THE DAILY GLOBE

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

LEWIS BAKER.

ST. PAUL, SUNDAY, OCT. 16, 1887.

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16, 1 a. m.—For upper Michigan and Wisconsin: Cooler, rain; fresh to brisk southwesterly winds, becoming variable. For Minnesota and Iowa: Cooler, rain; fresh to brisk variable winds, becoming northwesterly. For Dakota: Fair weather, warmer; light to fresh northwesterly winds, becoming variable.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

ST. PAUL, Oct. 15.—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	29.94	54	†12	Rain.
St. Paul	29.92	52	†12	Rain.
La Crosse	30.02	54	†12	Cloudy.
Huron	29.89	48	*8	Rain.
Moorhead	29.92	50	0	Cloudy.
St. Vincent	30.04	36	*12	Clear.
Bismarck	30.04	44	*6	Clear.
Fort Buford	30.10	38	*12	Clear.
Fort Assinaboine	30.18	44	*14	Clear.
Fort Custer	30.24	40	*22	Clear.
Helena	30.20	38	*14	Clear.
Fort Sully	29.98	46	*16	Cloudy.
Minnedosa	30.10	28	*8	Clear.
Fort Garry	30.02	32	....	Clear.
Qu 'Appelle	30.00	36	....	Clear.
Medicine Hat	30.00	38	†6	Clear.

*Lower. †Higher.

INDEFENSIBLE OUTRAGE.

A young man was ejected from a Milwaukee train in this city last Friday while the train was moving, and if he doesn't die from his injuries will certainly be maimed for life. It is true that the young fellow had not provided himself with a ticket and was not entitled to ride on the train. Railway officials have the right to eject any passenger from a train who does not exhibit a ticket or express a willingness to pay his fare. But that authority does not include the right to do bodily harm to the ejected passenger. It doesn't require an expert knowledge of railroad matters to know that there is nothing more dangerous than to attempt to get on or off a moving train, or that it is the duty of the conductor or other official in charge of the train to prevent persons from risking this dangerous experiment. In view of these facts the accident referred to was nothing more nor less than a brutal outrage on the part of the train hands who were guilty of it, and they should be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. In vindication of itself the railroad company should be the first to move in the direction of punishing its ruffianly employes. As a rule, civility can find no more suitable field for a display of its graceful qualities than among railroad officials. And it can furthermore be said, there is no field where it is more universally exhibited. Train men are proverbially polite and accommodating, and where one makes himself an exception to the rule he ought to be excluded from the companionship of those who are disgraced by his presence. Railway employes understand well enough that while they have a right to remove improper persons from a train the train must be stopped for the purpose and the removal made without the use of force unless it is absolutely required. Humanity revolts at the idea of a conductor pitching a man headlong from a moving train simply because the poverty-stricken fellow is unable to pay his fare.

A SPOILED SENSATION.

While FORAKER, FAIRCHILD and other so-called veterans are waving the bloody shirt in the pending campaigns ten of the F. F. V.'s at Richmond have just been the recipients of as many handsomely engraved swords from a Boston, Mass., Grand Army post in reciprocation of courtesies extended.

It is such incidents as these that are daily bringing the people of the North and South into closer communion, and the bonds thus united cannot be sundered by the ravings of partisan blatherskites and demagogues.

After running around the country begging somebody to tread on the tail of his coat the frisky FORAKER alleges that he received a snub at Philadelphia, and since that time he has been conjuring up all manner of evils as likely to befall Ohio unless he is re-elected governor. He does not appear to meet with much sympathy, and even JOHN SHERMAN declines to assist in such a mouthy campaign. When urged recently to put his shoulder to the wheel for the Republican candidate the wily senator from Ohio merely drew a check for $100 for the expenses of the campaign, and said he thought that would do more good than 100 speeches. According to this idea voters must be getting cheap in Ohio.

THE PENITENTIARY SCANDAL.

Warden STORDOCK has done the right thing in demanding an investigation of his administration of the state prison at Stillwater. Still it may be a question in the minds of some people whether he has done so at the right time or not. It occurred to a great many persons that when ex-Warden REED filed his answer charging the present warden with various and sundry delinquencies, Mr. STORDOCK should have immediately demanded a thorough and searching investigation of the whole matter. He didn't do it, however, and there will probably be no disposition on the part of the public to cavil over the delay, inasmuch as the investigation has now been asked for. It is true that proceedings are now pending to switch off one of ex-Warden REED's witnesses to another state, and the lawyers, intimate that this is part of a prearranged plan to get the witness out of the way. Pending the requisition proceedings it would be improper for the press to discuss that feature of the case. We take it for granted that the governor will comply with Mr. STORDOCK's request and instruct the board of corrections and charities to proceed with a double investigation, or rather a triple investigation, as Matron MCNEALE also requests to be made an investigated party. If there is any foundation for the charges and counter charges which have been made, the people of the state want to know it. They only demand that the investigation shall be fair and thorough. They want the line hewed to without regard to where the chips may fall. The penitentiary scandal is a blot upon the fair name of the state of Minnesota, and must be removed regardless of who may suffer.

NOT A BOOMER.

Despite the machinations of scheming politicians President CLEVELAND has not put himself in a position to justify the assertion so frequently heard that his present trip is only one for making political capital. The presence of two of his personal friends, who have not asked and would not accept any position in the gift of the administration, should be evidence enough to fair minded men that it is not a political junket, but a pleasure trip that the president is taking. Ever since he entered the White house he has been importuned to visit certain cities and sections of the United States, and then, after accepting these repeated invitations, he has been made a target for abuse and criticism.

On every occasion that has been offered him President CLEVELAND has emphatically declared that he did not desire to be a candidate for the presidency a second time, as he had found one term quite sufficient, and among his friends this is the general impression.

So when the tour of the country was inaugurated, instead of filling up a train with politicians the president invited Messrs. BISSELL and BRYANT, men whom he had been associated with for years, to accompany him, just the same as any private individual would do.

