FIZZ AND FOAM.

Continued From First Page.

collect revenue, and now they are not able to inaugurate a scheme to get rid of the surplus which is increasing in the treasury. Who shall be our leader? [Cries of "Blaine!" "Blaine!"] It matters not whether it be the Plumed Knight of Maine, or one of the other distinguished gentlemen, the Republican party will win this fight. [Applause.]

DON'T GET SCARED.

It Is Only Ohio's Executive Who Raises This Cloud of Dust.

Special to the Globe.

CHICAGO, June 20.—Then Mr. Hallowell, of Kansas, amid the most enthusiastic outburst of enthusiasm that has yet been seen in the convention, moved that Gov. Foraker, of Ohio, be asked to address the convention. The motion was agreed to, and Gov. Foraker was introduced, and was received with a volley of cheers. He said: "He could not be insensible to the compliment which had been paid if he would, and he would not if he could. While he thanked the convention for the honor conferred upon him, he said that he would greatly have preferred if he had not been called upon. The question had been asked: 'What are we here for?" [Laughter.] Republicans were here to formulate Republican principles; they were here to

NOMINATE THE NEXT PRESIDENT

of the United States. The first was easy to do. Every school boy knew what the declarations of the convention would be. Every Democrat as well as Republican knew what the attitude of the Republican party was with respect to the questions which concerned the American people. Republicanism is sincerity, and sincerity never equivocates. We believe in a free ballot and a fair count, and we will not hesitate to say so in all the thunder we can put in the platform. We believe in a protective tariff, and that the present Democratic administration is a fraud and a pretense. We want a change and are determined to have one. We believe that Cleveland's free trade message is fraught with danger. We want to take care of American labor, American homes and American industries, and we will say so. Then we will nominate our candidate. I don't know who he will be." [A voice in the gallery—"Gresham."] Gov. Foraker continued—"I don't know what his name is"—[a voice, "Foraker"] [cheers], "but I can say he will be a gentleman. [Continued cheers]. That was saying a good deal in view of the recent experience." Here broke in Henderson, of Iowa, with the declaration that the nominee

WOULD NOT GO FISHING

on Decoration day. Continuing, Gov. Foraker said that the nominee would be a man of good moral character, and would have some social standing in the community. He would not only be a man to cherish patriotic recollections, but would have a record as a Republican that would be without a spot or blemish. He would take the Republican standard in his hand and carry it to victory in the name of Republicanism without explanation or apology to anybody, and when once elected, it would be his highest business to give the country a Republican administration. [Applause.]

He would not do it by false pretenses, he would go straight at the mark. In conclusion, he said: "We can catch up the glorious refrain that comes from Oregon, ond carry it sweeping over the whole country with a magnificent triumph, which will knock Grover Cleveland and Old Bandana in 'innocuous desuetude.'" [Lond and long-continued applause and cheers.]

THEY COULDN'T AGREE.

Two Reports From the Credentials Committee on the Virginia Matter.

Special to the Globe.

CHICAGO, June 20.—Mr. Fuller, of North Carolina, moved that Col. Robert G. Ingersoll be asked to make an address, but the committee on credentials being ready to report, the regular order was proceeded with. The chairman of the credentials committee then advanced to the platform and made his report. The report of the committee on credentials reported in favor of seating the delegates placed on the roll by the national committee, except in cases of contest. In the nineteen cases of contests the committee recommends the seating of delegates, as follows: Third Georgia district, B. A. Dudley, N. J. Taylor; Tenth Georgia district, R. R. Wright, Jesse Wimbredi, P. H. Krebs, O. F. Gardner, with half a vote each; Fifth Louisiana district, David Young, George Call; Third South Carolina district, James R. Torrock, F. L. Hicks; Seventh Tennessee district, A. W. Hughes; Third Maryland district, William F. Airey, W. M. Johnson; Third Massachusetts district, A. F. Stevens, John Borne; District of Columbia, Andrew Gleason, P. H. Carson. The committee begged leave to submit the following report in the contested cases in the Virginia delegation. Then followed a long report, which, however, has been already anticipated in these dispatches. The announcement contained in the report that the Perry Carson delegation from the District of Columbia had been seated was received with applause. It was renewed when the speaker stated that the

MAHONE DELEGATION AT LARGE

had been seated, but the convention nearly went wild when Mr. Hepburn went on to say that Wise also had been seated. Hardly had the last words of the speaker died away when Russell, of North Carolina, began to read the minority report. It dissented from the opinion of the majority report, which seated the Wise district delegates, except from the Third district. Having read the report without, however, the signatures attached, Mr. Russeli moved its adoption. A demand for the signatures was made and they were read: Sharon, Nevada; Wall, Nebraska; Freeman, South Carolina; Leonard, North Carolina; G. H. Sullivan, Dakota; the latter excepting to so much of the report as excluded Senator Riddleberger from the convention as a delegate. Hill, of Mississippi, demanded permission to put his name upon the minority report and he was allowed to do so. All that part of the report that did not refer to the Virginia contest was unanimously adopted upon a division of the question, and upon the question of seating the delegates at large from Virginia Senator Riddleberger said there was no real contest against him in his district, except on the part of the gentleman from North Carolina. At this point Wall, of Nebraska, rose to the point of order that the question before the convention did not relate to Riddleberger's district. The point was held to be well taken and the Mahone delegates at large were quickly seated.

