THE DAILY GLOBE

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

LEWIS BAKER.

ST. PAUL, FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1888.

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

SIGNAL OFFICE, WAR DEPARTMENT, ST. PAUL, Minn., March 2, 1888, 12:15 a. m.—Indications for twenty-four hours commencing at 7 a. m. to-day: For St. Paul, Minneapolis and vicinity: Light snow, followed by colder, fair weather, with a cold wave; fresh northerly winds. For Minnesota and Eastern Dakota: Light snow, followed by colder, fair weather, with a cold wave; fresh northerly winds. For Southwestern Dakota: Colder and local snows, followed by warmer, fair weather; fresh northerly winds, becoming variable. Cold wave signals are continued.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

ST. PAUL, March 1.—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....	29.96	16	Omaha.....	30.04	18
St. Vincent	30.40	2	Huron......	30.20	4
Moorhead..	30.22	8	Yankton...	30.12	10
Duluth.....	30.22	10	Ft. Totten.	30.40	—4
La Crosse..	29.90	32	Bismarck..	30.42	-12
Milwauk'e.	29.96	32	Helena.....	30.42	—6
Marquette.	30.32	12	Ft. As'b'ne	30.56	—8
Chicago...	29.92	56	Medic'e H..	30.62	—6
Des Moines	29.84	34	Qu' Ap'lle.	30.62	-10
St. Louis....	29.96	60	Minnedosa.	30.57	—8
Ft. Smith..	30.00	64	Fort Garry	30.50	0

—Below zero.

"NO MORE TICKETS."

The St. Paul Street Railway company enjoys the singular notoriety of being the only corporation in the world that is trying to reverse the tide in favor of cheaper transporation. Under ordinary circumstances it would be a very risky experiment for a public carrier to undertake to raise the fare for travel over its line, but it so happens that the street railway company of this city is hedged about with most extraordinary security against competition, and therefore boldly walks in where other corporations fear to tread.

The mere matter of raising the price of street car fare one-fifth of a cent is not such a grievous matter if it was not for the inconvenience inflicted upon the public by the additional order forbidding the drivers to sell tickets. If the street car company has the right to charge a full 5-cent fare, and if it were policy to do so (which is questionable), still, the company might have regard enough for the convenience of passengers to put the tickets on sale at some accessible point. If they want 25 cents for five tickets let them put the five tickets in an envelope and permit the driver to sell them for a quarter of a dollar. Nobody would grumble at that. But just imagine the confusion and inconvenience in a crowded car of people, tramping each others' toes and climbing over one another to get to the front door for change. It is an abominable arrangement, and the company merits all the maledictions that are being pronounced upon it. If tickets are not to be sold on the cars, or at convenient and accessible points along the line, then let the company put conductors on the street cars to wait on the passengers and collect the fare. The public have some rights which even well hedged-in monopolies must respect. The manifestation of a spirit of accommodation never hurts anybody, least of all a corporation that is dependent on public patronage.

VITALIZING GRESHAM.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat is engaged in a very commendable but fruitless effort to restore vitality to the GRESHAM boom. The fact is that Judge GRESHAM is in the wrong party. If he were a Democrat he would have an excellent show for going on the ticket with CLEVELAND at the head of it. But having identified himself with the stalwart wing of the Republican party by going into the ARTHUR cabinet, he couldn't expect honors at the hands of the Democratic party until he had first purged himself of past political affiliations. But for all that the judge is a pretty fair Democrat in principle. At least, he is not a Republican. He is the pronounced enemy of pools and trusts, and that brings him over on to a Democratic platform. The man who will snap his fingers defiantly in the face of JAY GOULD is not the man who can win a Republican nomination. The Republican nominees are not built that way. So the Globe-Democrat may hang its GRESHAM fiddle on the wall and begin to tune up a monopoly instrument, if it expects to play in the Republican orchestra this season. Judge GRESHAM is popular enough in Missouri, but then it must be remembered that Missouri is a Democratic state.

FOR THEIR OWN INTERESTS.

The statement of Postmaster PUHLER, of Ada, that the Scandinavians of the Fifth district are terribly in earnest in their intention to do everything in their power to overthrow the present iniquitous high tariff, comes as a natural corollary to the statement published a few days ago regarding the formation of a Scandinavian Tariff Reform club at Crookston. Of course they are in earnest, and the reason is very simple.

As they become better acquainted with the language, laws, history and government of their adopted country they see very clearly that though they have come to a supposed land of freedom they are really under the dominion of as tyrannous an oligarchy as any now cursing the old world. Though accorded the fullest possible personal liberty, they find themselves in complete financial subjection to the favored monopolists, in order to pay whose tribute they must give up half of their scanty earnings. As they inquire further they find that the Republican party is responsible for the perpetuation of this state of things and is even now advocating its continuance.

They have discovered, too, that in their allegiance to the Republican party in the past they have been themselves aiding in placing the yoke on their own necks and in increasing their own burdens. They have rightfully decided that it is time to do something for their own interests and it is gradually dawning upon them that they cannot consistently do it and accord to the Republican party their old-time support.

The time has arrived, they see, to "break away," and the breaking process has already begun. In fact even Western Republicans of the original dyed-in-the-wool stripe have begun to do some thinking of the same kind, and when the monopolists and trust robbers come to their next counting of noses there is strong probability that they will find a considerable shortage.

NEW TARIFF BILL.

It is born at last. The ways and means committee have brought a new tariff bill into the world. At first glance it looks to be a chipper toddling. It is not so horizontal as some of its predecessors, and yet if it had been broader across the chest its many waiting friends would have been better pleased. But taken all in all it is a pretty fair sort of a looking tariff kid, and by the time congress has shaken it up and straightened its limbs and dressed it up in the best bib and tucker the infant is likely to mature into a tariff measure that will give reasonable satisfaction to the country.