But this does not suit the opposition, who must pick flaws somewhere, and for lack of something better their clamor is now that the president is booming Postmaster General VILAS for the vice presidency: and simply because that gentleman, with his wife, was asked to accompany the party South. It was a desire to give Mrs. CLEVELAND company of her own sex that suggested Mrs. VILAS as a member of the presidential party, and the much agitated politicians might as well keep quiet over their alleged discovery of a VILAS boom.

A SINGLE man is going to be an important factor in the next senate of the United States, and he is the erratic RIDDLEBERGER, of Virginia, who made himself so conspicuous last winter. According to the roll as now made up there will be thirty-eight Republicans and thirty-seven Democrats, the Virginian being classed as an Independent. In a measure he occupies a position analogous to that of DAVID DAVIS in 1879, and his vote may result in his being made the vice president of the senate pro tempore. One thing is certain—all he has to do now is to ask a favor at the hands of the senate and it is immediately granted.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the Boston pet, is engaged in a long range battle through the newspapers with PATSY CARDIFF, the Northwestern champion. At the time of their last battle and draw at Minneapolis, SULLIVAN declared that as soon as his hand was well CARDIFF should have the first opportunity to settle matters. But now he seems to think discretion the better part of valor, and is hurrying across the ocean to give exhibitions in the old country in preference to another onslaught with the Minneapolis miller.

IT NOW turns out that the primary object of the visit of MICHAEL DAVITT, the Irish patriot, to this country was for the purpose of being made a member of the Knights of Labor, and he has been entrusted with the mission of preparing the people of Ireland for membership in the order. This action was taken at a secret meeting recently held in Minneapolis, and DAVITT now knows all the grips and passwords.

"DER BOSS CLUP," as CHRIS VON DER AHE always terms the St. Louis American team, seems to be overmatched in its contests with the Detroits, and the sluggers are demonstrating that heavy hitting is superior to brilliant fielding, at least for winning games on the diamond.

SUNDAY SILHOUETTES.

"I observe you have been late at church for some time past," said one church official to another the other day. "Yes; I am late purposely," was the reply. "I am always glad to have the choir performance over before I get into church That is the only way that I ever get to enjoy a sermon. When the choir voluntary strikes up the spirit of devotion immediately takes its everlasting flight from my heart. I'd wager $10 that if our church choir could be translated they would raise a new rebellion in heaven before three days."

***

A little St. Anthony hill girl must have formed her dislike for sacred music from modern choir music. Sunday she goes to Sabbath school, where she hears a good deal about heaven, and on week days she goes to the public school, where she learns a good deal of slang. Turning her little brown eyes up to her mother's face the other evening, she asked in a tone of anxious inquiry: "Mamma, do they sing in heaven?" "Yes, my child." "Do they have to sing all the time?" "Yes, darling." "Well then, mamma, I'll give you a straight tip that I don't want to go to heaven."

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If the church choirs would confine their selections to hymns that can be sung with the heart and the understanding they would do better service and would materially assist in putting the congregations in a devotional frame of mind. But when they ring in the variations of FRITZ EMMETT's "Cuckoo Song," as was done in a St. Paul church a few Sundays ago, and rely on the non-theater-going practices of the congregation to escape detection, they make a mess of it.

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ABNEGATION.

"The mother of Jesus saith unto him: They have no wine."—St. John.

How countless are the souls for whom the days
Are empty of all stimulating glow
That sends the bounding blood with quickened flow,
Along the tingling veins; who never raise
Their heavy eyes beyond the flinty ways
Their daily feet must tread—who never know
This world is good, because of cares that so
Thorn every step of life's laborious maze!
The plodding peasants, they must plant and rear,
And weed and water, that the teeming soil
May yield its richness to the clustered vine—
Must tramp the grapes until their juice run clear
For lordly lips—and yet, for all their toil,
Taste not the flagon filled: They have no wine!
—Margaret J. Preston.

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Speaking of the president's visit, a lady who has recently returned from Washington says that while there she occupied a room in the vicinity of the White house and it overlooked the conservatory. "From a corner in my room," said the lady, "I could see a good deal which the visitor couldn't see. I never could resist the temptation to level my glasses at the president and Mrs. CLEVELAND when they used to steal out among the roses, as they supposed, unobserved. I think, as a woman who has had love made to her in the most approved style, that I can say that the president is a most charming lover. He was so gallant to his wife, yet so tender. I used to watch him pluck a flower and hold it to her face as if by comparison. Wasn't that nice? And then he would give her the gentlest, tenderest touch under the short ribs, and she would sidle up to him so confidingly—you know how a woman can do that with the man whom she honors. I know it was mean of me to watch them, but I couldn't help it."

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Among the recent additions to the National Museum at Washington, is the Grimely saddle, used by Gen. GRANT during the entire war, and which was presented by him at the close of the war to Col. A. H. MARKLAND, one of his staff officers. The saddle is what is known as an officer's saddle, and is in an excellent state of preservation.

Don't despair! No fortune daunts. Those who freely try the Wants.

MEN WHO TALK.

Hon. John Norquay.

Premier NORQUAY, of Manitoba, British America—Our Red River railroad controversy has about become threadbare, for a time at least, and the people of the province have tacitly agreed to give the subject a rest. But one thing is certain—the road will be built, and that speedily, too, although nothing has been definitely decided upon yet as regards reletting the contract. I have spent a great deal of time and labor in this matter and am willing to do all that lies in my power to further the interests of my people. I am going East again, and naturally I shall not neglect any opportunity to put in a good word for the Red River project. This question is one that time alone can determine, and it cannot be rushed forward to completion, for instance, like your cable road in St. Paul. By the way, that is going to be a very costly undertaking, and I am informed that it will cost upwards of $100,000 per mile to give the people the accommodations that are required. One feature alone is very expensive—the iron yokes that are now being placed in position, 1,300 to a mile. But it looks as though the people of St. Paul would soon be out of misery at having their streets torn up, and they will soon forget their temporary annoyance in that regard.

