THE DAILY GLOBE

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

LEWIS BAKER.

ST. PAUL, SUNDAY, OCT. 23, 1887.

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WEATHER BULLETIN.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

ST. PAUL, Oct. 22.—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....
Mackinaw City	30.14	32	....	Clear.
Marquette	30.12	32	....	Fair.
Milwaukee	29.96	38	....	Rain.
Chicago	29.98	40	....	Fair.
Duluth	30.06	32	....	Cloudy.
St. Paul	29.94	34	....	Snow.
La Crosse	29.92	32	....	Snow.
Davenport	29.80	38	....	Rain.
Des Moines	29.62	42	....	Cloudy.
Leavenworth	29.56	56	....	Fair.
Concordia	29.64	52	....	Fair.
Omaha	29.64	44	....	Cloudy.
Yankton	29.72	34	....	Cloudy.
Huron	29.88	32	....	Cloudy.
Moorhead	30.02	28	....	Clear.
St. Vincent	30.08	24	....	Clear.
Fort Garry	30.06	24	....	Fair.
Minnedosa	30.08	14	....	Clear.
Fort Totten	30.06	24	....	Fair.
Bismarck	30.06	30	....	Fair.
Fort Sully	29.92	34	....	Cloudy.
Valentine	29.82	34	....	Cloudy.
North Platte	29.78	38	....	Cloudy.
Cheyenne	29.80	34	....	Cloudy.
Salt Lake City	29.92	50	....	Fair.
Fort Custer	30.08	32	....	Snow.
Fort Assinaboine	30.44	15	....	Snow.
Medicine Hat	30.34	18	....	Cloudy.
Fort Buford	29.32	66	....	Cloudy.
Fort Smith	29.76	64	....	Cloudy.
St. Louis	29.92	66	....	Smoke.

INIQUITOUS DISCRIMINATION.

The business men of St. Paul and Minneapolis may as well make up their minds to face the fact that they are to be discriminated against by the pooled railway lines, and that this quasi boycott has been established in a revengeful spirit because the shippers of these two cities are supposed to have encouraged the Minnesota & Northwestern in its independent movement to lower the rates between this city and Chicago. The new freight tariffs adopted by the pooled lines, and which have been agreed to by the Manitoba and Northern Pacific, show a discrimination in favor of Chicago as against St. Paul and Minneapolis of from 30 to 40 cents. The following statement of freight charges from Chicago to Fargo direct, and on goods from Chicago to St. Paul to be reshipped to Fargo, explains the whole situation:

	1st Class	2d Class	3d Class	4th Class
Chicago to Fargo	1.10	.93	.72	.50
Chicago to St. Paul	.50	.40	.30	.20
St. Paul to Fargo	1.00	.85	.70	.60
	1.50	1.25	1.00	.80
	1.10	.93	.28	.30
Difference in favor of Chicago	.40	.32	.28	.30

This includes freight over all lines between this city and Chicago except the Minnesota & Northwestern.

The Manitoba and Northern Pacific claim that they held out against this discrimination as long as it was possible, but were finally forced into adopting the joint tariff. Whether this is an absolute fact or a mere pretension is useless to discuss in this connection. Our Twin City jobbers are brought face to face with the simple truth that the railroad combination is against them, and for the avowed purpose of helping the jobbing trade of Chicago. Precisely what steps to take to counteract the effects of this unjust combination or to break it up, is a question our jobbers are able to decide for themselves; consequently the GLOBE has no suggestion to offer on this point. But there is one matter that we do most earnestly desire to call the attention of our business men to, and that is the necessity for having at least one trunk line owned and operated in the exclusive interest of these two cities. It is probable that the present boycotting condition will not last long. The managers of these pooled lines will sooner or later discover that by discriminating against St. Paul and Minneapolis they are only killing the goose that lays their golden eggs, and will be glad in time to raise the blockade. But this occurrence must necessarily impress our business people with the necessity of occupying a position absolutely free from Chicago dictation, and independent of quarreling railroad factions. The commercial interests of these two cities are powerful enough for self-protection, and the appearances are that the time has come for the exercise of that power in this direction.

A LESSON TO BE HEEDED.

"Politics makes strange bedfellows" is an old saying, but it would be impossible to conceive two more striking illustrations of this than are presented to-day. On the one hand is ROSCOE CONKLING, the whilom stalwart Republican, and who, while in the senate of the United States, frequently sustained the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus in the Southern states, appearing before the bar of the supreme court of the United States to question the right of the state of Virginia to do with two of its officers what he has hitherto advocated. The other case is that of ex-Gov. CHAMBERLAIN, of South Carolina, whose reign during the carpet-bag period in South Carolina was synonymous with jobbery and corruption in Republican official circles. But this representative carpet-bagger has repented of his evil doings, and now seeks refuge in the bosom of the Democracy of New York, and will not heed the entreaties of his former allies to go on the stump for their ticket in the Empire state.

There is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, but thus far there is no record of any particular jubilation by the Democracy over the accession to their ranks; but by voting the straight ticket Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may atone in a measure for his past misdirected energies.

It is a healthy and encouraging sign of the growth of the spirit of harmony between the North and South, and which is so desirable to this great country, to find the state of Virginia retaining ROSCOE CONKLING to defend her before the tribunal of last resort.

This will be a bitter pill to swallow for FORAKER, FAIRCHILD, SHERMAN and other flourishers of the bloody shirt, for it contradicts flatly all their theories and allegations that there is still a deep rooted feeling at the South against Northern men and ideas.

HOME AGAIN.

Mr. CLEVELAND returned to the national capital yesterday after a three weeks' absence. During the time he was away he passed through a vast extent of country, and probably shook hands with more people than any other man ever did in the same length of time. It would be utterly impossible that he should remember everything that he saw or heard on his trip, or that he should retain a recollection of one in a thousand of the faces that he looked into. Yet he goes back home with a vivid consciousness that the vast extent of country through which he passed is all a part of our national domain and the multitude of people who showered their greetings upon him were his own countrymen. He is further conscious of the fact that he has yet only seen a part of the country and people comprising the nation of which he is chief magistrate. And with a full realization of these facts must come an increased sense of the responsibility of the high office he fills and of the sacredness of the trust which his fellow countrymen have imposed upon him. A conscientious man like Mr. CLEVELAND will not fail to lay the lessons of his journey to heart.

HOW THE MONEY GOES.

