THE DAILY GLOBE

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

ST. PAUL, THURSDAY, NOV. 3, 1887.

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

SIGNAL OFFICE, WAR DEPARTMENT, ST. PAUL, Nov. 3, 12:15 a. m.—Indications for the twenty-four hours commencing at 7 a. m. to-day: For St. Paul, Minneapolis and vicinity: Local rains, followed by colder fair weather and variable winds shifting to fresh northerly. For Minnesota: Local rains or snows, followed by colder, fair weather, light to fresh variable winds, becoming northerly. For Eastern and Central Dakota: Local rains or snows, followed by colder, fair weather and light to fresh northwesterly winds.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

ST. PAUL, Nov. 2.—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	30.12	38	....	Cloudy.
Marquette	30.18	38	....	Cloudy.
Milwaukee	30.04	46	....	Clear.
Chicago	30.02	48	....	Clear.
Duluth	30.08	42	....	Fair.
St. Paul	30.02	46	....	Clear.
La Crosse	30.06	44	....	Clear.
Davenport	30.02	50	....	Clear.
Des Moines	30.02	50	....	Clear.
Leavenworth	30.04	54	....	Clear.
Concordia	30.12	56	....	Clear.
Omaha	30.06	64	....	Clear.
Yankton	30.00	50	....	.....
Huron	29.96	46	....	Clear.
Moorhead	29.88	46	....	Cloudy.
St. Vincent	29.96	38	....	Cloudy.
Fort Garry	30.00	34	....	Fair.
Minnedosa	29.96	28	....	Cloudy.
Fort Totten	29.88	44	....	Cloudy.
Bismarck	29.90	52	....	Cloudy.
Fort Sully	29.94	58	....	Fair.
Valentine	29.90	52	....	Fair.
North Platte	30.06	52	....	Clear.
Cheyenne	30.16	42	..	.....
Denver	30.10	54	....	Clear.
Salt Lake City	30.20	44	....	Cloudy.
Fort Custer	30.06	50	....	Clear.
Fort Assinaboine	30.04	48	....	Cloudy.
Qu' Appelle	30.00	36	....	Clear.
Helena	30.18	42	....	Cloudy.
Fort Buford	29.90	42	....	Clear.
Fort Smith	30.08	58	....	Cloudy.
St. Louis	30.02	64	....	Clear.
Little Rock	30.10	58	....	Clear.
Arthur's Landing	30.14	34	....	Cloudy.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

Since the utterance of Mr. CLEVELAND's notable political axiom, "Public office is a public trust," there has been no political truth declared with greater emphasis or more forcible effect than the closing sentence of Mayor HEWITT's letter to the New York Democracy: "As now constituted, there is no room in the Democratic party for corruption and fraud." That means that the boodlers, the land grabbers, the monopolies, the speculators, the political jobbers and all classes who thrive by preying on the public have no show with the CLEVELAND administration.

The special occasion which called forth this ringing statement from New York's great and honest old mayor was the strenuous effort that the New York World is making to defeat the Democratic ticket in New York City. The World has so long enjoyed the confidence of not only the Democracy of the Empire state but of the whole nation that its attitude in reference to the municipal canvass now in progress in New York has not only provoked the severest criticism throughout the country, but it is subjecting the proprietor of that paper to suspicion. The dictatorial attitude assumed by Mr. PULITZER in his management of the World has been out of all keeping with true Democratic ideas. Under an affectation of independence it has really assumed the prerogatives of bossism, and is now being conducted on the rule or ruin principles which actuate all bosses.

It is an open secret that the proprietor of the World is animated by a bitter personal feeling toward the CLEVELAND administration because Mr. CLEVELAND had too much self-assertion to submit to the dictation of other people. How far this feeling is responsible for the present position of the World in its antagonism to the Democratic ticket in New York is a matter of conjecture. There is a well settled conviction in the minds of some people that there are other influences at work in this matter. It is believed that the hidden hand of JAY GOULD is the World's moving power, and that Mr. PULITZER is only a figurehead. People who hold to that view reason in this way: They say that JAY GOULD has a darling monopoly now in his possession, which is not only a mint of money to him but a great power as well. This is his consolidated telegraph system. The only possible rival that he can now have in the telegraph business is the government itself. The government in the hands of the Democratic party, with GROVER CLEVELAND at the helm, means destruction to JAY GOULD's great monopoly scheme. With the government in the hands of the Republican party, with JAMES G. BLAINE steering the ship of state, JAY GOULD would be perfectly secure in any monopoly that he could create. The defeat of GROVER CLEVELAND in the next presidential election and the election of JAMES G. BLAINE to the presidency means a great deal to JAY GOULD. If the expenditure of ten millions, or even of twenty millions of dollars, could accomplish that result, it would still be money in Mr. GOULD's pocket. And according to Mr. GOULD's current reputation he is not a man to hesitate to spend money on elections when he has an end to accomplish, for by his own description of himself he is "an Erie man always."

