THE DAILY GLOBE

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

LEWIS BAKER.

ST. PAUL, MONDAY, FEB. 6, 1888.

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

SIGNAL OFFICE, WAR DEPARTMENT, ST. PAUL, Feb. 6. 12:15 a. m.—Indications for twenty-four hours commencing at 7 a. m. to-day: For St. Paul, Minneapolis and vicinity: Warmer, fair weather, followed by snow; light to fresh southerly winds, becoming variable. For Minnesota and Dakota: Warmer; local snows; light to fresh variable winds.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

ST. PAUL, Feb. 5.—The following observations were made at 8:48 p. m., local time:

Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Thermometer.	Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Thermometer.
St. Paul..	30.10	0	Omaha....	30.12	24
St. Vincent	30.06	-10	Huron....	29.98	12
Moorhead.	30.06	-8	Yankton....	30.02	24
Duluth....	30.08	[illegible]	Ft. Totten.	29.96	6
La Crosse.	30.14	6	Bismarck.	29.84	12
Milwauk'e.	30.08	12	Helena....	30.02	36
Marquette.	30.01	[illegible]	Ft. As'b'ne	29.96	32
Chicago....	30.10	12	Medic'e H.	29.92	28
Des Moines	30.16	18	Qu' Ap'lle.	29.86	-4
St. Louis...	30.18	24	Minnedosa	29.98	-8
Ft. Smith..	30.20	32	Fort Garry	30.06	-8

—Below zero.

FROZEN OUT.

In the most disinterested spirit imaginable the Minneapolis Tribune seriously suggests that the St. Paul people abandon ice palaces in the future and take to winter gardens. Whether our Minneapolis contemporary meant to suggest hanging gardens, such as they had at Babylon in the reign of SEMIRAMIS, or whether it meant the gardens that hucksters draw their supplies from, or beer gardens, such as they have in Minneapolis, does not appear in the Tribune's article. But it is all one so far as the Tribune's purpose is concerned. Its main purpose is to get the ice palace out of the way. Ice palaces have a chilly effect on the Tribune folks. They shudder at the thought of one, and their frigid imagination leads them into the belief that ice palaces are prejudicial to the interests of the Northwest. We are gratified to know that Minneapolis people generally do not share in the Tribune's congealed opinions. At every carnival the good people of our sister city come down here by the thousands and tens of thousands and get just as much square, honest amusement out of the carnival as we do. They are just as enthusiastic in their admiration of the ice palace as the St. Paul people are. They rejoice with us in the fact that the ice palace attracts thousands of visitors to St. Paul who would never be induced by other means to visit the Northwest; and they also know that for every dollar that is dropped in St. Paul by these visitors, another one is dropped in Minneapolis. The Twin Cities are mutual shareholders in the benefits of our ice carnivals. What helps one helps the other, and it is a surprise that the Tribune people are not more alive to the interests of their own city than to advise the abandonment of an enterprise which has been the best advertising card the Northwest ever had. With all due respect for our Minneapolis contemporary we unhesitatingly pronounce its assertion that our ice palaces create the impression abroad that our climate is forbidding and inhospitable to be the veriest bosh. They do nothing of the sort. This is an age of universal intelligence, when the people of each section of this great country have a fairly correct idea of the climatic conditions of every other section. Wherever erroneous impressions have existed concerning the severity of our Minnesota winters, our ice palaces have done a great deal toward dispelling them by attracting people here in midwinter to learn from personal experience and observation that winter is really more enjoyable in Minnesota than in many more southern latitudes. As long as our ice palaces continue to be such valuable educators it would be the supremest folly to trade them off for artificial flower gardens.

AN UNJUST TREATY.

The new extradition treaty between this country and Russia, now before the senate, should not meet with the approval of that body. The appeal which the exiled nihilist STEPNIAK, who is well known for his patriotism and his vigor as an author, makes against its favorable consideration should meet with the grave attention of all those senators who are born lovers of liberty.

It is true that the cordial relations which have always existed between this country and Russia, and the warm sympathy which the latter country extended the United States during the late war would incline the senate toward the utmost liberality in its diplomatic intercourse with the czar; but there are considerations involved in the new treaty, as STEPNIAK points out, which should not be clouded by any warmth of feeling felt toward the land of the czar.

If the proposed treaty should be accepted by the senate it would be a virtual condemnation to death of scores of nihilists and other political exiles from Russia, who now find a haven of refuge in this country. The struggle which the oppressed Russian people are making against the brutal despotism of the czar, their frantic effort for even a glimpse of that personal liberty which is the birthright of all Americans, should certainly command the sympathy of every dweller in this land of freedom.

While Americans cannot sympathize with actual assassins, they certainly cannot be expected to aid the Russian autocrat in the apprehension of those whose desperation he has aroused by his own heartless methods. Before a Russian tribunal, which is too often a mere travesty upon justice, even the suspected offender has but little hope, and experience has proven that those who, though stopping short of assassination, have broken the country's despotic laws in their vain struggle for freedom, have only the alternatives of Siberia and the gallows.

Let us then be as friendly to Russia as we please, but let us stop short at acting the part of accessories in her scheme of political persecution.

THE STOCK YARDS.

The casual reader probably gave but little heed to the brief announcement which appeared in the daily papers a few mornings ago, to the effect that beef slaughtering and pork packing had begun at the St. Paul stock yards. As a matter of fact, the information thus contained in a few lines is of the most vital significance to the city.

It means that, the preliminary steps having been taken, St. Paul is about to grasp the prize which is hers by right, and which Chicago has so long been enjoying, the final and most profitable development of the Northwest's stock interests. The situation as it is now is a peculiar one, and one, too, that reflects but little credit upon St. Paul. Though the commercial center of a state particularly noted for the magnitude of its stock and dairy interests, and the gateway to those vast pastures upon which what is justly called the finest beef in the world is grown, yet, except during the brief season when Montana cattle have been going to the Chicago market by way of St. Paul, this city has depended entirely upon other sources for its beef supply. Even now the major portion of all the beef used in St. Paul comes from Kansas City.

