THE DAILY GLOBE

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

LEWIS BAKER.

ST. PAUL, SUNDAY, NOV. 6, 1887.

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

SIGNAL OFFICE, WAR DEPARTMENT, ST. PAUL, Nov. 6, 12:15 a. m.—Indications for the twenty-four hours commencing at 7 a. m. to-day: For St. Paul, Minneapolis and vicinity: Fair weather; warmer, followed by colder and light to fresh southerly winds, shifting to westerly. For Minnesota: Slightly warmer, followed by colder, fair weather and light to fresh northwesterly winds. For Eastern and Central Dakota: Colder, fair weather, and light to frest northwesterly winds.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

ST. PAUL, Nov. 5.—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.........	29.98	40	...	Clear.
Marquette.........	29.86	44	...	Clear.
Milwaukee.........	30.04	42	...	Clear.
Chicago..........	30.10	46	...	Clear.
Duluth...........	29.80	46	...	Clear.
St. Paul..........	29.84	44	...	Fair.
La Crosse.........	29.96	50	...	Clear.
Davenport.........	30.06	48	...	Clear.
Des Moines........	29.98	58	...	Clear.
Concordia.........	29.94	58	...	Clear.
Omaha...........	29.94	58	...	Clear.
Huron...........	29.74	42	...	Clear.
Moorhead.........	29.90	40	...	Clear.
St. Vincent........	29.62	46	...	Cloudy.
Fort Garry........	29.64	40	...	Cloudy.
Minnedosa........	29.42	46	...	Cloudy.
Fort Totten........	29.62	50	...	Fair.
Bismarck.........	29.66	54	...	Clear.
Fort Sully........	29.70	52	...	Clear.
Valentine.........	29.74	54	...	Clear.
North Platte.......	29.88	50	...	Clear.
Cheyenne.........	29.88	54	...	Fair.
Denver...........	29.98	40	...	Clear.
Salt Lake City......	29.90	56	...	Clear.
Fort Custer........	29.72	58	...	Clear.
Qu' Appelle........	29.40	50	...	Fair.
Medicine Hat.......	29.40	50	...	Clear.
Helena..........	29.74	48	...	Clear.
Fort Buford........	29.58	46	...	Clear.
St. Louis.........	30.18	50	...	Clear.
Arthur's Landing....	29.78	32	...	Clear.
Calgary..........	29.44	38	...	Clear.
Edmonton........	29.64	34	...	Cloudy.

ILLEGITIMATE JOURNALISM.

A self-constituted "representative of legitimate journalism," who conducts a department in the Sunday Pioneer Press, and signs himself "The Casual Listener," relieved himself of a good deal of "indignation" last week by protesting against the methods of the GLOBE in the publication of its Sunday features. The fellow simply succeeded in making himself ridiculous, and showing his ignorance and malice. The "representative of legitimate journalism" made the charge that the GLOBE was in the habit of using articles clipped from other papers without giving proper credit, and thus making it appear that they were original. He cites three instances—a feature on picking teeth, one on peculiar hats and one on variety performers. These, he alleged, were printed without proper credit to the papers from which they were clipped. This assertion was absolutely false! The articles were credited, and he could easily have seen that they were—and it is likely that he did. The articles on hats and variety actors were credited to the St. Louis Globe-Démocrat, and the one on teeth to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. It seems to be a clear case of willful lying on the part of this "legitimate journalist." Now, the GLOBE prefers matter of this kind to "Galaxies of Genius" and essays by WARD LAMON, and crop statistics, and long tables of figures, and elaborate decisions in minor land cases. The matter is clipped because it is bright, fresh and interesting—better than can be secured from other sources. The wisdom of this course has been indorsed by the people. They want this class of reading. The GLOBE gives it to them, and that is why its circulation is several thousand copies greater daily than the Pioneer Press. It will continue to print them, giving the proper credit—"in the interest of legitimate journalism"—and the Pioneer Press can growl unti it gets out of wind. The GLOBE would take no notice of this slur if it did not furnish occasion to call the attention of the public to the course of the Pioneer Press towards its successful rival, which it has pursued for some time, due solely to the fact that the GLOBE has grown up under its very nose and headed it in the race. If Casual Listener is "a representative of legitimate journalism," as he claims to be, he will take occasion to do justice to the GLOBE in the same public manner in which he circulated the falsehood.

THE TWO UNCLE TOMS.

In the October number of the Forum ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS writes a forcible article entitled "The New Uncle Tom's Cabin." The old "Uncle Tom's Cabin" which HARRIET BEECHER STOWE made famous was the humble home of a colored slave, with its little garden patch in front and a row of little woolly heads inside. It was a small, uncomfortable sort of a tenement, but it was usually kept clean and was well ventilated. The new "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of which Miss ROLLINS writes is not in the South. It is in the North, and the home of a white slave. It is not called a cabin in that section, but is dignified with the title of tenement house. And yet the writer shows it to be by long odds a more miserable abode than the hut Uncle TOM of the South ever lived in. There is the same little room, into which the whole family is crowded, and is made to answer the purpose of parlor, sitting room, dining room, bed room, kitchen and laundry, but the Northern Aunt CHLOE can't do as her old Southern sister used to do—move her washtubs out into the back yard and hang her washing out in the fresh air to dry, or send her children rollicking out under the blue sky and across the green fields. The only vegetable garden in front of the new Uncle TOM's cabin is a cart of rotten bananas, which are sold at a penny apiece. Leaving out the one feature of Southern slavery, that the slave was chattel property and could be bought and sold, the writer takes the ground that Northern slavery as it exists in the tenement houses of the larger cities is a great deal worse in its conditions than Southern slavery ever was. The Southern slave had the satisfaction of knowing that whether in sickness or in health he had somebody to provide for him. He was sure of his winter fuel and winter garments and his pork and hominy, whatever else might betide. If the old Uncle TOM or any of his family got sick he didn't have to worry about the doctor bills. It is different with the new Uncle TOM. One break in a day's work, one hour of sickness in father, mother or child leaves a gap that it seems can never be bridged over. The old Uncle TOM was sure of Sunday as a rest day. The new Uncle TOM has to take chances on it.

In proposing the abolition of this modern slavery the writer does not suggest the adoption of HENRY GEORGE's quaint ideas. She does not propose that these poor people shall be given homes as charity. She simply proposes that law shall compel landlords to first provide comfortable tenement houses and then compel them to keep them in good condition. The landlord is in a sense the master of the new Uncle TOM, but, like his Southern prototype, he is generally away from the plantation, and turns the management of his slaves over to his overseer, the agent who collects the rents. First of all, the tenement house should be built so as to admit so many cubic feet of fresh air for each individual. Then it should be provided with sinks and closets and scullery, and every appliance for proper drainage. The state is justified in enacting such laws, for with improved tenement houses and healthier conditions for the poorer classes there will be a corresponding improvement in the class of citizens the state is raising up.