It has long been a matter of anxious inquiry in the public mind how it was possible for the government to expend so much money on the Indians from year to year with so little beneficial results. GUS BEAULIEU's paper, The Progress, which has resumed publication at White Earth agency, is responsible for the following story, which it says was related before the senate Indian investigating committee during its recent sitting in this city, and which goes to illustrate what trifling matters sometimes provoke the expenditure of large sums of money in the government's management of Indian affairs. On one of the Minnesota agencies was a white missionary who wished his daughter to become a teacher among the Indians. Accordingly he sent her East to be educated for that purpose. When the Indians learned of it they concluded that they preferred one of their own race for a teacher, and after consultation among the chiefs they decided to send a half-breed maiden East on the same errand as the missionary's daughter. Both young ladies finished their education and returned to the reservation about the same time, but the young white woman was chosen for the position of teacher to the tribe and was employed at $20 a month. When the white squaw, as the Indians termed her, opened the school there was but one pupil in attendance. Her dusky sister, disappointed in getting the place, opened a free school, and all the pappooses of the reservation flocked to her institution. This created trouble between the rival schoolma'ams, and the missionary and his supporters invoked the strong arm of the government to compel the Indians to patronize the white woman's school. The Indians refused to be coerced into discriminating against the teacher of their own race and would not consent to have the "little Injuns" learn their a—b abs under the instruction of the white squaw. The result was the government sent a number of troops to the scene at a cost of $64,000 for transportation and maintenance of the troops while there. And all this expense was incurred to secure to the young white woman a paltry salary of $20 a month in a place where she was incapable of accomplishing any good from the simple fact that the Indians were prejudiced against her. In the wind-up the Indians had their way and the white woman had to abandon her post.

The above is one of many illustrations that might be cited to show upon what trivial pretexts the government has been wasting large sums of money in the management of Indian affairs. And it will continue to be so until the Indians have their land allotted to them in severalty, the reservations broken up, the Indian bureau abolished, and Indians be made to rely upon their individual efforts for maintenance.

AT THEIR OLD TRICKS.

The cabinet breakers are at it again and this time they are striving to create a dissension between Secretary BAYARD and Attorney General GARLAND growing out of the Alaska seal fishery question.

In a recent opinion relative to the seizure of vessels in Behring sea, the latter held that the jurisdiction of the United States extended to the dividing line designated by the purchase treaty, which was in opposition to the state department's declaration limiting the right to the usual marine mile from the mainland. Some of the parties interested in stirring up a strife on this subject have asserted that upon the return of the president from his trip he will be called upon to decide whether or not he will retain Secretary BAYARD or the attorney general in his cabinet, the former having declared that he will insist upon such a course being taken. The decision of the attorney general is construed to be victory for the Alaska Commercial company, which nearly eighteen years ago secured the exclusive right for twenty years to fish for seals on the coast of Alaska. This has nettled the head of the state department, who wishes to avert any scandal that may be thrust upon the administration in the interest of a monopoly, and he intrenches himself behind his fine sense of honor in such an emergency.

On the other hand, the attorney general says that he has simply interpreted the law as he understands it, and if there is anything wrong about it congress must bear the responsibility.

This is the condition of the matter at present, but the cry of disrupting the cabinet is undoubtedly a trifle previous, and seems to bear the imprint of a manufacture from whole cloth.

Both cabinet ministers are noted as honorable gentlemen, and the barking of a pack of small hounds at their heels will not in all probability disturb the harmony known to exist between the members of the official family of this administration.

HOW TO DO IT.

Ladies are always on the lookout for a new idea to be utilized at church fairs, and for the information of the fair readers of the GLOBE the latest device for coaxing cash out of the pockets of patrons at such gatherings is given to-day. Luncheons sufficient to feed two hungry mortals are put up in small covered baskets, each of which contains the card of the young lady who prepared the edibles. It is the privilege of the male purchaser to eat the luncheon in company with the lady whose card he finds in the basket, and a great deal of amusement is created by the couples thus brought together. Sometimes it is very vexatious for a young lady who has carefully matured a plan to capture some attractive swain to be compelled to sell the basket to one upon whom she does not look with favor, but the rule of first come first served is inflexible.

The season for church fairs will soon be upon us, and the ladies of St. Paul may decide upon this plan to raise revenue for their temples of worship, and the novelty will doubtless be appreciated by the sterner sex.

SUNDAY SILHOUETTES.

President CLEVELAND's visit made an impression on the children. Not one of the little folks in the various cities visited by Mr. and Mrs. CLEVELAND on their recent tour will ever forget the event. It is yet the theme of childish talk in the home circle, in the schools and everywhere that children congregate together. And many a little fellow's dreams have been filled with visions of greatness as embodied in the president of the United States and of beauty as personated in the sweet first lady of the land.

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Here is a story of the impression the presidential visit made on a Sunday school class. The subject of human greatness was touched upon, and the teacher aptly illustrated by reference to the president, to his responsibilities in the government of the great nation, and to the esteem in which he is universally held. Then she made the application: "Now, children, great as the president is, wise and all that, as much as he is loved and honored, there is one we should love and honor far above the president of this great country. Do you know who that is?" The teacher paused solemnly and reverently for an answer. And she got it. Not from one or two or three of the class. But in concert and instantaneously every little boy and girl shouted out, "MRS. CLEVELAND."

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The Rev. BIRD WILKINS, former pastor of the colored Pilgrim Baptist church in this city, has renounced the orthodox faith and adopted the Unitarian belief. He is now in Chicago, where last Sunday he dedicated the first colored Unitarian church that was ever built, and assumed the rolle of pastor of the congregation. Mr. WILKINS says that while he was in communion in the Baptist church and was preaching its tenets he often had doubts regarding the doctrine of the trinity. After he got to Chicago he concluded to give his religion the benefit of the doubts, and went straight over into the Unitarian church.

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KELPIUS' HYMN.

O God, thy moon is on the hills,
  Thy stars are in the sky,
Thy spirit this mortal vessel fills,
  I feel the end is nigh.
Swift meteors flame across the north.
  The golden planets wheel and sink,
Soon steps thy trumpet-angel forth
  From heaven's eternal brink;
Then peace illumes these warlike ways,
  Christ's joyful chiliad has its birth,
A round of Eden's perfect days
  Thy kingdom comes upon the earth!