With the beginning of actual business, however, by the stockyards and their allied packing houses, there is every probability that St. Paul will, even in the winter season, cease to be dependent upon outside markets. When the Montana ranges fail then the state stock growers ought to be able to accommodate the needs of the packing houses, and they in turn the local requirements.

PRACTICAL CHARITY.

The charities which cost about as much in their maintenance as they distribute to relieve the necessities of the very poor rarely accomplish the ends for which they may have been designed. They, too frequently, serve simply to enable numerous more or less careless officials to draw substantial salaries. Practical charities, those which dispense the major portion of the funds at their disposal in the direction intended, and whose cost is reduced to an inconsiderable minimum, are few and far between. But there has been established recently a practical charity in Brooklyn, N. Y., which deserves to be entended to every large city in the country in which deserving poor exist.

The scheme of this charity is the establishment of coffee stands where a half pot of coffee with milk, sugar and a generous slice of bread can be bought for one cent. The sales have been large enough almost to defray the entire cost of the scheme, and the small monthly deficit has been cheerfully borne by the charitable women who are conducting the stands, and who find that in preserving the self-respect of those whom they wish to aid, by charging a nominal sum, they are accomplishing better results than if the charity were free outright.

The success of the plan, which has been almost phenomenal, leads to the belief that it will be generally imitated next winter, and in view of the interest it has been exciting and the good it has done, charitable people of the two cities might well inquire whether it is not also worthy of adoption in the Northwest.

RATE WARS.

A railroad cut rate war is something like a bear sucking his paw for subsistence during the winter season. If bruin is able to get out at all with the opening of spring, he comes out in a terribly emaciated condition. A cut rate war is of no benefit to shippers, and terribly damaging to the railroad companies. Shippers are not substantially benefited by the cut rates, because there is no certainty of their continuance, and men with business instincts do not base their operations upon uncertain conditions. The railroads not only lose money, but they demoralize the transportation business to such an extent that it takes months after the war is over to get their affairs straightened out again. Why men with the business qualifications that railroad managers are supposed to possess should ever adopt such unbusiness-like methods to meet competition, is one of the inexplicable mysteries of the railroad problem. They do it, nevertheless, and it is such a frequent occurrence that the public mind is being impressed with the belief that the operations of the interstate commerce law will have to be extended so that in the regulation of interstate traffic a minimum rate will have to be fixed as well as a maximum. It will come to that sooner or later. The public interest will require it, to say nothing of the protection it will afford to the railroad business of the country. The people are only interested in securing fair rates. It is not to the public interest that the transportation business of the country shall be done on a losing scale. While it is desirable that the public shall be protected against extortionate rates, it is equally desirable that the transportation business shall be done at compensating rates. There is always a happy medium in everything, and if the railroads do not strike it of their own accord, they will have to be legislated into it.

FAIR PLAY.

It is in agreeable contrast with the efforts of the Republican leaders in this state to whip the rank and file of the party into line by a system of club organization, and the application of iron-clad oaths of party allegiance, to see the broad, manly non-partisan position taken by the Democratic members of congress from this state in the LOWERY-WHITE contest. The brilliant argument made by Judge WILSON in defense of the claims of a political opponent is not only characteristic of the man himself, but will serve to raise him still higher in the estimation of the people of this state. Once upon a time, when BEN BUTLER was a Republican leader in congress, he was asked for his opinion concerning the merits of a certain contest. "Find out which is our man," replied BUTLER, "and then vote him in." It has been upon that principle, from time immemorial, that congress has generally decided contested elections. The contestant who was in political accord with the majority usually got the seat. It seemed to be taken for granted as an instance where might made right. It is doubly gratifying, therefore, that this imperious rule is to be broken, and the first break is led by the first Democratic delegation elected from Minnesota. The political condition of the country has veered around to that point where fairness counts for more than organization and a sense of justice will predominate over machine methods all the time. There was a time in the not very far distant past when the machine was all-powerful in politics. But that time is no more. The political machine is always the instrument of monopoly, but as monopoly has lost its grip under a Democratic administration, the power of the machine is likewise broken. The people are at last masters of the situation, and they know no law that is not coupled with justice and fair dealing.

IT SEEMS that Mrs. CLEVELAND has made over one of her last year's gowns. The fair sex will now have some doubts about Mrs. CLEVELAND'S fitness as a leader of fashion, but the men will vote her more worthy of admiration than ever.

THERE was a pleasing variety of religion dispensed in St. Paul yesterday, and there was not a single church which was not well filled. Cosmopolitanism is becoming one of St. Paul's most pleasing features.

MILLIONAIRE Wagonmaker STUDEBAKER thinks the Twin Cities are the coming commercial centers of the West. The only mistake made by Mr. STUDEBAKER was in not locating in one of them.

THE CHAMBER of commerce this morning might waft a few words of encouragement to our congressmen regarding the public building matter. Noble efforts should not fail of due appreciation.

THE romance of the ice palace, which resulted from two young people losing themselves in the labyrinth, should fitly end with a wedding in next season's structure.

SUPPOSE the government should try the experiment of sending back across the water the rioting Polish miners in Pennsylvania as a means of settling the difficulty.

THE real estate sky is brightening. The croakers who thought the sun of prosperity had set in it should not be gilded by the brightening rays.

CHICAGO doesn't like the "Soo" appropriation idea. Chicago might move up to St. Paul and join in the benefits of that beneficent measure.

MASSACHUSETTS Democrats have indorsed tariff reform. The West is pleased to see the East join it in the march of civilization and progress.

THE fund being raised for the heroic Nebraska school teachers who were maimed for life should be added to by a pension from the state.