THE DAKOTA JUDICIARY.

Judge FRANCIS, of Dakota, has been to Washington to beg to be excused from sending in his resignation, and report says he will probably be allowed to serve out his term. Judge FRANCIS is a splendid fellow on a shooting excursion, for he devotes his time to talking to his dogs, but when he sits in court he assumes a trifle too much dignity to suit the average Dakota lawyer. It is not an uncommon thing for the judge to allow his favorite hunting dog to occupy a seat with him on the bench, and run out his tongue and pant while an attorney is addressing the court. Under these circumstances the attorney is often at a loss to know whether he is addressing his argument to Judge FRANCIS or the dog. Such a dilemma is extremely embarrassing, not especially to the dog, but to the lawyer.

WISCONSIN'S DISGRACE.

It is feared that the reporter who went to Northern Wisconsin to write up the dives, of which so much has been heard, for the Chicago Herald, has been foully dealt with, as nothing has been heard of him since Oct. 26. A reporter who went to Marinette to search for the missing man was given twelve hours to get out of town, and he made his escape ahead of time. The citizens in that part of the country seem to be worse characters than the Crow Indians. If the state officials are powerless to correct the evils of that locality, the standing army ought to be turned loose on it, and the miserable wretches wiped out of existence.

SHOULD JOIN SPIES.

Those two newspaper representatives, SPERRY and HOPKINS, down in Washington, who put up the scheme to send a bogus infernal machine to Chief Justice WAITE just for the purpose of creating a sensation, are enterprising young men, but since they are eager for a sensation they should be allowed to experience the sensation of being behind the bars in a county jail for a few months.

IN PITTSBURG the other day a locomotive engineer tried to attract the attention of a street car driver by blowing the whistle of his engine and ringing the bell, but as is his custom the street car driver refused to look. As a consequence, the locomotive collided with the street car, and two persons were killed. The coroner's jury is now trying to satisfy itself who is blamable.

JOHN ROBINSON, the circus proprietor, seems to be in hard luck. His circus has been wrecked on a railroad twice during the past week. This may teach no moral, but it proves one thing pretty conclusively, viz: that whatever power there is in the inter-state commerce law, it cannot prohibit railroad accidents.

THE people down in Texas are having an enjoyable time. Bandits are sending merchants in the towns in the northern districts letters threatening them with abduction and torture if they don't send them money. It has got to such a pass that about the only class of people who are safe from the bandits are tramps.

THE treasurer of Dakota is in Fargo holding eight locomotives belonging to the Northern Pacific Railroad company as surety for taxes and penalties amounting to $42,000 it is claimed the road owes the territory. The treasurer of Dakota must be a husky sort of an individual to be able to hold eight locomotives.

A SPECIAL from London says Mme. ETELKA GERSTER has set sail from Havre for America. In printing the dispatch, a contemporary says, "Births for the entire company were secured on the same steamer." If this is really so, the steamer will be top-heavy before she reaches New York.

IT is claimed that a physician in Philadelphia by the name of VAN HARLINGEN has smuggled two lepers into that city and refuses to give any information regarding their whereabouts. If the lepers mix up with the Philadelphia politicians, their presence will never be noticed until there is a change in the administration.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN knows his business. He proposes to give the wives of the condemned anarchists a banquet. It must be galling for the anarchists to be obliged to stand behind the bars and see an article of TRAIN's stamp taking their wives out to an oyster supper.

THE anarchists signed the petition to Gov. OGLESBY for a commutation of their sentence with an air that makes it seem as though they thought by so doing they were conferring a great favor on the governor. Were they?

A KANSAS CITY playwright has just written a comedy and calls it "Catnip Tea." Like a large number of the comedies now floating around the country, it can probably be appreciated only by sick cats.

THE strike on the sugar plantations in Louisiana is over. The sugarmakers have gone back to work and the shovelers are making the sand fly once more.

NO MATTER how cold the weather gets this winter in Canada, JO CHAMBERLAIN can walk around with nothing but his undershirt on and feel hot, if the Toronto Globe keeps on roasting him.

Enterprise to Spare.

Hokah Chief.

St. Paul has knocked Montreal sky-high on the ice palace. Montreal should go to St. Paul and get some of its enterprise. They can spare some and have lots left.

THE WORKING MAN.

The noblest men that live on earth
Are men whose hands are brown with toil.
Who, backed by no ancestral birth
Hew down the woods and till the soil;
And win therby a prouder fame
Than follows kings' or warriors' name.

The working men, whate'er their task,
To carve the stone, to bear the hod.
They wear upon their honest brows
The royal stamp and seal of God;
And brighter are their drops of sweat
Than diamonds in a coronet.

God bless the noble working men,
Who rear the cities of the plain;
Who dig the mines and build the ships,
And drive the commerce of the main;
God bless them, for their swarthy hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

—Boston Globe.

MEN WHO TALK.

Mayor Smith.

HON. ROBERT A. SMITH—There is going to be a lively time in the next campaign, and especially since a new law modeled after that of the state of New York, and at the instance of Hon. A. J. WHITEMAN, of Duluth, has been placed upon our statute book. According to the new requirement it will be a difficult matter to use money even at the primary elections, and I do not see how the old time methods of corruption can be successfully employed in the next campaign. Then, too, in balloting there will be no less than seven boxes in which the voters must deposit their tickets, and this may work very badly with those who are unable to read or write. But few tickets will be thrown out, however, as the judges will have the power, if they find a ticket for president, for instance, in a box devoted to ballots for a state official, to count the vote for the national candidate, and vice versa.

S. G. Anderson.

HON S. G. ANDERSON, of Hutchinson—Our town was founded many years ago by the eldest member of the family that afterwards become famous throughout the United States as the HUTCHINSON family of singers. Only one of the male members of the family is living—JOHN HUTCHINSON—the others having followed each other to the grave in rapid succession. Up to a year ago, when the railroads came to our assistance, our only means of communication with the outside world were old-fashioned stage coaches. They have, however, been relegated to their proper places in the barns, and within twelve months our town has nearly trebled its population and is everywhere regarded as one of the most thriving places in the Northwest. Four artesian wells recently sunk furnish an abundant supply of pure drinking water, and the people residing contiguous to Hutchinson are substantial, well-to-do farmers, raising large crops of wheat, barley, corn and other cereals. The founder of Hutchinson would hardly recognize in the well laid out streets and compactly built blocks of business houses, the wilderness that he entered scarcely a quarter of a century ago, for it has indeed been made to blossom like the rose.