Now it is by putting this and that together people arrive at the conclusion that the World is a party to the GOULD conspiracy. It may be unjust to charge Mr. PULITZER with being a JUDAS ISCARIOT, of being a hungry ESAU willing to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage. But as long as he sails in the same boat with JAY GOULD he must be expected to be included in the GOULD passenger list, and as long as his paper does the kind of work that Mr. GOULD is in the habit of paying newspapers to do, he must not complain if his paper is accused of wearing the GOULD collar. Independent journalism is commendable, but boss journalism is despicable.

The GLOBE would be slow to adopt the popular opinion concerning the World's apostacy. It is utterly impossible to see how such a great newspaper could fall from the lofty heights of pure and independent journalism down to the position of performing menial service for America's monopoly king. But the angels fell, and there is more human weakness in men than in angels. And what is more, the GLOBE fails to comprehend how a newspaper actuated by pure motives could consistently aid in the overthrow of a party in which "as now constituted there is no room for corruption and fraud."

MR. HOWARD'S LETTER.

The GLOBE readers will be entertained this morning by reading Mr. HOWARD's dramatic description of how the news of the supreme court decision was received in Chicago yesterday, and of the effect it had upon the condemned anarchists. Not the least interesting portion of Mr. HOWARD's special correspondence in to-day's GLOBE is his personal reminiscences of the anarchists' trial and his description of scenes connected with the famous Haymarket riot. It is evident that the Chicago authorities do not propose to be caught napping in the event that the socialistic element contemplates violence on the occasion of the hanging. The execution will be a quiet and orderly affair, without any sensational features, unless the outside anarchists attempt a rescue of the condemned men. It is hardly probable that any such attempt will be made. At the same time the Chicago authorities have acted wisely in taking all precautionary measures against it.

THEY MUST HANG.

The decision rendered yesterday by the supreme court of the United States seals the doom of the condemned anarchists. The last judicial expedient has been exhausted, and there is no ray of hope for the condemned men except in the pardoning power of the governor of Illinois. After such a thorough judicial investigation of the law points involved in the case it is hardly possible that Gov. OGLESBY will now feel justified in interposing the power the constitution has invested him with to defeat the law of its victims. It is not a pleasant thing to see a human life taken, even though it be done under the forms of law, and though we are conscious that the criminal merits his punishment. But, however disagreeable the performance, there is not a law-abiding American citizen who doubts the necessity for hanging the Chicago anarchists nor questions the justice of it. They are not to be hung for the exercise of the right of free speech and the right to assemble for peaceable purposes, as they claim. Their crime was in abusing the right of free speech and of assembling together for the purpose of inciting riot and bloodshed. The frightful loss of life which followed in the wake of the Haymarket gathering was the direct result of the action of the seven condemned men on that occasion. Everybody knew that they were morally guilty of the murder of the policemen on that bloody night at the Haymarket, and now the highest judicial tribunal on earth decides that they are legally guilty. Henceforth there can be no division of opinion as to the righteousness of hanging the anarchists.

It is not to be expected that their immediate sympathizers will approve the judgment of the courts. "Thief ne'er felt the halter draw with good opioion of the law." Yesterday's decision is the death warrant of anarchism in this country. There will be muttering threats, and there will be a manifest restlessness for a little while among the anarchists. But that will be all. There will be no more bomb throwing in this country. The day that the seven Chicago anarchists are swung up by the neck will be the final judgment day for the violent type of socialism on the American continent.

THE board of trade of Fargo has passed a resolution against local option. The average Fargo citizen can get along on one meal of victuals a day, but he must have his whisky frequently or he is completely unfitted for business. The members of the Fargo board of trade are all shrewd men of business, and when they pass a resolution of this kind know what they are talking about. If local option should prevail, Moorhead, Minn., a half a mile distant, would catch a boom that would send it ahead at a pace inimical to the interests of Fargo, and Fargo business men know it. Besides, there is a long winter full of deep snow coming, and Fargo citizens don't want the curiosity of visitors to the city to be aroused by the sight of well trodden paths winding down through their back yards in the direction of Moorhead. You look for chumps among the business men of Fargo and you'll come away with an empty game bag.