MR. WEIR returns from Duluth $500 better off than when he went up. It is very evident that Mr. WEIR is a pugilist for revenue only.

IF RUSSIA really does intend war, she displays a provoking slowness about letting profitable contracts on this side of the water.

IF THE railroad war extends to passenger rates, the man who used to own a pass will not feel so bad.

LOOK out for the spring rise in real estate. It promises to be a freshet.

Prof. William McFarland.

Kansas City Times.

The death of Prof. William McFarland at Minneapolis recalls the fact that he was as widely known outside of theatrical circles as in them, and his history has been a remarkable one. In his earlier days he was a minister of the gospel, and, according to his own statements, regarded the ministry as the highest possible calling. For all this, and for reasons known best to himself—reasons of a doctrinal kind—McFarland quit the ministry, became fascinated with the stage, supported McCready, Forrest, the elder Booth, Edwin Adams and other stars. Later he brought out Miln, and has assisted scores if not hundreds in their attempts to climb to the stage as a means of pleasurable subsistence.

He went to Minneapolis two years ago to coach Miss Clara Louise Thompson for her debut as a star. Miss Thompson is now with Margaret Mather. Mr. McFarland next became stage director of the Pence opera house, the oldest theater in Minneapolis and the Northwest, and played old man parts in the stock company. He was so engaged when he died. Mr. McFarland always advised against entering the theatrical profession and to a stage-struck youth once remarked:

"The best way is the way that leads off. Keep off, young man, keep off!"

Where the stage fever was beyond cure, no man was more ready to help and more competent to instruct the aspirant than he.

In Spite of All.

Janesville Argus.

Rumors regarding the coming gubernatorial contest connect Merriam and Gilman in a scheme to divide the delegates in order to defeat McGill. Neither of the gentlemen have announced themselves as candidates, and the rumor, therefore, may be taken with considerably many grains of allowance. Possibly, McGill may be defeated, but those who are apparently working to that end with a view of division, seem rather lukewarm in their efforts. Two years hence there will be no question, so far as Merriam is concerned. With his keen political sagacity, affability and power of attracting the grangers, backed by his large influence and wealth, should he enter the contest, he would prove a very formidable candidate, one that would get there in spite of anything and everything.

Beats the Bible.

Duluth Paragrapher.

Dakota beats the Bible. Eric Johanson, a farmer near Sioux Falls, was caught in the recent blizzard while out watering his cattle in the field. The stock stampeded and a huge ox lay down to die. With the inspiration of a prophet Eric killed the beast and, removing its contents, betook himself to the interior, where he passed a comfortable night. In the morning his patent adobe was frozen shut, and Eric little knew whether he would be gathered to his fathers or his children. Rescuing parties, however, finally heard the dead oq talk, and marveled much among themselves, but finally chopped him out, and from this incident they have changed his name to Jonahson. He feels as if he had been close to the portals of Nineveh.

Successful Carnivals.

Langdon, Dak., Democrat.

When the St. Paul people undertake to have a carnival they determine to make it a success. The children, from six years up, organized innumerable toboggan clubs, and old men, with heads as white as the snow they tramp on, were in snowshoe array. Probably no city on the continent can enthuse with St. Paul.

A Desire for Congress.

St. James Journal.

Editor Heatwole, of the Northfield News, is reported as having a desire to go to congress. This explains why he straddles the fence and lifts up his voice in favor of an uninstructed delegation to the Republican national convention. It gives him a chance to make pledges to all factions on the sly, and plays into the hands of the party bosses.

Necessary Qualifications.

Janesville Argus.

Hon. S. G. Comstock, of Moorhead, looms up as a candidate to succeed Mr. Nelson in the Fifth district. Undoubtedly Mr. Comstock represents an unusual amount of sagacity and ability, necessary qualifications to a successful congressman.

Popular Dr. Ames.

Brainerd Journal.

We are in favor of Dr. Ames as a candidate on the Democratic ticket next fall for governor. Dr. Ames is the most popular Democrat in the state, and we believe that he could be elected this time.

A Contented Editor.

Redwood Falls Gazette.

The moneyless man can take comfort in the thought that riches are only comparative, and that the world is full of poor rich men and rich poor ones.

A Live Worker.

Le Sueur News.

Congressman MacDonald, of the Third district, is a live energetic worker and is doing yeoman service for his constituents.

Bad Effect on the Cat.

Farmington Tribune.

The office cat was taken violently ill a few days ago just after making a lunch off a few exchanges. She is usually very discriminating and lunches only on first-class papers, but examination showed that she had unwittingly eaten a small fragment of the St. Paul Dispatch, in which some wonderful occurrence had been "previously pointed out by the Dispatch," and it was that very moldy, wormy, ancient chestnut which had caused the illness. She had learned by obseavation that there is seldom an issue of that paper which does not contain this chestnut, and so usually avoids that sheet.

Yawning vs. Hissing in Theaters.

Paris Dispatch to London Telegraph.

There has been an amusing discussion lately on the subject of hissing at theaters. It is interesting that an attempt made in the last century to put a stop to the practice proved a disastrous failure. The edict had hardly gone forth under the auspices of the chief of police when a first performance came off. A gentleman who was addicted notoriously to hostile demonstrations was "sandwiched," by way of precaution, between two agents of the law, and soon the curtain rose. Every eye was directed towards the inveterate delinquent, but to the general surprise he sat still without making a sign. Ere long, however, he began to yawn, and soon the two policemen took to yawning in sympathy. Their neighbors unconsciously followed suit, the contagion spread, and in a short time pit, boxes and galleries were yawning as they had never yawned before. Even the actors, with their gaze fixed on the public, could not resist the example set them, and the unlucky author had the misfortune of hearing his most telling "hits" launched forth amid a perfect chorus of yawns. The embargo against hissing was promptly removed, it having been found by experience that a return to the old system was infinitely preferable to the new one inaugurated by the irrepressible Chevalier de la Morliere, who made a perfect specialty of his demonstrations against new plays at the Comedie Francaise, and had particularly distinguished himself by the uproar he created at the first appearance of Voltaire's "Tancrede."