My eyes are dim, my hands are weak,
  My soul is scarred with sin,
But day and night Thy word I seek,
  That I a crown may win;
Cleanse Thou and make my spirit pure
  As are the spirits of Thy saints;
Like them in bliss would I endure,
  When earthly body faints;
Far up on heaven's resplendent height,
  I hear the circling cherubs sing,
As downward to this world of night
  The New Jerusalem they bring.

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Gov. RAMSAY says that the venerable SIMON CAMERON once explained to him how it was that so many hotelkeepers bear military titles. When the revolutionary war closed the business of the country was in a chaotic condition, all industrial affairs having suffered a complete prostration during the seven years' struggle. The American officers came out of the war without any occupations and as poor as a lot of church mice. About the only business that they could go into that didn't require capital was tavern keeping. So it came to pass in a short time that the head of every hostlery in the country was a colonel, a major or a captain. And from that day to this it has been regarded as the proper thing to invest a hotelkeeper with a military title. It comes to him in the line of honorable tradition.

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At the convention of Delta Kappa Ypsilon held recently in Chicago, a poem was read by C. H. BECKETT, in response to the sentiment, "The Spell of D. K.E.," which is pronounced a masterly effort. Mr. BECKETT is the author of "Who is John Noman?" a novel which by popular judgment is one of the best that has appeared from an American writer for a long time. The writer is a young man who has found time, while studying law and starting a practice in New York city, to do a vast deal of reading as well as writing. He is not yet thirty years old, and holds the responsible position of clerk of the probate court in New York city. It is since he has held this position that he has written the novel above named, which has placed him at a jump up near the top rank of novel writers in this country. His poem the other night in Chicago is pronounced by the Chicago press as a masterly effort. He is said to be at work now on another novel, and he is only six years out of college.

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THE BEDOUIN'S PRAYER.

Allah! I ask not that Thy mercy slay
  Mine enemy. But that Thine eye shall keep
  My sword untarnished while I sleep.
Allah! I shall find the way
To pierce such dog, such Christian slave,
  And send him to Mahomet's throne,
  Where dazzling, dark-eyed houris frown
On any but the warlike brave!

Allah! I beg not that Thy power
  Shall save me from the doom of death.
  A thing light given and ta'en is breath.
I ask not one extended hour
  To draw the vapor, such as steals
  To give the palms a mute caress.
But I ask that when the hot brain reels
  Thy power shall lift my nothingness

To meet my death as Bedouin should,
  At point of lance, 'neath starry skies,
  And meet the glance of houri eyes
Still mottled with the battle blood.
  To wake from out my lethargy,
  Thrilled to the soul by her soft kiss,
Whose liquid fire shall form my bliss
  Through all unspaced eternity!

MARTHA E. HOLAHAN.
Miliville, Minn., Oct. 17, 1887.

He was a Stranger in Germantown.

Philadelphia News.

A Germantown patron of the line tells me a fair one about his little boy. They have long desired sending him to Sunday-school, but postponed the event until they though he was large enough to understand the teachings there. When they finally sent the little shaver the teacher asked: "Winnie, do you know who the dear Saviour is?" "No, ma'am; we've just moved to Germantown an' we hain't got very well acquainted yet," was the startling reply.

Wanted to Spank Somebody.

Exchange.

She stood in the pressroom of the country daily, where the agile "fly" of the press was slapping down the papers with admirable precision. She was a motherly-looking creature, with a blue cotten umbrella. "That 'fly' delivers the papers at the rate of 1,500 an hour," modestly remarked the proud proprietor. "Fifteen hundred an hour!" she exclaimed. "Mercy on us! you don't mean it!" And then, moved by motherly instinct, she added: "What a place to spank a baby!"

STILL MOTHER'S BOY.

Do you think I've forgotten the day
  I carried him at my breast?
Many fair children I've loved since then,
  But I think that I loved him best,
For he was our firstborn child, John,
  And I have not the heart or will
To love him less; whatever may come
  He's my boy still!

I remember when he was a little lad,
  How he used to climb on my knee;
How proud we were of his beauty,
  Of his wit and mimicry.
And I know quite well he's a man now,
  With a wild and stubborn will;
But whatever he is to you, John,
  He's my boy still!

He was just like sunshine about the house
  In the days of his happy youth;
You know we said that with all his faults
  He had courage and love and truth.
And, though he has wandered far away,
  I'd rather you'd say no ill;
He is sure to come back to his mother;
  He's my boy still!

I know there was never a kinder heart,
  And I can remember to-day
How often he went with me apart
  And knelt at my knee to pray.
And the man will do as the boy did,
  Sooner or later he will—
The Bible is warrant for that—so
  He's my boy still!

A mother can feel where she can't see,
  She is wiser than any sage;
My boy was trained in the good old way;
  I shall certainly get my wage.
And though he has wandered far away,
  And followed his wayward will,
I know whatever, wherever he is,
  He's my boy still!

—Exchange.

MEN WHO TALK.

L. H. MAXFIELD, of MAXFIELD & SEABURY—Business has never had a more encouraging outlook, and from all parts of the state we have only the most gratifying news for the mercantile community. Wheat is beginning to move and collections are first-class. Talking with a miller at Minneapolis the other day, I was told that within the past four weeks upwards of a million and a half dollars had been sent up into the wheat country, and the farmers were being paid good prices for this staple. Now that the cold weather is upon them, there will be a cessation of plowing and more attention will be paid to threshing for several weeks to come. And, speaking of winter, reminds me that our carnival and ice palace celebration is being arranged for, and the opening ceremonies will be inaugurated the 25th of January, ten days later than our last effort. The railroad companies have not been as liberal with us hitherto as they should. and I think if they would give us a rate, say of a cent a mile, they would not lose anything by it; or, failing in that, one fare for the round trip, instead of one and a fifth, would be a concession that would be appreciated by the public. Of course, the projectors of this enterprise do not expect to make money out of it, but they are interested solely in bringing crowds to St. Paul and thus being indirectly benefited, and the railroads can be of great assistance. Now that Montreal has decided not to have a winter carnival, if low rates of transportation could be effected, we would have crowds of visitors from the East and South, all the indications being favorable to such a result. Our last carnival cost in round numbers $40,000, and with the new features in the way of floats and other attractions that we will provide for our guests this winter, the expense of the present undertaking will exceed those figures considerably. But the outlay will reimburse us in a thousand different ways, and there will be no objection to spending money to crowd our city with appreciative and delighted spectators.