The one thing that this new tariff measure will do which will strike the country with most force is that the revenues are to be reduced by something like $55,000,000 annually, and that this reduction is to be made by taking the tax off of many of the necessaries of life. The main points in any proposed tariff measure should be to get rid of a surplus and to relieve from taxation all articles that are necessary to the comfort of the masses. The principal criticism the GLOBE has to make on the bill is that it is not comprehensive enough. There are some articles not embraced in the free list that ought to be there and on others there has not been a sufficient reduction. Tariff reform can not be complete until the revenues are reduced to the actual necessities of the government. Instead of a $55,000,000 reduction there should be at least $80,000,000.

There is one feature of the bill that does not commend itself to popular favor in this section of the country. We can see no reason why duty on coal and iron ore remains unchanged. The GLOBE does not undertake to speak for other sections, but we do affirm that the Northwest is more interested in securing cheap coal than cheap tobacco.

It is possible that the retention of duty on coal and iron was intended as a tub to the RANDALL whole. It looks that way at all events, and it was probably thought necessary to cater to the Pennsylvania element a little in order to secure the passage of any sort of a tariff revision measure. If this be true, it is unfortunate. But even with this defect in the measure the bill should be passed because it establishes the principle of tariff reform. With this done the time will come later on when the law can be perfected. Revolutions never go backward. With the tide once started in favor of placing all raw materials on the free list, and of keeping the revenues down to the basis of government expenses it will only be a question of time as to arranging details in strict conformity with the exact principles of justice.

The iron kings and coal barons possibly have a power in congress that they will not have in the future. If, by their affiliation with the Republican members of congress, they are strong enough to defeat a straight out tariff reform bill, then it is wisdom on the part of the tariff reformers to make some concessions whereby they will be enabled to establish the principle for which they are contending.

A GENERAL FEELING.

We admire the courage of Col. KING, of Minneapolis, in giving utterance to his convictions with true Western independence, regardless of the storm of disapprobation he may naturally expect to be raised in consequence among his fellow Republicans. Col. KING is in an excellent position to observe the drift of public sentiment. He has been prominent in the councils of his party, and has been identified with every movement it has made in this state.

Therefore when he expresses his political views he may be regarded as speaking with something like authority. Though his devotion to the interests of Mr. BLAINE may have a tendency to cloud his vision as to the merit of the other prominent Republican leaders, there is one thing he sees very clearly, that no matter who the Republicans select as their leader in the coming presidential fight, ther defeat is certain. That this is the sentiment prevailing throughout a very large section of the party there can be no doubt. Col. KING is simply one of the first to give distinct utterance, following the example of his beloved chieftain, who implied it unmistakably in his Florence letter.

Of course Col. KING will be soundly berated by the Republican press for having had the courage of his convictions and the independence to utter them, but that will not alter the fact that he stands as the spokesman for a very large and reputable class of his fellow political believers. The Republican leaders cannot disguise from themselves that in their own ranks there is a widespread feeling of uneasiness, amounting virtually to despair. It is a losing fight that stands before them, and it is only natural that the rank and file should enter upon it with faint-heartedness.

Col. KING simply recognizes the very apparent fact that the people have spoken, and that their united voice is in favor of the continuance of the best administration they have enjoyed in a quarter of a century. Others have heard the voice too, and are simply trying to deafen their ears to it. They gain nothing by being blind to what others so readily see.

THE CANAL SCHEMES.

In favoring the Nicaraguan canal scheme so far as to consent to the incorporation of the company the senate has given an impetus to what is probably the most feasible method of trans-isthmian transportation, not even excepting the ship railway scheme of our own WILLIAM WINDOM. The government in no way involves itself, and the way is opened for the exercise of a considerable amount of American ingenuity and American capital, with the guarantee that in the event of the success of the enterprise the government will reap substantial benefit from it.

Inasmuch as along the route proposed nature has already done much in furnishing a highway by lake and river, the actual amount of canal cutting will be comparatively small. This, of course, gives the Nicaragua route an immense advantage over all others, and lays the foundation for the hope that the route may be opened within the present century at least.

So great are the possibilities accruing from the completion of the work, the government might well be justified in aiding in its construction itself. Certainly it would be fully as much warranted in doing so as it was in lending millions to the Pacific roads. But that is not asked. Only the protection of American laws is requested, and there can be no mistake in granting that.

The only one of the various trans-isthmian enterprises that is exclusively American in both capital and composition, it is fitting enough that it should be given the quasi-governmental backing necessary to insure its success.

A BURSTED BOOM.

There is sufficient testimony from quite unprejudiced sources to indicate that the HILL boom, if it ever existed, has now bursted and has completely collapsed. The statement comes even from those who were known to be very near to Gov. HILL that there will be no organized opposition in New York to President CLEVELAND's renomination.

This is as it should be. Not that there ever was the remotest chance of Gov. HILL being selected as the candidate of the Democratic party at the coming convention, even though there had been the most vigorous kind of an organization. The appreciation of Gov. HILL hardly extends beyond the limits of New York's executive mansion and the editorial rooms of the New York Sun. But it is desirable that there should not be a break anywhere in the ranks. The country demands CLEVELAND's re-election, and the Democratic party is practically unanimous in his behalf.

Though, as Gov. HILL, in the first blush of his insubordination, declared: "No man is essential to the Democratic party," the Democratic party realizes that at this juncture President CLEVELAND, if not essential, is certainly the most available man it can select to lead it to the victory awaiting it. And they didn't intend to allow HILL or any other man to persuade them to the contrary.

Gov. HILL seems to have been suffering from an exaggerated sense of his own importance. It is to be hoped that since his feeble boom has resolved itself into thin air, his head will regain its normal size, and that he will consequently be able to do his party such service as will entitle him to future consideration.

Even the enemies of the president recognize his nomination and re-election to be inevitable. Gov. HILL has lost no time in getting under shelter before the storm breaks. It will be a cyclone of popular demonstration in favor of honest government that will sweep the country.