E. E. Scribner.

President SCRIBNER, Contractors' and Builders' Board of Trade, of SCRIBNER, LIBBEY & Co.—I am on my way to Chicago to confer with the Western Architectural association, which meets next Tuesday, in relation to the formulation of a building contract to be used uniformly throughout the United States. Such a step is imperatively necessary and will benefit all the factors that enter into the business of building—owners, architects, contractors and laborers. Another feature that will undoubtedly be discussed is that of a universal lien law, and our committee to this convention will earnestly favor such a proposition. Messrs. GEORGE C. PRUSSING and P. B. WHITE, of Chicago, with myself, comprise the committee, and I hope to have a satisfactory report to make upon my return to St. Paul. The overture was made to us by the architects first and is one of the fruits of the formation of the National Association of Builders and Contractors, of which I am the vice president. It is a step gained in the direction of a better understanding between the designers and contractors of buildings and cannot fail to be of great benefit to all interested.

J. H. Hanson.

J. H. HANSON, Real Estate Dealer—St. Paul is a conservative city and few improvements are indulged in unless absolutely demanded. In fact, building has not kept pace with her growth for the past two years, while real estate has remained at prices which invite investment. Inside business property is really low in comparison with other places that have not nearly the commercial foundation to build upon that St. Paul has. Despite talk to the contrary real estate is at a standstill here temporarily, and I do not look for any improvement before November. Then in my judgment a boom will be inaugurated in property on the east side of the city toward Dayton's bluff, and that inpression is daily being fortified. Of course Summit avenue property will always be in demand for residence purposes, and good prices are obtainable now where there is a chance offered. There is no scarcity of money, but the people are merely waiting awhile before beginning speculation again, and we are going to have a very busy winter. I was talking with several bank directors this week, and received from them the assurance that they were amply supplied with funds, and that more could be obtained from the East if necessary, despite the reported stringency in that money market. But mark my words for it, our next boom will be property over in the direction of Dayton's bluff, which is in reality about the center of the city proper. This will give acres in the vicinity of Midway a chance to rise, too, and, in fact, prospects were never brighter than at present for a general revival of the real estate market.

E. J. Cattell.

EDWARD J. CATTELL, Stock Broker—One of the best reasons yet assigned for the alleged financial stringency in the East is the fact that Chicago has recently been made a reserve city, and money that used to be sent to New York is now going to the former city. It will not take long, however, for matters to resume their normal condition, and the change can not but prove beneficial to this section of the country. Fully a day is gained over the old plan, for now if a bank wants a quantity of greenbacks all it has to do is to send to Chicago at 3 o'clock one afternoon and the money will be returned and available at 9 o'clock the following morning. During my recent visit to New York I learned that the action of the treasury department in purchasing bonds had been of a most encouraging nature in Wall street and there was now no trouble in negotiating short loans, say of a few days, at 3 and 4 per cent., but capitalists did not care to make notes for any extended period. At present everybody in New York is more interested in politics than anything else, and there is comparatively little doing in stocks. It seems to be the opinion that Col. FRED GRANT is going to pull through, not because of any particular merit of his own, but owing to the innumerable quarrels and factions engendered by the present campaign. Those who profess to know the ropes say that the Labor vote will draw from the Democracy in New York city, while the Prohibitionists will hurt the Republicans out in the state. An important factor in the fight will be the branch of the Labor party that is opposed to GEORGE, it being the prevalent belief that it is in the market, and can be disposed of to the highest bidder.

Richard Leffman.

RICHARD LEFFMAN, Commission Merchant—As an indication of the thorough organization of the German government, and particularly in keeping track of its citizens, I can cite an illustration in which I was personally concerned. Some time ago a paragraph appeared in the newspapers which was totally at variance with the facts in the case, to the effect that an application made by me for an extension of furlough from the German army, of which I am a member, had been refused by the consul at Chicago. Ordinarily this would have passed unquestioned by any power, but the papers of this country are read thoroughly at home, and I was at once brought up with a round term for a seeming act of indiscretion. I had never authorized the statement in any shape, but it was assumed that I had, and the consul immediately advised me on the subject. Of course, I at once assured him of my innocence in the transaction, and was granted the desired leave. But the emperor of Germany is kept pretty well posted, as you may infer from this story.

Col. McClaskey.

DAVID MCCLASKEY, Hotel Ryan—In all my experience in hotelkeeping I never saw a more orderly, well-conducted assemblage than that present at the Ryan last Monday evening on the occasion of the president's reception. Generally hotelkeepers have an aversion to affairs of this kind, for the reason that the people are apt to forget themselves in their eagerness to see all that is transpiring, but I must say for the St. Paul public that the house, after the reception ended, hardly gave evidence that such a thing had passed through its corridors. None of the furniture or fittings of the house were damaged in the least, but the event was almost like a gathering in a private house, so far as care and consideration were concerned, and I am more than ever pleased that I have cast my fortunes amongst such ladies and gentlemen, in every sense of the word, that St. Paul can justly boast of possessing as citizens.

H. C. Ulman.

H. C. ULMAN, Colorado Mining Expert—Within the next ten years I expect to see Colorado one of the banner states in the Union in agricultural products. since all that is needed now for her development in this respect is a more extensive system of irrigation. Never before in the history of Colorado has the mining output been exceeded, and for the year ending Dec. 31 the value of the precious metals extracted from her soil will be upwards of $30,000,000, of which fully four-fifths will be gold. Surplus capital has exhausted nearly every other field of speculation in grain, cattle, railroad stocks, real estate and the like, and naturally investors will turn their attention to other properties, from which we angur only benefit to our mining inductries. The bank discount ranges from 1 to 1½ per cent. a month, and this would yield a very handsome profit upon an investment, and it has the merit of being tangible and not subject to the fluctuations of the season and the whims of a few speculators. The deeper we penetrate the soil the richer the deposits of gold and silver, and while I do not predict an unusual mining boom, yet I am convinced that our prosperity is not limited but will continue to increase steadily, and especially with the completion of the various lines of railroad already in process of construction.

HOMESPUN PARAGRAPHS.

IF!

If Frances Folsom Cleveland,
With all her pretty charms.
In her grand triumphal march had brought,
A baby in her arms,
A little dimpled darling,
All her very own,
Do you think our wives and sisters
Could have let that babe alone?