Senator Sabin.

Hon. D. M. SABIN, United States Senator—With a prudence born of experience I have been endeavoring for some time past to secure an eligibly situated house at Washington for the ensuing session of congress before the rush began. It was a difficult task, but I think matters will shape themselves satisfactorily from this time on and I will be able to entertain my friends in a manner that I desire this winter. No one who has not tried the experiment can form even an approximate idea of the annoyances of house hunting at the capital before the inauguration of a session of a congress. Those who own property want to receive enough rent for a few months to pay for an investment of several years, and in the most fashionable part of the city the money paid for a few years' rent would build a complete house and furnish it. Matters have been pretty quiet at Washington recently, but the return of the president will give an impetus to public affairs, and the winter residents are trooping back to their comfortable apartments from the various seaside and mountain aesorts.

Maurice Auerbach.

MAURICE AUERBACH, of AUERBACH, FINCH & VAN SLYCK—I am going East to-morrow on a very pleasant mission—the reception of my family, who have been abroad for several months, and whom I expect to find awaiting me at New York. My observations and talks among business men recently have demonstrated the fact that a substantial business boom is on St. Paul and likely to continue. I do not recall a time when the fall trade was better, and advices from my correspondents all tend to confirm this statement, and especially throughout the Northwest. There have been no further scares about a financial stringency in this part of the country, and the condition of business was never more prosperous in our history. I shall remain several days in New York and vicinity, and when I return to St. Paul I trust I may have a large and interesting budget of news for the thousands of readers of the GLOBE.

Col. Rockwell.

A. F. ROCKWELL, U. S. A.—Promotion in the army is not so slow as has been represented, and I was forcibly reminded of the fact to-day by seeing Col. BRECKENRIDGE, the inspector for the military division of the Missouri, whose headquarters are at Chicago. Eight years ago he was a captain of artillery, when he was designated by President HAYES as assistant inspector general with the rank of major. Subsequently Gen. MARCY was retired and Gen. SACKETT died, the result being to send Maj. BRECKENRIDGE up to the rank of junior colonel of his department, and there are now but two officers ahead of him for the inspector generalcy. But his advancement will not compare with that of Capt. GREELY, who, coming back from his Arctic journey a first lieutenant, was shortly made a captain and then jumped from that position to be brigadier general and chief of the signal bureau. There were a number of army officers who thought they should have had a better opportunity than was afforded them for promotion, but the cases I have cited show that it is not always long service that is taken into account in determining the question of promotion. One secret of Col. BRECKENRIDGE's advancement was that he was a sort of second cousin of Mrs. HAYES, and this undoubtedly had some weight at the White house; and so far as Capt. GREELY was concerned, he was a social lion after his adventures in the frozen regions of the North, and he earned the recognition given him by President CLEVELAND.

E. H. Elliott.

E. H. ELLIOTT, of ELLIOTT & SHEA, Real Estate Dealers—Suburban Hills property was the subject of discussion by the board of commissioners yesterday, with a view to coming to an arrangement for the purchase of the twenty-one acres in that section for the purposes of a public park. If, however, the owners persist in keeping up prices, the project will have to be abandoned, as the city cannot afford to pay what is asked. When the appraisers made their report on this land, which includes the Indian mounds on Dayton's bluff, they estimated that the lots were worth about $3,500 apiece. They may have been a trifle too low in their estimate, but I should say about $4,000 would be a fair valuation. To be sure, the lots in question are nearly all acres, and if the owners are desirous of starting a boom in the eastern part of the city, they should be willing to compromise on the latter figures, but they persist in holding them at $6,000 apiece, and will not consent to a reduction. This action on their part will deprive Dayton's bluff of what it has long needed, and the site of the proposed park could not be improved upon in this vicinity. If the property owners could be induced to curtail their demands, say about one-third, an impetus would be given real estate in the eastern part of the city, from which all would reap substantial benefits. The land suggested for the park is owned by about a score of people, and they should be amenable to reason and not deprive a majority of the residents of Dayton's bluff of a pleasant spot for recreation and a lookout over the magnificent panorama stretched at their feet.

Arthur H. Rogers.

A. H. ROGERS, Capitalist—Money is plentiful in the banks, and the stringency in the East has been greatly relieved. as has been evinced by the new capital coming out to us for investment. Ground will be broken Monday at Gladstone for the plant of the St. Paul Agricultural company, and upwards of $50,000 will be immediately put in circulation from this source alone. Then all over St. Paul there is a marked increase in real estate transactions, and I completed the negotiations yesterday for a transaction involving upwards of $125,000, the details of which I have already furnished to the GLOBE. One of its enterprising news hunters roused me out of bed Friday night to learn the particulars, and I cheerfully furnished him the facts for this wide-awake journal. During the coming week there will be a big move in real estate, and the dealers will have all they can attend to in order that they may keep pace with the demand. The DAVIDSON heirs, ex-Railroad Commissioner MURDOCK and WILLIAM DAWSON are some of the parties interested, and their transactions will be on a gigantic scale.

Col. Welz.

FREDERICK R. WELZ, of the Merchants Hotel—Naturally the hotelkeepers take a great interest in the carnival project; and, speaking for myself, I will say that anything that I can do to further the proposed demonstration will be done cheerfully. The two weeks that the carnival lasts bring thousands of visitors to our city, and the heart of the hotel man is made very light, although his responsibilities are necessarily augmented. Now let the railroad managers show a generous spirit in transporting the people here from abroad, and I predict the greatest crowd and the most successful carnival that St. Paul has ever seen. Energetic, thorough-going business men have the matter in charge, and I am content, for my part, to be merely a looker on in Vienna. Certainly I expect that the hotelkeepers of our city will eventually be consulted, but mainly as to the sinews of war, and none of us will be found lacking when the time for action arrives. Business is simply booming everywhere, and the people will need the relaxation from the cares of life that our carnival will afford them, and I am informed that the features will be at once novel, agreeable and attractive, and will strike our guests as something long to be remembered.

HOMESPUN PARAGRAPHS.

CHASED BY HARD LUCK.