SWORD BEARER, the unruly chief of the Crows, according to the latest reports, has disappeared with his 200 copper-colored followers, and the noble soldiers, the faithful guardians of the frontier, have no idea where the Indians have gone. If their whereabouts is not discovered by to-day the commander of the department of Dakota should insert an advertisement for them in the want columns of the GLOBE.

AT a political meeting held in New York the other night, a rocket was sent up and set fire to the residence of Dr. S. SLEET SPIER, damaging the house to the extent of $50,000. Dr. SPIER should now locate in St. Paul. He could easily make up his loss in two or three professional visits if he adopted the schedule prices of local physicians.

THE Wild West show has ceased its engagement in London, and the report is that the orderly conduct of the Indians while there has been favorably commented upon by the press and the people. Of course! BUFFALO BILL'S Indians can be just as orderly as other white men. Why not?

ALASKA will not develop much to speak of until the government makes arrangements to run excursion trains to the United States occasionally, to give the Alaskans an opportunity to come down once in a while and look at a thaw.

WORKINGMAN—Those Chicago anarchists seem to be energetic fellows.

Business Man—Yes.

"A progressive sort of a class."

"Yes, with an upward tendency."

IRON has been discovered at St. Cloud, and as a result the housewives of that thrifty little town will probably hereafter do their own ironing.

THREE of the condemned anarchists say they want liberty or death. Perhaps it won't make any difference to them if they get both.

STRAY SUNBEAMS.

"This is Florida weather," said a well known Third street merchant yesterday. "I was in Florida two years ago, and we had exactly this weather the whole winter."

"This is what I call a California winter day." This was spoken by a prominent real estate dealer who dropped into the GLOBE editorial rooms to exchange congratulations on the weather. "This is the weather they have in Southern California all the winter through. Sometimes they have a little frost, but rarely."

"I declare, this weather reminds me of home." This time it was a San Antonio man who spoke. He had been out to Montana looking after the sale of some of his Texas cattle, and stopped over in St. Paul for a few days to brace up before returning South. Talk about your Florida and your Lower California winters," continued the San Antonio man, "Texas just lays them all in the shade. The climate in Southeastern Texas is dryer than either Florida or California. The country around San Antonio is the most fertile spot on the globe, and the climate has an Elysian flavoring. This is the first weather I have struck since I left Texas that reminded me of home."

"I was up in Alaska last fall," remarked a fur trader; "it was just in this season of the year—early in November—and they had this identical weather for the whole of the two weeks I spent at Sitka. It was a soft, balmy air, with its dreamy haze and delicious restfulness."

And yet it was only common, every-day Minnesota Indian summer weather that these people were all in ecstacies over. All of which goes to show that there is a similarity in every climate, and Minnesota is the standard of them all.

* * *

Hello, central, give us Ohio. We want JOSEPH B. FORAKER. Hello, is that you, governor? All right. See here, you have been prating a good deal of late about the negroes being denied their civil rights in the South. Have you heard that the negroes in Minnesota are clamoring for theirs, too? Hadn't heard of it? That's strange. Yes, they are holding public meetings and passing resolutions and protesting against the discriminations that white folks make against them on account of race and color. Yes, they are doing that very thing right here in Minnesota, Minnesota is a Republican state, you know, and away up North. Eh? Didn't know it was Republican? Oh, yes, gave BLAINE 40,000 majority. The state government is Republican, the legislature is Republican, the courts are Republican, and yet the colored man complains that his civil rights are denied him. Can't you make a note of this, governor, and fire it off in your next campaign speech?

* * *

JENNY LIND's musical voice is hushed forever. The pure light of her life has been darkened by death's eclipse. The whole world was bereaved when JENNY LIND died. It has been a long time since JENNY LIND sang in America, but there are ears which still retain a thrilling memory of her mellow notes, and those of us who were not privileged to hear her loved the noble little woman for the good she had done.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

EMMA ABBOTT's drawing power stays by her. There was a large matinee audience yesterday to listen to "The Chimes of Normandy," and a still larger one in the evening to drink in the weird melody of that most charming old opera, "Bohemian Girl."

