Thursday, Jan. 26 has been set apart by the carnival managment as commercial travelers' day, and if the boys don't turn out en masse on that occasion and "whoop'er up," they are not built the way the GLOBE believes they are. Every traveling man who can get here on that day should by in line and give visitors from the effete East some idea of the commercial importance of the West. If there is a class of men on earth who know how to make themselves felt, it is the commercial travelers, and an opportunity is offered them to win plaudits and other things dear to the hearts of men. They should come in mighty force, with banners flying and palm leaves waving.

* *
*

Next week the boys boys will be out on the road in force once more, and in the Northwest there will be many new faces. The chief desire of a commercial traveler when he goes into a new territory is to get acquainted with the trade and his associates. There is no better way for the new men to accomplish this than to identify themselves with the commercial travelers' department of the GLOBE. This department has now been conducted several months, and if the testimony of the boys for whom it is working is any criterion, its aim has been successful. It has hit the bull's eye. The boys have stood by it, and the two great powers, the commercial traveler and the GLOBE, have pulled together in double harness, without a single kick over the traces. A new year is now well under way and the GLOBE has the same offer to make to the boys that it made when this department was created, i. e., you stand by us and we will stand by you. The new men will be gladly welcomed to the columns of this department, and a general invitation is extended to them to send in items and pictures of themselves or some of their acquaintances with biographical data. The old friends who have been frequent contributors should not throw down their pens, but continue to write, remembering that their efforts are thoroughly appreciated.

STAND TOGETHER.

Ante Lucem Urges Commercial Travelers to Pull Together.

The Saturday GLOBE made its regular daily trip to the town where I am at present domiciled, coming in on time despite the rigors of the Northwest climate. As usual the traveling men's department contained much of interest to one identified with the craft. It was a pleasure to know so many of the good fellows had been so handsomely entertained by the hosts of the Windsor at Minneapolis. It is good for the brethren to assemble together and dwell in unity. In union there is strength. I heard a brother traveler, whose territory is south, extending into Texas, descanting with another traveler of one of the more central states, and he pronounced them a mighty host. While they had many just grievances, great and small, they could thank themselves for many of them, and all through a lack of concerted action. Said he: "Each member of the great body seems to be traveling along at his own chosen gait, regardless of the hundreds of thousands of other fellows passing over the same course, intent upon his own work, cursing the ills imposed upon himself and forgetting his associate." He advocated organizations of every kind tending to correct the evils, and the fostering of every scheme having for its object the improvement of the personnel of the entire working force of the commercial travelers. "With such efforts," he said, "as the commercial traveler is alone able to put forth unitedly railroads, hotels and common carriers who are now daily imposing upon them would be brought low and made to humble themselves somewhat." So say we all. While there has been an organization for several years, it is also true that it is only within the last twelve or eighteen months that the commercial traveler has began to don his war paint and make an onslaught upon those persons and corporations who look upon him as their common prey. It would have been a pleasure to the writer to have been present at the Windsor and lent encore to the efforts of J. C. Applegate, alias Tom Collins, for his oratorical efforts. Tom is a good fellow, and to know him is to like him. The railroad people have been discussing and tinkering with the mileage question of late, and any real systematized action is as far off now as six months ago. The 2,000 mile book has been pronounced impracticable. Several schemes have been advanced, among others the 5,000 mile book good on all roads, but so far not one adopted. The 5,000 mile books find most universal favor among travelers and mercantile houses. Very many of the eastern roads are selling 1,000 mile $20 books, and it is most likely that form will come into quite general use. Legislation upon the interstate commerce law in the near future will make some changes and the traveling tourists may confidently look for a better and more universal form of mileage before the ides of December, 1888, and perhaps in the form of a 5,000-mile book, no rebate, good twelve months. There is no good reason why the commercial men or their respective houses should put up a sum in shape of rebates of several hundred thousand dollars for the several railroads to bank upon. If they want a jack-pot let them assess the stockholders. It is neither justice or horse sense to extort money from their patrons, whose labors in the end make them wealthy corporations. While the rate of fare is getting attention from the railroad magnates, it is to be hoped they will not overlook the excess baggage question. Traveling as I do, without baggage, I am not fully posted, but consider it one of the greatest outrages heaped upon the commercial traveler. Will not Scottie or some one who wields a sharp pen prod them on that score. I should like to know what has become of Scottie, the man with the glass and a few more. C. W. Lans represents the well-known cutlery house of Henry Sears & Co. In matters of business he is a painstaking gentleman, as thoroughly reliable as an eight-day clock, and always manages to get there on time, barring floods and cyclones. The result is a good trade for his house. Socially he ranks with the peers, and is doing his part toward making mankind happy as well as one of a felicitous turn of mind can possibly do. Like the line of keen-edged tools which he carries, he is equally keen for a joke as well as the advancement of all the general interests of the commercial traveler. Like many another sensible fellow, he lives in Minneapolis and owns some of its dirt.

ANTE LUCEM.

"SHUT THAT DOOR!"

This Is the Popular Cry Just Now Throughout Dakota.

Well, here we are, all O. K. Christmas has come and gone, and we are now journeying down the plane of a new year. May it be a merry one to all commercial travelers and the St. Paul GLOBE—especially to the poor fellows who have the trials and tribulations of Dakota drumming.

The railroads are making better efforts this than last winter, and keep the roads clearer than January of '87.

A good many of the boys have taken up their grips, sample-cases, or trunks, as the case may be, and pushed forth to try their luck with energy.

John Butler, of St. Paul, was seen in Sioux Falls Jan. 9, and on his face lay a happy smile, and with his good handshake came "A happy New Year and good health to you."

George W. La Shelle was making his way south to Haywarden. Ed Hall, of course, was with him.

James Gorham, of the Sioux Falls, made up the trio. By the way, James has gained quite a "rep." at the Falls, being the recipient of a leather medal on account of his weight. He must scale 113 pounds, and longs for a sharer of this world's goods—180 pounds preferred.

