SAINTLY CITY DOINGS.

Limbs of the Law Engage in a Street Fight Yesterday Morning.

C. Tyson Butcher Mops the Earth With Commissioner J. J. McCafferty.

St. Paul Odd Fellows Celebrate the Founding of the Order.

Spring Has Sneaked--Bishop Willis Talks of Affairs in Hawaii.

SCRAPPED ON SUNDAY.

C. Tyson Butcher Attacks United States Commissioner McCafferty.

The bad blood that has long existed between C. Tyson Butcher and United States Commissioner J. J. McCafferty culminated yesterday in a fracas on the street, Commissioner McCafferty being done to a turn in two short rounds by his wiry and athletic opponent. Mr. Butcher was responsible for the trouble, and the causes that led to the scrimmage, which was witnessed by about 200 persons, mostly church-goers on their way home from mass, are thus explained by the victor: For some time past Mr. Butcher has been of the opinion that Commissioner McCafferty had it in for him. He claims that Commissioner McCafferty took every opportunity to harass him in his practice, and that remonstrances were of no avail. A few days since a colored man named Charleston, wanted in Chatham, Ontario, to answer to a charge of forgery, was tracked by Provincial Detective John Murray, of Toronto, to this city, and arrested at his instance by the local authorities. When taken before Commissioner McCafferty for examination Charleston retained Mr. Butcher as his attorney, determining to fight against his proposed extradition. The case dragged on a few days, Charleston being brought before the commissioner twice and his attorney securing a continuance of the examination. On Saturday evening, it is claimed by Mr. Butcher, the commissioner gave him unwarranted personal affront by summarily deciding that the prisoner should be extradited, practically terminating the attorney's connection with the case.

As soon as Mr. Butcher could catch his second wind he put on his war paint and sallied forth to devour the commissioner without ceremony. For some reason or other the irate attorney could not find his prey. He went to the commissioner's office, not expecting to find him there, and was not disappointed. Then Mr. Butcher went home and sought to find relief for his injured feelings in sleep. Evidently the drowsy god was

OFF ON A TOOT,

perhaps, with Commissioner McCafferty. At all events, Mr. Butcher could not sleep, though he courted it assiduously. His whole mind was upon his hated foe and the best way to exterminate him; hence, whenever he closed his weary eyes visions of McCafferty, each hair of whose comely auburn whiskers was seemingly charged with an electric current, would rise before him, and he fully realized what it was to have the nightmare. The result was that Mr. Butcher sat up all night, and through continued brooding over the fancied wrong done him, his wrath yesterday morning was at white heat.

Upon full reflection he decided to go out upon the streets and, if possible, find McCafferty. This done, he would administer to the commissioner a sound thrashing, and if more was wanted challenge him to a settlement of their differences according to the code.

As Mr. Butcher donned his clothes and fur-trimmed coat his blood warmed to the heat of his passion, and surged through his veins at an accelerated speed. He could not get down town fast enough, so great was his desire to tear the curly commissioner into shreds. At 9:30 a. m. Mr. Butcher had reached the corner of Fourth and Wabasha streets, and five minutes later Commissioner McCafferty hove in sight.

Their coming together was similar to a collision between ocean steamers or freight trains. With one full swipe of his right Butcher landed on the dignity of the United States court in the vicinity of McCafferty's nose. The blow was delivered with all of Butcher's strength, and it brought McCafferty to grass, or rather the sidewalk. Then arose McCafferty, intent upon retaliation. His idea was to wipe Butcher off of the face of the earth, but his plans were suddenly upset. Butcher again came to the front some seconds before time would have been called, had the fight been for a purse and according to the rules of the ring. Without waiting for a signal he made a break for McCafferty. He found him, this time under the right ear. The rush of air caused by Butcher's arm as it swung through space blew off McCafferty's hat simultaneously with his reception of the blow on the jugular. He stooped to pick up his head covering, at the same time reaching

FOR A COBBLESTONE

which lay on the pavement. Butcher, being on the aggressive, saw the move, prevented McCafferty from seizing the stone and was on the point of striking him while he was down. At this point the spectators interferred. A man named Hall grabbed Butcher by the throat and stopped the circus. McCafferty picked up his hat, brushed the dust from his clothing with his handkerchief and ambled off in the direction of his office as if nothing had happened. Whether he was hurt much or not only he knows.

The fight was a surprise to those who saw it, inasmuch as the Ramsey county bar is not accustomed to getting on its muscle and engaging in disgraceful fights upon the street, especially on the first day of the week. No arrests were made, but that the affair will be aired in the municipal court is reasonably certain, as Butcher was last evening looking up friends upon whom he might call to go upon his bonds. He says that the whole proceeding was disgraceful, but claims that the provocation was too great to resist. He says, also, that he will never again offer physical violence to McCafferty, but that in all future disputes will demand satisfaction in another way, intimating that he will, if opportunity offers, offer the commissioner the choice of weapons.

THE THREE LINKS.

Celebration of the Sixty-Ninth Anniversary of the Order of Odd Fellows.

The members of the eight lodges of Odd Fellows in St. Paul celebrated the sixty-ninth anniversary of the founding of that order in the United States with appropriate commemorative exercises in the Grand opera house yesterday afternoon. The house was well filled when the exercises began. In addition to the strictly St. Paul lodges, which sent good-sized delegations, St. Paul Park Lodge, No. 137, was represented, and marched to the opera house with the other lodges. The exercises were interesting.