STRAY SUNBEAMS.

P. T. BARNUM says that he is willing to take the presidential nomination on the Republican ticket. Mr. BARNUM is qualified. He has been a ringster all his life, and, as the nomination is likely to go begging, it would be a good trade for the Republicans if they could get a cage of monkeys in exchange for it.

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When the Seventh street dime museum fixtures were cleaned out the other day, the poor little monkeys were left out in the cold. By an oversight, no provision had been made for storing them along with the other goods. The new lessee wouldn't have them in the building, and the storage people were not authorized to take them away. A homeless monkey in a cold climate is an object of pity. While the cages sat on the pavement passers-by stopped and viewed with sorrowful eye these untutored natives of the tropics as they shivered in the biting blasts of a Manitoba wave. One old fellow, bigger and tougher-looking than the others, had climbed to the topmost perch, where he held on with a death-like grip and chattered out a defiance to the elements. "What does that old chap remind you of?" asked one looker to another. "I give it up." "That's JOHN SHERMAN posing for the presidential nomination."

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Menagerie prices are ruling low this season, judging from the auction sale of DORIS & COLVIN's bankrupt circus in St. Louis last week. Kangaroos sold for less than $50 apiece. Four performing lions only brought a fraction over $2,000, a zebra sold for $1,900, a white llama $151, two white camels for $385, a hyena cage for $50; while the trained elephant, "Betsy," only brought $700, or one-sixth of what she sold for a year or two ago. The highest bid on a royal Bengal tiger was $300, while a cage of pheasants and cockatoos only realized $70. Among the buyers were JOHN ROBINSON, BARNUM & BAILEY, ADAM FOREPAUGH and the ORRIN brothers.

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W. H. GRAY, the Chicago man who purchased Libby prison, is now in Richmond making preparations to remove the building to Chicago. Libby prison is an old tobacco warehouse, for which Mr. GRAY paid $23,000. He says that he has been offered, cash down, a bonus of $11,700 on his purchase. Mr. GRAY says that the building, when re-erected in Chicago, will be used for money making, and not for political purposes, and that it will be turned into a museum for exhibition of relics of the late war.

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Hon. WILLIAM KING still carries a level head. He concedes CLEVELAND's election in advance of the campaign. Mr. KING is a straight-backed Republican, but is one who has learned that it is no use to kick against the pricks. Democratic success is in the air this year so strongly that even Republicans cannot fail to sniff it.

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The indications are that the Burlington strike is near an end. Both parties are getting down to a common-sense basis, and there is no apparent reason why a satisfactory conclusion shall not be reached. If Supt. PERKINS and ARTHUR had acted as sensibly one week ago as they did yesterday, it would probably have been the saving of a good many thousand dollars to both the road and its employes. Experience is reputed to be a dear school, but there are some people who will learn in no other.

STATE PRESS CLIPPINGS.

Hard to believe: That the Republican party of Minnesota will be as reckless as it was in 1886.—Red Wing Republican.

The Sherman boom is so icy that fears are entertained it will not thaw out sufficiently to run after June 5, next.—Houston Valley Signal.

The nail manufacturers are working up a little trust to curtail the out put and raise prices. Just another twist of the screw, that's all.—Waterville Advance.

When the election shows a man running far behind his ticket and an administration characterized by mistakes and weakness, the obligation is on the other side.—Austin Transcript.

In casting about for a candidate for congress in this district the Republicans should remember that Judge John Q. Farmer has excellent running qualities.—Albert Lea Enterprise.

Men are thrown out of employment, but that is of small moment. That's the way labor is protected. The "Sugar Trust" is only a sample of all the other protected "trusts."—Le Sueur Sentinel.

Joel P. Heatwole, editor of the Northfield News, has been told by his many admirers that he would grace the halls of congress, and so he thinks he is a "biger man than old Grant."—St. Peter Tribune.

The Chicago Tribune, which hates John Sherman and doesn't like Blaine's tariff ideas, is booming Gresham for the presidency. But, then, how is the Judge on a reduction of the tariff?—St. Cloud Times.

The Eastern milk trust can hardly be classed among the "infant industries" protected by the tariff, yet it seems to be quite as powerful as any "protected" trust, and to have lawless ways of its own in conducting business.—Winona Republican.

It seems that in his acceptance speech Congressman Lind declared himself in favor of placing tea and coffee on the free list, and did not discover that these articles have been on the free list for many years.—Duluth Herald.

How Much Is He Worth?

Albert Lea Standard.

Senator Davis is opposed to the removal of the tariff of $2 a thousand on lumber, and in so doing prefers to represent the interests of a dozen millionaire lumber monopolists in preference to the interests of the thousands of farmers and other classes in Minnesota, who are compelled to pay tribute to to them. Even if the removal of the tariff should fail to break down the monopoly and reduce the price, it would certainly give us more Canadian lumber, and every sensible man knows that we should endeavor to preserve the timber of the United States instead of putting a premium on its destruction. Has Davis sold himself to the lumbermen?

BLAINE AND TRUSTS.

It requires but little prophecy to say that Grover Cleveland's name will be presented for renomination by Gov. David B. Hill.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Mr. Blaine is still willing to be a popular favorite with the people. He announces that he will not write a book on his European experiences.—Washington Critic.

Like Mr. Blaine, Mr. Conkling comes to Pittsburg to announce that he is not a candidate for presidential honors. Both are great men and Pittsburg is a great city.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

Mr. Blaine has placed himself where Rev. Mr. Burchard can never injure him again, and in time he may live down the kidney specialist who has followed him so persistently throughout Europe.—Chicago Tribune.

"Trust" operations which amount to a conspiracy are criminal. "Trust" agreements and dealings which are against public policy are void and cannot be enforced.—New York Herald.

The effort to infuse life and enthusiasm into the Republican party by club organizations is one of the most laughable failures that ever occurred in politics in this country.—La Crosse Chronicle.