HELENE BERTRAM, the new prima donna of the Abbott company, had her first opportunity during the engagement to score a success in yesterday's matinee performance. She sang the part of Mignonette in "Chimes of Normandy" with such exquisite art as to win the hearts of her audience. Miss BERTRAM is a brilliant debutante in opera, this being her first season, and only now in her eighth week on the stage. She is an Indianapolis girl and has a bright future before her. In addition to an exceedingly handsome face, pretty figure and graceful movements, Miss BERTRAM possesses a voice of rare sweetness. It has that delicate, bird-like quality which is a jewel to any opera singer and exhibits most thorough culture.

"Bohemian Girl" was never sung sweeter than last night. Every member of the company seemed to be keyed up to the proper pitch, and the whole performance went with a delicious ring to it. Miss ABBOTT was never in better voice, and in addition gave a dramatic interpretation to the part of Arline that made a lovely stage picture.

LIZZIE ANNANDALE did herself proud in both performances yesterday, and her audiences manifested the heartiest appreciation of her superb work.

BRODERICK, in "Heart Bowed Down," and MONTEGRIFFO, in "The Fair Land of Poland," covered themselves with glory. If encores compensate for superior work then these two artists were made rich last night.

WALTER ALLEN's comedy caught the audience square between the eyes.

"Carnival of Vinice" to-night, and will be sung for the first time here by the Abbott company. This is distinctively a comic opera with bright, catchy music sparkling with melody. Miss ABBOTT will sing the celebrated "Carnival of Venice" aria, and interpolated lullaby song from "Erminie." LIZZIE ANNANDALE and WALTER ALLEN will do the funny business, and the entire company will be cast in the performance.

A Disgrace.

New York Sun.

New York is disgraced by the Grant mausoleum. The first sight one gets of it is shocking—it is so small and plain and cheap. It is a fairly good copy of an old-time Dutch bake oven done in varigated bricks. The temporary resting place of Garfield's remains in Cleveland is far handsomer. Not an hour of daylight passes that from one to twenty visitors do not visit the Grant tomb, and on Sundays thousands go there. The improvement of the park around the tomb has made the latter look shabbier than it used to. A few trees, particularly if they were placed so as to hide the sight of it from a distance, would save the city from its present humiliation in some degree.

Verifies Predictions.

St. Peter Herald.

The GLOBE has fixed the politica status for next year. The GLOBE makes, occasionally what would seem to be some extravagant statements, yet, we notice that they are generally verified by the returns. The editor of that paper knows his business.

A Doubting Thomas.

Brainerd Daily News.

Every little while some one of the state press who never tells lies, gets off that old chestnut about how Loren Fletcher "got down on his knees" for something or other to Gov. McGill. After awhile we shall begin to doubt this yarn, and call for the chap to swear to having seen the dust on Little Warwick's knee pans.

Dashed if There Ain't.

Evening Wisconsin.

St. Paulites "make no bones" about a dash of water in their whisky, but when a poor milkman tries the dashing business there is a dash, dash, dash of a time.

Unpleasant Subjects.

Brown's Valley Reporter.

Gov. McGill no doubt devoutly wishes that Stordock and Reed were in hades and House File No. 157 had never been born.

THEIR HERITAGE.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone and gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft, white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to be,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil
But only whitens soft, white hands—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

—James Russell Lowell.

HOMESPUN PARAGRAPHS.

She Couldn't Stand It.

First Old Maid—Jane, did you look under the bed before putting the light out?

Second Old Maid—What for?

"To see if there was a man there."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I've been disappointed so many times."

ST. PAUL WOMAN (to her husband)—John, I wish you would get up and make those children stop beating tin pans on our porch. I want to get a nap.

"That isn't the children, dear; it's your mother talking to the milkman."

"Hello, Jim, old boy! By Jove, a sight of you is good for sore eyes. I haven't seen you since we left college. Did you just arrive?"

"Yes. Just came in a special car."

"Have a cigar?"

"No, thanks. I smoke nothing but clear Havana, dollar straight."

"Going to the opera to-night?"

"I guess so; I've had a complimentary for a box sent around to me."

"When do you leave town?"

"Dunno. The people are getting up a banquet for me. I shan't leave till that's over."

"What the devil are you; the president of a railroad?"

"No. I'm a base ball player, and my batting average is away up."

A St. Anthony hill lady awoke yesterday morning, climbed over her husband's recumbent form, looked at herself in the mirror, and pulling back the curtain gazed out the window.

"John," says she to her husband.

"What?" says he.

"Did you know that last night was Hallowe'en?"

"Guess you're mistaken, Mary."

"No I ain't, for there's our front gate up in the top of the plum tree."