The occasion had been prepared for very carefully and elaborately. The rich silken banners of the lodges, bearing the symbols of the order, were placed on the stage, so arranged that the several colors made an harmonious stage setting. Directly in front and in the middle of the stage was a floral piece, which for beauty and magnificence is rarely equaled. It was simply a huge cube, made of roses of all colors and smilax. It was about four feet high by nearly the same width and depth, and standing directly before the footlights, its luxuriance was heightened. On the face of the block fronting the audience there was, in red and white blossoms, "I. O. O. F., 1819;" underneath this the three links in red blossoms, and beneath this the figures "1888." It was simple in its design, but elegant, massive and attractive in its proportions and make-up.

Many men, prominent not only in the order but in the history of St. Paul, sat upon the stage. Among them were Past Grand Masters D. Ramaley and H. J. Strouse, J. Fletcher Williams, grand scribe of the encampment, and Past Grands Mayor R. A. Smith, J. W. Fisher, E. H. Burnham, W. R. Johnson, James Starkey, B. W. Brunson, Warren H. Mead, W. J. Jones, A. L. Bolton, C. H. Griswold, G. M. Orr, C. J. Nelson. Past Grand Master C. D. Strong occupied a box. A quartette, composed of James Swift, first tenor; Samuel Sewell, second tenor; F. J. Chipman, first bass, and J. S. Whelan, second bass, also had seats on the stage, and with Rev. Middleton, accompanist, sang selections during the progress of the exercises.

THE EXERCISES.

The opening number on the programme was a selection by the quartette, "The Sabbath Day," after which prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Griswold. The quartette sang "Great Voices," and then Rev. J. H. Dewart spoke on "True Odd Fellowship." His address lasted a half hour or more, and was closely followed by the audience. It was full of bright ideas and taking illvstrations. The speaker advised all young men and old bachelors to join some lodge of Odd Fellows. One reason for this was that it established a feeling of personal interest not only for the members of the particular lodge to which one belongs, but for members of all lodges in the world. The feeling of brotherhood is thus developed toward the rest of the race. "In this respect," said Dr. Dewart, "our work resembles the work of the church, only they preach while we practice."

True Odd Fellowship, the speaker said, means true philanthropy. The typical Odd Fellow was the Good Samaritan of the Scriptures who found the man lying bruised and battered on the road, leading from Jerusalem to Jericho. He said that those who had seen the inside of a lodge room would note an especial significance in this illustration. It had, however, cost him $10 to find out what that significance was, and if others wanted to know it, let them join the lodge. He would not give it away. Odd Fellows, he said, could always find plenty of objects on which to expend their charity. As poets see poetry where the common mind does not; as philosophers see problems where the ordinary mind does not, and as the humorist sees fun where others do not, so the true philanthropist, the Odd Fellow, sees objects for his charity which are not apparent to ordinary eyes.

True Odd Fellowship is unrestricted in its action. Ecclesiasticism and nationality, which are the dividing lines between human beings to so large an extent, are lost sight of by the true philantropist. His feelings go broader, deeper and higher. They claim to be as broad as the universe and as deep as humanity. The very foundation stone of true Odd Fellowship is the idea that God is the Father of us all, and so all men are brothers. True Odd Fellowship, again, has regard to the temporal as well as the spiritual needs of men, the speaker said, and he paid his compliments in strong terms to that class of so-called pious, religious people whose religion consists in long prayers and sober faces, but who would make no effort to relieve a fellow-being's actual want and misery. True Odd Fellowship is personally practical. Men are too apt to neglect individual, personal work. Again, true Odd Fellowship is something more than an insurance corporation. No man should

EVER JOIN A LODGE

with that idea in his mind. There are higher and nobler ends which will make stronger and bind together the ties of all mankind as brothers and children of one common Father, the Almighty God.

Dr. Dewart's address was given a round of vigorous applause at its conclusion, and then the choir sang "Charity." The last address was by Rev. W. S. Vail on "Realization of Brotherhood." It was an eloquent and thoughtful effort. He first explained the difference between knowledge and realization, and then traced the growth of society from the earlier ages until recent times, when a common brotherhood of mankind is possible. With the highest ideas of brotherhood, nationality or the color of a man's skin count for nothing. He dwelt at length on the broad philanthropic ideas of the Odd Fellows, and said he believed the order was working in line with the church, and would prove one of its valuable helpers in bringing about the highest type of universal brotherhood, for which the church was laboring. After he concluded the quartette sang "Trust in God," and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Griswold.

SPRING HAS SNEAKED.

Now Comes the Cub Blizzard to Usher in May.

The merry month of May is ushered in by a minature blizzard, instead of warbling sparrows and perfumed zephyrs. The old expressions, "Is it cold enough?" etc., give way to "Well, who would have thought it?" It began about noon yesterday with a few stray flakes of snow, but no one dreamed that before 1 o'clock an inch and a half of the beautiful would be on the ground. Yet it was there, and the nastiest, meanest, stickiest snow that has fallen this winter, for it is still winter, spring having quietly sneaked. Slight rain accompanied the fall, and converted it into slush. The walking was miserable and in the outskirts almost impossible without rubber boots. "The glorious climate of Minnesota" dropped a few inches in the estimation of the people from the East who have passed but one winter here. Any man could be excused for indulging in American Greek. The people were ill prepared for it. Many were clad in spring clothing, and a great portion of the inhabitants had discarded overcoats and rubbers. The church-going people got the worst of it, for when they came out last evening they found a great deal of something that was not there when they went in.