Knew What He Was Doing.

Arkansaw Traveler.

The congregation of a church at Elk Rock were much shocked upon learning that their preacher had departed under the most discreditable circumstances. The following Sunday it seemed to be the aim of nearly every one to hush up the scandal, and under grent restraint many uninteresting conversations were had, merely to prove that the members of the church could rise above sensational gossip. Just before the services were closed Brother Elijah P. Brookrod arose and said:

"Brethren and sisters, since we last met in this house something which seems to cast a gloom over this congregation has occurred. We were all much attached to our minister; in fact, we loved him, and I now propose that we offer up a prayer for the wanderer."

A sensation wave swept over the audience. Another brother arose, and, turning to Elijah P. Brookrod, said:

"I am astonished you should desire this congregation to pray for our erring minister—you above all others."

"Why?"

"Because he ran away with your wife."

"Yes; I know," Elijah replied, "and that is the reason why I think he will need our prayers."

Found in a Cow's Stomach.

Tuscaloosa (Ala.) Gazette.

George Morgan butchered a cow the other day and took out of her stomach the following articles, which have been examined by a reporter: Forty-two nails and pieces of nails, four buttons, one brass safety pin, one pin with black rubber head, one copper cent, three pieces of watch chain—one piece six inches, one four inches and the other one an inch long—three large pieces of glass, one piece of oyster shell, four pieces of brass wire, three small pieces of iron, three pieces of brass and a piece of hoopskirt. If anybody can kill a cow with more articles inside of her than this we would like them to trot her out.

Not Forced to Beg for Bread.

Covington (Ga.) Enterprise.

A Snapping Shoals colored preacher tried his hand on a favorite text a few Sundays ago. He entered the pulpit and solemnly opened the Bible. He began reading: "I was once young; I is now old. I hab neber seen de righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging ob bread. But," he said, laying the book down and raising his spectacles, "I'b seen them hustle like the debble for meat."

Mixed Politics.

Northfield News.

Some of the state papers do not seem to take much stock in Hon. Knute Nelson's statement that he will withdraw from politics, and a few hint that he is coquetting with the Democrats. This we hardly believe, but all the same Minnesota politics will be considerably mixed this year. Who is ready to hazard a prediction?

Somewhat Suggestive.

Sleepy Eye Herald.

State Auditor Braden is credited with saying that the Republican party of Minnesota could carry the state for a pretty mean man. Would it be too severe to ask the genial captain if there is any connection between his remark and the occasional mention of him as a possible candidate for governor.

A la Tobogganing.

Sleepy Eye Herald.

The indulgence in winter sports by the St. Paul people is carried to extremes. Last week some twenty or thirty people riding in a street car took a slide down a steep grade, a la toboggan, and brought up in a heap at the bottom.

Had for the Asking.

Wadena Tribune.

One thing is plain—if Knute Nelson wants to be the next governor of Minnesota he can be elected. He has less chance to secure senatorial honors than that of the governorship.

A Popular Man.

Wadena Tribune.

With Congressman Wilson, of Winona, as Democratic candidate for governor next fall, the Democrats of the state would have a fair show of winning the day.

A Bad Example Followed.

Heron Lake News.

St. Paul felt it her duty to kill a few people with its grip cars. St. Paul is prancing right along by the side of Chicago.

Time to Slide.

Ashland News.

Inasmuch as it is easier to slide than tumble, Gov. Hill ought to come down while tobogganing is good.

A MODEL EDITOR.

A man who runs a paper should know every human caper, and hold up the torch of knowledge like a gleaming midnight tapir.
He should be profound as Plato, plain as a boiled potato, and as humble to his patrons as a street and crossing scraper.
He should honor in his journal every captain, crank and colonel, and dish up their proud achievements in a hodgepodge cooked diurnal.
He should puff the hardened liar—clubs and concerts, church and choir, with long adjectives, sonorous, sweet seraphic and supernal.
He must write the funny column, that makes all his readers solemn, with the fashions, frills and flounces, furbelows and—what d'ye call-'em?
Quell the copy fiends' wild revel, squelch and massacre the devil, and put on a brow of thunder that shall petrify and appal 'em.
He must be a news-reflector of the lyceum and lectur', and rain down his taffy torrents on the veteran milk inspector.
He must be a prompt adviser to each foreign king and kaiser, and keep out his keyhole telescope to dodge the bill collector.
—Lynn, Iowa Union.

AMUSEMENTS IN WYOMING

The Startling Experiences of an Innocent Young Tenderfoot Hotel Clerk at Eagle Pass City.

Antics of the Boys Who Came in to Attend the Ball---Careless Use of Firearms.

Entertainment for Man and Beast at the Same Table and in the Same Room.

We stayed over Sunday at Billings, Mont., and got acquainted with a young man who was waiting to take the train east the next day, writes Fred Carruth, in the Chicago Tribune.

"I was a hotel clerk in Peoria, Ill," he said in the course of some conversation, "and I thought it would be funny to come West and see the country."

"Haven't you found it as humorous as you expected?" I asked.

"I can't say that I have—I am now making, as near as possible, a bee-line for Peoria. You see, I knew a fellow down here at Eagle Pass City, Wyo., and he wrote me to come there and he'd get me a job as night clerk in the leading hotel, the Maverick house. So I went and got the place."

"Did you have any trouble with the proprietor?"