"That settles it."

"STRAP that trunk up well, MIKE; if you don't the baggagemen will break it all to pieces."

"Do yees think so?"

"Sure."

"Bedad, I think Oi'll jist step firninst the corner an' git a chist pertecthur an' put onto it."

FIRST St. Paul Citizen—Hello, Jones! how do you feel?

Second Citizen—Ah, I feel all torn up.

"What's the matter with you."

"I expect I'm on the streets too much."

SERVANT Girl in Tears—Oh, ma'am, I'm tired of life.

Mistress—What's the matter, ELLEN?

"Oh, I don't know; but I want to die."

"Sure?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, go light up the gasoline stove, then."

INDEMNITY LANDS.

The Land Officers, Settlers and the Railroads.

To the Editor of the Globe.

The local officers of the United States land office at Ashland, Wis., have informed the honorable commissioner of the general land office that there is a conspiracy by would-be settlers on withdrawn lands on the Bayfield branch of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha railroad (which lands have lately been restored to settlement by order of the interior department), to defraud the government out of part of the public domain. The United States officers at Ashland represent to the honorable commissioner that the attempt of would-be settlers has its whole origin in frauds and that the would-be settlers are backed by capitalists from Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin. The writer of this item has acted as surveyor for the would-be settlers on the lands in question, and is willing to make oath that the only capital possessed by either him or them was their muscle and a faith (perhaps misplaced) in the perpetuity of democratic principles and a hope that the individual would get his rights as well as the corporations. It seems in rather bad taste (to put it in its mildest form) that United States officers should show the would-be settler up as a criminal because he would try to acquire title to a very small share of the people's inheritance, while they have not a word to say in regard to the wholesale depredations that have been going on and are still going on on lands lately restored to settlement—a fact of which said United States officials are well aware; nor have they a word in condemnation in their report to the honorable commissioner, against the pine land thieves who are wasting and recklessly destroying millions of valuable timber on the public domain every year; nor do they report to the general office that the men who back these thieves are prominent Republican politicians; and it would seem to the unsophisticated average citizen that the United States land office at Ashland, though in the possession of so-called Democrats, is still run on old corporation Republican principles. WILLIAM YOUNG,

St. Croix Falls, Oct. 31.

RED RIVER VALLEY ROAD.

A Correspondent Gives It a Roast, and Says it Never Was the Intention to Build It.

To the Editor of the Globe.

I have heretofore found you willing to grant a hearing to both sides of this almost worn out subject. I sent you a brief letter during the past summer in reference to this railroad fraud, and if you think to refer to my predictions you will discover that my remarks have since been justified. It has never been to Mr. Norquay's political interests to build that railroad. The Pioneer Press, with its usual ignorance in regard to the British and Dominion questions, has been continually egging on the people of Winnipeg to trespass on the charter held by the Canadian Pacific railroad, while the said paper is very reticent of urging the St. Paul citizens to tear up your public streets and build a horse car line contrary to the provisions of the charter held by Mr. Lowry, of Minneapolis. The attempted breaking of the charter held by the Canadian Pacific railway has, from the first, been engineered by the people of Winnipeg only—not by the public of the Province of Manitoba. The Dominion has already two railroad connections with Minnesota and Dakota, via Winnipeg, by (I will say) the most patriotic and enterprising corporation in this state, viz: "The St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba" railroad, and every attempt of the Pioneer Press to urge on that shaky concern, the Northern Pacific, to force an unnecessary passage directly between the two branches of the Manitoba, is to injure the franchise granted to Mr. Hill, the greatest railroad benefactor of this state. The Manitoba within the next four years will have at least five more connections with the Canadian Pacific railway all along the western international boundary. All the provincial or city credit Winnipeg has heretofore obtained has arisen through the building up of their town and country by Canadian Pacific money. Winnipeg now, instead of progressing, is retrograding, and business men are talking gloomily. The agitation has cut both ways, but it will end by the Canadian Pacific railway buying out the stub road, as far as built, and yet it would be a road almost useless to themselves.

Morris, Oct. 30. A CANADIAN.

The Salt of the Earth.

Omaha Herald.

St. Paul thinks Armour is to establish a house for packing hogs there. Reports to that effect are yet vague, but St. Paul society is getting uneasy. It is fearful of being barreled. The process would be good for St. Paul society, in that it would involve being salted.

A Governor's Request.

San Francisco Examiner.