Blaine's "final" withdrawal may be expected to make a weekly appearance from now until the middle of June, when hedging will take its place to occupy the public mind until the 22d of June.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From Maine to California all sorts of Republicans are united on the supreme and controlling issue of protection Such a fact needs the help of arguments. It should decide the Republican policy for the campaign.—New York Mail and Gazette.

A monopoly (the Standard Oil company) like this is dangerous and injurious. It cripples legitimate trade and becomes a menace to our institutions. Each year it is piling up millions of wealth and growing more tyrannous.—Baltimore American.

Since Mr. Blaine has shrewdly determined not to stand as the Republican candidate for president to be knocked over by Mr. Cleveland, the Republicans all over the country are in a "cave of gloom."—Omaha Herald.

BICYCLES FOR LADIES.

The Wearing of Bicyles Is to Commence in Washington.

"Mr. Smith, how about those female bicycles?" I asked of a dealer, writes a Washington correspondent of the St. Lovis Globe-Democrat.

"There is one," he remarked, pointing out one that leaned languidly against the partition. "Just lift it."

I did. It was very light.

"What's the use of a lady's riding a tryicle, the lighest of which weighs sixty pounds, when she can ride a bicycle that weighs only thirty-five pounds, and go a great deal faster with a smaller expenditure of force?" That's what Smith said.

I did not answer the question, but I inquired if bicycles were used by women anywhere else.

"Nowhere else in the world," said Smith triumphantly. "I make these myself and put them on the market."

"Who are the gay girls I saw out on them to-day?" I inquired.

"They are not gay," he answered, "they are not lithsome maidens like Mary Walker; they are staid and conventional dames—wives and mothers."

"Will women wear bicycles anywhere else?" I inquired of Smith.

"Of course they will. Washington will set the example, New York, Boston and Chicago will follow. Of course, no other city is quite so well adapted to their use as Washington is, because no other in the world has such smooth streets; but others will use them. There are 14,000 cyclers in this city, and these new low bicyclers will gradually supersede the tricycles. It must be so. The survival of the fittest requires it."

I consulted a professional lady of forty-five, who is a familiar figure on a tri. "I shall get a bi if it will better answer my purpose," she said. "It involves no more exposure than my machine does. The talk of immodesty is all an affectation. Look at the way those bashful creatures 'dress' for a ball. Modesty is largely a question of fashion and temperature anyway."

So woman is completing her conquest of the planet. She rows. She smokes. She preaches. She hazes. She shoots. She rides. And now she has lassoed the iron grasshopper that man has hitherto exclusively bestridden, and has fearlessly mounted it.

Mrs. Stowe's Latest Works.

New York Times Hartford Special.

The latest thing from the pen of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is a reminiscence of her childhood, contributed for the benefit of the City Mission fair now in purgress in this city. The anecdote, as told by Mrs. Stowe, was published this afternoon in the City Mission Record, which is edited by the authoress, Mrs. Florine Thayer McCray. The bit of humor is appended in the language of Mrs Stowe:

"When I was eight years of age I had a favorite cat of which I was very fond. Puss was attacked with fits, and in her paroxysims flew round the top of the wall, jumped on to our heads, and scratched and tumbled up our hair in a frightful way. My father shot her, and when she was cold and dead my former fondness returned. I wrapped her nicely in cloth, and got my brother to dig a grave and set up a flat stone for a monument. Then I went to my older sister, Catharine, and asked her to write me an 'epithet' to put on the stone. She wrote:

> 'Here lies poor Kit
> Who had a fit
> And acted queer;
> Killed with a gun,
> Her race is run
> And she lies here.'

I pasted this upon the stone and was comforted."

Mrs. Stowe writes very rarely of late, and it was only on account of the charitable character of the fair that she was persuaded to make the contribution to the Record.

Heavy Liabilities.

NEW YORK, March 1.—Sechendorf, Lewis & Co., hop merchants of Nurenberg, Bavaria, Sacz, Bohemia and London, with a branch in this city, have failed; liabilities, 6,000,000 marks.

COULD YOU?

Lady with the shining hair,
Holding all the charms and graces,
Stately, kind and passing fair,
Could you wash the children's faces?
When the rosy morning bright
Paints with gold each roof and spire,
Banishing the shades of night,
Could you start the kitchen fire?
O'er the fields with thee I wander,
Summer's glory overhead;
Charmed, I all thy virtues ponder—
But could—ah, could you make good bread?
Eyes so deeply, truly tender,
Clear as water in a pool,
Answer my heart's importuning—
Have you been to cooking school?

—Helen M. Winslow in Life.

LOVE'S LONG ROMANCE.

After Weary Waiting Two Hearts Come Together at Last.

SHE IS NOW AN HEIRESS.

Her Father's Will Stands in the Way of Miss Rand's Marriage to Col. Burbank.

"Susie, you ought to have been married twenty years ago—no, not twenty, perhaps, but fifteen, I'll say."

"Why, colonel, how you do talk tonight! What if I should say I wasn't going to be married at all?"

"Don't say it, Susie, my sweetheart; don't say it, or I shouldn't sleep a wink for a week."

Col. Augustus J. Burbank, the well-known real estate man, sat in a cozy back parlor at No. 1209 Wabash avenue last night, gallantly making love to handsome and sprightly Miss Susan Rand, says the Chicago Times. And this courtship of Col. Burbank and Miss Rand was so romantic and so like the courtship in a modern society novel that it was extremely interesting.

Miss Rand said if she should tell all she knew about the case it would furnish material for at least a dozen novels better than "Mr. Barnes, of New York," or "Mr. Potter, of Texas."

Col. Burbank smiled grimly behind his big, gold-rimmed spectacles, nervously patted the bald spot on the top of his head, and said that he didn't know much about Mr. Barnes or Mr. Potter, but what he didn't know about love-making would not make much of a book.