Frank Swenson was in Sioux Falls Jan. 5 with J. E. Caldwell, of Minneapolis, both old boys of 1887.

"Shut that door!" seems to be the general cry throughout this section at present.

"Steward" had a very large time Christmas, also a large time No. 2 on New Year's day. Had the good luck to have a sock which would hold large articles only. He got two large presents too.

STEWARD.

A LEAP YEAR OFFER.

"Scottie" Asks the Girls to Make a Bid for Him Care of the Commercial Traveler Editor of the Globe.

I had the pleasure of a seven days' sojourn in St. Louis during the Christmas holidays, and have again got into the harness for another year. If I except the millions of flying particles of soot, the texture, quality and quantity of mud was the chief attraction to be seen in the Saintly City on the shores of the Mississippi. On my return I got your issue of Dec. 31, in which I observe "Ynot" has issued his valedictory, and I must express my regret that he has arrived at this decision, as his letters have always been a source of profound enjoyment to the evangelists in this part of the country, and I join "Ante Lucem" in asking him to reconsider the matter, and continue with us for a little while longer. And, to be emphatic, I believe that when moral suasion is a failure physical force is a never-failing remedy. Look to it, my lord, and give it thy attention.

Can the editor inform me what "Ante Lucem had for dinner the day he wrote his visionary screed for the Christmas number? Were he a "Scottie," I could assume an extra heavy attack on plum pudding would cause such a terrible result and if I mistake not, this was what caused Scotland's greatest bard and genius to write his famous "Tam O' Shanter." Without plum pudding and the accompanying adjunct eau-de-v-ie, without which plum pudding is "stale, flat, and unprofitable" we should have never had the pleasure of reading the best visionary production of modern times, excepting first, "Ante Lucem's" vision and next, Dante's Inferno, all first-rate in their own peculiar style.

The majority of the boys are out rustling with spring goods. Already many old familiar faces are to be seen and several new ones. This might be a good opportunity, at the beginning of the year, for some of the old time boys to take more interest in the Commercial Travelers' column, and send in an occasional contribution. Tom, why don't you get after some of those pioneers and make them toe the mark? Some of them plead lack of time, modesty, and have a hundred other excuses, but I guess laziness is the proper diagnosis of the complaint.

A good story is told about James Gentles, superintendent to Pering & Gentles, of St. Louis. When on the road he was seldom at home except on Sunday, and on one particular visit he had occasion to chastise his eldest hopeful. As soon as the shingle seance was over, the child ran crying into the house. "Why, Johnnie, what's the matter?" asked the mother in alarm.

"That big fellow's been licking me," whispered the boy.

"What big fellow do you mean, Johnnie?"

"Why that big tough-looking man what boards here on Sunday," replied the urchin, with a gulp.

Boys, this is leap year, and I may, if I find the time, have a few suggestions to give you next week on this subject to the bachelors only. Darlings, how many of you will make a bid, care of the editor, for

SCOTTIE?

JOHN J. CUNNINGHAM.

An Old-Time Tourist Who Now Represents Scheffer & Rossum.

The above is a cut of the upper half of John J. Cunningham's body. Mr. Cunningham is one of the oldest Northwestern traveling men, and the boys as well as the trade throughout this country are acquainted with him. This year he has changed houses, and will travel for Scheffer & Rossum, one of the leading leather and saddlery houses in the Northwest.

Mr. Cunningham was born in New York city. In 1868 he graduated from the establishment of E. Addy, Chicago, a first-class harnessmaker, thoroughly conversant with all the systems of the trade. He entered the employ of D. M. Chapin, and later worked for Page Bros. & Co., Chicago, and continued with them until the great Chicago fire. In the spring of '72 he came to St. Paul, and went on to the road as the representative of Zschetzsche & Heyer. Later on he returned to Chicago and went with Turner & Ray; 1882 found him with P. R. L. Hardenbergh & Co., of this city, with which firm he remained until the first of the present year when he connected himself with the house of Scheffer & Rossum.

During his life on the road Mr. Cunningham has traveled through the states of Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the territory of Dakota. He is probably acquainted with more Northwestern territory than any other man on the road in his line. His long employment in handling stock has given him a thorough knowledge of leather. He is married and has an interesting family in St. Paul to which he is warmly attached. He has no peer as a story teller and when he is on the road he can reel off a comic song to the queen's taste. Among his other earthly possessions he has a "weak lung" that has been tested by every business man along his route. He is an anti-tobacconist, is opposed to card gambling and doesn't dance. He excels as a whip and when he is out on his trip, when the first snow fall strikes him he trots out a four-in-hand attached to a double sleigh and in the midst of a great jangle of sleigh bells, drives through the town displaying his samples. He is a good deal of a boomer and a general rustler.

In the spring of '83, Cunningham started from Pierre, Dak., for the Black Hills, via the stage route. The two coaches were overcrowded, there being twenty-one people aboard, and when near the Cheyenne river the messenger and the driver became engaged in an altercation. They descended to the ground and scared the women and children out of their wits by indulging in a rough and tumble fight. Cunningham jumped into the fray, parted the fighters and rode on the box with the quarrelsome driver fifteen miles to the relay.

In '73 Cunningham was en route from Brainerd to St. Paul via the stage line. A spring freshet had badly swollen the rivers and just as they drove on to a bridge to cross Buffalo creek the affair floated away, carrying the stage with it. Cunningham jumped overboard and after a hard struggle against the raging water managed to get to land.

He is one of those men who never takes a bluff and attends strictly to business, getting there on all occasions with good effect. Mr. Cunningham starts out with sample cases for Scheffer & Rossum next Monday morning and will travel through Minnesota, Dakota and Iowa.

Small Samples.

J. F. Wulf, formerly bookkeeper for J. J. Dunnigan, has joined the "commercial tourists" and is representing a plumbers's supply firm of Chicago.