If she had brought a baby,
A babe with laughing eyes,
And dainty nose and chubby face,
And hands of tiny size,
Don't you think our sires and brothers would,
And wouldn't you, yourself,
Despite your different politics,
Have cheered the little elf?

If she had brought a baby,
A happy little sprite,
In tucks and frills and laces,
Rich and snowy white,
Don't you think that on the journey,
The grand receptions o'er,
Grover'd do some lively walking
Up and down the chamber floor?

A CHANCE FOR TRAIN.

A newspaper in a boom town in Dakota publishes the following paragraph:

> This town can show up more people to meet trains than any place of its size in the South.

Now that he is on a lecture tour and anxiously looking for large and appreciative audiences, this paragraph is republished as a quiet pointer for George Francis Train.

PATTI'S NERVE.

Mme. Patti has decided to learn to play the banjo and if at any time within the next two months a man with disheveled hair, a wild haunted look in his dark eyes, buttons missing from his pants and socks that wear a neglected appearance, is found wandering aimlessly around solitary places in Europe, his name will probably be Nicolini.

NO CONTRACTION THERE.

"Heat expands and cold contracts," said the professor to his class in natural philosophy and a few moments later he noticed one of the scholars at the lower end of the class with a puzzled look on his face scratching his head thoughtfully.

"Well James," said the professor, "what's troubling you?"

"That idea that cold contracts," slowly replied James.

"Don't you think it does?"

"Not in the case of a tobboggan slide, that looks about fifteen feet long when you go down and a mile long when you walk back."

A POET'S DISTRESS.

William Morris, a gentleman of considerable note, who lives in London and writes poetry, is reported to be in distress, because the anarchists are to be hung. Mr. Morris at this time probably has a better idea than ever before of how his neighbors feel when they read the announcement in the morning papers that he will soon publish a new volume of poetry. If his distress keeps him awake nights he should come over and trade jobs with one of the anarchists. It is hard to find anybody who can't write poetry, but there are very few people who know how to hang gracefully and not work their toes and hump up their shoulders during the performance.

IT SURPRISED HIM.

The coachman had asked the merchant if he could marry his daughter and stood tremblingly awaiting the old man's reply.

"I'm surprised," said the old man at last. "I like you first rate, John. I like to have you about the house when you change your clothes before you come in, but that you should ask for the hand of my daughter surprises me."

"Don't you consider me honest and honorable?" asked John.

"Perfectly," replied the merchant.

"Don't you consider me good enough for your daughter to marry?"

"Yes."

"Then what surprises you?"

"That you didn't elope with her."

IN BILL NYE'S STEAD.

A female cornet band has been organized in Hudson, Wis. Ever since Bill Nye quit that town the citizens have been low-spirited, and they have encouraged the organization of this band to sort of fill the aching void created by the departure of Mr. Nye. They think this band will make them forget in a measure their great loss. They think it will give them something to think about during the long winter evenings. They think the young ladies will play on the cornets and the cornets will play on their feelings. That they will be compelled to laugh and howl and shriek, a good deal as they were wont to do when Mr. Nye sat in the corner grocery and told them stories. They think the band will sort of drive away the monotony. They have the impression that it will have about the same effect on them, whenever they show up for practice, that a barrel of whisky would. The band looks to the city for its chief means of support, and the city council have decided to employ it during the hot season to ward off cyclones and to protect the people against typhoid fever, whooping cough, measles and other epidemics. But this band has an enemy in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

"Why," did you say?

Because the members never go out to play for an evening without taking a horn before they go.

Strange, isn't it?

SHORT DRESSES AND BUSTLES.

St. Paul mother to her thirteen-year-old daughter—Claude, what are you getting out your wraps for?

Claude—I'm going out this evening for a drive with Charley Smart.

"But, my dear, you haven't asked by consent yet."

"I know that."

"Don't you know that you are not old enough to choose your own company and go out evenings without consulting me? You must remember that you are not out of short dresses yet."

"I know, but I wear a bustle."

THE DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

"My dear fellow," said the doctor to his patient, as he pressed his thumb on his pulse, "what you need is more out door exercise. You should take a ride every day. What is your business?"

Patient—I drive a sprinkling cart.

INCONSISTENCY.

"Smith, I don't see why the Mississippi river is called the father of waters."

"Why?"

"Because it is spelled Missis Sippi."

A GREAT COUNTRY.

Sport—Montana is the greatest country for sport I was ever in. I'll bet you there are 10,000 blooded fighting cocks in that territory.

Old Bum—Zay, Jim, let'sh go there.

"What for?"

"Musht be great place for cock-tails."

A PECULIAR REMINDER.

Miss Gosh, the belle of Bird Island, stood beneath the wide-spreading branches of a sturdy oak that cast its shadow over the northeast corner of her father's broad pasture. Her tiny foot tapped coquettishly a little tuft of blue violets. A little way off Augustus Comstock leaned on the bars, his chin resting on his hands and his eyes drinking in the charms of Miss Gosh's beautiful face. The breezes toyed with her skirts and lifted them, displaying a pair of pretty ankles.

Her socks were red.

The glaring color caught the eye of a nervous bovine of the male persuasion grazing near her, and with an angry roar he lowered his head and charged straight at the tantalizing hosiery. With a frightened scream the girl fell into George's muscular arms, and he lifted her over the bars just in advance of the horns of the maddened beast.

"George," panted Miss Gosh, as she lay confidingly on his low-cut vest, "George, do you know what battle in modern history this reminds me of?"

"I haven't the slightest idea" murmured George.

"Bull Run," she lisped, and George's breast hove with sub-dude emotion.

ARE YOU SATISFIED?

Dear reader, if you persist in asking why we men are such liars, I feel duty bound to tell you. You see, hem! You see, we are such modest beings we don't like to have too much to do with the naked truth.

TOM HOLMES.

AND A MINING BOOM.

Kit Carson needs:
A church.
A doctor.
A jeweler.
A preacher.
A plasterer.
A shoemaker.
A harnessmaker.
A few good rustlers.
A few more marriageable girls.
—Kit Carson (Colo.) Bee.