Even old settlers were surprised. It was a storm that followe the greatest rainfall that has been known in Minnesota for a great many years, and the inconvenience and suffering caused was greater than would follow a mid-winter storm of thrice the severity of this one, for the reason that it was wholly unexpected, and the people caught unawares. It will naturally serve to increase the prospects of a flood, coming so close upon the heavy rains. There has now been a continuous precipitation since last Thursday, and it will be rather remarkable if serious results do not follow.

Though the fall last night was not wonderfully heavy, the result on railroad traffic will probably be as serious as a heavy snow would cause. The tracks are covered, and the slushy character of the snow makes them too slippery, for the wheels to secure a firm grip, and the weather is not cold enough to freeze or dry the snow on the rails. All over the state the storm prevailed, and to-day trains will probably be greatly delayed. Trains will be also obliged to run slower, as the tracks are dangerous while in such a condition.

KALAKAUA'S KINGDOM.

Bishop Willis, of Honolulu, Chats About Affairs in Hawaii.

A tall, spare man clothed in somber black, his lower limbs encased in gaiters of the same color and material as his other garments, paced up and down the rotunda of the Ryan last evening. Slightly stooped, his face covered with a heavy brown beard slightly streaked with grey, his appearance was as unique to the groups about the rotunda, and caused as much comment as would the advent of a cowboy in the British metropolis before Buffalo Bill went over and captured the country, nobility and all.

After all there was nothing very strange in the garb of the gentleman. It was the conventional dress of prelates of the Episcopal church. The gentleman was the Rt. Rev. E. L. Willis, lord bishop of Honolulu, H. I., who, with Mrs. Willis, arrived in St. Paul yesterday from Winnipeg, having made the trip from the coast over the Canadian Transcontinental line. Before leaving for Faribault, whither he went to see Bishop Whipple, the right reverend gentleman who sees to the dissemination of Episcopal doctrine throughout the kingdom ruled by Kalakaua and Kapiolani received a reporter for the GLOBE. Questioned concerning the condition of affairs in Hawaii, Bishop Willis said:

"There has been no trouble since last June, when there came near being a general uprising on the part of the population, and King Kalakaua was glad to concede the demands of the then provisionary government which succeeded, of which the late W. Murray Gibson was premier. The recent demise of Gibson in San Francisco had no effect in Hawaii. He could not have returned to Honolulu had he so desired. The government now is well established and affairs are being administered without friction of any kind. The king has been deprived of a great deal of the power usually accorded monarchs, what little he has left he uses with discretion. Indeed, the country was never so well governed as now. There are no malcontents, except, perhaps, those who had profited largely under the old regime, and by the change in government were cut off from further benefits."

"Is there not some fear on the part of Hawaiians that the beet sugar industry of America, in which Claus Spreckles is so largely engaged, will result disastrously to the commercial interests of Hawaii, especially the culture of sugar cane?"

"That at present is the one theme in Honolulu," Bishop Willis said. "As you probably know, Spreckles has a monopoly of the sugar interests of Hawaii. His difference with Kalakaua, to whom he formerly paid large sums annually, led him to seek other fields, and it is thought that he may transfer all of his investments to America. When it is considered that the cultivation of sugar is the chief industry of the Sandwich Islands, the effect of such a course upon the country can well be surmised, although it is possible that other capitalists, seeing the field to be a profitable one, will step into the breach. It may be said that the growth of the beet sugar industry in California will be more closely watched by Hawaiians than by Americans, and that the result will have a greater effect there than here."

AN OFFICIAL INQUIRY.

The Remains of Rustler Sat Upon by a Jury and His Death Investigated.

A coroner's inquest was held yesterday afternoon at Jim Dillon's barn to inquire into the cause of the death of that infamous king of the turf, "Rustler," who passed quietly away Saturday morning. In the absence of the coroner J. Cresap McCoy conducted the inquisition. The following gentlemen composed the jury: J. W. Kennedy, A. R. Capehart, C. Tyson Butcher, J. H. O'Farrell, Terrence Kenny and Harris Breslauer. Dr. Westman was the first witness called. He testified that he was routed out of bed at 4 o'clock Saturday morning and followed the disturber of his dreams over to the mansion de hoss on Commercial street. Said he: "I found a very sick animal. The horse was retching at a terrible rate. I ordered Mr. Dillon to administer a thimbleful of oats every other second and during the alternate moments to give a blade of grass in half a hogshead of water, third solution. My plans in this direction were frustrated, for Mr. Dillon informed me that he was all out of oats and hay for several years, but that there was an abundance of corn husks in the loft. I saw that something must be done at once, so I ordered frequent injections of corn husks. These were given, and at each shot the "old bay" seemed to grow gamer. After giving about a ton of these, as near as I remember, the horse took a relapse. Mr. Dillon at this point put the harness on the beast to keep the wind from blowing the feed out of him. At this time it dawned on me that at some place on his travels the horse had got hold of a stray package of colchicum root, and being unmarked, he gulped it down without inquiry. I saw the case was a desperate one, and so I proposed the use of a desperate remedy. I immediately forced into his starboard ear a millionth of a grain of Lehigh valley coal, twenty-fourth trituration. After the third dose the horse died. I conducted the post-mortem examination. I examined the heart and lungs, but could find no evidences of poison. In the stomach I discovered an oyster can, an overshoe and a yard of barbed wire. In my opinion these were indirect cause of death, the direct cause being a palpitation of the hoof, superinduced by high living." Mrs. Dillon was called, but was too overcome to give any evidence. The jury rendered a verdict in accordance with the facts.