TWO BRISK FIRES.

Indianapolis and Detroit Stirred Up by Serious Blazes.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Jan. 13.—A fierce fire has been raging in the wholesale district, on South Meridian street, for an hour, and is not yet under control. Two large concerns have been burned out, and several others are in danger.

1:30 a. m.—The fire is now apparently under control. The new union passenger station is in some danger, but it is believed the flames will be checked before reaching it. It is impossible to give losses to-night, but all the firms carried heavy stocks and rough estimates vary from $750,000 to $1,000,000. The loss on both buildings and stocks seem at this hour almost total and the salvage will be small. The insurance is supposed to be heavy, but no figures can be obtained to-night.

DETROIT, Jan. 13.—The Arcade building, a three-story brick structure on Larned street, adjoining the Free Press and occupied by a number of weekly publications and job printing establishments, was completely gutted by fire about 11:30 to-night. The smoke from the burning building penetrated the Free Press building, compelling the compositors and editors to leave with short ceremony. At 12:30 a. m. the fire is still burning fiercely, but it is now believed that it will be confined to the Arcade building. No estimate of the loss can be given but it will be quite heavy. The total loss will aggregate $36,000, of which $10,000 is on the building and the remainder distributed among several firms. Insurance unknown.

GOULD IS WANTED.

An Application to Be Made For His Return to This Country.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—The Tribune publishes the text of a letter from Lawyer W. H. Delancy, who represents the holders of the consolidated mortgage bonds of the Kansas Pacific railway, to President Cleveland. Mr. Delancey says he thinks the recommendations of the Pacific Railroad commission, as to the terms which the government should require from the Kansas Pacific road for the settlement of its claims against that organization, are too severe. He says that the trustees, Jay Gould and Russell Sage, converted $3,000,000 of its securities to their own use, thereby making the property less able to meet its obligations, both to the government and the holders of the bonds, and he thinks the government should abate its claims somewhat for a time, so that the bondholders may receive their interest pending the outcome of proceedings against Messrs. Gould and Sage. These proceedings, he says, are delayed by the fact that Mr. Gould is beyond the jurisdiction of the courts, and that, in the absence of extradition treaties, he can only be brought back for trial by executive request through diplomatic channels, and he informs the president that formal application for Gould's rendition will be made to the department of state.

NORQUAY ON TOP.

He Is Leader of the Opposition—Harrison Resigns.

Special Telegram.

WINNIPEG, Jan. 13. — The Harrison government tendered its resignation to-night and advised the lieutenant governor to call upon Thomas Greenway, the leader of the opposition, to form a government. They elected Norquay leader of the party, setting Dr. Harrison aside.

Iron Mining Statistics.

Special to the Globe.

MARQUETTE, Mich., Jan. 13.—Complete reports from all the iron mines of Lake Superior, covering their shipments by rail and lake and ore supplied to local furnaces during the year 1887, shows a total production of the year of 4,667,652 gross tons, of which 1,836,953 tons came from the mines of the Marquette range, 1,198,743 from the Menominee range, 1,237,704 tons from the Gogebec range and 394,252 from the Vermillion range in Minnesota. The total shipments for the year show an increase over 1886 of 1,090,295 tons. The reports do not include the ore in stock at the mines at the close of the year or in cars or pockets of railway docks and consequently represents only the amount actually placed on the market.

No One Was Hurt.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 13.—A special from Palmyra says an engine and snow plow, running at the rate of twenty miles an hour, dashed into the rear coach of the Janesville express, telescoping the car ahead and throwing the mail, express and baggage cars from the track. The wreck was a bad one, but fortunately nobody was hurt. The Janesville express was stalled in a snow bank all night, and had just backed into the depot to give the passengers their breakfast. Fortunately all were at the hotel at the time of the collision. The snow plow engine was badly damaged.

A Panic Averted.

CHICAGO, Jan. 13.—The Irving public school came near being the scene of a disastrous panic this afternoon. The wood work in the engine room took fire and smoke soon filled the building. The thousand children and many lady teachers were badly frightened, but the daily training of both pupils and teachers for such an emergency saved a stampede. The children on the first alarm started frantically to rush out, but the teachers rang the alarm bells and closed the doors until the pupils were formed in line, when they quietly walked them out of the building. No one was injured.

The Democratic Convention.

NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—The executive committee of the Young Men's Democratic club of New York city, met this evening. The committee declared it to be the manifest wish of large numbers of citizens in all parts of the country, especially in the South and West, that the Democratic National convention shall be held in the city of New York, and therefore Resolved, "That the National Democratic committee be requested to designate the city of New York as the place for the holding of the National Democratic convention in 1888."

The Vote on Division.

Special to the Globe.

BISMARCK, Dak., Jan. 13.—Gov. Church to-day issued a proclamation on the division vote. The total vote for division was 37,780; against 32,913. There is a slight decrepency between the returns given and those filed in the secretary's office, the difference being in the returns made from Kingsbury and Ward counties. From Ward county two distinct sets of returns are made, signed and attested by the county clerk. It is impossible to discern which are the correct ones.

A WONDERFUL NERVE.

A Stevedore Suffers Himself to be Mutilated by Surgeons Without Taking Ether.

He Stands on His Feet an Hour and Patiently Endures Horrible Agony.

When the Surgeons, Unknown to Him, Administer Ether and Continue Operations,

He Becomes Enraged at Them --A Most Remarkable Surgical Operation.