"No, not at first, anyhow—it was the guests that worried me. I'll tell you a little about it. The first night passed off smoothly. Somebody shot through the window and knocked the pen out from behind my ear, and at the time it worried me considerably, but I look back at it now and it hardly seems worth mentioning. The second night there was a grand ball in town, and all the men on the ranches for thirty miles around came in. They called it a 'shindig' and said they were going to have a good time. I saw them for a couple of hours before dark standing around on the corners polishing up their six-shooters with their handkerchiefs, and swearing because the government didn't pass a law compelling the manufacturers of ammunition to make cartridges a foot long. They said they had come after fun, and were going to have it if it took a leg. I overheard one tall, bony man who had but one eye and carried a shotgun say that he was no rabbit and would as soon shoot a hotel clerk as a Chinaman. He said if the trouble got bad anywhere he wanted to be right in the middle of it with his boots on. He carried his shotgun cocked all the time and always walked in the middle of the street instead of on the sidewalk.

"I told the proprietor that I was afraid there was going to be trouble, but he said I wanted to stand right up to 'em and not be bluffed and it would be all right. He said he would stay and help me, but he had to play the bull-fiddle at the dance.

"Just after dark the boys began to drop in and register. I would ask them if they wanted supper or a room, and they would talk pure profanity for a minute or two and then say that they didn't want nothing—was just arriving. Pretty soon I had six pages of arrivals, and I began to notice that some of them were registering two or three times. One fellow said he hadn't arrived at a hotel for twelve years, and he liked it so well that he stood and wrote his name four times. Some of them insisted on dipping the ends of their revolvers in the ink and writing with them, and pretty soon they began to make a period after their names by shooting straight down through the register and counter and pretty nearly into my feet. After a while the one-eyed man came in and said he heard I said he couldn't register. I denied it, and after talking a long time got him quieted down, and he poured the ink out of the bottle down the barrels of his shotgun and then flourished the muzzle around over the page and let the ink run out, and made some marks that looked as if the cat had dipped her tail in a quart cup of ink and then switched it around over the register. He said he usually wrote his name in blood, and it didn't come natural for him to use ink.

"About this time a fellow rode in on a horse and said he had taken the place for a barn, though he noticed now it wa'n't hardly good enough for hosses. Then he made his pony jump over a chair and rode out. Somebody shot at me a couple of times through the window, and I caught a fellow on the other side of the office with his gun over his shoulder trying to get my range in a little pocket looking-glass.

"They kept going back and forth between the hotel and ball room, stopping at all the saloons on the way, and pretty soon it kept me busy dodging bullets. The fellow with the looking-glass was practicing all the time, and getting madder and madder because he couldn't come close enough to draw blood on my ear. I never wanted to get back to Peoria so badly in my life.

"Pretty soon a man rode in and registered himself and horse and said he wanted supper. He insisted on riding into the dining-room and right up to the table. The waiter went after his order and I started back to the office, when the man yelled at me and told me to get his pony some hay. He seemed to mean it, and so I went out to the barn and got an armful of hay and brought it in and stuffed it under the table. The horse put his head down and went to eating and the man sat up in the saddle carving up pie with a bowie knife.

"I thought about Peoria and dodged bullets for the next few hours. One fellow rode in and tried to rope me with a lariat like he would a steer, but I got down behind the safe and he gave it up. My one-eyed friend dropped in with a rope with a hangman's noose on one end of it and said he reckoned that was about what I would come to 'fore morning. He said I was the first man that ever tried to keep him from registering. Then he threw the rope over the chandelier so that the noose hung a couple of yards from my face and went away.

"I was wondering why I ever left Peoria, when a couple of men came in and walked up to the counter. They were pretty drunk, and thought they were in a saloon. Said one of them: 'Podner, nom'nate yer pizen!' 'Whisky,' said the other, and he took hold of an inkstand filled with red ink, which I had set up after the other was empty. 'I'm a-spillin' gin this time!' said the first one, and he took the mucilage bottle, and then they both tipped back their heads and drank. When they finished, they thrhw the bottles at my head and abused the liquor for a minute or so and went out.

"Up to this time I had been shot at forty-two times, and thought of Peoria on an average of five times to each shot. The looking-glass man had tired out and gone away, and another fellow was riding up and down the street on the run and firing into the office promiscuously every time he went past.

"After a while a man rode in and said he wanted to go to bed. I took a lamp and went up stairs and he rode up behind me and into his room. There he got off and tied his hose to the wash stand and turned and jumped into bed with his boots and spurs on and pulled his hat over his eyes and started to go to sleep. I knew it was against the rules of the house to wear spurs in bed, so I said: 'Beg your pardon, sir, but you have forgotten to take off your spurs.' He began to roar like a man with his foot in a lawn mower and tried to turn over to face me, but his spurs caught in the bed clothes. I backed toward the door, and he began to kick. Great Cæsar! I never saw anything like it. The bed clothes began to rip and fly through the air as if there had a couple of cyclones collided! And all the time he was yelling the horse was bucking and jerking the washstand around the room. The pieces of quilts and blankets were getting so thick in the air that I couldn't breathe, so I went out and slipped down stairs, and left him standing on the back of his neck, and nearly reaching the ceiling at every kick. It reminded me some of what I read about the Charleston earthquake.

"When I got down the stairs I heard a great noise in the office and looked through a bullet hole in the door to see what was the matter. The one-eyed man was swinging the hangman's noose around his head and telling how I tried to prevent his registering and how I ought to be lynched, and the others were applauding him. He said the proper thing was to lynch me in front of the postoffice. I looked out a window and saw the rest of the crowd on horseback in the street yelling, 'Bring him out!' I made up my mind to face them till I saw the proprietor of the hotel standing on the edge of the walk swinging his arms and heard him saying that I couldn't be strung up any too quick to suit him. Then I concluded I'd got enough. I thought of Peoria and I slid out a back door and didn't stop walking till I struck this place and had my ticket bought straight through. They say here that the boys were only having a little fun with me and that the proprietor is a great hand to joke that way. They may be right, but it isn't my style of humor. It isn't on the Peoria plan. It may be all right, but I'm going to sit right here on the depot platform till the train comes."