Miles Standish was not "up" in the art of winning a woman's heart and hand. He, fool-like, sent John Alden to "fix" things for him with Priscilla, and got badly left.

The colonel knew better than that.

He had studied the "Art of Love' Making" in a cheap 25-cent edition to some purpose.

Miss Rand had recently fallen heir to some $25,000.

THE COLONEL KNEW THAT.

And he was on the ground.

He knew better than to make love by proxy in a case like this.

Col. Augustus J. Burbank is well and favorably known in real estate circles in this city. For eight years he has had an office in the Tribune building. Last Saturday he removed his headquarters to a basement at No. 147 La Salle street. He lives in bachelor apartments in a flat at No. 373 Wabash avenue.

He is a large, well-dressed man, with a fringe of white hair running round his bald head and a full, short white beard. His upper lip is clean shaven. He wears gold spectacles. His age is within hailing distance of seventy years.

When he speaks it is with great deliberation, except when he chances to be addressing Miss Susie, and then he becomes playful and almost boyish.

Miss Rand is a neat and attractive dark-eyed young woman of thirty-six. She blushes perceptibly when the colonel makes his playful remarks. She resides with her sister, Mrs. Laura Jane Lawrence, whose age is forty-five. Both the women formerly lived at Lyons, where the late Robert W. Rand, their father, was a wealthy banker.

Col. Burbank was also a resident of Lyons. There it was that he became acquainted with Miss Susie, fell a victim to her charms, and began the long and romantic courtship, which just now seem to be passing through the sensational stage incident to a contract of Banker Rand's will.

Last night in a cozy little back parlor Col. Burbank sat at one side of a center table in a comfortable rocking-chair, and Miss Rand sat on the other side. It was exactly the favorable position that Mr. Bumble, the beadle, occupied when he began his courtship of Mrs. Corney. It will be remembered that every time Mr. Bumble "hitched" his chair a little round the table towards Mrs. Corney, Mrs. Corney "hitched" her chair a little toward Mr. Bumble, while pretending to get farther away.

It is not known whether Col. Burbank adopted those tactics or not, Mrs. Lawrence was in the room at least part of the evening. Of course she couldn't

UNDERTAKE TO SAY

what happened when she was not in the room.

Miss Rand returned from Rochester, N. Y., where her father died Oct. 21 last, and whither she had gone to begin a contest of the very peculiar will he left behind.

Robert W. Rand had removed to Rochester from Lyons, Io., a few years before his death. He left an estate valued at $80,000. The will is dated at Lyons, Clinton county, Io., Nov. 3, 1880.

At that time the estate was valued at $60,000. It had increased $20,000 during the last eight years.

Omitting the legal verbiage, the will, after designating Robert M. Rand and James Tierney as trustees of the sum of $20,000 set aside for the testator's daughters, prescribes that if at the expiration of ten years from the time of the testator's death neither of his daughters, Laura Jane nor Susan, shall have married the man known as Col. A. J. Burbank, $4,500 is to be paid to the former and $5,500 to the latter, and in case neither of the said daughters shall have married said Burbank within fifteen years after the testator's death $4,500 is to be paid Laura Jane and $5,500 to Susan. If either of the daughters marry any man within ten years from their father's death without the written consent of either his wife, Mary G., or nephew, Robert N. Rand, she is to forfeit all money due from the estate. If either or both marry within fifteen years without the written consent of their stepmother or cousin, they forfeit the unpaid halves of their legacies.

The remainder of the estate is bequeathed to the testator's wife, Mary G. Rand.

"Why did old Mr. Rand hold such an antipathy against you marrying one of his daughters?" was asked of Col. Burbank.

The colonel hesitated. Then cast a furtive glance at Miss Susie. Miss Susie blushed.

"Well, it was this way," the colonel said at length, but with some embarrassment; "it was a hobby of the old man's all his life that nobody was quite good enough to marry one of his daughters."

"Did he make objection when Laura June was married?"

"Did he? Well, you can just bet he did. Why, she was married to her present husband twenty-five years ago when she was only twenty. Her husband is still living, but is an invalid and is away for his health. They have lived in Chicago ever since they were married. How absurd of her father to make a provision against her marrying me, or anybody else, when she was already married and her husband living!"

"Yes, but why did old Rand deal with you so hard in his will?"

"Well, I'll tell you how that is. Money was his god, and he imagined that whoever wanted to marry a daughter of his did not want her for love but for her money."

The colonel cast another furtive glance at Miss Susie, and again the maiden blushed.

"Yes, it was money with him, and he thought everybody else was looking for the stuff."

"That's the way it was," said Mrs. Lawrence.

"He was very peculiar," said Miss Rand.

"Another thing," continued the colonel, stroking his bald spot and trying to look twenty years younger, "the mother of these two girls died when they were mere infants, and their father

MARRIED AGAIN.

Their step-mother always tried to influence him against his daughters. These two are his only children.

"Let me see. Your father began to oppose your marrying when you were about thirteen, didn't he, my dear?" asked the colonel, turning affectionateyl toward Susie.

"That's about it," was the reply. Then she blushed once more, and the colonel appeared not to notice her embarrassment.

"We are going to break the will on the ground that undue influence was used upon the testator by his wife, who wanted to cut out the two children, Oh, yes, it was puite absurd for him to think I was after his money instead of his daughter when he left only $75,000 or $80,000. Now if he had left as much as Snell he might have had cause to be suspicious."

"And, then, just to think that a young lady shouldn't know her own mind!" exclaimed Susie. "It's perfectly rediculous."

"Yes, it's absurd, downright absurd!" snorted the colonel. "I know my own mind."

"Old man Rand lived in Iowa about thirty-three years. I lived at Lyons, and we used to visit back and forth there. Once a reception was given at his house to Gov. Gear, and it was quite a swell affair, and it was under my direction. But he got down on me for all that, and he was a fool for doing it. He moved back to Rochester about three years ago, but kept his property in Iowa."