DRAMATIC DRIFT.

"Skipped by the Light of the Moon" was the performance at the Grand all last week, and was very well patronized, probably more for the reason that there was nothing else to patronize than from any abundance of merit in the play itself. When HARRISON and GOURLAY had the play they made a rattling good piece of comedy of it. A great mistake that the managers of the horse plays are making is that they are trying to make up for the additional expense in railroad travel this season by cutting down the salary list. The result is that a second grade of comedians are put on the stage to play first-class comedy.

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It will be an agreeable change, after the long and tiresome run of horse plays, to get back to the legitimate drama this week. MARGARET MATHER has an engagement for the entire week at the Grand, during which she will produce the following repertoire: Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings and Saturday matinee, "Romeo and Juliet;" Tuesday evening, "The Honeymoon;" Thursday evening, "Leah, the Forsaken;" Saturday evening, "Macbeth."

***

Miss MATHER is a native of Detroit, and they say down there that the talented young actress has a romantic history. Like pretty much everybody else who rises to fame, Miss MATHER was born of poor but respectable parents. Her father was a mechanic, who had a tough time in keeping the wolf of starvation from the door of a humble cottage, whose friendly roof gave protection to a numerous family. With that spirit of independence which has characterized her subsequent life, little MARGARET went out into the streets and sold newspapers for a living. At that time she was the only news girl in the city.

***

Just fifteen years ago next Christmas eve a wealthy Detroit banker was hurriedly passing up the street on his way home to join his family in their happy celebration of the Christmas festivities, when he ran against a little waif with a bundle of papers under her arm, which she was trying to sell. She was standing on the windward side of a lamp post, blowing her warm breath on her fingertips and banging the toes of one foot against the heel of the other. Her thin dress came just below the knees, her stockings had been darned and her head was covered with, a plain, nearly worn out straw hat with a single bit of red ribbon as its only ornament. Her glossy black hair hung in wavy mass down her back, and her face was bright and her voice cheery as she pluckily faced the raw, cold wind and yelled out, "Here's your evening papers. All about the Christmas doings in the churches to-morrow."

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The rich man was struck by the picturesque appearance of the news girl, and as he stopped to buy a paper he asked her some questions about her family. Her story interested him and he took her home with him. His wife and children became equally interested in the news girl. A warm supper and a downy bed that night stirred the latent fires of ambition in the poor child's soul, and she determined to become something more than a news girl.

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Miss MATHER's parents were prevailed upon to allow her to make her home with the banker, and to him she was indebted for the advantages of a good education. The rich man had his reward a few weeks ago, when, after a lapse of nearly fifteen years from his first meeting with the news girl, he sat with his family in a box at the Detroit opera house and saw her arrayed in the princely robes of a Juliet, swaying an immense audience by the power of her genius and commanding the acclaim of thousands. It must also have been gratifying to Miss MATHER on her visit to Detroit to see her name printed in large letters in the very papers she used to sell.

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Miss MATHER was first brought out by J. M. HILL, the well known New York theater manager. While at school in New York Miss MATHER took part in a school entertainment one evening, and contributed her share by reading from SHAKSPEARE. Mr. HILL happened to be present. His training as a manager had fitted his eye and ear for quick discernment, and he was satisfied that Miss MATHER possessed real dramatic ability. He sought an acquaintance with her, and finally persuaded her to adopt the stage as her profession.

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Miss MATHER has always played under Mr. HILL's management. In fact, Mr. HILL is so proud of his protege's achievements that he makes it a point to make conspicuous announcement on the bills that he is her manager, until it has come to be a by-word in the profession: "MARGARET MATHER, under the management of J. M. HILL." In this connection there is an amusing little story told which has not heretofore found its way into print, and which runs as follows:

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Last summer Miss MATHER was taken very ill, and for a while there were serious doubts as to her recovery. As soon as Mr. HILL heard of the young lady's illness he hastened to her bedside. When Mr. HILL entered the room where the sick woman lay made tender inquiry concerning her condition. "I am very feeble," gasped Miss MATHER, "and shall probably die. I have one parting request to make of you, Mr. HILL. You will grant it?" There was a tremor in the manager's voice, and the tears streamed from his eyes as he grasped the wasted hand and, kneeling by the bedside, promised to do anything in the world for her that she might name, even to donating half of the next season's box receipts to an orphan asylum. "All I have to request of you is," said the sick woman, "that when I am laid to rest you will place at the head of my grave a neat tombstone bearing the simple inscription: 'MARGARET MATHER, Died Under the Management of J. M. HILL.'"

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The dramatic section of Unity club will open the season at Unity club rooms on Wabasha street, next Tuesday evening, by presenting W. S. GILBERT's play, "Broken Hearts," with the following cast: Prince Florian, BEN JOHNSON; Monst, a deformed dwarf, J. P. KNOWLES; the Lady Hilda, Miss OLIVE LONG; Lady Varvir. Miss KATE ASKEW; Lady Melusine, Miss EUSTICE; Lady Amanthis, Miss LIBLEY. "Broken Hearts," like all of GILBERT's productions, is a bitter satire, but, unlike all others, seems to have been written purely for the sake of telling a beautiful story.

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O. E. MCFADON, the Minnesota vice president of the Music Teachers' National association, has issued a call for a musical convention to be held in NATHAN FORD's music hall, on Third street, in this city, next Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. The purpose is to organize a branch association in this state, and all teachers of music, vocal and instrumental, are invited to be present and participate in the organization.

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The Haverly Theater company is to be the name of the new corporation now being organized for the purpose of building an other first-class theater in this city. The company will organize with a capital stock of $225,000, to be divided into shares of $100 each. J. H. HAVERLY agrees to take $10,000 worth of stock in the company, paying therefor $1,000 in cash and for the remainder executing nine promissory notes for $1,000 each, the first to be paid on the 1st of January, 1888, and the residue in succession on the first day of each month thereafter. Mr. HAVERLY further agrees to lease the theater when completed for the term of ten years paying $14,000 a year, to be paid in monthly instalments in advance. The ground selected for the new building is situated at the corner of Sixth and Cedar streets, opposite the jail building. The theater company leases the lot for a period of ten years, paying a ground rent of $6,000 for the first year and $12,000 per annum for the remaining nine years, with the privilege of purchasing the lot at any time within the ten years at the price of $200,000.