PATRICK BARRETT is a stevedore, and lives with his wife and two children at 81 Carmeni street. A surgical operation was performed on him last Saturday for the removal of a cancer from his throat and face at a private hospital at 53 West Sixteenth street, during which he gave an exhibition of nerve and courage as rare as it is remarkable. Mr. Barrett was born in Ireland, and spent all but two of his forty-six years of life in that country. He has worked on the docks ever since he was a boy, and is noted among his fellows as of great strength, endurance and temperance principles. He was at work on the White Star pier about eighteen months ago, when a box of soap fell from the side of a steamer and struck him a glancing blow on the left cheek. There was a good-sized lump raised on his cheek, and his eye was blackened, but he went on with his work just the same, and in a little while the effect of the blow had all passed away, as far as could be seen. Appearences proved deceptive. A month after he was injured, while eating his dinner, he discovered that there was blood running into his mouth. An investigation showed that his teeth had made a small warty excrescence which was attached to the left cheek, just in front of the angle of the jaw. Mr. Barret paid no attention to it, and thought it would disappear as suddenly as it seemed to have grown. But it did not. It kept growing all the time. Masses like little balls formed on the inside of the cheek and extended nearly to the mouth. Mr. Barret suffered much from pain, which was burning and lacerating, and extended to the left shoulder and the top of the head, writes the New York correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. In about four months the left side of the face began to swell, and it slowly increased in size till it was nearly as large as a cocoanut.

PREPARING FOR THE OPERATION.

Mr. Barret did not know what was the matter with him and never felt worried about it until he read, about two months ago, an account of the German crown prince's malady in the newspapers. It dawned on him then that if he had a cancer he had better be doing something about it, and he went to the hospital. Dr. T. J. Keane, the house surgeon, made a careful examination of the new growth and found epithelial cancer cells in a piece of tissue which was taken from the patient's throat and submitted to a microscopical examination. The disease had spread to the left tonsil and uvula, and had taken in part of the tongue at its base and the upper jawbone. There was no local or internal treatment given, and the patient was put on a diet to prepare him for the operation to extirpate the cancer, which was similar in kind and position to that which killed Gen. Grant.

The patient was taken to the operating rooms Saturday at 2 p. m. Dr. Keane did the work, and there were a dozen physicians present.

"Now, Mr. Barrett, just lie on the table and take the ether," said Dr. Keane.

"No, sir, I will not," said the patient. "You can cut my head off and I will not say a word, but I'll not take a thing to destroy my senses. I'll not give you any trouble, sir."

The patient's determination could not be shaken, and the glittering knives on the table had no effect on him, and the work went on without the anæsthetic. To deaden the sensibility of the membrane in the mouth and to wrevent gagging it was painted with a 4-per-cent solution of cocaine. A jaw-extender was then placed between the teeth on the right side, and by using a set-screw the mouth was opened so wide that it nearly dislocated the jaw. It was uncomfortable for the patient, but it gave a good view of the tumor.

THE PATIENT'S REMARKABLE NERVE.

A deep incision was made in the cheek on the inside of the lower jawbone. The blood gushed into the mouth like a fountain, showing that the tumor was very muscular. Sponges were packed into the mouth, and as fast as they became saturated were quickly removed and others put in their places. The patient had great difficulty in breathing, and the instruments were got in readiness to split open his windpipe and insert a tracheotomy tube if it should be necessary. After the hemorrhage was checked the incision was extended upward and all around the diseased mass. The patient aided the surgeon greatly. Instead of getting flurried when the warm blood ran down his throat he calmly shut up his windpipe and held his breath till the blood could be cleared away. A piece of tissue was raised so that st could be seized with a thumb forceps and the whole mass as it appeared in the mouth was dissected out with knives and scissors. The left tonsil was removed entirely. The uvula was cut away and a section of the roof of the mouth. The base of the tongue on the left side was cut into about a half inch. This took all the cancerous tissue out on the inside. This part of the operation lasted an hour, and the patient stood on his feet all the time. He was apparently the most unconcerned person present. He had not uttered a sound of complaint, and when his face turned black from partial suffocation caused by the blood getting into the larynx, he brought himself out of the trouble without assistance. He had suffered terrible pain, but the only sign of it was the paleness and anxious expression of his face.

HIS MOUTH IRONED WITH HEATED METAL.

The most horrible torture was yet to come. The hemorrhage in the mouth had to be stopped before the operation could go on. Styptic cotton and other things were tried without success. Paquelin's thermo-cautery was got in readiness as a dernier resort. The cautery was raised to a white heat for about half an inch. The surgeon gave the patient warning and then plunged the heated metal into his mouth and ran it over the wounded surface. Smoke from the burning flesh poured from the patient's mouth and tears of agony ran down his cheek, and finally mingled with his blood. When the cautery became cold it was heated again and applied to some other part of the mouth. This was done several times and finally checked the hemorrhage. Not once during this terrible ordeal did the patient wince. He did not even clinch his fist, but rested his hands on his hips most of the time. He had gone through enough to put ninety-nine men out of a hundred an their backs in an unconscious condition, and yet he said he felt first rate. The patient was next placed upon his back on the operating table to remove the external tumor, which operation included the removal of the upper portion of the jaw. The patient refused to take whisky, as he was a temperance man. Dr. Keane, well knowing the agony caused by cutting into bone, felt justified in giving the patient either against his will. The saturated cone was placed near his face and he soon became drowsy. It was brought closer to his face, and finally was held over his nose and mouth, and in a little while he became anæsthetized. An incision was made in the center of the tumor, from the ear to the chin, and the cheek was dissected and laid over on the face. The cancerous tissue was taken out with a metal scoop in large pieces, and the bone was exposed. It was in a bad condition. Large forceps with a sharp edge were forced through the bone, as scissors through cloth, and all the diseased section was removed. It was more extensive than was supposed. Nearly all the superior maxilary on the left side was taken out before the healthy bone was reached. This part of the operation was also attended with profuse hemorrhage, but was easily controlled with ligatures. The wound was washed with an antiseptic solution, and after a bone drainage had been adjusted in the jaw it was closed with sutures and bandages. The whole operation lasted two hours.

The patient rallied quickly from the shock, and was angry when he heard that ether had been given to him. He is doing splendidly now and will soon be well. Dr. Keane thinks that he has effected a permanent cure, as in his opinion even a malignant growth will not return if the knife is used in time

MARRIED IN A SNOWBANK.