An Old Resident Dead.

Michael McMahon, an old and well-known resident of St. Paul, died Saturday after an illness of several months. Deceased was born in the County Leitrim, Ireland, sixty-seven years ago, and came to St. Paul in 1853. He was a prominent temperance worker and a member of the Father Mathew society. He leaves a widow and seven children, whose bereavement is shared by a large circle of friends. The funeral will be held this morning at 8:30 o'clock from the residence, 396 Lafond street, with services at the Cathedral at 9.

The Olympic.

The charming triumvirate of burlesquers, the Wallace sisters, will begin an engagement at the Olympic to-night, appearing in "Nan, the Good for Nothing" and "Pocahontas." In the olio will be seen Ray Irvin, Charles E. Dobson, the inimitable celloist: Matt Hilton, Emma LaManse, Mike Cummins, George H. Diamond and Mamie Dillon, together with the strong stock company.

GLOBULES.

A false alarm called the fire department to Box 13 at Seven corners last night.

The last of the Regan lectures will be given at Market hall this evening, the subject being "Michael Angelo."

The German-American Citizens' Club of the Second Ward will meet to-night at the hall, Forest and Margaret streets.

It is the Eighth ward society, and not the several Burgervereins of the city, that will meet this evening at Brandt's hall, University avenue.

The department was called to a fire in Magee's restaurant, 341 Jackson street, at 8 o'clock last evening. The porter dropped a lighted match in the cellar, where he had been filling kerosene lamps. The chemicals extinguished the fire before any damage was done.

PERSONALS.

E. P. Evans, of Dixon, is at the Merchants.

S. J. Taylor, of Fon du Lac, Wis., is at the Ryan.

F. L. Van Tassel, of Yankton, was at the Ryan.

T. J. Church, of Bismarck, Dak., was at the Ryan.

S. N. Miller, of Alexandria, is at the Merchants.

Paul McCormick, of Montana, is at the Merchants.

S. P. Child, of Blue Earth City, is at the Merchants.

Mrs. C. B. Winter, of Fargo, is a guest at the Merchants.

State Senator Marcus Johnson, of Atwater, is at the Merchants.

J. K. McNutt, of Fort Custer, Mont., registered at the Merchants.

Henry Woods and H. S. Westbrook, of Winnipeg, are at the Merchants.

Thomas Culliford, proprietor of the Hotel St. Louis, Duluth, is at the Ryan.

H. J. Call and W. W. Runnington, of Winona, registered at the Ryan yesterday.

John F. Henry, of New York, a Republican politician of considerable note, is at the Ryan.

James O'Neill, of "Monte Cristo" fame, was at the Hotel Ryan yesterday, en route to Duluth.

M. V. Gannon, of Omaha, and John Fitzgerald and T. A. Rioman, of Lincoln, Neb., are registered at the Ryan.

John H. Conrad, of Chicago, was at the Hotel Ryan yesterday. Mr. Conrad is extensively interested in ranching and mining business in Montana.

J. M. Graham, mayor of Jamestown, Dak., and superintendent of the Dakota division of the Northern Pacific railroad, is at the Ryan.

Hon. Abe Boynton, of Lenox, Dak., was in the city for a short time yesterday, and left in the afternoon to attend the Democratic convention at Watertown. He is a delegate from Lincoln county and a strong supporter of Gov. Church. Mr. Boynton will probably be one of the territorial delegates to the national convention.

SELF AND NEIGHBOR.

Rev. S. G. Smith's Discourse Before the People's Church Congregation.

A Dual Relationship Existing in the Social Make-Up of This World.

Fr. Fitzpatrick Defends Catholic Adoration of the Virgin,

Holding Her Up as a Mode of Purity and Amiability.

Special music was one of the features of the service at the People's church in the Grand opera house yesterday morning. The announcement that Miss Juliette Corden and H. C. Barnabee, of the Bostonians, would sing solos, possibly drew out some who would not have been there otherwise; for, in spite of the cold wind and sleet, the auditorium was packed and the balcony was comfortably filled when service opened. Mr. Barnabee sang "The Palms," and just before the sermon Miss Corden sang "Come Unto Me." She came upon the stage wearing a modest street dress of brown and a neat spring hat to match, and looked more attractive than in many of the costumes she wears on the stage. She sang the sacred solo with a fervor that might have been expected from a songstress whose life was devoted to singing church songs. Her voice was as sweet as ever, and the congregation listened as if they thought they heard one of the angels breaking through the gray clouds outdoors. If she had been singing in an opera Miss Corden would have been given a double encore. A quartette composed of Mesdames Fuller and Yale and Messrs. Swift and Garland was a feature in the musical part of the service.

THE SERMON.

Dr. Smith's text was: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." He said: Christianity manifests itself and continues its life as the church. The social idea is therefore fundamental. Christ gave himself for others. He went about doing good. He introduced into the world a new organism, in which men and women of all classes maintain a common constitution partaking of common duties and privileges. This organism the apostle styles a body, and intimates that each one of us may find therein our true life and function.