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For originating advertising dodges EMMA ABBOTT takes first premium this season. Miss EMMA disturbed the harmony of a Memphis church congregation last Sunday by rising up from her pew and rebuking the preacher for traducing the stage profession. The minister had preached against theater going and had denounced stage people generally as a tough class. Miss ABBOTT's rebuke was a stirring one, and, according to the local accounts, she carried her audience with her in real stage fashion. It was also observed that her gesticulations were so managed as to keep in view the hand on which she wore the most diamond rings.

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Miss ABBOTT made the announcement that she had been a regular church communicant for a great many years, and said her prayers every night before going to bed. She furthermore stated that she never sang "Ave Maria" on the stage without feeling all the devotional elements of her nature rising to the surface, and was confident that more people derived spiritual comfort from her singing than did from the Memphis clergyman's preaching. The church building rang with the applause of the audience while she was speaking, and Miss ABBOTT gathered up her train and swept out of the sacred edifice in regulation triumphal style, notwithstanding the preacher's threat to prosecute her for disturbing religious worship.

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If Miss ABBOTT is the sincere Christian woman she represents herself to be, she ought to adorn her Christian profession by getting more melody in her voice before charging $1.50 for admisssion tickets to her performances.

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Mr. BARRETT's press agent in New York positively contradicts the report that MARY ANDERSON is to be added to the BOOTH-BARRETT combination. Miss ANDERSON is a lady who doesn't combine.

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An impecunious New York actor was asked his opinion the other evening concerning the SHAKESPEARE-BACON controversy. "Don't ask me," he replied; "I've stuck to SHAKESPEARE so long that it is years since I have had a chance to know what bacon tastes like."

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ROSINA VOKES opens a three nights' engagement at the Hennepin Avenue theater, Minneapolis, next week, commencing Thursday, Oct. 20. Miss VOKES is said to be supported by a company of excellent artists. The repertoire includes comedies by SYDNEY GRUNDY, S. THEYRE SMITH, G. W. GODFREY and contemporaneous English dramatists. From Minneapolis she goes direct to San Francisco.

STRAY SUNBEAMS.

The summer is past and the harvest is ended, and yet the cable line is not built. But the work is progressing finely, for all that, and there is a possibility that the citizens of St. Paul will be surprised yet by a cable car ride before Christmas. If the beautiful snow will only stay up in the clouds for about six weeks longer the cable line will be a grand reality.

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The street sprinkling assessments are being paid up, and the probabilities of litigation over the constitutionality of the spainkling assessment law are growing less every day. At the same time the city government will do well to profit by this year's experience and provide a more efficient and less expensive method of sprinkling the streets another year. The benefits from sprinkling this season have been so small in comparison with the expense that the public will not be so indulgent if the same plan is renewed next summer.

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That was a sad episode in the welcome Memphis extended to the presidential party yesterday. Scarcely had the words of welcome died on the orator's lips until he lay dead at the president's feet. There was no such fatality attending St. Paul's welcome, but those who stood near the party do say that Mayor SMITH began to turn pale in the face before he got through with his speech. The moral of it all is that a short speech on a public occasion is always the safest.

He Enjoys Solid Comfort.

New York World.

The story goes that Thomas A. Edison, the electric wizard, has invented a new tobacco pipe. Mr. Edison is a man of genius, but he will never make a pipe that will compete with a sweet bit of corncob on the end of a two-foot bit of cane reed. This pipe, when new and filled with yellow home-grown tobacco, has been known to throw a halo of beauty and philosophy over a radius of fifty miles and to overcome the baleful effects of a mortgage on a farm.

How to Raise Corn With Big Cobs.

New York Weekly.

A farmer in an agricultural journal says there is not much satifaction in raising corn with large cobs. We know very little about farming, but we should say that he was right. When corn is boiled it is much more satisfactory to raise it with a fork, after it has been scraped off the cob.

He Sympathizes With Passe-partout.

Detroit Free Press.

A citizen of Cincinnati went off to Europe and left four gas-jets blazing away in his house for four months. He has offered the gas company $800,000 to settle the bill, but they want an even million, and he'll probably have to pay it.

The Bright Girls of the Past.

Philadelphia Press.

One of the contemporary poets asks: "Where are the bright girls of the past?" Our own observation is that some of them are administering cautious doses of paregoric to the bright girls of the future.

The White House Skeleton.

It costs ever $100,000 a year to run the White house. Unlike ordinary poeple, the president and presidentess of the United States do not feel it good form to turn the gas down low when they leave the room.—Omaha World.

Not a Linguist.

Judge.

Jack—Ethel, I am ashamed of you. I saw that Frenchman in the conservatory kissing you repeatedly. Why didn't you tell him to stop?

Ethel—I couldn't, Jack.

Jack—You couldn't? Why not?

Ethel—I can't speak French.

Housekeepers, Cut this Out.

Burlington Free Press.

Blueberry or other vegetable stains may be removed from the table linen by straiuing the discolored portion through a pair of scissors.

RAIN OF GOLD.

For the Globe.

"Look, look, Irene, there's a rain of gold
Dropping down through the cottonwood tree,
Particles notched and stemmed like the leaves;
Veins and arteries. see! O, see!"

The sweet south wind blows on and on,
Scattering gold at every gust,
While a far voice sings with a sad refrain:
"Matter to matter and dust to dust."

"Will I, too, fall like the dear, dead leaves?"
Cries a rare young voice from a window high;
"Will I, too, sink to the solemn earth,
And the sweet south wind go hurrying by?"

Matter to matter and dust to dust:
Who can forestall the stern decree,
Solve the riddle of consciousness,
Or pierce the coming of worlds to be?
M. G. C.

Scan the list of "Wants" with care, Life's epitome is there.

A FOOL'S WISDOM.