An Illinois Lochinvar United at Last to His Exiled Sweetheart in Kansas.

News came to town this morning of a romantic marriage which took place on Christmas eve about eight miles west of here. The contracting parties were J. R. Brown, a lawyer of Havana, Ill., and Miss Amanda Walker, a young school teacher of the same place. The young lady's family were opposed to the match and sent her out here about two months ago to get her out of the way, but it is the old case of love laughs at locksmiths over again, says an Olathe special to the Kansas City Journal. She wrote to her lover, telling of her hiding place, and he wrote to her renewing undying devotion, but she never got the letters until her lover came here last week and took them to her in person to the number of two dozen. She was staying with her uncle, Henry Wagner, a well-to-do farmer of Lexington township, and when the lover came here last Friday he called on her there, but meeting with a cold reception from the uncle he beat a hasty retreat for Olathe. The next morning the young lady found a chance to send him a note containing the information that she would be at a certain church on Christmas eve, and if he would bring the license and a minister she would meet him there and be married. This was enough for the lover, who hired a team at 4 o'clock and set off with the probate judge to meet his affianced. They got to the church at 6 o'clock. The young lady, who had been occupied inside fixing up a Christmas tree with goods sent by Santa Claus, met them at the door and got into the carriage. It was then dark, and the intention was to drive down the road a short distance, have the knot tied, and the young lady then to return as though nothing unusual had occurred, but they had gone only a short distance when the horses got frightened and ran away. There was a lively time for about a mile, but the driver finally pulled up in a snow bank six feet deep, where Judge Allen soon pronounced the now thoroughly frightened but happy couple man and wife, after which the party rteurned to the church, where the groom left his bride and came to Olathe. He returned to his home last evening, but before going he left a check for his bride, with instructions to follow him as soon as she thought advisable, which will be as soon as she gets time to break the news to her mother and have the family wrath blow over.

TOLD BY AN ARTIST.

A Cattle Piece That for Reasons Was Never Painted.

Robert Hopkin tells a story which shows that it is not always safe for even an artist to guy even a granger. A good many years ago Mr. Hopkin was one of a sketching party which was "doing" New England in the brightest time of summer. One of the company, a young fellow with more animal spirits than cash, had played some prank on a farmer living near the village where they were staying, says the Detroit Free Press, but had quite forgotten it when, early one morning, a rustic gentleman asked for him at the tavern.

"Can you paint cattle?" was the abrupt question of the caller.

"Yes, sir."

"Wal, I've got a lively critter that I'm goin' to sell. I raised him, an' he's blooded, an' I'd like to have him painted before I let him go. You needn't be so nation careful; just do it kind o' rough, like, but I'm business clear through, an' I'll give you $50 for the job. Will you do it?"

The youngster saw visions of an extension of his trip, and, running over in his mind the names of all the great artists who had painted cattle pieces, accepted, got his materials, and climbing into the "democrat" wagon which stood at the door, was driven at a leisurely jog up hill and down for about eight miles, when they drove into a farm yard and stopped.

"Git right down," said the farmer, "an' git your traps. He's over beyond them woods," and the two walked across four or five rough fields, climbing rail fences and jumping over ditches, until, having traversed the woods, they came to the fence surrounding the pasture lot. No sooner did they show themselves than there was a loud bellow and an enormous red bovine of the masculine order left his browsing, 100 yards away, and came toward them, pawing the ground and throwing dust high in the air.

"There he is," said the farmer. "Ain't he a fine one? The only trouble with him is he's so durned red that when he goes to the creek to drink, and sees his shadder in the water, the color drives him mad, and I can't manage him. Now, if you'd jest git over the fence an' paint him sky-blue, with a touch of yaller on the horns, I think he'll be quieter, so's I can sell him, an' I'll give you the cash."

The job was clearly put up. The farmer was filled with virtuous indignation at the breach of contract, and wouldn't drive his dupe back; the neighbors were all "in" and wouldn't do it for love or money, and, as a result, he carried his impedimenta five miles under a broiling sun, before he caught a ride with a pedler.

The Des Moines & Kansas City.

Special to the Globe.

DES MOINES, Io., Jan. 13.—The Des Moines, Osceola & Southern railway was to-day turned over to the purchaser, M. V. B. Edgerly, of Springfield, Mass., by E. R. Mason, receiver. Mr. Edgerly has appointed James Donohue as superintendent of the new company and his representative in Des Moines. The name of the new organization is the Des Moines & Kansas City Railway company, and the syndicate is one of the strongest financially in the Eastern states. As soon as the weather will permit the road is to be made standard gauge and extended.

A Female Suffrage Case.

MADISON, Wis., Jan. 13.—The supreme court room was crowded to-day by ladies desirous of hearing the arguments in the woman suffrage case. At a late hour this evening the judge took the matter under advisement, the arguments having lasted uninterruptedly from 10 o'clock this morning. The case came up on an appeal of Mrs. Olympia Willis-Brown, of Racine, who tried to vote for municipal officers under the law permitting women to vote on school questions.

Jenny Lind's Home Life.

Woman.