When on his death-bed and too weak to sign his name, the late Gov. Bartlett, of California, told his brother that he had promised the mother of a young man imprisoned for forgery that he would pardon her son after he had served three years. "Convey my wishes," he said, "to Waterman after I am dead. I know he will carry them out." Gov. Waterman has now announced the pardon of the young man in question.

Pat and the Bustle.

Norwich Bulletin.

Some Norwich boys found a woman's bustle last week, and being inspired by some lower power put it in a coal carrier's basket in place of the canvas shoulder pad he had been accustomed to use. When the coal carrier went out the next morning with his first load of coal his eye fell upon the strange thing for which he had no name.

"Phat is this, Moike?" he said to the driver, and although both of them were family men they were sorely puzzled. Mike replied:

"Sure, I dunno. I never seed the likes of it before."

Not finding his shoulder protector the coal carrier saw in it a novel substitute for it, and he said:

"Begorra, Moike, I have it! This is a patent shoulder piece the boss has got me!" and he put the old bustle on his shoulder, and finding that it was a fair fit, tied the string around his neck. He worked with the new shoulder protector all day, to the amusement of all who recognized the bustle in such high use. Pat noticed that the new protector made him a source of considerable curiosity, but he did not learn the truth until he showed it to the boss in the evening, when, thanking him for the gift, he said:

"The inventor of this meant well, but he never carried coal. These wire cords are that narrer that they cut like a knife; but, begorra, the thort is a good one, and I can make one ov it that'll worruk."

His employer informed him that he had been subjected to a practical joke; that his shoulder protector was a bustle that had seen its day and been laid away.

Mike, the driver, smiled and said: "It's never seen a greater day than this. Twenty tons ov coal have been on to it. I'll bet a better man niver wore one than Pat Donegan."

No Yellow Dog.

New York Sun.

"Now, my dear Miss Montague," said the leading man while he was on one knee beside the leading lady, "when I say to you 'I love you, darling, can't you trust me?' you must say 'Oh, I do, I do trust you,' and you must turn and put your head on my shoulder, just as Granger used to do. You really must be more effusive, Lottie, or you'll spoil the ——"

"Spoil your grandmother, goosie," replied the leading lady; "I'll do it right when I have tied my shoe. There, now, do it over and I'll suit you."

"But, damn it, Lottie, you have been tying your shoe twice now in the most import——"

"Mr. Duval, you shall not use such language. I will not have it. If you cannot be a gentle——"

"Oh, go on," said the leading man. "'I love you, darling; can't you trust me?'"

"'Oh, I do, I do trust you,'" said the plump young woman, wheeling in her chair and throwing her ringletted head on the young man's shoulder. As suddenly she raised it and remarked in her own voice: "But I don't like to be talked to like a yellow dog, and I want you to see that it never happens again."

"We Lost Our Senses."

Nashville American.

The life of the rural editor is by no means an alluring one at best, but a brother down in Mississippi has had a pretty tough experience, if the tale told by himself is true. Here is what he says: "On Thursday night, while we were writing an editorial on the financial condition of the country, some fiend in human shape threw a brick through our window and struck us on the head. We fell to our floor and lost our senses. How long we remained in our condition of unconsciousness we know not. The first thing we remember was being taken up by Maj. Gribner, our good friend. We were taken to a drug store, where our wound was dressed. Our wife and children soon came, and we were taken to our home. We are naturally indignant over his cowardly attack upon us, and we offer a year's subscription to the man who discovers who it was that hit us."

An Oriental on the Occident.

New York Tribune.

The Thakore Sahib of Limbdi, speaking in San Francisco of his journey through the United States, said; "The cities of the Eastern states are as good as any in the world, while the condition of the agricultural districts is better. As I traveled West the marvels seemed to increase instead of stopping, and the same material advancement marks all the great Western states. I was singularly impressed with the beauties of the scenery of Yellowstone park. I think I like the people of the West better than those of the East. They seem more homelike to me. They think that the beauties of nature are better than themselves, and not that they are better than the beaties of nature. The great wheat fields of California presented a splendid sight to me. Some of the finest scenery I have ever seen is that of the Shasta mountains."

Different Kind of Belts.

Evening Wisconsin.

John L. Sullivan, before sailing, was considerably troubled about his diamond belt, the gift of cultured Boston. If he had taken it abroad he might get in a snarl as to duty with the revenue officers, and John L. does not care to allow his precious waistband to go into official hands even for one moment. This annoyance over the Boston belt may be the cause of extra vigor in some of the "belts" with which Sullivan intends to present Kilrain and Mitchell.