There is one St. Paul lady who made herself more conspicuous before President CLEVELAND and his wife than she expected to on Monday night. Just before the president and his wife drove up to the grand stand on Bridge square this lady, who was in the crowd before the stand, fainted. Several gentlemen very kindly seized her by the feet and the back of the head and carried her in a horizontal position across the square. They passed directly by the president's carriage, and as Mrs. CLEVELAND looked down at the liberal display of feet and red underskirt, I saw a smile hover about her lips for a moment and then disappear.

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The book agent in St. Paul who is taking subscriptions for Mr. DONNELLY's new book had a peculiar experience Monday morning that made him mentally curse his fate. He ventured into a physician's office on East Seventh street and began his stereotyped explanation of the advantage of knowing all about ciphers to its occupant. The latter seemed very much interested, and the agent waxed warm. He expatiated largely on the beauties and advantages of the various editions to be issued, spoke learnedly of their contents, and presented quite a picturesque description of Mr. DONNELLY himself. He assured his lone auditor that the author was a man of national renown, that he had knocked SHAKESPEARE into smithereens and placed BACON on a pedestal higher than HAMAN's scaffold. Then his hearer made a sign for him to pause. Looking steadily at the agent, he drew from his pocket a card and handed it to him. The latter gave it one glance and then bolted for the door. The card read, "IGNATIUS DONNELLY, JR."

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The main characteristic of a young Englishman after he has landed in this country is that of staring. He stares at the moon, and he stares at the ground, and he wonders how in the deuce all this could have existed outside of the realm of VIC. Above all things he stares at the women, on the theory that, they being American and he an Englishman, they were made to be stared at by him. I have in my mind a young Englishman who not long ago went into a public restaurant and stared very hard at two pretty girls who, with an escort, sat near him. After a while the gentleman with the two ladies wrote a note and handed it to the waiter, and the waiter, as directed, took it to the Briton with the bulging eyes. The latter opened it and read, much to his own chagrin, this: "Are you one of the crew of the This-t If you are you can get licked again without much trouble."

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Now that I am on the subject of Englishmen, I am reminded of how characteristic it is of them to come to this country to make their wealth here and to enjoy the freedom of our life, and yet with unpardonable discourtesy to look down upon our institutions and people. I know of an English family who have lived here for years and who on evey celebration of the Fourth of July close the doors of their home, darken the windows and practically go into mourning for the defunct GEORGE the Third. One wonders why, since they cherish these sentiments, they did not remain in the land of coercion.

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There is just one man in Minnesota who physically is the prototype of President CLEVELAND. He is GEORGE RUPLEY, the well-known elevator man of Duluth. If Mr. RUPLEY had stood beside President CLEVELAND on the grand stand Monday night it would have been hard to tell them apart, except that one has a sallow complexion and the other's is a delicate pink. In avoirdupois I should judge that their weight was about the same, for it is a standing joke in Duluth that when GEORGE RUPLEY stands at the harbor entrance of the Zenith City the opposite shore tips up. Mr. RUPLEY has the same good-natured appearance as the president and the same indifference in his manner as to whether the public likes the way he is doing his duty or not.

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It is a year ago last September that I called on FRANK LANDERS in the Stillwater penitentiary. He is the gentleman who escaped from there this week. At that time he was just developing those literary tastes which subsequently led him to become a reporter of the Prison Mirror, and through that to escape. He spoke to me of the North American Review and of the Century and other leading periodicals, and of the interest he took in them. He talked also of the possibility of his being pardoned after he had served seven years of his long sentence. I remember well the conversation I had with him the day he was lodged in Stillwater. He said that he had not expected as severe a sentence as twenty four years, and that BILLY PINKERTON had told him that he would not get over seven. He thought that his sentence was too severe, and it made him desperate. He would have been willing to have served seven years; but now with twenty-four before him he should try to escape. I have known ever since his incarceration that the man intended to secure his freedom if he could and that he was desperate enough to succeed or to die As I write, his gold-link sleeve button and the gold pen with which he committed his forgeries lie before me. I wonder if this unregenerate, but remarkable scamp, will ever turn up to claim them.

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Deputy Warden WESTBY, who was in charge of the prison when LANDERS took French leave with CARLIN, who is from Goodhue county, is a Red Wing man and was appointed on a pledge that he should have the position, given him by Gov. MCGILL before the latter was elected. If I am not mistaken, Mr. WESTBY was originally a Democrat, but seceded from the party for various reasons. He is probably as unhappy now as though he had remained a Democrat and never got an office. Mr, WESTBY captured his appointment very much as Mr. STORDOCK or Capt. JAMES or ELI WARNER did theirs—for political work and not because of any particular qualification for the office. These gentlemen are partisan politicians, and as officials, therefore, they represent nothing but themselves. The result is an administration made up of nothing but outrageous blunders and scandals.

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The GLOBE has already called attention to the political character of the state grain inspectors of Minneapolis. They very much resemble the unfortunate boiler inspectors of Gov. MCGILL, who are being indicted in various parts of the state, and to protect whom the attorney general says there is no law. These grain inspectors have been appointed through political trades and combinations, and not for ability to perform their work. The O. K. of ELI WARNER, secretary of the railroad commission, has proved more potential on their commissions than the plea of the farmers of the state for competent inspectors. If the State Farmers' alliance wishes to unearth a first-class sensation, let it investigate the relations that exist between these inspectors of grain and ELI WARNER.

BY A FOOL.

A Sealed Letter is Sacred.

Washington Post.

"The sanctity of a sealed letter is so well secured in this country," said Mr. Nash, the superintendent of the railroad mail service, "that if a letter were received at the city post office in Washington, or at any other post offiice in the country, that was absolutely known to contain the evidence of fraud, the proof of the improper use of the mails, the postmaster general himself would not dare to break the seal. A letter passing through the mails cannot be opened by anybody until it reaches the dead letter office, after every effort has been made to deliver it in vain.

Cheap Living in St. Louis.

Omaha World.

Omaha Man (in St. Louis)—"You ought not to charge me for those potatoes."

Restaurant-Keeper—"Weren't they done?"

"Not half."

"Well, I was afraid they wouldn't be. The sun went under a cloud just after I set them out doors."