Col. Burbank is said to have been paying attentions to Miss Rand since long before the objectionable will was made. It is not known why the twain never wedded when only a paltry $25,000 was at stake; but it is safe to say the consummation will soon be reached, if present indications mean anything, in case the strange will is broken.

CYCLONES OF TOOTHPICKS.

A Toothpick Trust Results in the Invention of a Machine That Makes 6,000,000 a Day.

As he stood beside a little machine that was sending out a perfect cyclone of toothpicks, some 10,000 of them a minute, says the Lewiston Journal, E. T. Edgecomb, the title member of the firm, related his experience in the toothpick business:

"I was formerly a mechanical expert in the employ of the Haverhold Machine company. I was with that concern a number of years, mastering many details and ideas about machinery, for which I hold a most decided taste. In fact, it is my hobby. A few years ago I left my position with the Haverhold company and went to Mechanic Falls, where I formed a machine company. Later I went into the toothpick business with Harry D. Creighton, of Philadelphia, as my partner. We succeeded well in our venture, till all of a sudden we found that the toothpick combination had frozen us out. This combination practically controlled all the toothpick business of the United States, and when it refused to supply us with toothpicks we found ourselves in a bad position. We had a large number of orders to fill and not a pick to fill them with. In this extremity I went to work to get up a toothpick machine of my own, and you see the result of my labor before you. This machine manufactures about 6,000,000 picks per day, and they are about as good picks as there are in the market."

He took up a handful of picks from the bin into which they were being poured from the mouth of the machine, and handed one to the reporter for examination. They are the flat picks with the ends sharpened off like a chisel, very good picks indeed the reporter thought, and his view is evidently the public mind to judge from the fact that the Edgecomb factory has orders ahead for its entire production of the next five years.

"Don't you make the picks that are pointed at both ends?"

"No, we do not at present. We are perfecting plans to go into that style of pick in the spring. We are now at work on a toothpick machine, the capacity of which will be 120,000 per minute or 72,000,000 per day.

"Well, to go back a little to the time when we began to manufacture for ourselves. As soon as the toothpick combination found that we were able to supply our customers with as good a pick as could be had, and that we had a machine that would do three times as much work as their own, which turns out about 3,000 per minute, they decided to more than ever to drive us out of the business.

"We were not to be driven out, but, on the contrary, kept forging ahead all the time, till finally they concluded we were not to be conquered, so they invited us into their combination. We refused to go. We saw no use of combinations. Our goods stand on their own merits, and we find a ready market for them.

"But you wished to know how a toothpick was made. Well, let's begin at the first stage of the process.

"The wood we use is birch and maple. It must be green, clear and straight-grained. We get it from all along the line of the Maine Central. It comes in four-foot logs, which we saw into six and a quarter inch pieces. These are put into barrels in the steaming room, where they remain for about three hours, coming out as soft as leather."

He picked up a piece of thin veneer and exhibited its pliability by twisting it carelessly in the way one would a strip of ribbon.

"The charging of the wood with steam drives out all the sap, and then it is ready for the veneer machine, the bark having been removed. Here is the veneer machine in operation," and he indicated a piece of mechanism much like a lathe, similar to the veneer machine used in wooden box factories. The blocks are placed in this instrument and out comes two long serpents of veneer, or ribbons of wood, the grain running across the strips, which are allowed to squirm around on the floor till the operation is complete.

"They are then wound up on large spools, each spool carrying about a hundred feet or so of veneer. The reels are the amunition with which the toothpick machine is loaded. The end of the veneer is placed in the Gattling-gun-like apparatus and shoots out at the muzzle in a scattering volley. A small boy picks them up into drying boxes with wire bottoms. They are placed on a hot-air draught, fanned by a blower, and in twenty minutes they are as dry as a bone.

"In the boxing room a half-dozen girls stand at tables and put up about five cases a day, 100 boxes in a case, for which they are paid 18 cents a case. The work is not hard, and an expert can make good wages."

Drinks Like a Fish.

Washington Letter.

The following is said to have been an actual occurrence one day last week at the house of a certain Western senator, whose little daughter is known for her brightness and precocious ways. Senator B——, of Kentucky (both the senators' names begin with B, and you may therefore take your choice), strolled in, in the course of an afternoon reception given by the wife of his Western colleague, and presently escorted another lady to the refreshment table, where a large bowl of lemonade—the hostess belongs to the Blue Ribbon army—was provided for the thirsty visitors. In the act of raising the glass to his lips and looking as if he were preparing to swallow a dose of medicine, the Kentuckian felt the hostess' little girl cling to his coat tail, while at the same time she made an importunate request to be allowed to look on while he imbibed the cooling liquid.

"I don't quite understand," said the puzzled senator. "May I inquire, my dear, why you are so interested in the matter?"

"O, yes," cried the child, promptly. "I want to see you drink, cause mamma says you do it like a fish."

Well Equipped.

Town Topics.

"I hear Bella Rant is going on the stage."

"Indeed! "What line of parts?"

"Emotional, I believe."

"Has she any talent in that direction?"

"I should say she had. She has $75,000 worth of Paris clothes and a most harrowing, heart-breaking sigh."

A Blizzard Victim.

Special to the Globe.

ST. CLOUD, Minn., March 1.—Martin Jurck, of Duelm, badly frozen three weeks ago, died at St. Benedict's hospital here this afternoon.

HUNTING A PRINCE.

His Royal Highness of Wales Chased by Fenians.

HE MAKES A NARROW ESCAPE

The Panama Canal in Bad Shape Financially---General Foreign News.

NEW YORK, March 1.—The World's London special says the Chronicle prints a story that, while yachting at San Remo, the Prince of Wales was pursued by Fenians in a steam yacht bearing the American colors. A British gunboat saw the prince's danger and came to the rescue. The yacht hoisted the Irish flag, and, after a long chase, escaped from the gunboat.