CIGARETTES AND GIN

Some Astonishing Fads of the Woman's World.

"Did you see that girl who was just in here?" said the clerk of a popular Olive street drug store to a St. Louis Republican reporter yesterday.

"That young lady?"

"Yes. Well, what do you think she came for?"

"Complexion powder?"

"No, sir."

"Peppermint?"

"No, sir; cigarettes."

"For her little brother?"

"For herself."

"No?"

"Yes, sir. She uses about three packages a week. At first I thought she was buying them for some one else, but I was told not long ago by a lady who knows her and visits at her home that she uses them herself."

"Well, well."

"My friend says that it's the prettiest thing imaginable to see her smoking. She has the capers of a pretty boy to perfection. She tips back in her chair and put her slippered feet upon the table or window-sill and kills time like a thorough-bred. My friend says, too, that she has one of the daintiest little cigarette-holders you ever saw—meerschaum, and it's coloring nicely."

"How did she acquire the habit?"

"From seeing Lotta smoke—three years ago. She imitated her in fun, and now smokes her cigarettes in great shape and in dead earnest."

"Don't her folks disapprove?"

"They don't know it. The young lady's room is on a hall next to that occupied by two young men who are stopping at the house, and the folks account for the odor by their presence."

"Well, she is quite an exception, ain't she?"

"Not so much as you might suppose. I tell you you'd be surprised at the number of cigarettes we sell to women—nice women, too. The physicians are howling about the ravages of the cigarette among the young men. They have no idea, however, of its popularity with the young women."

"That is rather shocking, isn't it?"

"Well, comparatively so. It's a very mild kind of dissipation, to my mind. There is such an unfortunate percentage of girls given to worse habits and appetites. I have a half dozen among my customers who are pretty heavy gin drinkers. The appetite is a hard one to shake off."

"How is it they take to gin? Have they reached that stage through milder drinks?"

"Not necessarily. There are some of them who, I suppose, hardly know what beer or wine or whisky tastes like. You see, gin is a very popular remedy among women. Physicians often prescribe it for them, and it is a very insinuating drink. Holland and Jamaica gins are smoky, but Old Tom gin has a bouquet to it almost like a wine. It is like a perfume or—"

The reporter stated that he had some knowledge of the flavor.

"Well, then, you can understand how women get to liking it. I sometimes think the human system requires a stimulrnt of some kind. Often it is nothing worse than strong coffee, but they are very few who do not have something. Now, I say I have half a dozen gin-drinkers among the young ladies. Well, I presume every druggist in the city has an equal number of patrons among them. I have more rock candy and whisky calls, however. They get half a pint of whisky and have a couple of ounces of glycerine put in it and then, with rock candy, it makes a wonderfully nice drink. Of course, you've had a little sirup in yours, but I doubt if you've ever tried the glycerine."

"That helps it, does it?"

"Takes all the fire out of it. You get the flavor and effect without any of the torch-light procession. Well, several nips a day of that cordial soon establishes quite a respectable appetite for it."

"Is there any considerable consumption of the more deadly narcotics or drugs?"

"Well, yes; and then, no. There is a great deal, but it is among regular patrons, and is not particularly infectious, like the others we have talked about. Women have strong appetites, and when their systems become used to anything they seem to demand it more imperatively than men do, and they show less will in resisting the demands. Quinine in small doses is used to a ridiculous extent. They take it at first to cure a cold or as a light tonic. Then they take it as a preventive when they hove been exposed to some slight draft, and after a time they get to taking it for every fancy. Then there are morphine women and chloral consumers; women who have been given the drug so steadily by their physician that it has grown on them. Some few women buy opium for smoking."

"Does that prevail here?"

"Oh, no, I couldn't say it prevailed, but there are more of them than you would suppose."

"Where do they learn that?"

"In various ways. Some of them have been to Frisco, and the vice is there to any alarming extent. Others have had it taught them by women who have been there, or by residents of that place who have visited here who had acquired the habit. They are persuaded to smoke a little, and after two or three smokes for fun it takes a hold of them and then becomes a necessity. I have arseuic-eaters on my list, who beautify their complexions and shorten their lives with it. Then I know women who drink perfumes for the alcohol in them, and women who use belladonna to make their eyes bright. Of course the most pitiable of all these are the women who use, and have to use, the narcotics."

"What percentage," the reporter asked, "what percentage of the entire feminine population, adults of course, use some stimulant or opiate?"

"Well, judging from my own trade, which is my only guide, I should say 25 per cent."

Competitive Designs Invited.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—The Grant Monument association has issued a circular, addressed to artists, architects and sculptors, inviting competitive designs for a monument to be erected over Gen. Grant's grave, to cost $500,000. Prizes of $1,500, $1,000, $500, $300 and $200 are offered. Information as to the rules governing the competition can be had on application to Richard T. Greener, secretary, 146 Broadway.

Of Interest to Democrats.

Wabasha Herald.

If there is one thing more than another that the Democrats of this state should wish and pray for, it is that the Republicans may nominate Blaine for president and McGill for governor. Blaine's high protective tariff proclivities and McGill's anything-to-get-there proclivities will carry the state Democratic by a rousing majority.

A Narrow-Gauge in Trouble.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Feb. 5.—The Montgomery & Florida Narrow-gauge railroad, running southward forty miles from this city, was put into the hands of a receiver yesterday on petition of the contractors, who have a claim of $12,500 against the company.

GEORGE FOR CLEVELAND,

And Hints That He Will Not Be a Third Party Candidate.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—In an interview to-day Henry George said: "Mr. Cleveland has set his face clearly in the direction of free trade. The length or number of the steps is not of so much importance as that a step has been taken. President Cleveland is even now in advance of his party, and has made the issue. It cannot be dodged or evaded. I am with the administration and opposed to a third party presidential candidate as long as the administration and the Democratic party tend toward freedom. I have a strong belief that President Cleveland is far more radical than his party or even his message, and that he will at the opportune moment take a stride that will make his last advance look insignificant."