But an idea no less prominent is that of the individual. Man does not have his ideal in man, the species. Herein he differs from every other living thing. The ideals of nature are all abstract. There is no perfect oak, no perfect horse. The species does not exist except as the union of the common properties of the individuals in a class, with the exclusion of particular defects. But the ideal man is not found by consulting the manifestations of many men in many phases of human history. Man is concrete in Christ. Our ideal is not abstract, but historical. Herein is tremendous emphasis upon the individual. Then the ideas which are the most fruitful are the value of personal character in this world and the promise of personal immortality in the future. An individual salvation is held up as the chief pursuit of every man. The value of the soul of every man without regard at all to his outward surroundings has great emphasis in the gospel.

Is there any harmony for these two conceptions—the social idea and the development of the individual? In finding this harmony—if there be one—we find also the basis and limit of practical beneficence. What is this law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself?" Has the Christian a right to

THE POSSESSION OF MONEY

while others suffer for the necessaries of life? Since there is so much sin in the world, ought I not to spend all of my time in warning men? Since life is so solemn, each day so important, death so certain, and the issues of the future so tremendous, have I a right to waste any time in recreation? My little boy would like me to buy him a top or a kite, but with that money I could buy tracts or a New Testament, and these might save a soul. Are not tops and kites therefore wicked? There is not a single moment in which men and women are not tortured by pain. In some house at every moment there is the death groan. The world is in perpetual funeral. Is not all laughter, therefore, an inspiration of the devil who mocks at human woe?

These are great questions, and the more sensitive the conscience the more likely are they to bring anxiety or despair to the heart.

"I affirm that self-interest is a foundation principle in the economy of God. Christianity changes the scope of self-interest by insisting that we shall consider eternity as well as time. It changes the human ideal by presenting Jesus Christ as the true pattern of every man. It broadens out our relations of life by making us brothers of all men. But the gospel promises to the Christian the most helpful environment in this world. It is in this sense that godliness has the promise of the life which now is. Godliness does not have the promise of warehouses and mines and fleets, but it does have the promise of everything in nature, everything in achievement, and everything in life which is needed for the development of the perfect man. The gospel sacrifices everything else to the high end of developing personal character. We may find at this point, however, a deep and strange harmony between

THE IDEA OF SOCIETY

and the idea of the individual as presented by Christianity, for it is precisely high personal development that enables the Christian to be the most useful to others.

We must know in order to teach; we must have in order to give. Universal and continuous evangelism would soon fanaticise religion as universal socialism would pauperize business. It is not always those who give themselves the most completely to outside Christian activitied who are the most useful. Behind religious endeavor there needs a strong individuality. Strong minds can only be built up by communion with great thoughts, and strong heart power requires the simplicity of great and comparatively few motives. Notwithstanding, therefore, the disordered moral condition of society, the Christian man has a right to feed his brain upon history, philosophy and literature, and to nourish his heart by the contemplation of great aims in preparation for great action. I may believe that the man whom I meet in the street is on his road to hell, but it may be very far from my duty to lay my hand upon his shoulder, look him in the eyes, and tell him so; for, after I have picked myself out of the neighboring gutter and brushed the dirt from my soiled garments, I may begin to realize that because of my action he is traveling with swifter feet than he was before. Nor need a Christian man deprive himself and his family of everything save bare necessities in order to meet the principles of the gospel. It may be true that the elegantly bound art volume on your center table would buy a hundred Bibles, but it is also true that if every article of luxury and beauty were resolved into Bibles the world would have plenty of them, but business would be in chaos, and civilization in ruin. Lest this principle should become too strong, we discover another fact, viz: that whatever exalts society

UPLIFTS THE INDIVIDUAL,

and that whatever depraves society weakens the individual. No man liveth unto himself. So, Christ unites the principle of individuality with that of society in giving the law of relationship, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor," and the measure of that law "as thyself."

Self-interest is thus bound up with social interest. There is not a crime committed in any community but it makes it the more possible for every one of us to become criminals; there is not a good deed of benevolence but makes it more easy for each of us to be gracious and helpful. The truly developed individual is not the self-centered man who regards his personal culture as the end of his existence. It is rather the man who seeks personal growth for the sake of personal usefulness, and feels within him the Messianic spirit hurrying him forward to do the Master's work.

This brings us to consider that the doctrine of division of labor is as true in religion as it is in political economy. The gospel represents differences of fitness and so differences of duty. We are not all of one mold, we are not all adapted to the same work. Does not the Apostle say, "There are diversities of gifts but the same spirit, but the manifestation of the spirit is given to every man to profit withal. Now hath God set the members every one of them in the body as it hath pleased him. Not every Christian is called to be a Sunday school teacher, for some Christians can't, and God does not make mistakes like that. Not every man can make money; some can. It is as legitimate to make in order to use it for the good of men, and as religious, as it is to distribute tracts or to preach sermons. To every man is appointed his work. Bishop Butler accomplished more for the cause of Christianity by writing his Analogy than if he had spent his time as a city missionary in the

WORST HAUNTS OF LONDON.

One man may be more useful by solitude, another by society. You say, is not this truth dangerous? I answer, yes; all truth is dangerous to the man who wishes to pervert it. But the man who feels that he is called of God to some line of useful work and with humble desire to realize the strength in him for useful service of men, can never go far astray.