The Panama Canal.

PARIS, March 1.—M. DeLesseps, in his report to an extra meeting of the Panama Canal company to-day, states that the ill-will of the opponents of the canal, which resulted in compelling the company to borrow money at a higher rate of interest than was expected, is the only cause of the increased cost and of the intimidation of certain of the company's contractors. Referring to the number of cubic metres excavated in 1887, the report states that owing to the prevalence of the rainy season and the difficulty in procuring workmen, M. DeLesseps can hardly insure completion in 1890. The directors have been induced to agree to the construction of locks, by means of which vessels of the largest tonnage may traverse the canal in 1890 before the work is absolutely completed.

Unprotected England.

LONDON, March 1.—Mr. Stanhope, secretary for war, has issued a memorandum relative to the army estimates and to the report of the committee he appointed to consider the condition for defense of military and mercantile ports of the kingdom. He admits that after careful inquiry it has been ascertained that deficiencies exist in the defenses of Portsmouth, Plymouth and the Thames, which render England's position dangerously insecure. The Standard in an article praising Mr. Stanhope's courage urges the government to give up their pretended policy of economy and ask parliament for money that is needed to protect the empire.

The Crown Prince.

SAN REMO, March 1.—The German crown prince had a good night. He feels better this morning. The discharge from his throat continues to be tinged with blood. The crown princess, Count Von Seckendorff and Mlle. Herpigna have gone to meet the Prince of Wales, who will make another visit to San Remo.

The official bulletin to-night announces that the crown prince has passed a good day; that he has coughed less, although he expectorates more and that the expectoration is greatly tinged with blood.

Chamberlain's Expenses.

LONDON, March 1.—In the house of commons to-night Henry LaBouchere criticised the credit of $32,500 for expenses of Mr. Chamberlain's mission as excessive. Under Secretary Fergusson said it was smaller than that of any similar mission preceding it. Mr. Gladstone applauded Mr. Chamberlain as a man of eminent ability, competent to grasp the question under consideration. The credit was approved 314 to 68.

Wilson's Punishment.

PARIS, March 1.—M. Wilson, the son-in-law of ex-President Grevy, who has been on trial for complicity in the legion of honor decoration scandals has been convicted. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, to pay a fine of 3,000 francs and to be deprived of his civil rights for five years.

THE STORM.

Reports From Places Where it Raged Yesterday.

Special to the Globe.

LITCHFIELD, Minn., March 1.—A terrible storm has been raging since last night at dark. Snow plows have been running and trains are late. Freights are abandoned.

CHIPPEWA FALLS.

Special to the Globe.

CHIPPEWA FALLS, Wis., March 1.—A heavy storm of sleet has been falling all day, accompanied by a high wind. Trains will probably be delayed.

ST. CLOUD.

Special to the Globe.

ST. CLOUD, March 1.—It commenced to snow here early this morning and has continued all day, with a steady wind from the east. All freight trains have been abandoned, while the Willmar train which was due here this morning at 7:30 is still between here and Willmar.

FARIBAULT.

Special to the Globe.

FARIBAULT, Minn., March 1.—A storm of hail and sleet has prevailed here since last night. Nearly six inches has already fallen and indications are that the storm will continue throughout the night.

BRAINERD.

Special to the Globe.

BRAINERD, Minn., March 1.—A driving snow storm has prevailed here all day. The snow is badly drifted in every direction, and all trains are running behind. The storm has greatly interfered with all kinds of business.

TRAINS ABANDONED.

FARGO, Dak., March 1.—The Fargo & Southwestern has abandoned all trains until after the weather moderates.

THE JERSEY LILY.

Mrs. Langtry Gets Into Legal Trouble at Chicago.

Special to the Globe.

CHICAGO, March 1.—A writ of attachment was issued against Mrs. Langtry's property at McVicker's theater to-day. It was granted to Nadage Dorce, the actress who was dismissed from the Langtry company for refusing to play a role she considered beneath her abilities. Miss Dorce brought suit against Mrs. Langry to recover $420 salary, which she claimed was due her for the unexpired fourteen weeks of the season, for which she had a contract. The attachment was the result of the suit. James Crichton, goldsmith and jeweler at 47 George street, Edinburgh, Scot., also brought an attachment suit in court here to-day against Mrs. Langtry. Crichton claims Mrs. Langtry owes him £49 16s 6d for merchandise purchased of him between Oct. 18, 1884, and Dec. 18, 1887. Mrs. Langtry has closed her season here, and it is reported she intends disbanding her company as she is too ill to continue on the stage. The Crichton claim was paid in full, and bonds were given for the Dorce suit. J. H. McVicker, of McVicker's theater, has also brought suit against Mrs. Langtry for compensation for the nights his theater was idle by reason of her non-appearance.

Turpie's Story on Judge Gresham.

Chicago Herald.

Down in Southern Indiana, where Judge Gresham is generally known as "Walt," both Republicans and Democrats name their babies and other pets after the man who hit Jay Gould between the eyes. Concerning this predilection of the Hoosiers, Senator Turpie, of Indiana, told several good stories the last time he was in Chicago. Shortly after Gen. Gresham had made his two gallant but unsuccessful runs for congress against the invincible M.C. Kerr, he and Judge Turpie were riding one day along a country road in one of the southern counties. Upon a hilltop they halted for a few moments to admire the beauty of the scenery and to rest their tired horses. Near by was a settler's cabin, its barn, fences and other surroundings bearing the marks of demoralization and lack of care so common upon the farm of Southern men. Gen. Gresham's experienced eye at once detected the fact that this settler was a refugee, and when a lank, raw looking wan with sun-burned hair and an old greasy slouch hat upon his head came ambling up the hill, accompanied by six dogs, the general hailed the man and asked him where he was from. In answering that he was a settler from Tennessee, whence he had been driven because of his loyalty to the Union, the settler was much harassed by one of his dogs. This animal kept jumping and barking about and making such a nuisance of himself that the settler was prone to make frequent and profane remonstrance, and to administer sundry kicks and blows. "Cuss that 'ar dog," he exclaimed; "he's the meanest pup I ever raised—the orneriest dog I ever had on my place. I've got a big notion to shoot him. Can't teach the durn fool anything. He mought be a good dog, fer he's named after one o' the best men in Injeanny, but he ain't." "And what do you call him?" inquired Judge Turpie. "Oh, that's my pup's name," replied the settler, "is Gen'l Gresham, cuss his fool soul."