He sat in the park the other day, a dejected looking man. His clothes were in poor condition, his shoes were tied with wrapping twine and there was a tired look in his gray eyes that grew sad as he said to a man with a red nose who sat on the seat near him:

"I've hed hard luck, pardner. Ther devil seems ter be chasin' me every durned step I take. When I was er kid down in Kerneticut, workin' on er farm, they kept me turnin' ther grindstun in ther summer and sortin' pertaters in ther winter. I runned erway from ther farm an' went to ther city. Ther fust day I struck ther town I fell through er coal hole an' broke my arm. I finally went ter Derkota an settled on er 160 acres. I got erlong all right for erwhile, but one day ther minister run away with my wife, an' gittin' discouraged, I sold ther farm fur $500 an' cum ter St. Paul ter see what I cud do."

"Did yer ketch on?" inquired the man with the roseate nose.

"Yaas, I ketched on all right. I bought ther patent right for St. Louis county of this pump fur pumpin' out cisterns," and he showed the man a model of a pump.

"How much'd yer give fur it?"

"Five hundred dollars. Every durned cent I had in ther world."

"It looks to me like er good thing."

"Ther pump's good enough."

"What's ther matter then?"

"Waal, pardner, thar ain't er durned cistern in St. Louis county."

PROBABLY NOT PUMP HANDLES.

The milkman's wife read aloud in the Farmer's Review that "the people of Siberia buy their milk frozen around a stick which serves as a handle."

"How strange," said she to her husband, who was figuring out how much water could be mixed with the milk of a Jersey cow without giving it a blueish cast.

"Why?" asked the husband, suspending his pencil for a moment.

"It is so different from our way of getting milk."

"Yes, there may be a little difference in the handles."

IMPROVEMENT BADLY NEEDED.

A convention was held down in Memphis this week to discuss the improvement of Western rivers. Too much time should not be wasted in considering the condition of water in this Western country. Water is something that the average Western citizen has but a passing acquaintance with. If you want to get solid with the very core of the Western man's heart. If you want to be worshiped by the Western citizen. If you want to go down to your grave honored and respected and loved by the men of the West, don't fool away your time in trying to improve Western rivers, but set your brain about devising some scheme for improving Western whiskey.

HOW IT LOOKED.

"How does it look, dear?" asked the tall wife of her undersized husband as she adjusted a new bonnet to the top of her head.

"Like the height of folly," he calmly replied as he glided behind the coal stove.

A DAKOTA GIRL'S PROPOSAL.

"You dursn't do it!"

She stood in the door of the editorial room of the Dakota Wail looking down on the editor with a sort of an I've-been-starving-for-a-man look as she uttered the above words. She was a fine specimen of female muchness, done up in a suit of black alpaca, from beneath which peeped out a pair of feet that gave him the impression that the builder of that piece of human architecture, to be sure of having material enough, had completed the hoofs first and put the remainder into the superstructure. Her fingers twitched nervously as her eager gaze hungrily gulped the editor in.

"You dursn't do it," she repeated.

"Do what?" asked the editor.

"Marry me."

"Marry you?"

"Yes, you ain't got the sand."

"You bet your life I have, if you've got the dust."

"That's what I have, pardner, and the man that promises to sleep in my claim shack and paralyze my cookery's welcome to it."

"How're you fixed?"

"What's that?"

"How're you fixed? How much stuff have you got?"

"Stuff! Suffering Jimtown, man, I've got more wealth than I know what to do with. I've proved up on a homestead on the Goose river; I'm holding down a tree claim in Dickey county, have got a pre-emption five miles from LaMoure and have got $3,000 packed away in my sock. Ain't that stuff enough?"

"You are pretty well heeled. How old are you?"

"I ain't kept track of my age since I left the states, but my teeth 're all hunky doree, and you bet your sweet existence I can kick higher'n any dude in the town, whoop la!" and with a yell that would have made a Piute Indian shed his war paint with envy, she swung her right tan yard over the editor's head and kicked the paste pot clean through a stuffed antelope that stood in the corner.

"You're a dandy old girl," whispered the editor, as he fixed himself so that it would be convenient for him to fall out the window when she started her ant-crushers out on another expedition. "You're a dandy, but I'm afraid——"

"Oh, yer needn't be afraid of nothin' when I'm around. I reckon I can take care of you all right."

"No, but you see I'm afraid—I'm afraid our tastes——"

"Tastes! Good Lord, man, I don't taste nothin'. I could chew up a whole stock yard and not taste it. Tastin' don't give me no trouble."

"Yes, but—our tastes might be different. We might be unhappy."

"What, yer ain't goin' back on me, pard?"

"I really don't think we could—we could get along as happily as man and wife should."

"Oh, yer sucker, I'm onter you. Yer got me to give away how much I'm worth an' now want ter break yer promise. Oh, yer long-necked, yeller-haired, sour-complected dude from Winnipeg. I've been in Dakota too long ter be fooled by any of yer slim-legged crowd. I'll larn yer er lesson."

She moved majestically towards the editor, and he felt her bean hooks tighten on his coat collar, then things began to whirl. That was the last he remembered till he came to himself in his boarding house on a cot, where the doctor told him he must remain until his leg healed and his collar bone grew together.

TOM HOLMES.

COMPENSATIONS.

Fair Nancy at her window sits,
  Across the way,
And piece to piece her patchwork fits
  With colors gay.
She joins them in a dream of bliss;
No sweeter work she asks than this.

Her friends they come to sit awhile;
  Her work they praise.
And thus, with genial chat and smile
  Slip by her days.
She asks no higher, nobler end
Than approbation of her friend.

They look with pitying eyes at me,
  Who sit alone;
"In solitude what can there be?"
  They sadly groan.
They come across to cheer me; then,
I close the page and hide my pen.

Sweet maid, whose busy fingers flit,
  Our tasks combine.
You at your fairy patchwork sit,
  And I at mine.
Your friends come in to cheer you there;
My friends are viewless as the air.

Mine crowd around and comfort bring
  Thro' lonely hours;
Their hands in mine, I cheerly sing,
  Knee deep in flowers.
When here I sit in quiet nooks,
I meet my friends in living books.

Some gift the Giver metes to all,
  To cheer the way;
My little songs, that rise and fall,
  Have kept me gay,
In spite of jeers, in spite of scorn,
They sing themselves from morn to morn.

—Kate Dooris Sharp.

A FOOL'S WISDOM.