The Third Baseman's Grip.

Tid-Bits.

Citizen (to base-ball Manager)—How is the third baseman's hand getting on?

Manager (hopefully)—Nicely. He thinks that by the end of the week he will be able to draw his salary.

Give Him Time.

There are two new parties in existence to which Ben Butler has never belonged, and he shows no symptoms of joining. Is the old fellow loosing his grip?

LIGHT FOR THE MIKADO.

A Magnificent Edison Electric Plant, Costing $250,000, to Be Put In at Tokio, Japan.

An Elaborate Plan For Illuminating a Royal Palace and the Streets of a City.

Silver, Cut Glass and Gold Creations—Marvelous Effects From Colored Lights Under Water.

EVEN the Mikado of Japan has called on the genius of Edison, the wizard of electricity, to furnish the imperial palace and the city of Tokio with an Edison electric lighting system, says the New York Journal. Mr. Edison has constructed what is probably the most elaborate plant of the kind in the world. A year ago an electric lighting company, composed entirely of Japanese, was formed in Tokio (the city formerly called Yeddo), and S. Yashima was elected its president; Prof. Ishiouke Fujioka, who was educated with the Siemens in Paris, and subsequently given a chair in the Imperial college of Japan and made the chief electrician of the empire, was appointed electrical engineer of the new company. He made careful maps of the city and was preparing to start for Europe to purchase a plant when an imperial order was given that the palace of Mutsuhito, the mikado, must also be lighted.

This placed mechanical and engineering difficulties in the way of the new company, which appeared to be insurmountable. No building which contained a boiler or an engine could be built within a mile of the great cluster of bamboo and silk structures which form the palace, on account of the danger of fire, the light bamboo walls of Japanese structures of all kinds being exceedingly inflammable. How to overcome this distance was the question confronting the new company.

Prof. Fujioka and Mr. Yashima at once started for Europe, and all the great electrical engineers of France, Germany and England were consulted. Many European experts went to Tokio and looked over the ground, but were unable to suggest any plan that was practicable, and finally the Japanese agents were reluctantly referred to Thomas A. Edison, the American electrician who can do

ANYTHING WITH ELECTRICITY HE WANTS TO.

Messrs. Fujioka and Yashima reached New York in the spring. Time was slipping away from them. The imperial order was that the palace should be lighted by Nov. 15, 1887, the Mikado's birthday, and they had already spent six months of the year without accomplishing anything. The Edison company was at once consulted and engineers in charge of the wizard electric lighting works saw no particular difficulty in the problem presented, and so perfect were the survey plans made by Prof. Fujioka that it was deemed unnecessary to send a man to Tokio to personally inspect the plant.

Work was soon begun on the plans, and in a month the Japanese officials had the satisfaction of seeing every plan and design completed and estimates of the cost made, contracts amounting to nearly $250,000 were signed and the last of the elaborate electroliers for the palace have been shipped.

The electroliers ordered are the most elaborate that had been constructed up to the time the order was given, but in some way Jay Gould heard of the mikado's plans and ordered several which are just as handsome for his own home.

The principal apartments to be lighted are the entrance hall, the empress' reception room, the private reception room, the east and west dining room, the inner veranda, the west waiting room, the private west and south waiting rooms, the prince's and ministers' rooms, his majesty's study rooms, his majesty's bath room, the main and private dining rooms, the east and west main entrance halls, and the long lines of corridors in the palace, with several smaller apartments. Besides all these the grounds and the lake, which are very elaborate, are also to be lighted.

This demands over sixty electroliers of most elaborate design and all different, beside an innumerable number of brackets, newel post and standing lights for halls, corridors and grounds.

The designs are made for electroliers of three different classes. Some are stately and architecturally constructed, others are of a delicate, flowing, flowery style in which silver, gold and elaborately cut crystal mingled, and others are what is artistically known as a "robust and truthful" interlacing of scroll work. They are glistening masses of gold and silver, mingled with the brilliant colors which oxidation produces on these metals, with which beautifully cut crystal interlaces in every conceivable form. Most of the globes are of white cut glass, but some of them are ruby, crimson, emerald, violet, sapphire, topaz, amethyst and other colors.

Most of these colored globes are to go in the gardens, around the lake or in the Mikado's bath room. When this apartment is lighted the effect will be very beautiful. The electrolier resembles the one in the private room of the empress, and its ruby and violet globes shed a soft light over a toilet room hung with silk of many hues and gorgeously embroidered. Around the walls are brackets having white and colored globes that cast sunset-colored shadows

ON THE TESSELATED MARBLE FLOORS.

In the center of the apartment is the bath, a marble basin thirty or forty feet in diameter, and here a wonderful effect is produced by clusters of different colored lamps placed under the water.

In one place the little lake is violet, in another green, in another blue or red or gold, and when the water is agitated the intermingling of the colors produces an effect undreamed of even in fairy land.

Similar effects are produced in the lakes of the gardens and by placing white and colored lamps amid the foliage of the tropical trees with which the gardens abound.

In all there are about 2,000 lamps in the palace and another 1,000 will be placed there. It took 814,890 feet of wire cable, most of it being nine-wire cable, to put up the palace plant, beside a mile of very heavy copper conductor which runs from the station in Tokio to the palace. This conductor is of unusual dimensions, as a high motive power is necessary to run a plant at a long distance from a station, and as absolute safety was considered of greater importance than cost, this form was used.

The plant itself consists of 14 Edison 500-light dynamos with their engines and boilers, and it is capable of furnishing from 7,000 to 8,000 lights. The entire city of Tokio will be lighted in addition to the palace, and it will be, when completed, one of the most extensive plants in existence.

It will be operated by Japanese engineers and workmen, and is the first of many of a similar nature that are to be placed in the Japanese islands. The contract was secured by the Edison company after the most active and bitter competition from European firms.

Japan will never have to appoint a subway commission, for all the wires are being put under ground, no poles of any kind being used.

Training for a Sport.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Now," said a Walnut street Sunday school teacher, "our lesson to-day is about the battle between David and Goliah. Why did they fight?" Little Towhead—For the gate receipts and points.