Platt B. Walker.

HON. P. B. WALKER, of Minneapolis, State Commissioner of the Mississippi River—There was a unanimous sentiment at the convention held the 20th of last month relative to the improvement of the Mississippi and its tributaries that a river and harbor bill should be passed by the Fiftieth congress, and especially in aid of giving better facilities for navigation on the Father of Waters. The matter will be urged upon congress and no party feeling will be apt to intervene and mar its accomplishments for every one present was convinced of the absolute necessity for early action in the premises. While attending the convention, I was brought in contact with a number of Southern congressmen, who assured me of their support in the movement looking to my becoming doorkeeper of the next house. This was not a matter of my own seeking, but my friends, in and out of congress, have suggested that I was not only an available candidate but that the Northwest was entitled to some recognition of the sort, and hence I determined to make the canvass. So far as the conduct of the campaign is concerned, I shall not countenance any mud flinging at my competitors, whoever they may be, but want a doorkeeper elected on his merits. My friends in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan who are members of the next house are solid for me, and every Southern member that I have conversed with on the subject has assured me of his unqualified support. The New York Democratic members are also for me, and the same is true of Iowa and Missouri. I have been encouraged by these offers to make the fight and shall go into it with a determination to win by all fair means possible. Such recognition would be encouragement to the Democracy of the Northwest to persevere in their efforts to redeem that section from Republicanism, and the entering wedge has already been driven into their hitherto impregnable position.

Senator Sabin.

HON. DWIGHT M. SABIN—Most of those who have been opposing me in the car company matter have awakened to a sense of the inevitable, and I do not anticipate any further trouble from them. I am arranging my affairs so as to leave for Washington in about ten days, and being free from harassment on business affairs, I expect to be able to remain at the capital until the session is ended. My friends stood by me manfully in our recent contest, and with the capital now at my command the new company cannot fail to be successful in all its ventures. We do not fear any further legal complications, but if any should arise we will meet them in the same manner that we have for the past three years and rout them, horse, foot and dragoons. Stillwater already shows signs of the renewal of an era of prosperity, and business is going to be exceptionally good this winter. My mind will be comparatively free when I reach Washington, and as a gentleman said to me to-day, "Senator, you will be enabled to think of something else beside car company matters now, and your friends are glad of it."

James Nugent.

License Inspector JAMES NUGENT—When the new license law goes into effect, the 1st of January, in my opinion there will be 300 or 400 saloons to rent in St. Paul. The proprietors cannot afford to pay the tax of $1,000, and say that they will have to close up. Of course none of the large establishments will be affected, but the decrease in business will be likely to hurt some of our local brewers. The Milwaukee people will be the gainers by the closing of the small saloons, which are supplied by St. Paul brewers, and a demand will be created for their beer that does not now exist. Mark my words for it, there will not be much difficulty in renting a saloon after the first of the year.

DRAMATIC DRIFT.

The Emma Abbott Opera company played a most successful engagement during the past week at the Grand opera house. Miss ABBOTT drew large audiences at every performance, and it was generally conceded that she sang better this season than ever before. One attractive feature of Miss ABBOTT's opera performances is that she never fails to surround herself with a most capable support. Her principals are all artists, and she is careful to keep a well trained chorus.

* * *

W. J. SCANLAN, the well known Irish comedian, will occupy the Grand all of this week. Mr. SCANLAN is one of the most successful delineators of Irish character on the stage and, like JOE EMMETT, has sung and smiled and danced his way into the hearts of the American public. Mr. SCANLAN is the author of his popular songs, "Peek-a-boo" and "My Nellie's Blue Eyes," being two that have been sung and whistled by every man, woman and child in the country.

* * *

Mr. SCANLAN plays "Shane-na-Lawn" Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and Saturday matinee, and "The Irish Minstrel" Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings. Both are good Irish plays, abounding with true Irish wit and genuine pathos and strong dramatic situations. The epoch of "Shane-na-Lawn" is 1790 under the GRATTAN parliament, one of the happiest periods of Irish history, and the costumes used in the play are said to be historically correct, having been designed by the eminent Irish scholar JAMES MCNEVIN. Mr. SCANLAN will introduce some of his new songs in his performances. His latest composition, "Gathering the Myrtle, With Mary," promises to rival his famous "Peek-a-boo" in popularity.

* * *

There never was a more universal expression of regret over the announcement of a death than that evoked during the past week by the news that JENNY LIND was dead. Though a stranger to the concert stage for a quarter of a century and unknown to the present generation, save by reputation, her death has been regarded as a personal bereavement by every inhabitant of Christendom. Her career was more marvelous than PATTI's, because her success was compressed into a single decade, while PATTI has been singing for twenty-five years, with a fair prospect of singing twenty-five more.

* * *

Many of our older population have a vivid recollection of the sensation created by JENNY LIND's American tour and are fond of recalling reminiscences of it. They tell of the great scramble for admittance to her concerts, of the fabulously high prices paid for the choicest seats, and the difficulty in the towns where she sang to get buildings large enough to hold her audiences. JENNY LIND landed in New York on Sunday, the first day of September, 1850, to find that city in a fever of excitement over her coming. On the following Saturday there was an auction sale of tickets at Castle Garden for the first concert. The first ticket was sold to GENIN, the hatter, for $225. JENNY LIND's share of the first concert sale was $10,000, all of which she donated to certain charitable institutions in New York.

* * *

Her opening concert was given at Castle Garden Wednesday evening, Sept. 11, in the presence of a brilliant assemblage, and the success of the singer fully realized the most extravagant expectations. Speaking of the concert the New York Herald of the next morning said: "Never did a mortal in this city, or perhaps in any other, receive such homage as the sovereign of song received from the sovereign people on this memorable occasion. When she made her appearance on the stage there was a universal burst of cheering which lasted several minutes, the audience all rising and waving their hats and handkerchiefs and casting a shower of bouquets at her feet."

* * *

As a matter of historical interest we republish the programme on that occasion, which was precisely as follows:

CASTLE GARDEN.
First appearance of Mademoiselle JENNY LIND,
on
WEDNESDAY EVENING, 11th September, 1850.
PROGRAMME.
PART I.