Indian Agent SHEEHAN, of the White Earth reservation, was formerly a resident of Freeborn county, and for a number of years sheriff of the county. The old man is by no means a novice in political affairs, and when in the opening of one of the campaigns for county offices he learned that there was opposition to his candidacy for sheriff, he waxed very wroth. He went into the nominating convention, and getting the floor, made this little speech to the delegates:

"I want you to understand that I am a candidate for sheriff, that I intend to be nominated by you, and after that elected; and when I get tired of the office I shall resign and give it to my son."

The prophetic words the delegates lived to see proven true. The impression has been general that Agent SHEEHAN has a very fat position on the reservation. This GUS BEAULIEU contradicts, and there is no doubt that his word can be relied upon.

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The Republican press of the state has been circulating during the last week, with editorial comments, a letter from AMOS COGGSWELL, of Owatonna, which scores President CLEVELAND and the administration. Mr. COGGSWELL has been for the greater part of the last eighty years, I believe, a Democrat, and rather noted for the persistency with which he has adhered to Jeffersonian principles. It would seem strange, then, that he should write such a letter as he did, attacking the best leader of his own party, if it were not for the fact that Mr. COGGSWELL was a disappointed candidate for the office of postmaster of Owatonna, and also for an office in Dakota connected with the pension department. That is the milk in his cocoanut.

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The little town of Preston, in Southeastern Minnesota, has a reputation for internecine rows of a very bad character. Figuratively speaking, hair pulling is more popular there than betting on the number of beans in a jar or discussing the price of potatoes. A resident from the burg who was in St. Paul last week was asked as to what caused this. He heaved a prodigious sigh before replying: "We have eight ministers."

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The political news that comes from the different portions of the state is very soothing. Mr. GILMAN is farming, Mr. NELSON is farming, Mr. GIBBS visits his farm almost every week, Mr. DUNNELL is looking after his fall potatoes, Mr. WINDOM has organized a sewing society, Mr. SABIN has wholly recovered from his sickness engendered in 1883, Mr. KINDRED is building a railroad, Mr. STORDOCK is dividing his time between Mr. REED and FRANK LANDERS, MILO WHITE is making butter, Gov. MCGILL is appointing investigating commissions, E. P. FREEMAN is out of politics, JOHN LIND is trying on the suit of clothes he intends to wear in Washington, while H. B. WILLIS has struck oil. To read all this in the country press at present one can hardly believe that a year from to-day these same men will be tearing their shirt tails to pieces while they howl to the affrighted populace that the country will go to the dogs if the Republican party does not win at the polls.

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W. P. MURRAY has, within a fortnight, become a grandfather. The day that this happened he supposed that the officials of the city hall had not heard of the circumstance, and he ventured into the building. He had scarcely taken a seat at his desk when Capt. STARKEY poked his head into the room and said in a deep bass voice, "Grandfather." Then JOHN ROCHE, in mellow baritone. "Grandfather!" Next GATES A. JOHNSON whistled "Baby Mine," and sang out "Grand Daddy!" Chief CLARK walked in and wanted to know of the counselor what should be done with stray grandchildren. Mr. MURRAY grew nervous. He started to write an order for street grading and made out instead an order on the board of public works for the improvement of grandbabies. This was too much. He went out in front of the city hall, and beckoning to the expectant officials, led them around to the rear of the Windsor hotel where they smiled.

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Those who knew the Marquis DE MORES least have been his greatest traducers, and I presume the farther his ship carries him away from this country the louder will be their chatter. There was never a Frenchman who landed on these shores who was more enthusiastic over the Northwest and spent as much money in it as he. I confess that as a moralist he was strictly French. But in this he was several points ahead as to decency of the average American blood. He spent his money freely. He was generous to those around him, and the larger portion of the fortune he lost here was left in general circulation. His plans were visionary for the age and day, but the last remark that I heard him make in St. Paul was that, if he had failed, others would eventually carry his projects on to success. Take him all in all, the marquis, even without his title or money, would make a jolly good fellow.

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Apropos of a recent Shakespearean entertainment, given in St. Paul, the following story is told on a young society lady who attended it. Several evenings after the entertainment she was at an early tea, and was asked how she enjoyed her evening with SHAKESPEARE. "Oh," she replied, with a charming pout, "you know I didn't go with Mr. SHAKESPEARE. GEORGE BLANK took me, and he is the loveliest waltzer." The awful silence was first broken by a lady who inquired for Mr. DONNELLY's cipher.

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It is not rare for children to take up the political battles of their fathers, and to feel more aggrieved over the defeats of their elders than they do themselves. A certain up-country gentleman, who had been pledged an office by Gov. MCGILL, and, like many others, failed to get it, told his wife in the presence of his five-year-old son of his disappointment and his opinion of the governor. That night the mother, while putting the boy to bed, took occasion to caution him against using some very strong words that his father had. Before kneeling down to say his prayers the child inquired of her if it was always wicked to swear. She replied that she thought there were times when GOD would forgive people for profane language when used under strong provocation. Then the child prayed: "Forgive me for all my sins, keep me while I sleep—and— d——n GOV. MCGILL." BY A FOOL.

DRAMATIC DRIFT.

The most successful engagement of the present season at the Grand opera house has been played by MARGARET MATHER during the past week. The four years since Miss MATHER last played in St. Paul have made a wonderful improvement in Miss MATHER's acting. Then she was only a debutante full of dramatic fire and ambition. Now she is the schooled artist, with the brilliancy of her dramatic genius tempered by the graceful accomplishments which follow from intelligent and laborious study. It is not too much praise to predict for Miss MATHER that, if the next four years of her dramatic career are marked by the same intelligent and conscientious endeavors to advance herself in her stage work, she will occupy an unrivaled place in the dramatic profession. She is decidedly the most promising young woman on the American stage to-day.

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This week promises to be one of dramatic good things for the St. Paul theater-goers. SOL SMITH RUSSELL, the well known comedian, will occupy the Grand the first half of the week with his new comedy, "Bewitched," while Mme. MODJESKA will be the attraction the latter part of the week in a new repertoire of SHAKESPEARE's plays.