The daily life of Jenny Lind in London was extremely simple. Every morning, at 7:30 o'clock, there were family prayers. At these not only her husband, Mr. Goldschmidt, and her three children, but the servants assisted. When breakfast was over she habitually retired to her room on the second floor, and, seated at her writing desk, opened and answered her numerous letters. Her room, which looked out on a beautiful garden, was simply furnished. The most notable piece of furniture in it was a large screen, which had pasted over its entire surface newspaper clippings from all parts of the world eulogistic of the great singer. Next to Jenny Lind's room, connected by a door covered with portiers, was the room of her husband. In it stood a grand piano, and often Mr. Goldschmidt played on this instrument at night until his wife, who was nervous at times, was, by his performance, lulled to sleep. The family sat down to lunch at 1 o'clock. Jenny Lind was a moderate eater and fond of simple cuisine. In the afternoon she took a walk when the weather was fine, and, purse in hand, distributed alms to the poor whom she met. When she came home she taught her select circle of pupils, and at 7 o'clock she sat down to dinner. She never went to theaters, balls or operas. She went to hear Patti sing once, but she left the hall before the performance was over, saying that Patti could act, but she couldn't sing. She was rather sensitive on the subject of her rivals. She attended, not long since, a garden party given by Lady Burdett-Coutts. In the course of conversation a gentleman speaking of Christine Nillson, called her the "Swedish Nightingale." Instantly there sprang up from a seat close by, an aged, thin woman, who pointed her finger at the speaker and exclaimed, in a voice quivering with rage: "You are wrong, sir, you are grossly wrong: I am the 'Swedish Nightingale.' I am Jenny Lind!"

She liked to read aloud in the evening or she chatted about her triumphs to her favorite pupils. Though she possessed magnificent jewels, she never wore them. She was exceedingly fond of her husband, though they had disagreements at times, and she always said that it was owing to Mr. Goldschmidt's management that she was in such easy financial circumstances. She brought up her children well. Her son, Walter, is a lawyer; her son, Ernest, is an officer in the army; her daughter, Jennie, was married to J. H. Maude. She spent her summers partly at Wiesbaden and partly at Kainzenbad. At Wiesbaden, whither she went to take the baths for her rheumatism, she lived at her own villa.

A KING THROWS PLATES.

The Funny Freaks of the Youthful Ruler of Greece---He Sends a Shipload of Violets to His Aunt.

An amusing story is going the rounds of the foreign papers about the king of Greece, who is, as is well known, the Princess of Wales' younger brother. When Prince George was chosen king of the Hellenes he was a lad of seventeen or eighteen, and in a state of tutelage at the Royal Naval School of Denmark. His father had not attained to kingly honors until some months later than the time of which I am writing, says Kathleen, in the Leeds Mercury. The story goes that the young prince one day when luncheon time arrived flung down his books gayly, and rushed out to the pastry cook's in schoolboy fashion to buy some tarts, and sat on a bench eating them and swinging his feet, without any thought, I suppose, beyond the present moment.

The tarts had been wrapped up in a piece of newspaper, and Prince George was just in the act of shying a paper at the head of a school-fellow when he saw his own name in big letters at the top of a column. George carelessly read it, and it is not difficult to conceive the lad's amazement when a few lines in a scrap of paper acquainted him with the destiny before him, and that he had been chosen by the great powers as the king of Greece.

But his gracious majesty was evidently, still but a schoolboy, for we are further told that on his way through France to Marseilles, where the young king was to embark for his new dominions, the emperor of the French had placed a very sumptuous saloon carriage, with dining compartment, at his majesty's disposal. King George was charmed with the novelty of the affair, and presently took the idea into his head that he would test the speed of the train by throwing a plate out of the window, and found this such a satisfactory mode of passing the time that he kept his attendants busy in supplying him with crockery. Keeping up this novel entertainment, the natural result was that when the train reached Marseilles not a piece of crockery remained.

In the possession of a very boyish sense of humor, I fancy Prince George of Wales must take after his uncle, for the story goes that when his royal highness is at home he keeps Marlborough house, or Sandringham, in a state of the liveliest commotion with a series of wild practical jokes; and the other day, when in the Mediterranean, being requested by the Duchess of Edinburgh to send her "a few violets," he sent her a small shipload, and the violets literally arrived in cartloads at Clarence house, to the mingled amazement and amusement of his august aunt.

DIVERS AND "MEN-FISH."

No One Can Live Under Water Longer Than Two and One-Half Minutes.

Some travelers have told marvelous stories of the natives of Eastern countries who were able to stay ten, or even fifteen minutes under water, but there can be no doubt that these are absurd exaggerations. It is well known that the ordinary divers for coral, sponge and pearl-oysters do not remain under more than two minutes, and the "men-fish" who exhibit in the museums do not exceed two minutes and a half. The doctors differ in their opinion as to the time at which death comes in drowning. Some say in three minutes, others in five, but none set a longer time than this, except the drowning person faints, when respiration and animation cease, says the Youth's Companion. A Frenchman named Lacassagne has been for some time studying this subject, and the results of his experiments and observations are given in the Revue Scientifique. The man upon whom he experimented was a famous Hungarian swimmer named James, who, among other exploits, once swam from Calais to Dover, and had remained under water for four minutes and fourteen seconds.

Before diving, it was observed he first expelled all the air from his lungs, and then took a long breath. After he had been under water for a minute his heart-beats became slow, irregular and feeble. After two minutes and thirty-seven seconds there was a rush of blood to the head, and his eyes appeared sunken. Still he continued to breath amply and regularly at the rate of twenty respirations a minute, while at the same time the observer noticed that the abdominal cavity diminished greatly in size.

M. Lacassagne believes from this, and from the fact that James was continually swallowing his saliva, that, in drawing the long breath at first, he swallowed a quantity of air, and that the ordinary resiratory channels being closed, he takes into his lungs the air contained in his stomach, and from thence again taken, somewhat purified, into his lungs. That is, in other words, he makes of his stomach a reservoir for air, a fact which, if true, will account for his ability to remain for such an extraordinary time under water. This process, which the diver performs instinctively and mechanically, M. Lacassagne believes can and should be learned by all swimmers, as giving them a far greater endurance under the surface than they now possess.

A BITTER DELUSION.

As a desolate bird through darkness its lost way is winging,
As a hand that is helplessly raised when Death's sickle is swinging,
So is life! Aye, the life that lends passion and breath to my singing.

As a nightingale's song, that is full of sweetness unspoken,
As a spirit unbarring the gates of the skies for a token,
So is love! Aye, the love that shall fall when his pinion is broken.