Faith in the "Soo."

Special to the Globe.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—George W. Brown, of Sault Ste Marie, is here for a few days. He is the oldest settler and wealthiest man in the Soo, and knows matters there thoroughly. He says: "To improve Hay Lake channel will shorten the route between Superior and Huron twenty-eight miles. It will enable vessels to sail along by night as well as day. It will thus stop much of the traffic which has made the Soo a growing and prosperous city, but we are not making any objections. We have at Sault Ste. Marie the best water power in the world. We have 300,000 horse power there and nothing can prevent our growth. We can grind flour for 1 cent a barrel and Minneapolis power costs 6 cents. We live in a climate 20 deg. warmer than Minneapolis in winter, and much cooler in summer. Our lake water is the softest in the world, and our soil the deepest and richest in the Northwest. I will not sell a foot of my island or mainland water front for any price. My investments will be worth a million more in five years. We can bring cereals from Dakota and Northern Minnesota and put them in the mills at the same cost as importation to Minneapolis, and grind them cheaper. Our faith in the natural advantafes of the 'Soo' are such that we make no opposition to the improvement of Hay lake channel, but, on the contrary, will be glad to see the improvements made as contemplated. We need a good Democratic paper at Sault Ste. Marie, and intend to have one in the spring. We want a Democratic representative in place of the late Congressman Moffatt, and intend to elect Brennan by a good big majority."

Ten O'Clock Was Time To Go.

A mother on Madison avenue lately requested her daughter, who is just approaching womanhood, to give her beau a hint that she must not sit up later than 10 o'clock, says the Albany Journal. This the girl was reluctant to do, but her little brother threatened that unless she did he would open the parlor door and announce the maternal edict. The sister supposed that she had put a quietus on her brother by reminding him of his playing hookey and forging his mother's name on excuses from school to go skating, not forgetting to mention a little riding whip his mamma kept in her room. All this, however, was not enough to keep the youth from getting even with his sister's beau for not giving him anything Christmas.

The other evening he got an alarm clock with a bell as loud as the gong on the Brooklyn bridge bob, and placed it under the sofa where his sister and her betrothed were to do their spooning. The hands were pointed at 10. The unsuspecting girl heard the tick, but took it to be her lover's Waterbury. He was just tickling her ear with a yarn about a horse his papa was going to buy when the gong sounded. There was a pause, and then, as though understanding the meaning, he grabbed his hat and never stopped running until he struck the door stoop, when he flew. The boy had iced the steps. The little brother now takes a cushion to school with him.

Convict-Cut Stone.

CHICAGO, Feb. 5.—The Times to-morrow will publish the fact that a letter has been mailed to President Cleveland and another similar in character to Chairman Barnum, of the Democratic national committee, calling attention to the alleged employment of non-union workmen in the construction of the auditorium building in this city and to the charge that convict-cut stone has been used in the structure. The question is asked whether the president and Mr. Barnum will countenance holding the Democratic national convention in the auditorium building, should the convention come to Chicago. The names of the persons signing the letter and the organizations they represent are withheld.

A Freshman Kills Himself.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Feb. 5.—Charles E. Schweyer, aged eighteen years, a freshman at Amherst college, and son of Edward Schweyer, a malt dealer of New York city, shot himself through the head last night, and will probably die. He had lately undergone an operation for a removal of a tumor from his face and was despondent. He had also told his companions that a professor had wrongly accused him of dishonesty. He was well liked at the college.

Mrs. Cleveland's Uncle.

BOSTON, Feb. 5.—A service of prayer was held to-day over the body of Homer T. Harmon, which will be taken to Houlton, Me., to-night, where funeral services and interment will take place. Mrs. Folsom was present. Mrs. Cleveland decided at the last moment not to leave Washington. She sent a letter of sorrow for her uncle's death and deep sympathy with the relatives.

The Metropolitan Bank.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 5.—The directors of the Metropolitan National bank will meet to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock. The first business transacted will be to accept the resignation of Cashier De Camp and elect Louis Krohn his successor. The bank is undoubtedly sound, and this step will restore confidence.

Redpath Much Worse.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—Late to-night a change for the worse in Mr. Redpath's condition took place, and it was feared that he could not survive until morning.

A Southern Rabbi Called.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Feb. 5.—The congregation of Emanuel temple to-night decided to extend a call to Rabbi S. Hecht, of Montgomery, Ala. Emanuel is the leading Hebrew congregation of the state.

Col. George Dead.

CONCORD, N. H., Feb. 5.—Col. John H. George died to-night. President Pierce tendered him the office of secretary of the territory of Minnesota in 1855, but he declined.

Senator Davis Very Ill.

Special to the Globe.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—Senator Davis has been too ill to-day to receive callers, and his condition is serious, if not alarming.

A Paris Museum.

Chicago News.

Great progress is being made with the building of a museum near the Trocadero palace in Paris, for the exhibition of the magnificent collection formed by M. Guimet at Lyons to illustrate the different religions of the world. M. Guimet's collection was started at Lyons, but he has been induced to take it to Paris, and the Græco-Roman edifice which is being built for it will be a very large one, consisting, as it will, in addition to the galleries in which the public will be admitted to view the collections themselves, libraries and studies for professors and other scientific men. The total cost of the building is estimated at £40,000, a third of which will be provided by the ministry of public instruction and the remainder by M. Guimet himself, who has also taken upon himself the expense of moving the collection to Paris, which of itself is estimated at nearly £3,000. In the wing of the museum will be the Japanese divinities and the Mandara, a kind of Japanese Olympus, the Egyptian divinities and collections of Japanese porcelain, while the galleries which face the Avenue d'Iona will contain the divinities of China, India, Greece, Italy and Gaul. In another wing, not yet built, will be exhibited the divinities of Africa, Oceanica, etc., while in another part of the building will be studies for the use of persons employed to translate Indian, Chinese and Japanese manuscripts. The museum will, it is hoped, be opened early in 1888.