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Mr. RUSSELL's new play, "Bewitched," was written by EDWARD E. KIDDER and fills the popular demand for fiction in which ancient superstitions are made to blend. The play deals with the merry side of occultism, and thus gives scope for Mr. RUSSELL to produce a good deal of hilarity. The motive of the play clings to an amulet which has been given by a native Indian to an English gentleman who lives in India. On his visit to England the amulet is brought as a present to a cousin. The amulet bewitches everybody into whose possession it comes, and the effect this magical, mystical thing produces when introduced into the quiet English household furnishes material for the fun of the play. Halcyon Todd, the character assumed by Mr. RUSSELL, is a meek and precise young man, who spends his time in reading religious tracts. The moment he seizes the amulet his whole nature undergoes a marvelous transformation, and from the pious, bashful young man he is suddenly converted into a holy terror of a dare-devil lover, and is guilty of some wonderfully funny exploits.

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HELENE MODJESKA needs no introduction. Who she is and what she is is known to all the world. Her name is written in the uppermost niche of the temple of dramatic fame. It is a matter of sincere regret to the play-going public that after this season MODJESKA will be seen on the stage no more. She has expressed her determination to retire from the stage permanently at the close of the present season. Those who know this excellent lady best know that she is a woman of her word, and when she says she intends to retire from the profession she means it. She is not given to the advertising dodges which characterize some of her illustrious contemporaries.

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MODJESKA's engagement at the Grand will commence next Thursday evening in the performance of "Measure for Measure." The repertoire for the remainder of the engagement will be Friday night, "Cymbeline;" Saturday matinee, "Donna Diana," and Saturday night, "As You Like It." The last named play is the only one in which MODJESKA has been seen in this city. Her "Donna Diana" has been adapted from the Spanish, and is one of those artificial comedies of love and intrigue in which the Spanish drama abounds.

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Miss MATHER's curtain fall in "Romeo and Juliet" is not only unique in its startling effect, but to one sitting in front has all the appearance of a hazardous stage feat. It seems impossible that she should pitch headlong down those steps and roll over and over without being hurt. "Oh, no, it is not a bit dangerous," said Miss MATHER, when spoken to about it. "I presume it looks so from the front. The fall is made with mathematical precision. I measure it before I make it. So I know exactly where I am going to light. The only danger is that the curtain may break some time while I am clinging to it, so I always give my personal attention to its hanging. I did not invent this fall for stage effect. It suggested itself to me from reading the lines of the play. That is the last spot from which Juliet saw Romeo when taking his final leave of her, and it occurred to me that it would be natural that she should be standing there when sinking into the unconsciousness produced by the potion. I am not half as liable to get hurt in this fall as I am in the death fall in the last act."

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Persons who saw Miss MATHER Thursday night in "Leah" did not only suspect the discomfort the young lady was subjected to by her leading man in the closing scene of the second act when Rudolph casts off the Jewess maiden. Mr. PAULDING has the unfortunate faculty of becoming so absorbed in his part sometimes as to forget his own identity, and thus gives a realism to the performance that was not intended by the play writer, and certainly not desired by the rest of the cast. In this particular instance he snatched Miss MATHER baldheaded, so to speak. Before casting her off from him with a mimicry of violence, as the play suggests, he had unwittingly entwined the fingers of one hand in her wig, and throwing her from him with great violence, with the other hand he separated Miss MATHER from her headgear. As these stage wigs are fastened on with many pins of great length and exceeding pointedness, one can easily imagine the scarified condition of Miss MATHER's head by the time they had ploughed through the fleshy covering of the cranium.

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This is not Mr. PAULDING's first exhibition of forgetfulness. On one occasion in a fencing scene he thrust his antagonist through the body, and at another time ripped an ugly gash in Tybalt's cheek. Mr. LEVICK carries in the palm of his hand the scar of a dagger cut inflicted through Mr. PAULDING's overwrought stage realism. If Mr. PAULDING could manage to give less realism to his acting, and a little more attention to his rhetoric, it would be an improvement to his dramatic work. He is good, very good, but there is a defect of modulation in the tone of his voice.

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After her exhausting performance in knocking a Nashville parson out of time, the charming EMMA ABBOTT is coming to St. Paul to brace up. Miss ABBOTT knows where to find her friends. She will be here next week with her reorganized opera company, and, according to her own statement, proposes to make this a red-letter season in the history of her operatic career. She spent the summer in Europe preparing for this season's work, and as a sequence announces that her company individually and in point of ensemble is well nigh perfect, and her productions of opera more elaborate than usual, while the costuming is a sight to see. Her repertoire while here will include the new opera, "Ruy Blas, or The Queen and the Lackey," "The Carnival of Venice," "Bohemian Girl," "Chimes of Normandy," "Il Trovatore," "The Good Little Devil" and "Mikado." In addition to herself Miss ABBOTT's company cast includes LIZZIE ANNANDALE, FRICKE, MICHELENA, BRODERICK, MONTEGRIFFO, PRUETTE, ALLEN, BEAUMONT and the new prima donna, Mlle. HELENE BERTRAM.

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Oh, no. The individual who wants the GLOBE to roast the opera house management because they wouldn't give him a seat in the dress circle on a fifty-cent ticket has lost his bearings. There is no law in this country compelling people to go to the theaters. The man who buys a fifty-cent show ticket and isn't willing to sit in a fifty-cent seat has his remedy by staying away from the theater. The GLOBE is always ready to roast everything that deserves roasting. But it is not willing to undertake to redress the imaginary grievance of every crank who comes along.

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Standing by the box office of a theater and watching the people who come there to buy tickets, one sees many varying phases of human nature. The other day a quartette of fashionably dressed ladies appeared at the box office of the Grand and demanded to see the diagram showing the arrangement of seats for the "Romeo and Juliet" performance that night. They took it and studied it diligently. One preferred to sit on the right hand side of the house, another wanted a seat on the left, the third one thought the center was preferable, while the fourth one imagined that a perch in the balcony would be just the thing, but they all agreed in preferring a location where they could have the best view of the balcony scene. The ticket seller kindly explained to them from what point the best view of the balcony scene could be had. That settled it and the tickets were bought. Nearly an hour afterwards one of the ladies rushed up to the box office, quite out of breath. "After we got home," she commenced, "we got to talking the matter over and we remembered that we saw on the diagram some vacant seats on the other side of the house in the front row of the parquette circle, and here you have persuaded us to buy seats in the second row on the left hand side." And she looked daggers at the ticket seller. "I suggested those seats to you because you said you wanted to sit where you could see the balcony scene," replied the ticket seller in an apologetic tone. "That is so. I forgot all about the balcony scene," spoke the lady in most amiable voice. "I ask your pardon. The seats are all right and we will keep the tickets." As she glided out into the street she was heard murmuring to herself: "It's singular I forgot that balcony scene. I have had a long walk for nothing."