Hard On the Pants.

Omaha World.

Omaha Youth—Yes; I guess my sister will go to church with you if you ask her. You are both Episcopalians, I believe? New York Youth—Er-no, I nevah attend that church any more. I go to the Presbyterian. "Well, well! What caused that change in you?" "The-er Presbyterians do their praying standing up, and that keeps a fellah's Sunday trousers from bagging at the knees, don't you know?"

Eagerly Sought For.

Sauk Center Avalanche.

The St. Paul GLOBE is the best edited and best printed paper west of Chicago, and east, for that matter, too. It is always the first paper taken out of the office by Republicans and Democrats alike.

Phenomenal Success.

East Grand Forks Courier.

The GLOBE has done more toward revolutionizing journalism in the Northwest than all the other daily papers combined, and its phenomenal success is only in keeping with its enterprise and ability.

For the Vice Presidency.

Ortonville Headlight.

Doc Ames arrived in Ortonville Wednesday and has gone out goose hunting with some of the Ortonville sports. By the way, the doctor is being boomed for the vice presidency of the United States.

A Worthy Spirit.

Mabel Enterprise.

The carnival association has decided to build another ice palace at St. Paul this winter. St. Paul derives a heap of benefit from this enterprise, while it also goes to show the public spiritedness of the business men of that city.

Truth's Reward.

Epoch.

St. Peter (to applicant)—"What was your business when on earth?" Applicant—"Editor of a newspaper." St. Peter—"Big circulation, of course?" Applicant—"No, small; smallest in the country." St. Peter—"Pick out your harp."

Help of every style and kind in the list of "Wants" you find.

A MINNESOTA CASE.

Of Interest to Towns on the Line of the Milwaukee & St. Paul.

The Interstate Commission Finds that the Rates Are Not Equalized.

Trouble Brewing Among the Northwestern Roads in Regard to Rates.

The Burlington's 7 1-2 Cent Rate Likely to Cause Serious Difficulty.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—The following is a syllabus of the opinion and finding of the interstate commerce commission upon the complaint of the Boards of Trade union of Farmington, Northfield, Faribault and Owatonna, in the state of Minnesota, against the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway company:

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway company owns and operates an extensive system of railroads. One of its lines, used largely for the transportation of wheat, runs from a point in Dakota territory through Minneapolis and St. Paul to Milwaukee and Chicago. Between Minneapolis and Milwaukee defendant has two routes—one by way of Red Wing and other towns, called the River division, and being the shorter route; the other by way of Northfield, Faribault and other towns, and called the Iowa & Minnesota division. The through rate on wheat from the western terminus in Dakota to Milwaukee and Chicago is 25 cents per 100 pounds, with the privilege of milling in transit on both the above mentioned divisions. The rate on wheat from said western territory to Minneapolis and St. Paul, when consigned there, and most, if not all, of which is carried by other roads, is 17½ cents a 100. The rate on the River division of defendant's road and other competing roads from Minneapolis to Milwaukee and Chicago and from all

INTERMEDIATE AND CONNECTING POINTS

on that route is 7½ cents per 100 pounds. The rate on wheat on the Iowa & Minnesota division from Minneapolis and the intermediate towns on that division is 15 cents per 100 pounds, except from Farmington, which has 13½ cents. The rate on other commodities is the same by both routes. The fact that the rate of wheat on the Iowa & Minnesota division is double the rate enjoyed by neighboring towns on the other division works practically to their disadvantage and prejudice. In the complaint of millers and others of the Iowa & Minnesota division of unjust discrimination it is held that the complaint is well founded; that the rate on wheat on that division is relatively too high. While a reasonable differential rate may be allowed on that division on account of greater distance and probable larger expense of transportation and the greater stringency of the competitive forces on the River division, the difference above the present rate on the River division should not exceed 2½ cents per 100. It is not a sufficient compliance with the law that rates are reasonable in themselves, but they should be so relatively reasonable as to protect communities and business against unjust discrimination. When the same carrier operates parallel lines and for any cause accepts low rates on one line it should furnish sufficient corresponding advantages to the patrons of the other line to prevent undue prejudice and disadvantage, and to preserve the substantial equality contemplated by the statute.

MORE TROUBLE EXPECTED.

Trying to Advance the Flour and Grain Rates From St. Paul and Minneapolis and Chicago.