There is a certain enthusiasm of humanity which realizes the oneness of the race and which is never at a loss and never despondent. The little segment of existence which we can observe is no disclsure of God's purposes. Yet even here we can watch the rising of the swelling tides of good. Pain is a physical advantage and points out disorders to the body, so poverty and ignorance are moral helps and God's teachers. They reveal lack of character or lack of justice, or both. If human greed did not oppress how could men be taught lessons of forbearance? If lack of character did not result in distress, how could men be taught prudence and virtue? Through all struggles and pangs this is still God's world. He is responsible for it, and not I. I am responsible for the using of myself and my opportunities. If I use these wisely and religiously, I have a right to be thankful and happy. God has not made me to be a spiritual Atlas to groan underneath the burdens and sins of the whole world. Christ did that.

But the enthusiasm of humanity leads all men to feel their vital union with all others. It leads business men to have an interest in their employes, mistresses in their maids, and every one of us in our neighbors. But perhaps the highest possible serviceany of us can render, is to live a noble, symemtrical, conscientious and self-denying Christian life. Then life becomes an animated gospel, and we are living epistles known and read of all men.

ADORATION OF THE VIRGIN.

Father Fitzpatrick Reminds His Flock of Their Duty in May.

Father Fitzpatrick preached the sermon at the cathedral yesterday. He took his text from the words of St. Paul: "Let us go to the throne of grace that we may find mercy."

"A devotion that has become almost universal in the Catholic church is the beautiful devotion to the Mother of God, which obtains during the month of May, a month suitable above all others for such worship. At this time the first flowers of spring are brought to adorn the Blessed Virgin's altar and the sweet and balmy zephyrs make the evenings delightful. There are many Catholics, though otherwise piously disposed, who take little or no part in these devotions to the mother of God. After they attain a certain age they begin to reason for themselves, and, in consequence, drop all minor devotions. It is then a question whether this devotion is one of sentiment or piety. To refute the idea of sentiment we only have to consider that the mother of God is the parent and the guide and light of every Christian. She is the purest guide of every Christian. It is a physical fact that man is an imitative being. He moulds his life after some pattern he has in view. His life, then, will be elevated or lowered according as he selects his model. The mother of God is a model. The purest, the most amiable, the most sublime. God created man pure and innocent, after His own image and likeness, but after he had fallen from this state, a consciousness of his fallen dignity came over him, and since then he has been trying to elevate his life. Nations and states have had erected monuments and statues to their great men to do honor to their memories. The church, too, has erected to her saints statues and monuments to commemorate their virtues; but high above them all stands the Blessed Virgin. She alone knew not the stain of sin. She came into this world without sin and remained through life pure and undefiled. Hence she can be held up before all as a pure and noble model, and as one looking into the pure and limpid waters of some beautiful lake sees mirrored there the beauties of the surrounding scenery, so one looking into the soul of the Blessed Virgin sees there the perfections of God. Whose life can be more like that of our Saviour than that of the mother of God? She was raised above every human creature. The Canticles, referring to her, say: "Thou are most fair." She is a model sublime and simple. Men are of unequal intelligence, some being more gifted than others; the model must satisfy all. When men contemplate God they are filled, to some extent, with sentiments of fear. No so, however, with the Blessed Virgin. Unlike God, she was a creature knowing and experiencing human trials and hardships. She was a mother, and therefore with the heart of a mother. Simple, she is alike amiable, and addresses herself to the hearts of men. She knows the sufferings and misfortunes of mankind, for did she not follow her son from the stable at Bethlehem to the cross on Calvary? Amiable, she is alike simple and accessible. She receives all with their infirmities, failings and sufferings. St. Bernard says: "She is mercy itself." No sooner was it manifested that God would become man than a sentiment of love went out for God; no sooner was it understood that God was to have a mother, than a deep and mighty sentiment of love went out to her. She figures from the beginning in the catacombs, and when the artists in those days wished to represent the ideal woman they made paintings of the Blessed Virgin. In antiquity the type of woman was represented as the mother; the virgin mother is the typical woman of Christianity. A natural devotion arose to the blessed Virgin Mary. There always have been souls in the world who loved purity. In antiquity there was no sanctity without purity, and so to-day there are souls who despise sensual pleasures and find in the mother of God a pattern from which to model their lives. She is clear-sighted because she is a mother. Does not the mother read the heart of her child? Has she not presentiments of impending evil? But the mother of God is the most clear-sighted of all. She sees our sorrows, our afflictions, our misfortunes. Who is more powerful to intercede for us than the Blessed Virgin? Did she not hasten the redemption of man by her vows and tears, and join her sufferings with those of her son? Hence it is that confidence in her is just, rational, and legitimate. Our faith in her should be constant, and our confidence filial.

Rooms to let ads. in the GLOBE are seen by the most people.

THOUSANDS HEAR HIM.

Dr. Munhall Gives a Plain Talk to Men.

Over 2,000 males of all ages, from ten to sixty, attended the Munhall meeting at Market hall yesterday afternoon and listened to a plain talk from the energetic revivalist intended solely for men. He took for his text Ecclesiastes xi., 9: "Whatsoever ye sow, that ye will reap," quoted Dr. Munhall; "and whatever may be the course of your life you will surely be brought to judgment. In the morning of life everything is painted in rich colors. If we are expected to have a good time in the world we must have it in our youth.