Overture (Oberon)..........................Weber
Aria, "Sergete" (Maometto Secondo).Rossini
Signor Belletti.
Scena and Cavatina, "Casta Diva" (Norma)....................................Bellini
Mademoiselle Jenny Lind.
Duet on two pianofortes..............Benedict
Messieurs Benedict and Hoffman.
Duetto, "Perpiacerella Signora" (Il Turco in Italia)........................Rossini
Mademoiselle Jenny Lind and Signor Belletti.

PART II.

Overture (The Crusaders)...........Benedict
Trio for the voice and two flutes, composed expressly for Mademoiselle Jenny Lind (Camp of Silesia)....Meyerbeer
Mlle. Jenny Lind.
Flutes, Messrs. Kyle and Siede.
Cavatina, "Largo al Factotum," "Il Barbiere"..Rossini
Sig. Belletti.
"The Herdsman's Song," more generally known as "The Echo Song." ....Mlle. Jenny Lind
"The Welcome to America," written expressly for this occasion by Bayard Taylor, Esq.......................Benedict
Mlle. Jenny Lind.
Conductor ....M. Benedict

The orchestra will consist of sixty performers, including the first instrumental talent in the country.

Price of tickets, $3. Choice of places will be sold at auction at Castle Garden.

Doors open at 6 o'clock. Concert to commence at 8 o'clock.

No checks will be issued.

Mlle. Jenny Lind's second grand concert will be given at Castle Garden on Friday evening, 13th inst.

* * *

It is not Mrs. JAMES BROWN POTTER now. Her name goes on the bills as Mrs. CORA URQUHART POTTER, and she is right about it. Her dramatic success or failure will be her own work, without the aid of her husband in either direction, and he is not entitled to have his name mixed up with his wife's stage business. If Mrs. POTTER makes money and wins fame she is justly entitled to the credit of all she gets, her husband not even having a courtesy right to share of her earnings.

* * *

Mrs. POTTER's debut as a professional at the Fifth Avenue last Monday night was a most brilliant social event, whatever may be said of the dramatic part of the performance. The ASTORS and the LORILLARDS and the CONKLINS and the FIELDS and the GOULDS and the DREWS were there in their silks and their diamonds. With an audience representing all that is ultra in wealth, fashion, society, literature and art, and all applauding Mrs. POTTER's speeches and her fine gowns to the echo, it would not be surprising if the handsome little woman suffered from a swell head.

* * *

The dramatic critics vary in their opinions of Mrs. POTTER's histrionic ability. The Herald and the Tribune are somewhat enthusiastic in her praise. The conservative Times says she is learning, but is of opinion that she has a good deal to learn yet before she can rise to the place where a CUSHMAN or a MORRIS or a BERNHARDT have stood. NYM CRINKLE, writing for the World, makes no bones of saying that Mrs. POTTER doesn't know the rudiments of dramatic art. He thinks that she is too self-conscious to lose herself for a moment in her work. She poses beautifully, gets off the stage successfully, dresses handsomely, but doesn't know what to do with her voice. According to NYM CRINKLE she is only a charming woman with nice hair, who does not know the alphabet of histrionic art.

* * *

If it is Mrs. POTTER's object to make money, her lack of dramatic knowledge will be no obstacle to her stage success so long as she can preserve her fine complexion, keep the pretty dimples in her cheeks and prevent the silver threads from getting into her wavy tresses. Good looks and nice dresses cover a multitude of stage sins these days.

* * *

Mrs. POTTER's New York debut was in "Mademoiselle de Bressier," a new play which has a good deal of history. ALFRED DELPIT is the author, and it was first written as a novel. It was liked so well in France that DELPIT was induced to turn it into a play. The dramatization was made less than a year ago. It was put on at the Ambigue, but after a few performances was taken off with the excuse that the political element in the plot was displeasing to the populace. An English version was prepared by HERMAN MERIVALE, and was put forward at the Gaiety theater, London, last June, with Mrs. POTTER in the cast. The New York changes in Mr. MERIVALE's work have been made by GEORGE R. SIMS, author of "Lights o' London," a playwright who understands the use of theatrical artifice.

* * *

Judging from current criticisms on his performances, ROBERT DOWNING, the young tragedian who started out to fill JOHN MCCULLOUGH's place in heroic roles, is making a fair success of it. DOWNING has the physique to suit such roles as Spartacus, Ingomar, Othello and King Lear, and is displaying ability of the type possessed by FORREST and MCCULLOUGH in the interpretation of heroic characters. His manager, JOSEPH H. MOCK, is rendering Mr. DOWNING valuable assistance in providing him munificently with all the accessories for staging his plays. The elaborate production of "Spartacus" is described as being the finest of anything now seen in the legitimate, not excepting Mr. BARRETT's staging of "Julius Cæsar."

* * *

Theaters, like republics, are sometimes ungrateful institutions. PERCY WEADON was the main rung in the ladder by which the Hennepin Avenue theater ascended to greatness. No sooner did the theater get to the summit than PERCY dropped out. He is now doing business for the Grand opera house in Minneapolis. While PERCY is now doing business at a new stand, he is still doing it in the old way—rustling.

* * *

Minneapolis promises to become as noted for theaters as Brooklyn is for churches. Its newest achievement in theater building is said to be its greatest. We refer to the new People's theater, which has just been dedicated. This building went up in a modest sort of a way, without any flourish of trumpets, or boom advertising in advance. When it was opened and the Minneapolis people went down to look at it, they were surprised to find it the finest theater building in the city. Its managers have made the venture of running a high class house at low prices, and the public will await with some anxiety the result.

* * *

There has only been one new theater scheme materialized in St. Paul the last week. SACKETT & WIGGINS, the dime museum managers and proprietors of the Hennepin Avenue theater, have closed a contract with the DAVIDSON executors for a lease on the old Exposition rink, which is to be immediately converted into a first-class amusement hall.

* * *

The preachers have been giving EMMA ABBOTT a good deal of gratuitous advertising recently. SAM JONES, the noted revivalist, is the last one to take a whirl at EMMA. In a sermon at the First Methodist church in St. Louis, last Sunday, Brother JONES, in preaching against intemperance, used the following language: "The biggest fool GOD's eye ever looked on is a woman that will stir a toddy for her husband, and mix it good and sweet so that he will like it. Can't some of you sisters with your silks and satins play the Miss ABBOTT on that and get up on your hind feet and fly."

Be Quick, Governor.

Elk River Star-News.

The only way we can see for Gov. McGill to square himself is to make a clean sweep of the Stillwater prison gang, and he should make it quick, too.

A FOOL'S WISDOM.