ARSENIC ON THE GROOM.

A Jealous Suitor Breaks Up a Wedding Ceremony.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Feb. 29.—West Pittston gossips are in an ecstasy of delight. A wedding that was to have occurred on Thursday last did not take place, and the attendant circumstances have caused every tongue to wag incessantly ever since.

Miss Hattie Fenner is a pretty, vivacious young lady. She is also the happy possessor of a comfortable bank account and a mind of her own. Robert Hatson is the son of a wealthy dry goods merchant. He is not good looking, but he wears good clothes, and in his endeavor to enhance his beauty has been in the habit of applying to his face a preparation in order to make his complexion look paler. The two young people were engaged to be married on Thursday last. At 7:30 o'clock in the evening, the hour appointed for the ceremony, the Fenner residence was crowded with invited guests, among whom were the best people in Pittston. Two rooms were filled with costly wedding presents, the sight of which were enough to send every bachelor present in search of a wealthy girl with lots of friends. In the parlor was an archway composed of choice flowers, under which the nuptual knot was to have been tied.

When the orchestra, for which Papa Fenner expended $50 in cold hard cash struck up the wedding march and the minister moved to his place with a new $20 bill in his pocket, young Hatson and his bride started down the stairs to enter the parlor. The bride was attired in a white satin dress, imported directly from Worth. All the young ladies clasped their hands ecstatically when they saw the beautiful girl and the beautiful dress, and one young charmer was heard to remark in an audible tone:

"Oh, my; how I wish I could get married! I don't care much for the husband, but I do want a dress like that."

She received seven proposals the next day.

When the couple were about half way down stairs the groom suddenly threw up his hands, uttered a cry of pain and fell all in a heap on his bride's train. The latter was so overcome that she too fainted and the wildest confusion ensued. There was enough water poured on the prostrate pair to fill a tub and the bride's Worth dress was badly soaked. The groom was taken up stairs and physicians were summoned. The doctors said the young man had been drugged. Proper medicines were administered, but it was some time before Hatson recovered consciousness.

The incident created much excitement among the guests. The wedding was declared off and the guests returned to their homes.

Later developments show that Hatson was the victim of a rival's jealousy. This rival, a former suitor for Miss Fenner's hand, knew that Hatson affected cosmetics and face preparations. Accordingly while the bridegroom was absent from his room the jealous rival stealthily entered, took the young man's face whitening preparation, put arsenic in it and stirred it round and round and round. When Hatson returned he plastered his face freely with the drug, with the result as related. But the worst part of the calamity is that now, since the affair has created so much gossip, Miss Fenner has refused to marry Hatson, and the match has been broken off.

The unfortunate young man swears he will have the hated rival arrested.

THEY HATE MATINEES.

Actors Regard Them as Cold and Clammy Impositions.

Pittsburgh Dispatch.

"I hate matinees," said an actress to me yesterday at the close of a performance, as she walked into the lobby.

"And why particularly?"

"I hate them for a lot of reasons. You'd find it very hard to put your hand on the man or woman in the profession to-day who doesn't hate matinees. Everybody hates them, and I'm ashamed to say if it wasn't for a pack of women we shouldn't have to give matinees at all."

"But why do you hate matinees?"

"Firstly, because I regard one performance a good day's work, and as much as any conscientious actor ought to do. Secondly, because the daylight straggles into the theater and gets up a fight with the gas almost every time—and I'd like to see the woman who looks well under daylight and gaslight mixed.

"Thirdly and chiefly, I hate matinees because at them the audience is almost always a cold, chilly thing, chary of its applause and scattered all over the house like a flock of dumb geese. The reason for the meagreness of applause always to be noted at matinees is that the audience is usually nine-tenths women. Nature has not built women for extravagant manifestations of delight in America; and the makers of gowns and applied machinery in dress have decided that what little disposition the American woman has for applauding shall be thwarted by innumerable and complicated devices. You can't expect a woman to crack her gloves or bring about an attack of heart disease to gratify an actress, can you? That's what she'd do at the very least, the average tailor-made woman, if she clapped her hands and cried 'bravo!' simultaneously."

He Sold Smith.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

Talking about "sells," I have one in mind which was rather lovely in its operation. Smith hated Brown. Jones presumably loved neither Brown nor Smith too well. One day Jones came to Brown and said: "Did you hear of that excellent joke the boys played on Smith?"

"No; but," anxiously, "what is it?"

"Somebody sent Smith a large package wrapped up in paper. When he took off the first covering of paper he found another, and when that was removed another, and so on until he had taken off about a score of wrappings. At last he got down to a little wooden box; and what do you think he found in it?"

"I don't know; nothing?"

"No; a pig's tail!"

"Yes; and I know where it comes from; yes, and so do you, you rascal!"

"No, I don't; where?"

"A pig!"

They say that Jones owes his life alone to his great fleetness of foot.

There Was no Quorum.

Special to the Globe.

FARGO, Dak., March 1.—The Territorial and County Anti-Saloon alliance booked for a meeting, owing, it is alleged, to the storm and delayed trains, failed to get a quorum.

A New Police Chief.

Special to the Globe.

ASHLAND, Wis., March 1.—Acting Mayor Shea to-day appointed Officer F. O'Brien chief of police in place of Gus Schwartz, who resigned.