What is the way of your heart? Here is a young fellow bent on having a good time. It's a queer notion of some as to what constitutes a good time. Some ride about town all night and drink tarantula juice, break their mothers' hearts, get their head split open and say they are having a good time. I don't see it.

Then, there's another class, content to go to the theater, dance and play cards. God is not going to stop you from it. Yo are a free moral agent, but remember there's something better. Go ahead, but remember the judgment. If you go on filling yourself with intoxicants you will end with delirium tremens. Don't look upon the wine when it is red; turn away from it. Thousands of our young men are going to a drunkard's grave. I don't believe you can drink a drop of pure whisky in this city over any bar. In early times our fathers kept their own stills and made pure whisky, but afterward it was found that if they put strychnine into the whisky they could make it cheaper. There never was a case of hog cholera until they began to feed the mash to the pigs. If you choose you can drink with impunity that which will give a hog the cholera, but I say you haven't got good sense. I never heard of whisky doing a man any good.

But we don't drink as much whisky in this country now as we do beer—and you can't drink a glass of pure beer in this country. In the nature of the case it is impossible that three men—the brewer, the jobber and the saloon-keeper—can get rich, and yet sell beer for a nickel a "schooner." It's nothing but slop.

The devil has a thousand agencies at work to produce unclean thoughts in your mind. I have seen young men calling themselves gentlemen who carried a watch charm or a knife-handle with a lens in which, by holding between your eye and the light, you will see things which no man can look upon and turn around the next minute and kiss his mother or his sister without blushing to the roots of his hair. This is my argument against the Police Gazette and the modern theater. Down in Texas, where every man is supposed to carry a revolver or a bowie-knife in his bootleg, you can't find a copy of the Police Gazette, its sale being prohibited by law, and the same law prevails in other states. Its appeal is to the eye, and through the eye to the passions. That's just my argument against the modern theater. Edwin Booth undertook to prove that the modern drama could be supported without the assistance of degrading accessories, but after spending thousands of dollars he found that that which is decent and legitimate could not be sustained. It is the deshabille and the indecent that draws. It is not necessary to go to the theaters to see it; you can see it on the bill boards, if the bills do not lie, and the bill posters should be arrested who exhibit such nerarious pictures to the public gaze.

We call Chicago bad, but they now have a law in Chicago prohibiting the posting of lewd bills. At the theaters where these indecent performances are held we see a number of young fellows and a goodly sprinkling of bald-heads in the front seats. The more filth you get on the stage the better it draws. Anthony Comstock has told me some things that I never knew before. He says that when he first began his work as secretary of the society which he represents there were 150 storekeepers in New York who were selling obscene photographs. He had them arrested, and also confiscated their books, and in the latter he found the names of the young men and women of all the educational institutions of the United States and Canada, thus poisoning the very floodgates of civilization. Anthony Comstock is giving his life to stay the flood of bad which is pouring into our bones, and still some men and some of the newspapers abuse him, and it is to their shame. He should receive a "God speed" and a "God bless you" from every Christian man and woman in the country.

Here is a young fellow who you say is sowing his wild oats. He hires a room in some business block and keeps a woman, or that he goes frequently to the house of the prostitute. You say he'll settle down after awhile and mary. Will he? And it will be all right. Will it? You marry some pure young girl. Do you think she would marry you if she knew the kind of life you'd been living. Have you ever stopped to think how you'd feel if some man would take the same advantage of your sister? The fathers eat sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge. If you have children after leading a licentious life before marriage, they will be inclined to licentiousness. Some classes of society will receive a young man who is leading a licentious life, but will turn their backs on the same kind of a woman. I wouldn't wipe my feet on that kind of society. I can see the evidences of licentiousness all about me; loss of memory, nervousness, avoidance of society. It superinduces mental and physical decay. Licentiousness was the cause of the decay and fall of all the nations of antiquity. What is the chief sin of America to-day? It is licentiousness. May God give every one of us a conviction for purity, for home, and for God."

At the evening meeting Dr. Munhall preached from the text: "What is man that thou should be so mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visiteth him?" At the conclusion of the services a number of his hearers repaired to the inquiry room and professed conversion.

Additional St. Paul News on the Fifth Page.

Ho! For Chicago.

"The Wisconsin Central line will sell excursion tickets on April 30, good to leave on any of their trains of that date, to Chicago and return at $11.50; one fare for the round trip; return portion good to leave Chicago on any of the Central trains, May 5 to 8, inclusive.

For further particulars, sleeping car berths and time cards inquire at the city ticket office of the Wisconsin Central line in St. Paul or Minneapolis."

A Word About Catarrh.

"It is the mucous membrane, that wonderful semi-fluid envelope surrounding the delicate tissues of the air and food passages, that Catarrh makes its stronghold. Once established, it eats into the very vitals, and renders life but a long-drawn breath of misery and disease, dulling the sense of hearing, trammeling the power of speech, destroying the faculty of smell, tainting the breath and killing the refined pleasures of taste. Insidiously, by creeping on from a simple cold in the head, it assaults the membranous lining and envelops the bones, eating through the delicate coats and causing inflammation, sloughing and death. Nothing short of total eradication will secure health to the patient, and all alleviatives are simply procrastinated sufferings, leading to a fatal termination. SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE, by inhalation and by internal administration, has never failed; even when the disease has made frightful inroads on delicate constitutions, hearing, smell and taste have been recovered, and the disease thoroughly driven out."