The feelings of the gentleman whom Gov. MCGILL appointed to office toward the state house administration might be taken as an index to the state of the popular mind toward him. As rumor and gossip of the day, I am told that Attorney General CLAPP is much disappointed with his position. It has brought him neither fame nor any practical political prestige, and, as a friend says, "He feels like the nub end of the legal profession." Auditor BRADEN has kept clear of the administration embroglios, and although serving his last term as auditor is ready to become governor—if he has a chance. ELI WARNER is credited with having said that MCGILL would never run again, and that the bird who hatched its eggs before frost came would be sure to have a family in the spring. This I take to mean that ELI has gone over to the MERRIAM faction.

* * *

As to the Railroad commission, ex-Gov. AUSTIN is heartily sick of his bargain to roast the railroads over Gehenna. At any rate, he has seen all the public service he cares to, and expresses himself as willing to retire. Mr. GIBBS is a candidate for governor again. I will not qualify this statement. He is in the field, and it would not be surprising to see such of the MCGILL men as are left turn around and support him. Col. MATTSON thinks that as long as the Swedes demand recognition on the Republican state ticket his chances are good for a state office. But among all these gentlemen there is a strong undercurrent of talk and feeling against the governor as a political light. They feel that, unintentionally, perhaps, he has proven a JONAH to the party. He has antagonized the PILLSBURYS, LOREN FLETCHER, the REED element, the strongest of his old friends in Southern Minnesota, and in a general way shown more ability for getting into scrapes than out of them.

* * *

The combination formed last fall for the nomination of MCGILL had in reality but one object—anything to defeat GILMAN. They chose MCGILL for this purpose, not because they loved him, but they could mold him more rapidly to their ends than GIBBS or any other candidate named. I learn that a combination with the same purpose will be formed again next fall, if Mr. GILMAN in any way proves dangerous. The politicians of Southern Minnesota, with a St. Paul and Minneapolis clique, are determined that Mr. GILMAN shall never be governor, and they propose to use GIBBS and MERRIAM and COMSTOCK, and perchance MCGILL, to defeat him. I do not see how it will be possible for him to go into the state convention with any chance of success. His only hope for revenge lies in his appearing as an independent candidate, in which case he could slaughter the Philistines without any question. He is constantly being urged at the present time to make his arrangements for an independent canvass next fall.

* * *

REV. ERICK L. PETERSON, who killed himself at Faribault on Wednesday last, was a Norwegian, and, though probably forgotten by many, once a priest in the French Catholic church of St. Paul. He was a man of singularly unpleasant personal appearance, but remarkably well educated and a linguist of no mean ability. He was so radical in his religious beliefs that he narrowly escaped trouble with the different churches he was connected with. He was expelled from the Catholic church, owing to certain infractions on his part of the laws against drinking. The last time I met him he was in St. Paul, soliciting money for the purchase of an organ for his church at Faribault. He visited quite a number of the jobbers upon this errand. He looked very badly then, and gave evidence of the insanity that finally took possession of him.

* * *

As I understand it, the falling out between Gov. MCGILL and LOREN FLETCHER arose over STORDOCK and high license. It is true that FLETCHER pledged STORDOCK in the Republican state convention that he should have some state office, but he did not intend that it should be the wardenship. When the time for the governor's appointments came round FLETCHER insisted to MCGILL that if STORDOCK were not given a railroad commissionership he at least should not supplant REED. On this proposition the governor balked, and pointed out the necessity of conciliating the northern part of the state and giving it that recognition through appointments that had been denied it in the convention. FLETCHER stormed and raged to no purpose. His explanations as to REED's services to the Republican party in the past and his own personal obligations to him were received in silence. That was his first set-back. The second came, it is said, when the subject of high license was brought up in connection with the governor's message. FLETCHER was in favor of saying nothing about it, leaving the battle to the legislature. He argued that for the governor to take a stand upon it was simply urging the party on to prohibition or defeat. To this advice MCGILL and his friends would not listen. They asserted that they were not looking to the future, but making capital for the present; and if it did drive the Germans from the party it would keep the Irish straight, and as for the Scandinavians there would be little trouble in holding them. Mr. FLETCHER left in a state of disgust that he hasn't recovered from yet.

* * *

FRANK HANSON, who was shot at Eau Claire Thursday night by the ex-cook of his hotel, is well known in St. Paul. He formerly ran a hotel in Hastings, where he married his first wife, an estimable lady. She secured a divorce from him finally on a number of charges of misconduct. A brother of Postmaster General VILAS prosecuted the suit for her. HANSON married his second wife, and the one that caused this shooting affair, in 1883. He has a brother living at Hastings who is proprietor of one of the hotels there.

* * *

It was only lately that I discovered that there has always been a warm rivalry between Gen. C. C. ANDREWS and FLETCHER WILLIAMS as to which should have charge of the archives of the State Historical association. The general is as much of a bookworm as Mr. WILLIAMS, and both are old residents and chroniclers of St. Paul's past history. Both are men of strong physical endurance, and the chances of each for outliving the other are good. Yet, Mr. WILLIAMS remains librarian, and the general, perforce, must bear witness to it. But I understand that he would be glad to either supplant Mr. WILLIAMS or become a co-laborer with him.

* * *

"What is Mr. DONNELLY going to do in politics next year?" is a question asked almost as often as the other, "When will his book be published?" The best answer to the first that I have heard was made this week by a veteran Republican. He said: "Mr. DONNELLY made a very fair bargain last winter when he entered into his compact with Mr. MERRIAM. That compact not only meant Mr. MERRIAM's election as speaker, but also DONNELLY's voice for him for governor next year. On the other hand, MERRIAM and his friends have no desire to see KNUTE NELSON nominated for United States senator. If they can beat him with DONNELLY they will do so. DONNELLY will stand for election to the house again next fall and will be elected; and the fun will begin when he starts out to puncture NELSON's pretensions to being a friend to the farmer and a foe to the railroad. DONNELLY will impale him alive on the point of his wit and draw the barb out while the little Norwegian writhes. There can be no question but that MERRIAM is aware of this, and that if DONNELLY keeps steady he will not only be used to help others, but that he will be boosted up higher himself."