Considerable excitement was caused Tuesday morning, the Chicago Tribune says, by the report that the Northwestern had agreed to advance east-bound rates from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Chicago. It was ascertained that the foundation for the report was that the competitors of the Chicago, Burlington & Northern, finding they could not induce the latter to join them in advancing grain and flour rates from Minneapolis, agreed to let that road take all the flour and grain business from Minneapolis at the 7½-cent rate and advance their rate to 10 cents per 100 in order to base the rates on flour and grain from local intermediate stations in the West and Northwest upon a 10-cent instead of a 7½-cent rate, as heretofore. By this action there will simply be a slight advance in local rates from intermediate stations between Minneapolis and Chicago, but the rates from Minneapolis to Chicago will be no higher than heretofore, as the Burlington & Northern is able to handle all the flour and grain shipped from Minneapolis to Chicago and the East that is not going on milling in transit orders. The Milwaukee T St. Paul and Northwestern during the last few months have sold enough milling in transit orders which pay them but little more than 5 cents per 100 pounds from Minneapolis to Chicago, and consequently for the sake of getting a slightly increased rate on their local traffic prefer to let the Burlington & Northern take all the flour and grain not covered by their milling in transit orders. Because of these cheap milling in transit rates being made by those roads, the Burlington & Northern refuses to join the combination, and persists in holding to the seven and one-half cent rate. Its officers say that it would be suicidal for the Chicago, Burlington & Northern, which has but few local points to protect and can haul twice as heavy trains as any other roads on account of having easier grades, to make a higher rate than 7½ cents so long as the Northwestern country is flooded with milling in transit orders issued by its competitors, which leave those roads but about 5 cents, Minneapolis to Chicago.

The Burlington & Northern by advancing rates, they say, would lose all of its flour and grain business, and its competitors would carry it on the cheap milling in transit orders. So long as those orders are in the market, they say, their road will continue to make a 7½ cent rate. The Wisconsin Central and the Minnesota & Northwestern have been doing such small flour and grain business from Minneapolis proper that they can afford to make an advance to secure a better rate on their local business. The Minnesota & Northwestern has to pay higher terminal charges at Minneapolis, and cannot afford to take grain or flour from that point at a 7½ cent rate, which accounts for its action in joining the other roads. It is not believed that the 10 cent rate on flour and grain from intermediate stations, even, can be maintained, so long as the Burlington & Northern continues to make a 7½ cent rate. There can be no doubt that shippers at all points reached by the Burlington & Northern will give the latter the preference in making shipments of other articles than grain and flour, and consequently the Wisconsin Central, Minnesota & Northwestern, and other lines will be compelled to make as liberal rates on flour an grain as are made by the Burlington & Northern if they mean to secure a fair proportion of this as well as other traffic the rates on which have not been advanced.

The Engineers.

CHICAGO, Nov. 2.—The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers concluded their business yesterday afternoon and adjourned. The morning session was occupied in the consideration of a revision of the constitutin o and by-laws by the brotherhood, but no changes of any importance were adopted. When the time for adjournment arrived, felicitous and encouraging speeches were made by Chief Engineer P. M. Arthur, H. C. Hayes, A. R. Cavener, Joseph Sprague, of Toronto; Nicholas Long, of Chattanooga, and T. S. Ingraham. The next annual session of the brotherhood will be held in Richmond, Va., on the third Wednesday in October, 1888.

The Pennsylvania Company.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 2.—As a result of the reorganization of the Pennsylvania company, further appointments are announced to-day as follows: David Gray has been appointed general agent of the Pennsylvania company and manager of the Union line, with office at Columbus, O.; F. H. Kingsbury, Eastern superintendent, with office at New York, and E. A. Dawson, Western superintendent, with office at Chicago. The office of manager and general manager of the whole lines here has been consolidated, and Manager Baldwin will fill the place.

Chips From the Ties.

The Northern Pacific management has received the necessary number of proxies of preferred stock, two-thirds, to vote the issue of the proposed third mortgage, at the meeting this week.

The last link of the Milwaukee & St. Paul line between Kansas City and Chicago was laid at noon Tuesday at Birmingham, and the first train was run along the entire length yesterday. Birmingham is about five miles east of Kansas City.

A meeting of the Western Classification committee has been called at St. Louis for Nov. 9.

THE AUTHOR OF ONE POEM.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

There died at Bath, Steuben county, N. Y., last month, at the age of fifty-eight, a man who wrote one celebrated poem, and, as far as the public know, never did anything else that was remarkable. His death has not attracted as much notice in the press as would that of a second-class variety show actress. Indeed, the first mention we have seen of it