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE consists of one bottle of the RADICAL CURE, one box of CATARRHAL SOLVENT, and one IMPROVED INHALER, neatly wrapped in one package, with full directions; price, $1.

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

EVERY MUSCLE ACHES.

Sharp Aches, Dull Pains, Strains and Weakness, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. A perfect antidote to pain, inflammation and weakness. The first and only pain-killing Plaster. Instantaneous, infallible, safe. Acknowledged by druggists and physicians to be the best yet prepared. At all druggists, 25 cents; five for $1; or, postage free, of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

A St. Paul Clothing House Owned and Controlled Exclusively by St. Paul Men.

A Mother's Dream Dispelled!

Mothers usually prefer keeping the Boy in dresses as long as possible, and when they are finally obliged to put away his dresses and realize that their "Baby" is growing to be a "Big Boy," they naturally enough feel badly. Every day, and usually many times a day, our Children's Department clothes some little fellow in his first Pants. We are clothing MEN to-day to whom we sold the first pair of Pants they ever wore. Our assortment of Boys' and Children's Clothing is unusually large and attractive. Boys from four to fourteen years of age can be fitted here in a reliable and durable Suit for $3; that is the lowest-priced Boys' Suit we sell. Our highest-priced Suit for Boys from four to fourteen years of age is $15. We have hundreds of Boys' Suits at every price between $3 and $15, and each suit is guaranteed not only to give good wear for the price paid for it, but also to be as low or lower in price than the same quality and make of Clothing can be bought for elsewhere.

BOYS' RELIABLE CLOTHING.

BOSTON

ONE-PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE

THIRD STREET, CORNER OF ROBERT, ST. PAUL.

JOSEPH M'KEY & CO. ST. PAUL'S RELIABLE OUTFITTERS.

We have no branch houses, and are not a branch of any house.

SOME BARGAINS YET!

We advertised last week a list of Special Bargains. Most of those have been sold, but we add a few equally attractive. These Pianos are all good, honest instruments, fine tone and action, and worth much more than we ask for them. We do not have such every day.

LIGHTE & ERNST—Square Grand, four round corners, handsome case, 7⅓ octaves, ivory keys	$217 50
J. P. HALE—Square Grand, all latest improvements, nearly new, a great bargain for	175 00
GABLER—Upright; another of this favorite make, in fine condition, very cheap at	185 00
DECKER BROS.—Square, latest style, very little used and in perfect order; cost $475; only	250 00
WM. SCHAEFFER—Square, carved legs and lyre, serpentine moulding, 7⅓ octaves, fine tone	150 00
STEINWAY—Square, handsome rosewood case, carved legs and lyre, excellent tone and action; a rare bargain at	227 50

Above will be sold on easy payments if desired, good stool and cover included.

W. J. DYER & BRO. 418 and 150 East Third St.--ST. PAUL. 509 and 511 Nicollet Av.--MINNEAPOLIS

NATHAN FORD

KNABE HARDMAN FISCHER PIANOS!

92 and 94 E. Third St.

CLOUGH & WARREN AND ESTY ORGANS.

EXCHANGE

Your Old PIANOS AND ORGANS for New Ones!

Easy Terms on Difference.

BUY NOW, and get the benefit of CASH PRICES ON TIME, a Choice from

DECKER BROS., HAINES, BRIGGS, EVERETT AND SMITH PIANOS.

MUNGER & FARWELL

107 East Third Street.

Persons Loaning Money on Real Estate Mortgages should require the Mortgagor to furnish A GUARANTY POLICY OF

THE ST. PAUL REAL ESTATE TITLE INS. Co

IN PLACE OF AN ABSTRACT, the purchaser of Real Estate should require the seller to furnish a Title Policy with his Deed.

RAMALEYS PRINTERS & ENGRAVERS

EIGHTH FLOOR GLOBE BUILDING

GLOBE JOB OFFICE

NEW CARPETS.

Order before the Spring Rush at

OLIVER BAKER'S

Carpet, Drapery and Wall Paper House,

417 and 419 Wabasha St.

REMOVAL!

The Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Company Have Removed to

32 West Third Street.

Dr. W. W. Schiffman, DENTIST

CROWNS, BRIDGES, & ARTISTIC GOLD FILLINGS.

MANNHEIMER BLOCK, ST. PAUL.

OFFICES FOR RENT.

6 DELIGHTFUL OFFICE ROOMS, newly finished and ready for occupancy by May 1; three or four double offices on different floors, and a large office with vault on ground floor of new GLOBE building, are for rent. Unequaled in the city. Inquire at GLOBE counting room of

LEWIS BAKER, Jr.

PATENTS!

Caveats, Designs, Trade Marks, Labels, etc. Write or call.

F. W. LANE,

Room 52, German-American Bank Bldg. ST. PAUL, MINN.

MONEY.

We have some small amounts on hand to loan quickly on improved property at regular rates.

CLARK & THORNE,

316 Robert Street.

TELEPHONE 117-3.

FLORAL DESIGNS. CUT FLOWERS

E. V. BEALES,

FLORIST AND SEEDSMAN,

Cor. 2d and Cedar Sts., St. Paul, Minn

SEEDS AND BULBS.

FLORAL DECORATIONS.

HAUPT LUMBER CO.,

Office--386 St. Peter St.

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