* * *

Gov. MCGILL is in a sad fret over what to do with Warden STORDOCK. The southern Republican portion of the state and the old GILMAN organs are demanding his removal. The northern, or Fifth district, Republicans dare him to do it. If he don't remove him the schism already existing in the Republican ranks will be made greater and hopes of peace destroyed. If he does do it there will a howl go up from the Fifth district like the lamentations of RACHEL, who refused to be comforted. A friend of the governor's tells me that while the latter is very much troubled he can decide on but one thing to do, and that to retain STORDOCK. The GILMAN men, despite their clamors for his removal, will rejoice over this because it leaves them excellent campaign material for next year. To a certain extent it will bring them into fellowship with the elements that opposed them then, and it makes the way brighter for an independent canvass, and I might add a Democratic victory.

BY A FOOL.

The Favorite Newspaper.

Cooperstown (Dak.) Independent.

The GLOBE is the favorite of Northwestern newspapers for the people of this rapidly developing country. It has made rapid progress into the good favor of our people in the past three years. From a cockroach ridden shell printing office it has in that remarkably short time met with such merited success as to warrant it now owning and occupying the largest and finest appointed building in the world. The paper is faithful to the interests of this great territory, and is entitled to a renewed and increased support.

A CONFIDENTIAL TALK.

ADVICE TO ELOPERS.

A girl in Bird Island asks if there is any law prohibiting married women from eloping, and if it shows bad taste on the part of a woman who has eloped to telegraph to her husband, asking him to send her effects to her. I have not examined the law bearing on the question of elopements very closely, but I am of the opinion that there isn't anything bound in calf or otherwise shackled that is able to prohibit a woman from eloping if she chooses to do so. The question is not touched in SPALDING's base ball guide for '87, and as that work treats more fully on "foul catches" and "base runners" than any other legal compilation that has fallen into my hands, I unhesitatingly take it for my authority.

When a man marries a woman whose eyesight is not impaired, and who is capable of seeing where she is going, he takes a great many chances, prominent among which is the chance that she'll elope with the first bisected individual that clothes his lower half in spring bottom pants, and strolls her way with a look of deep concern in his eyes. What woman yearns most earnestly for is deep concern. If she happens to marry a man whose pocketbook is a deep concern, the chances for her lingering with him a reasonable length of time are better than if it happens to be a thin, shallow, invalid affair, that can't keep anything on its stomach. Of course there are women who don't give a thought to the trivial matter of money. There are those who probably never for a moment taken into consideration the question of dress, and I have known women who seem to care nothing for the lighter things of life, such as theaters, moonlight excursions, ice cream, etc., but those women are all dead. They cannot be properly classed with this generation.

Woman is a free moral agent. She has a moral and legal right to do just as she pleases, and in every case that has come under my observation she has been the first person after she was born to discover this fact. As I previously stated there is no law prohibiting her from eloping if she chooses to do so. If she takes a notion she will go, no matter how muddy it is or how late the train happens to be, and the only sure way to prevent the possibility of her galloping off with some other man is to chloroform her every fifteen or twenty minutes during your married life and entertain the pastor of your church yourself

As to the query whether a woman who has eloped shows bad taste in telegraphing her husband to send her effects to her, I am inclined to think that her taste is not of the best quality. She would certainly exhibit a lack of economy by feeding her money to a hungry monopoly for such a purpose when it is so well known that an elopement is always followed by effects. They may not follow on the fast freight or the limited express, but they will get there all the same, provided her husband is a progressive man and capable of making things hum when his fly-wheel is set in motion. If it were my case, I am prone to think that the effects would follow about as soon as I could get within easy range of the male portion of the elopement—provided, of course, the hammer worked all right and the cartridges were of the spontaneous sort. People differ in their tastes, however. Some men would be more deliberate and have a great deal more sport in the long run. If you contemplate making your debut as an eloper, I wouldn't advise you to go to the trouble of telegraphing back for your effects, for you might eventually find yourself in possession of more of them than you could comfortably handle. A cold, clammy effect, such as is liable to follow an elopement, is about all one person cares to bother with. So I say, don't waste your time in telegraphing, but go right on making the shroud; for, if your husband is a thorough-going business man, with a steady aim, you will probably have use for it before you have been eloping around the country many days.

EMMA ABBOTT'S LULLABY.

It is strange that a woman who hasn't had any more practical experience with children of tender years with lungs above reproach than EMMA ABBOTT has, can sing a lullaby with a sweetness that would quiet a buzz saw or make a Fourth of July celebration feel drowsy. I heard her sing the lullaby from "Erminie" last Friday night, and when she got under headway in good shape I felt as though I could lie down in the valley of the shadow and snore till the reveille was sounded in the large, broad hereafter. There are only two people now taking their meals this side of eternity who can sing a lullaby and sing it right. One of them is my mother, the other EMMA ABBOTT. I haven't forgotten the lullaby that my mother used to practice on me when I was dividing my time between developing my lungs and cribbing on the rubber-mounted end of a bottle. Under the influence of her tender voice and her strong right hand I was often lulled to sleep. I always preferred the voice to the hand, however. As I grew older mother's voice grew stronger, and often has she trilled a soothing lullaby, beating time on my lower section with a wood-colored baton, flat at one end and round at the other. I shall never forget the peculiar sensations aroused in my pants by my mother's baton.

I wish to announce before I go any further that any time EMMA wants to take me in her arms and sing me to sleep, I shall be on the ground ahead of time. My mother and EMMA are the only people I would allow to take such liberties with me, and in permitting it I should't feel as though I was carelessly tossing myself into the arms of some young and inexperienced person who would let me fall on the floor and break. In saying this I do not wish to give my readers the impression that I never was broke, for that would be false. I have been broke on divers and sundry occasions, but I do not care to be broke by young people who are not responsible for their actions. I occupied a seat last Friday evening between a pale young man with a hair lip and a red-headed woman, who was in other respects highly respectable. The fact that her hair was red became more noticeable from the fact that I looked around diligently for a white horse, but there was none in sight, and I thought perhaps I might be the only man who had ever performed that feat. I didn't pay a great deal of attention to EMMA while she was disgorging herself of the first few rods of the lullaby, but pretty soon I began to feel as though I had surreptitiously swallowed a mild dose of chilblains, and I shut my eyes and let them tickle.

I made some trivial remark to the young man with the hair lip, and he said: "Extrebly, extrebly ravishig, I adsure you."