As the tramp of the legions when trumpets their challenge are sending,
As the shout of the storm god when lightnings the black sky are rending,
So is power! Aye, the power that shall lie in the dust at its ending.

So short is our life; yet with space for all things to forsake us,
A bitter delusion, a dream from which naught can awake us,
Till Death's dodging footsteps at morn or at eve shall o'ertake us.

—Rider Haggard.

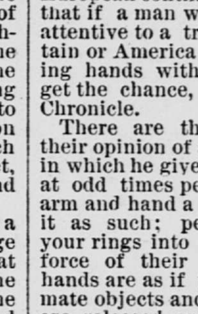
VARIOUS GREETINGS.

Different Ways People Have of Saluting Each Other in Various Localities.

Welcome Variously Expressed by Hand, Hat, Eye, Knee and Nose.

The Iceland Habit of Kissing All the Pretty Girls You Meet.

In England Boys Raise Their Hats When They Pass Their Elders.



IN WALKING down a busy thoroughfare an observer cannot help remarking the different manners in which the various different travelers, pedestrians or otherwise, greet one another. And this observer is a person who has spent a part of his life in foreign climes. A whole train of thoughts must arise in his mind as to the ways in which he himself has been greeted in other climes. Lavater has laid it down that the character of a man may be detected by the most trifling gestures, and as men make the nation it it must naturally follow that the peculiarities of the people are shown by such small acts as the varied styles of salutation. It is not intended in the present article to go deeply into the subject and write learnedly on the origin and meaning of all the ancient forms of greeting, but to briefly show how opposed are the ideas of the various countries as to what ought to be done or left undone. Beginning, then, with the Anglo-Saxon race, as typified by the Americans and English, it is hardly necessary to say the most common and general salutation is that of shaking hands. This is, of course, only done on coming in close contact, and but once in a day with the same person is sufficient. So peculiarly English is it held to be by European continental nations, however, that if a man wishes to be particularly attentive to a traveler from Great Britain or America he will insist on shaking hands with him as often as he can get the chance, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

There are those who claim to form their opinion of a stranger from the way in which he gives his hand. One meets at odd times people who consider your arm and hand a pump-handle and treat it as such; people who nearly drive your rings into your fingers with the force of their squeeze; people whose hands are as if they belonged to inanimate objects and drop the moment they are released, and people who give the real hearty, though gentle, pressure which bespeaks the cultivated and considerate mind.

Even if it is not possible for the people to approach near enough for this friendly grip, the manner in which one person recognizes another is legion. A gentleman approaching a lady watches her closely to see whether she will bow to him. If so, off goes his hat. Hardly two men, however, do this simple act in the same way. One flourishes it at arm's length; another hardly raises it from his head; a third exposes the inside, as if he were asking a charity, whilst a fourth seems frightened lest by some mischance he should disarrange his hair. The fair lady, too, does not always return the salute in the same way.

"Here is Mr. So-and-So," one says, "I suppose I must bow to him," and the dainty head is inclined just enough to be civil.

A few paces further on another figure appears, and then with a winning smile and a beaming eye a recognition which would charm the head of any man is given.

Sober old buffers nod to each other and keep on doing so for a few paces, when they meet each other, while young gallants do anything from a wink of the eye or a motion of the arm to rapping their acquaintances over the legs with their sticks or bowing in a dignified manner. In England, where the distinction of classes is still very marked, a laboring man or man-servant, on meeting a gentleman or lady, touches his hat, and the person saluted, if he be a man, returns the recognition in almost the same way. Formerly maid servants, on meeting their masters or mistresses out of doors, used to courtesy, but, except in villages, this custom has quite died out. Of course, this is speaking generally, for it is well known that in presentations at court

THE COURTESY IS DE RIGEUR,

and indeed, to make one gracefully requires no little training and many visits to a master in the arts.

In England, too, boys and many young men raise their hats to old men and those who may be in any position above them, but excepting in these cases it is not customary for the male sex to greet each other thus.

Cross the channel, however, and one is in a land where hat-lifting is the recognized salutation. It appears at first curious to a native of American or English soil to see a not too clean coal-heaver or peddler solemnly raise his head covering—it does not always amount to as much as a hat—to an equally dirty brother workman, with an air many a young dude might envy; but in time one fails to notice such things. On entering and leaving a shop, no matter how small, the polite man again uncovers his head, while each of these actions is always accompanied by an appropriate word of greeting. The peasants in Spain, in the country, on meeting a stranger, offer him as a salutation a portion of the bread they always carry with them. Of course it is refused with thanks, and great would be the astonishment of the would-be donor were it accepted. In Germany, in fact pretty well all over the continent, to pass a man or woman on a country road without saying a friendly greeting is looked upon as very impolite, and the person doing so would certainly be regarded as a stranger.

Among the French and Belgians especially the habit of men embracing one another is quite common. A father and son or two intimate friends think nothing of falling into each other's arms and kissing in public. Cold tempered nations consider such effusions unnecessary and believe there is just as much feeling in the warm grip of the hand and few words of welcome or farewell.

The kiss is defined by those who have studied the subject as the "salute by tasting." As opposed to it the Malays and other Polynesians salute by smelling. This is performed by rubbing noses. A former resident of New Zealand says that on meeting after an absence of some time two Maoris seize hands and rub noses violently, at the same time loudly weeping, presumably from the pleasure of seeing each other or perhaps from the pain of friction.

In India the Buddhists salute by lowering the palm of the right hand and bringing it up towards the face, at the same time saying "Ram, ram, chai." The Mohammedans do the same, but simply say "Salaam." This is only done in either case among members of the same faith. The salutation is always made, too, with the right hand, to use the left being considered an insult. Before the Indian mutiny, when this was not thoroughly understood by the British, the Sepoys used to salute their officers in the same way as the European soldiers do, that is, with whichever hand was further from the person approaching. Since that time, however, the orders are that the

RIGHT HAND ONLY SHALL BE USED.