A YOUNG LIFE WRECKED.

How Frank Wellner Was Dragged Down to the Depths of Misery by Opium.

Chicago Times.

Two young men were walking down the Bowery in New York one day. One of them was scarcely more than a boy. The other was older in years and experience. They passed a Chinese basement laundry, and the young man remarked: "That's an opium joint, isn't it?"

"Yes," his companion replied. "Have you ever 'hit the pipe?' No? Then you have missed something. Come down stairs and try it."

The boy had heard a good many weird stories about opium and pipe fiends, and there was a spice of the sensational about the proposed adventure. He stepped down and tried one of the long bamboo reeds through which the drug is smoked. He slept heavily; he dreamed delicious dreams; he thought he was in paradise, and he awoke headachy and penitent.

He was penitent all the next day, but along toward night he began to think of his sensations, his leap into the atmosphere of soft lights and hazy figures with more pleasure, and even the thought of his waking dullness was less painful than it had been that morning. The boy suddenly reflected: "It's getting the better of me already. I mustn't go there to-night," and he didn't go—not that night. But he went later on and again and again, and slowly the dreams began to fade away and gradually the fumes of the cooking opium affected him less and less. He tried whisky and found it did him little good. Then he went to laudanum, still drinking liquor in greater and greater quantities. The laudanum gave him relief, but its course was like the opium—it satisfied him at first, but eventually only made his appetite worse, and the more he took of it the more he wanted. Then he adopted the last resort of the "fiend." Finding that the drug smoked or eaten was slow and unsatisfactory in its results, he took to the hypodermic syringe. And the other day the result came when, wild-eyed and distraught in mind, he sought refuge in Justice Kersten's court from imaginary conspirators who, he thought in his undermined brain, were banded together to take his life. His mother stood beside him and soothed him when he raved madly of the plan to assassinate him. Twenty-three years old and an opium victim!

This was the story of young F. L. Wellner, who sat behind the grated window in the rooms of the county jail devoted to the insane yesterday, and restlessly shifted about to ease his wretched body. He is an opium madman, his body is covered with sores from the incisions made by the syringe, and he has the delirium tremens. And these are not his only misfortunes. He has been married three times.

Twenty-three years old and an opium victim!

Tweniy-three years old ond three times married!

He was married the first time when he was seventeen years old—a year before he took to frequenting the dens of New York. His wife was divorced from him. He married again, and was divorced a second time. Then he turned around and remarried his first wife, who now lives in New York with her child. His mother is the wife of Harry Thomas, the well-known singer. Wellner was a telegraph operator and stenographer, and a good one. He earned $300 a month and spent $150 of it for whisky. The rest went for the necessities of life—morphine and laudanum, and for a few luxuries like food and clothes. When he was arrested he was taking five doses of five grains each a day.

He Was Used to It.

Texas Siftings.

A rather shabbily dressed man, with a large book under his arm, inserted his nose into the orifice through which railroad tickets at the union depot at Austin are sold.

"What can I do for you?" asked Pete Lawless, the genial ticket agent.

"How much does a ticket to Dallas cost?"

"Seven dollars and fifty cents."

"Well, I've got all but the $7."

"That's hardly enough."

"Look here, my friend, I'm a book agent, and I got roped into a little game of poker and I want to get out of town. Now, if I stay here I'll have to drum, and I'm a terror. I've talked lots of people into the lunatic asylum. You don't want me to talk you silly, do you?"

"Suppose you try."

"In the interests of the people of Austin you want to help me leave this town. My staying here a week will retard its growth ten years."

"So you are really a book agent. What book are you selling?"

A galvanized smile spread over the man's face, like a lot of butter on a hot batter cake, and in a sing-song voice he remarked:

"I am offering the public, in seventeen volumes, 'Dr. Bumblebee's Observations in Palestine,' a book that should be in every household, a book that not only contains the views of the learned savant on what he saw in the Holy Land, but numerous speculations and theories about what he did not see, altogether forming a complete library of deep research, pure theology and chaste imagery. I am not selling this incomparable encyclopædia, but am giving it away at a ridiculously low figure"——

The agent paused. He expected that the ticket agent would be bored, but he was not. On the contrary, he seemed to be amused and pleased.

"Hadn't you better give me a ticket, instead of having me talk you to death?"

"Talk me to death! Why, man, alive, I like to hear it. Say that over."

"Say it over?" queried the bewildered book agent.

"Yes; I was a book agent myself before I went into the railroad business, and what you say is music to me. It calls back hallowed memories of the past, and makes me want to go on the road again. Why, man alive, I could listen to you all day. I wouldn't have you leave Austin for anything. Come around every day, and we will swop experiences."

The book agent closed his book with a bang, and faded away like a beautiful dream in the direction of a saloon where they set out free lunch. He had met his match for once.

Always Prepared.

Detroit Free Press.

"Did you ever have a lady hand you a lead quarter?" was asked of a car conductor yesterday.

"I have."

"Nicely dressed, high toned ladies?"

"Just so. There were several on this line who used to hand me lead quarters."

"And you didn't feel like saying anything to them?"

"There was no need. I always had four lead nickles ready to return for change."

They Kin.

Wichita Beacon.

If anybody tells you that animals can't talk, tell them they are mistaken—sealskin.

Steamship Arrivals.

New York—Aurania, from Liverpool, and Zaardam, from Amsterdam.
Philadelphia—Nederland, from Antwerp.
Havre—La Bourgogne, from New York.
Passed Browhead—Berlin, from New York for Liverpool.