The people around me seemed to run into a great black mass of creatures without definite form, out of which grew angels with wings like snow and faces as radiant as the sun. Each one carried a harp with strings of gold, and as their fingers swept over them the air swelled with music like the murmur of the waters of a million fountains. I stood in their midst an enraptured listener. My soul was shaken with the divine melody. I could hear the voices of happy birds as they warbled among the whispering foliage of phantom trees. I could hear the purling of a silver brook as its waters laughed and danced over a bed of diamonds and sapphires and amethysts, all blending into a harmony that ravished my senses. In the midst of the choristers sat a sweet-faced woman around whose wrinkled brow clustered a wreath of silver locks, whitened by years of care and trouble and sorrow. She beckoned to me. I went to her and was once more a babe in my mother's arms. Great mountains of glistening snow towered above me, and down their shining sides crept the warm sunlight and wrapped me in a mantle of gold. I lay and listened. Once more my mother's arms were my cradle. Once more I heard her dear voice as it softly wooed me to sleep with its simple eloquence. Once more my eyelids were weighed down and sealed with the look of love that shone out from my mother's eyes. Once more her dear lips were pressed to mine in a kiss such as none but a mother can give. I had forgotten earth and its cares. I had entered a season of eternal bliss when I heard the thump of the curtain weight on the stage and I was brought back to life to find that the young man with the hair lip had disappeared, taking with him nothing but my watch and a cheap scarf pin.

TOM HOLMES.

SUNDAY SILHOUETTES.

Muscular Christianity is the latest religious movement in this country. It started three years ago in Edinburgh university, and has now been transplanted to our American colleges. Muscular Christianity is nothing more or less than a protest against the prevalent practice of placing men who have been recluses all their life in the pulpit to teach their congregations the lessons of real life.

* * *

Prof. HENRY DRUMMOND, who is the head and front of the Muscular Christian movement, is now visiting this country. He called a meeting in Dockstader's theater, in New York, last Tuesday night, which was largely attended by students of Yale college, who came down for that purpose. These Yale men, who are distinguished as athletes and students, told the college men present in a simple and straightforward way some of their experience in the Christian life. Young CORBIN, a rusher on the foot ball team, said the day had passed when the college boys thought that a Christian must be puny. STIMSON, the winner of the junior exhibition, and RICHARDS, a popular student of the Sheffield school, also made interesting addresses, both certifying to the progress of religion in the college. STAGG, Yale's famous pitcher and probably the best known athlete in the country, told how a change had been brought about in his life by religion, and said he never pitched a ball game now without asking "Our Heavenly Father's assistance." STAGG is studying for the ministry and proposes to become a preacher who knows more about men than books.

* * *

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, who presided over the meeting in the DOCKSTAEDER theater, said in his opening address: "The object of this movement is to rescue students from false ideas of life; to teach a man to live this life and get the best of it. I have known one man to ruin a whole class. Too often I have seen the pet, the most popular man of the class, a drunkard, a debauchee and a depraved man morally, and it is such examples that have led young men to think it is impossible to be a good fellow and a Christian. The object of such a meeting as this is to counterbalance the false ideas and associations of young men. There has been too much of the bigotry of creed and not enough of practical Christianity in this world. A man must learn that the largest dividends come from right living."

* * *

RING LOW, SWEET BELLS.

"Ring low, sweet bells"
Down o'er the dells,
Far, far away!
Where sorrow's wells
Shall flow to-day,
For JENNY LIND
Has passed away.

Ring no sad knells
O ringing bells!
But ringing say
O'er hills and dells
And dying day,
The voice we loved
Is hushed, away

Beyond the rise
Of native skies;
And O bells! say
That no song dies
In sweeter lay,
When JENNY LIND'S
Have passed away.

—MRS. REUBEN BUTTERS.

Kasota, Minn., Nov. 3, 1887.

* * *

It is observable that there is a growing movement for the American Sunday in the larger cities. The movement is being organized by the city pastors, and is supported by the most influential class of citizens. It is notable that in New York the movement is ostensibly based on the popular religious belief concerning the sacredness of the Sabbath day, but really on the elementary humanities. The argument is that one day of the seven is instinctively set aside for recuperation of the physical and mental powers. The recent outbreaks of anarchism have given a new impetus to the Sunday movement, in that many intelligent people who hold to no distinct religious belief recognize the fact that Sabbath observance is contributing to the good order of society.

* * *

THE FAREWELL OF THE BIRDS.

The golden shadows of the burning trees,
The flakes of light, down-drifting from the boughs,
The misty glory of lush, dew-drenched grass,
The silvery veiling of the dream-lit wood,
The shocks of corn, frost-browned across the field,
The throbbing stillness of the sun-pulsed air—
The breathless, shivering pulse of Autumn's heart
Waiting expectant the last blissful pang.
They come—black gleaming on the bare, outstretching boughs;
The trees—athrob with ebon life—again ensouled,
Give forth strange, ravished, low-voiced twitterings,
Clear thrills of tone, sweet, fainting, as a violin
Hidden in deeps of moonlit forest scenes, throbs out
Its passionate soul—sweet anguish of farewell!

—Leila S. Taylor.

* * *

With all the racket that was made about JEFF DAVIS' visit to Macon and the sensations that were set afloat about the Confederate flags there was an amusing incident that was enjoyed by everybody, without regard to whether they wore the blue or the gray. When Gen. PHIL COOK was presented to Miss WINNIE DAVIS she was alluded to as "the Daughter of the Confederacy." The gallant general was captivated at once by the young lady's beauty, and extending his hand said, "Miss WINNIE, I am a widower; please enroll me as a candidate for the position of son-in-law to the Confederacy." Bluff old Col. HARDIN, who was standing by, shouted out, "You'll be in luck, COOK, if you marry the daughter of the Confederacy, for you'll never be bothered with your mother-in-law."

* * *

Gen. JO HAWLEY is about to make himself ineligible to the presidency by marrying an English woman. There is no constitutional provision making marriage to a foreigner a ground of ineligibility, but there is an unwritten law among our people that the president of this nation must be an American on every side that you look at him. An English woman in the position of first lady of the land would stir the very stones of which the White house is built to mutiny. Shades of ANDREW JACKSON!

* * *

It begins to look as if the Chicago anarchists had a show for life after all. When such men as LYMAN TRUMBULL and W. C. GOUDY and Judge MORAN affix their signatures to a petition for the commutation of the death sentence it looks as if public sentiment in Chicago was not so bloodthirsty as it was a few weeks ago. This change in sentiment had already been foreshadowed in Mr. HOWARD's letters to the GLOBE.

STOP IT.

In every age and every clime,
From wise man and from fool,
The mother-in-law must get her share
Of heartless ridicule.
And humor exhausts itself about
The strength of that woman's jaw,
And the power she has to wag the same,
Possessed by the mother-in-law.

The minstrel show is poor indeed,
The first part lacks all zest,
If the gag anent the mother-in-law
Doth take its place with the rest.
The pit and "gods" will shout with glee
And hail with loud haw haw
The end-man's joke, he keeps in soak,
About the mother-in-law.