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"I bought two tickets here this morning and I have lost them. What am I going to do about it?" shouted a half-intoxicated man as he peered into the opening at the box office. He was respectably dressed, and looked to be honest in what he said. He couldn't remember where his seats were located, but thought they were in D. The manager told him that he would be admitted on his statement that he had lost his tickets, and would give him and his companion seats in D, with the understanding that if anybody else turned up with checks for those seats they would have to vacate and take seats elsewhere. "I'll not accept your proposition," sputtered out the half-drunken fellow with a show of indignation. "If I can't get seats to suit me and to keep I'll get out and build a new theater." And he walked off with the air of a man who intended to make his word good.

Preparing for Serious Business.

New York Sun.

Wife—Why did you send home a ton of coal to-day, dear? We have coal enough to last until July.

Husband—I didn't order any coal, and I wish you wouldn't pay gas bills. I went to the office to-day to make a kick, and was told the bill was paid.

Wife—Why, I haven't paid any gas bills.

Daughter (blushing)—George is the responsible one, papa, and I think it was a very delicate thing for him to do.

THE PRISON SCANDAL.

Bad for the Republicans.

Le Sueur Sentinel.

The investigation of the Stillwater state prison affairs is again going on. The evidence reveals a scandalous extent of rottenness and bad management, which calls for the prompt removal of the present warden, Stordock. The evidence is largely from convicts and exconvicts, which cannot be accepted as the best, but it is the same kind of evidence that was brought against ex-Warden Reed, and it is equally good now. Indeed, it is stronger against Stordock, for some of the prisoners testifying are still under his domination. It is not a good record for the Republicans to go into the next state campaign with, but it is probably nearly as good as they could make in other directions if exposures could be made.

A Lying Contest.

Glencoe Enterprise.

The state prison investigation was reopened with renewed vigor on Monday, and the testimony brought out looks anything but rosy for Warden Stordock. From this distance it looks as though the entire female force of the institution had been driven into a lying contest, and the attorney who can make the lies stick together best will bring his client out on top of the heap. At all events the character of Warden Stordock will not appear much whiter than the character of ex-Warden Reed when the controversy ends.

A Reform Needed.

Albert Lea Enterprise.

It would seem that Mr. Warden, of the State Prison Stordock's prosecution or persecution of ex-Warden Reed has turned out a boomerang, for while the former was listening to the malicious gossip of a few convicts, hoping thereby to criminate the latter, two hard characters made good their escape, and there are loud demands for the removal of Stordock. Besides there are hard stories being circulated about the present management of the institution. It is evident there should be a reform at this reformatory.

Little Sins Don't Count.

Brainerd Daily News.

The prison scandal at Stillwater is becoming a stench that increases with poking up. Accusers and accused seem equally reprehensible. Reed and Stordock belong, evidently, to that class which is shocked at great crimes but continually sin in little things.

Minnesota Liars.

Valley City (Dak.) Times-Record.

The dispute between the warden and ex-warden of the Minnesota penitentiary has developed the fact that Minnesota has some good healthy liars occupying good positions.

In Reed's Favor.

Duluth Herald.

Mr. Stordock tackled the wrong man when he endeavored to impeach the character of his predecessor in office. Public sentiment in Minnesota is fast turning against Stordock. Reed is not the man to give up without a hard fight, and the indications are now that he will win the battle.

A Bad Woman's Scheme.

Worthington Advance.

The state prison scandal has reached its second stage. Thus far the whole matter looks like the scheme of a bad woman to ruin ex-Warden Reed, and Warden Stordock is helping her on.

Rank Perjury.

Mitchell Republican.

The prison investigation at Stillwater is developing either some rank perjury or a most diabolical conspiracy against ex-Warden Reed.

Full Measure of the Law.

Sauk Center Avalanche.

Warden Stordock is still in close quarters. He should be tried with all the witnesses present, and if guilty let the law be dealt out to the fullest measure.

A New Warden in Order.

Farmington Tribune.

The investigation appears to be proving the worst kind of a boomerang. A new warden seems to be in order.

THANKS, KIND FRIENDS.

A Splendid Newspaper.

New London Times.

The GLOBE is a splendid newspaper in the general sense of the word. Its market reports are the latest and always accurate and reliable. Its telegraphic news is full and complete and its editorials—well, while we don't quite agree with the political tone of some of them, are marked with dignified ability and are always readable. It is a desirable paper for the family circle.

Leads the Others.

Jordan Independent.

The St. Paul GLOBE leads all other journals of the Northwest in being reliable and in giving a better and more comprehensible account of current events, in a condensed form. It is fearless in speaking its political views, which are always strong and fair.

Has No Superior.

Mankato Register.

The GLOBE has risen to a place in the front rank of Northwestern journalism, and has no superior. The GLOBE management have unlimited enterprise and will continue to keep their paper at the front.

Always Leads.

Chaska Herald.

The DAILY GLOBE is now acknowledged to be the leading journal of the Northwest. It is progressive and never follows, but always leads.

Excelled By None.

Farmington Tribune.

The St. Paul GLOBE has taken wonderful steps forward in journalistic progress in the past year. As a newspaper it is not excelled by any in the Northwest.

The Top of the Pile.

Lake Crystal Union.

It is needless to say the GLOBE is at the top of the pile for news.

Foreign Missions.

LINCOLN, Neb., Oct. 22.—The eighteenth annual meeting of the national committee of the Woman's Foreign Mission society of the Methodist Episcopal church has been in session here for three days. There are twenty-seven delegates present, representing the nine districts of the United States, which embrace the country from Maine to California. The reports of the officers show the society to be in a flourishing condition. The collections for the past year amounted to $190,000, an increase of $24,000 over the previous year. The board will remain in session all of next week.

The Printers' Strike

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—The committee in charge of the job printers' strike sent the men employed by the Trow Directory company back to work this morning, the men being led to believe that all their demands had been conceded. Subsequently they discovered that they were mistaken and that no concessions had been made. The men, therefore, at once struck again.

Percentage or Jump.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—President Stearns, of the Detroit base ball club, said to a reporter to-day that unless the league changes its constitution the next meeting so as to give the visiting clubs a percentage of the gate receipts the Detroit club will forfeit its franchise and join the American association.