These Eastern nations have a strong objection to uncovering the head, but on the other hand consider it exceedingly disrespectful to enter the presence of a superior with the feet covered.

The Chinese have a regular code of salutations, eight in number, which define the proper amount of respect to be paid to different individuals. The one which is perhaps most familiar to San Franciscans is that when at the New Year the Chinaman clasps his hands together, and, gently bowing, wishes his friend the compliments of the season. Two curious greetings which these people have among themselves are those of asking each other, "Have you eaten your rice?" and "Is your stomach in good order?"

The Japanese show respect on meeting by bending the knee, though in the street they only make a feint at so doing. This is the general salute, but there are many others which are required from inferiors on encountering those in higher positions.

A stranger coming among the Moors for the first time would, perhaps, be astonished and a little frightened by seeing one of them riding at full gallop toward him, as if he were intending to execute a cavalry charge. His fears might, perhaps, be increased when this horseman, when almost close to his apparent victim, suddenly reined up and discharged a pistol over his head. Recovering from his astonishment, however, he would find that this is the Moorish way of welcoming a stranger.

Natives of the Gold Coast have still another mode of salutation. They lower their robe from the left shoulder with the right hand and gracefully bow, though if it is a great man they salute, and they wish to be particularly respectful, the whole of the robe is removed, exposing the breast upward.

Egyptians greet one another with a remark peculiar to their country—"How goes the perspiration?" or "Do you sweat copiously?"

The military salute required in nearly all civilized countries is nearly the same. Perhaps in Germany, however, the regulations are somewhat more stringent. A soldier on meeting the emperor has to stand still, face about and remain with hand raised for from twelve to twenty paces before his majesty approaches to the same distance after he has passed. In Belgium an officer has to do the same for the king, and subalterns for generals, though ten paces are only required in the latter case. Soldiers carrying anything, so that their hands are occupied, salute with their eyes—that is, they turn their heads in the direction of the person coming and going. French officers raise their caps to each other, but the privates do as privates in other armies do. The salute when on guard depends upon the rank of the officer, the "present arms" being given only to those of superior grade. Flags of all nations come in for their share of recognition, too. Thus, when a foreign man-of-war enters the harbor, the guns at Fort Point boom forth their greeting to the stranger, while she replies by dipping her ensign and firing a salute in honor of the "Star-Spangled Banner."

On a Cough Drop Diet.

Philadelphia Press.

Bernard Schrack, who has traveled a good deal all over the world, sat in the Girard house at dinner the other day. He ordered blanc mange for dessert and when it came on the table he said: "This reminds me of a most remarkable experience I underwent in Montana in 1877 I reached Edmund's ranch in Forty-Foot Gulch one day in February. Nobody was at home and I sat down to wait. Pretty soon a big snowstorm came up and, sir, in less than two hours the snow had covered that shanty. It was a terribly hard winter in the Northwest, you may rememuer. Thousands of head of cattle perished and hundreds of ranchmen lost their lives. I was twenty-one days in that shanty. There wasn't much to eat when I went in, and by the tenth day I had exhausted everything in the cabin that seemed likely to sustain life.

"On the fifteenth day the pangs of hunger became so great that I attacked a big box of cough lozenges that the ranchmen kept for customers. I ate seventy packages of fifty lozenges each. Directions said 'take one every three hours until relieved.' I took them by the handful and still found little relief. Next I found a box of paste used by cigarmakers in tipping the ends of cigars. I lived on that paste for six days, and when they dug me out I was suffering from a severe cold—from the cough lozenges, I suppose. Well, this blanc mange I am eating now reminds me of the cigarmakers' paste—they taste very much alike, anyhow."

A Two-Inch Miss.

Detroit Free Press.

The colonel had contributed 50 cents at Decatur, 25 cents at Birmingham, 30 cents at Verbena and 35 cents at Bessemer—all for the "rebuilding of colored churches destroyed by cyclones," and when he got to Sheffield and an ancient darkey struck him again with the same old chestnut, he turned on the man with:

"See here! Where is that church?"

"'Bout ten miles from heah, sir."

"When did the cyclone hit it?"

"Las' September."

"I don't believe it. I believe you are lying to me. Now, then, will you tell me the truth for half a dollar?"

"Y-es, sir."

"Very well. Was that church building blown down by a cyclone or not? I want a straight and truthful answer."

"And you'll gin me fo' bits?"

"Yes, I will. You only wanted two bits for the church, while here are four for the truth."

"Den, sah, I shall let the church slide an' stick to de troof, an' hope fur de Lawd to forgin me! Dat sighclone jist missed de church by two inches, but I fought dat was clus 'nuff to collect a few dollars on."

Why Drag Out

A miserable existence, when a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla would certainly give the strength and energy you need? Thousands are proving its virtues daily. So may you. Mrs. Alice West, of Jefferson, W. Va., writes: "I was all run down before I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, but am now gaining in strength every day."

"Being very weak and despondent after a long illness, I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and two bottles have restored me to my former health."—Miss Blanche S. Brownell, 1 Boylston Place, Boston.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Worth $5 a bottle.

Two for a Cent

And the best ever made. Cheap enough, surely, and so good that those who have used them won't have any others. What are they? Ath-lo-pho-ros Pills. What are they for? For disordered Stomach or Liver, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Nervous or General Debility, Headache, Lassitude, Diseases of Women. They'll take away that tired feeling, give new life and strength. Small and pleasant to take, yet wonderfully effective. Prepared from the formula of an eminent physician. Neatly put up in bottles, and sold by all druggists.

THE ATHLOPHOROS CO.
112 Wall St., New York.

WEST HOTEL.

The Only Fire-Proof Hotel in Minneapolis.

ABSOLUTE SAFETY FROM FIRE!

Elegantly furnished and perfect in all appointments.

Table and general attendance unsurpassed. Rates as low as any strictly first-class hotel.

C. W. SHEPHERD, General Manager