The would-be writer of funny things,
Don't rarely ever fail
To ease his mind of a lot of trash,
On this subject so old and stale.
And they pity the poor deluded one
Who on himself doth draw
This terrible scourge in human form,
The dreaded mother-in-law.

'Tis time this nonsense had an end,
The joke has had its day,
And should, like Arabs in the night,
Steal silently away.
Bear this in mind: (if wits attempt
To raise a huge guffaw)
The mother-in-law is always a mother
Before she's a mother-in-law.

M. J. D.

The Rot Breaks Out.

La Crosse Chronicle.

The Minnesota state prison rottenness is still being stirred. Crimination and recrimination is the order of the day. There must be some rottenness where so much bad smelling stuff is exhumed. It all comes, no doubt, from too long control of state affairs by one party. In such cases the worst elements are bound to come to the front. Minnesota has been dominated by ring rule until the rot begins to break out.

HOMESPUN PARAGRAPHS.

Things Had Changed.

St. Paul Dame—What is that, dear?

Husband—A new hat I bought you.

"What a horrible looking thing."

"Horrible!"

"Yes."

"Why, you raved over it when you saw it in the shop window, and that's why I bought it."

"I know, but that was yesterday."

Mistook the Meaning.

Cowboy to Photographer—I want my pictur' tuk.

Photographer—Yes, sir; sit right here, please.

"Nice day."

"Yes; look right here, please."

"You bet."

"Now sit perfectly quiet. Give me a good expression and wink when you have a mind to."

"What wus that last remark, pardner?"

"Wink—wink when you feel like it."

"Durned ef I'd tuk you fur er drinkin' man."

She Looked Haggard.

St. Paul Girl—What are you reading now?

Second Girl—RIDER HAGGARD's works. I think he's just too sweet for anything.

"Which story are you at now?"

"She, and I never got so interested in a book in my life. Do you know when I'm reading HAGGARD I seem to feel the spirit of the author all through me. That story has a wonderful effect on me."

"You do look tired."

He Chewed Tobacco.

Gen. MORGAN—Look here, GORDON, when you kiss me again be careful about doing it on the roof of my mouth.

Gen. GORDON—Don't you like it, old fellow?

"It's all right, I suppose, but I've had an awful mean taste in my mouth ever since you kissed me."

"I suppose I had ought to have spit my cud out first."

A CATHOLIC priest by the name of ZENON LOSHAWICZ was found dead in his bed in Wilkesbarre, Pa., yesterday morning, and the report says his death is shrouded in mystery. There is nothing strange about that. If death was ever shrouded in anything but mystery, the man who discovered what it was hasn't made his report yet.

No Ice Carnival Needed.

St. Paul Citizen—That cable line is a-going to do away with a good many of our street cars.

Visitor—Is that so?

"Yes."

"What will they do with the cars?"

"Use them for cold storage."

Crazy From Smoking Cigarettes.

Charlotte (N. C.) Chronicle.

Some excitement was created in Spartanburg, at one of the hotels, the other night, by the antics of a man who had been made crazy by smoking cigarettes. His name was Plummer, and he had just arrived in Spartanburg with his bride from Birmingham. His insanity was of the rip-roaring character, and it took six men to manage him and keep him from clearing the hotel of its guests. The doctors who were called loaded him with morphine by hypodermic injection, and he was finally put to sleep. The young bride was terribly agitated by the occurrence and attracted the sympathies of all the people about the hotel. This case will be of general interest from the fact that the young man's insanity was caused by smoking cigarettes, and it points a moral which the youth of the land should heed. The man is said to be a raving maniac, and the doctors attribute the cause solely to his excessive indulgence in the cigarette.

The Proper Place.

Fairmont News.

The state reform school ought not to be removed from St. Paul; it ought not to be carried to Red Wing; it will be out of the way, inconvenient of access and badly managed if tucked into a corner. All the state institutions ought to be within easy reach of the capital city, and they would then be subject at all times to supervision by the state authorities. We believe in concentrating the state institutions about the state capital—that is the proper place for them.

Mr. Kelly's Predicament.

Duluth Herald.

A successor to Dr. Day, the Republican postmaster of St. Paul, will have to be found by Dec. 20. It has not been an easy matter for Mr. Kelly to pick out a man for the position. In fact P. H. K. has so many friends who want the office that he is afraid to name any one of them. He is in a very bad predicament, because there are not enough offices to go around.

Hard to Draw To.

Le Sueur Sentinel.

If Gov. McGill doesn't come to the relief of his penitentiary warden, Stordock, very soon, he may have to pardon him from the state prison. McGill and Stordock are a pair hard to draw to, as the Republican party is discovering to its sorrow. They have plowed up a great deal of dirt.

Escapes Election Perils.

Hokah Chief.

Our people, under the wise provision of the legislature, that was not a fool one like the one of last winter, this fall will escape the perils of an election. And this is right. Once every two years is often enough for politicians and decent people to raise up and call each other liars and thieves.

Nelson or Donnelly.

Elbow Lake Herald.

When interviewed in Chicago recently, Gov. McGill mentioned Pillsbury, Langdon, Windom or Washburn as a probable successor of Senator Sabin. A list of senatorial probabilities that does not include the names of Knute Nelson and Ignatius Donnelly is not worth considering.

A State Howl.

Cambridge Press.

Isn't the howl for an extra session of the legislature, for the purpose of redistricting the state, a little stale? After all that was said upon the subject two years ago our last legislature hardly spent a thought upon it. Now let the matter take its place on regular orders.

Mr. Day a Satirist.

Caledonia Argus.

The Albert Lea Standard says that the only Moses who can lead the Republican children of Israel safely through this congressional Red sea next year is Hon. Milo White, of Chatfield. Day is really developing as a satirist.

A General Unloading.

Farmington Tribune.

It looks now as though Gov. McGill was trying to unload Stordock; Loren Fletcher is making a frantic effort to unload McGill, and the people have made up their minds to unload the whole gang.

The Only Ice Palace.

Hokah Chief.

Minnesota doesn't only excel other states in enterprises of all kinds, but it promises this year to exhibit the grandest and only ice palace in North America. St. Paul will be the place and that is enough said.

The Ice Palace Must Come.

Cambridge Press.

St. Paul has not yet decided to have an ice carnival this winter, but when the thermometer tumbles to forty below she will undoubtedly conclude to build an ice palace.

Given Ten Years.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 5.—John Robinson, convicted of the murder of John Hopkins, was this morning sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.