become so accustomed to these dark surprises that the entrance of ladies and gentlemen of a dusky hue rarely attracts more than passing notice. But the superfine air of this quartet quickly challenged the attention of all present. Some of the ladies were so curious that they quietly indulged in guesses as to the race identity of this unusual-looking company. Some thought that they belonged to the retinue of Queen Kapioiani, left behind, or that they were Turks in disguise. Nobody thought for a moment that they belonged even in a remote degree to the "recently enfranchised." Indeed, one lady was heard to say, almost too loudly: "Surely they are not niggers." But, alas! the uncertainty was soon removed. After the party had sat for about five minutes in elegant expectation for service they began to notice the twitching and hesitating movements of the head waiter. This functionary had been mustering up courage to break to the party the awful intelligence that Mr. Kinsley declined to serve colored people. The effect of this announcement afforded an interesting study in physiology, for it was never before supposed that these people could blush. After recovering from the first shock of this painful decree, the lighter of the two men was delegated to visit Mr. Kinsley in his office with the view of compelling him to recognize the distinguished character of this particular off-colored quartet. With an air of injured pride the professional man of stalwart mien and doubtful hair strode through the spacious parlor in quest of the cause of the company's embarrassment. The genial host was seen, and must have been impressed by the bold yet suppliant eloquence of his offended visitor, for it was not long before the excited delegate returned to his anxiously waiting company to tell them that the generous proprietor had made ample apologies and had ordered forthwith that the best service of his house be at their command. Not only so, but Mr. Kinsley has now determined to persuade the other proprietors of first-class restaurants to accommodate colored people. It seems that as Kinsley has stood almost alone in this matter he has been having more than his share of negro patronage. It is believed that when the other places of this order become accessible to them, they will not so impose upon the good nature of Kinsley. The chief difficulty to overcome is the determination of white waiters not to wait on negroes. It is but justice to add that on the evening in question none of the white ladies and gentlemen present seemed to be at all disturbed by the presence of these well bred colored persons.

WANTED TO CALL HER OFF.

Why the Sombre Guest Thrust His Fingers Into His Ears.

Nebraska State Journal.

It was at a social gathering in Lincoln, and the sombre guest asked Miss Singlittle if she would not favor the company with a song.

She was willing to do so, and she selected a sentimental one that made his blood run cold. The last line was: "I know that you will call me back again," and after wailing that she moved away, and the sombre guest took his fingers out of ears and moaned:

"If I do I hope to be chained to a steam calliope for twenty years."

Try Water, Afflicted Friends.

Merchant Traveller.

"It is love that makes the world go round," we are informed by the poets. It is a somewhat notable fact that a very limited quantity of poor whiskey will produce the same effect.

No Need of Improvement.

Omaha World.

A Concord philosopher wants to know if a higher type of man can be expected. No. So long as pretty girls appear satisfied with man as he is, there will be no further evolution.

"Only to See Your Face."

Woodstock Virginian.

Won't some of our kind friends please send us a photogarph of a dollar? It has been so long since we have seen a dollar that we are afraid we will not know one when we see one again, if we ever do.

SEPTEMBER.

In Quaker livery the mists enfold
The river's bosom and the mountain's head
And turn young Phœbus' cheek from dashing red
To hazy white; but soon a flood of gold
Dries up the fog, and every prospect bold
Stands out in balmy glory; like the thread
Of angels' clouded fantasies o'erspread
The azure plain, in phantom flies enrolled.

After a sunset miracle, and thrush
And lark with autumn vespers fill the trees,
Night's stately queen deepens the twilight hush
While fairy whispers grow from dying breeze;
"Come sprites, scatter the star-dust o'er the sky;
Live while you live; September soon will die."

—Adaline Hohf.