BY A LARGE MAJORITY.

Brigadier Mahone Is Squelched by the Adoption of the Majority Report.

Special to the Globe.

CHICAGO, June 20.—On the question of the adoption of the report relating to the district delegates, M. B. Wood, the disfranchised Mahone delegate, claimed recognition. He said his district was the Republican stronghold of the state. Of its 200,000 inhabitants the majority were white Republicans. Large amounts of capital were now being invested in his district and it was a great and growing locality. The speaker proceeded to give a history of the circumstances under which the conventions which elected himself and the contestants were held, and appealed to the spirit and loyalty of the convention to do him justice. Republicanism was gaining in his region. At this point the speaker was called to time by the chair, and the chair continued that the speaker had no standing, as his district was thrown out by both majority and minority reports. Mr. Russell, of North Carolina, rose in his seat and declared that this was incorrect, and so did Mr. Webber, of New York. It was moved and seconded by Mr. Wise that the delegates from the Ninth district be given a half vote each. Mr. Hepburn, of Iowa, vehemently objected. It was saying to the Republican party that when men played

A TRICK AND A FRAUD,

and by a convention of three men sent a delegation to a national convention, it would be willing to compromise. Was it prepared to countenance such a course? [Cries of "No."] The Ninth district was not entitled to representation under the rules of the national committee and the convention. Mr. Steenerson, of Minnesota, moved that Mr. Wood and his colleague be seated. Mr. Webber, of New York, spoke in opposition, and maintained that the report of the majority of the committee should be sustained. Meanwhile the hum of conversation commenced, and there were many evidences that the convention was ready for

AN EARLY SETTLEMENT

of the question at issue again. Mr. Russell, of North Carolina, secured the floor and made a vehement speech against the seating of the Wise delegation in the Ninth district, even with half a vote. Mr. Hall, of Kansas, rose to the point of order that the speaker had already spoken on the question, but the chair ruled otherwise. Mr. Russell said that the Wise delegates in the Ninth district had

ASSEMBLED IN GROG SHOPS

and elected themselves to the convention. However they might desire to compromise, the question was whether a party of revolutionists should override the state organization. Mr. Filley of Missouri asked several questions as to the method of procedure in Virginia, to which Mr. Russell replied with emphasis, while the chair rapped vigorously for order. It was a short but pointed colloquy, and set the convention in a roar. After this Gen. Brigham, of Pennsylvania, spoke at length in defense of the majority report of the committee, and made a strong plea in favor of its adoption. He said the reason the majority did not follow the consistent course and admit the Mahone delegates from the Ninth district was that it appeared and was uncontradicted that but three men composed the convention in that district, and the convention was not called in the regular manner by the state committee. To admit the contestants from that district with half a vote each would be to

THROW AWAY THE VERY PRINCIPLE

which the majority had based its report upon. He hoped the motion to admit them with a divided vote would be defeated. George Spalding, of Michigan, favored the admission of the Mahone delegation from the Ninth district. Mr. Steenerson, of Minnesota, also favored the admission of the Ninth district Mahone delegation. Congressman Wise then climbed up on the stage, and the applause he received forced the chair to give him recognition. He repudiated Mr. Russell's assertion that the contestants coming from the Ninth district was held in a grog shop; explained that Mr. Pendleton, the principal contestant, was clerk of the district court of appeals, and indignantly declared that he was

THE PEER OF MR. RUSSELL,

or any other man in the convention. He thought that the question could be settled without going off into collaterals. He loved the banner Republican district of Virginia, and without regard to Mahone or Riddleberger.

IN A SPIRIT OF LOVE

he had seconded the resolution to give the rival delegation half a vote each.

Mr. Hess, of Missouri, on behalf of that delegation, moved the previous question. Senator Hoar, on behalf of Massachusetts, seconded it, and Nebraska and Nevada supported it. On a viva voce vote the amendment to admit the Mahonites from the Ninth district was carried. On a rising vote being demanded it was again carried by over a two-thirds vote, and the result was received with cheers. On motion for the adoption of the remainder of the report admitting the Wise delegates in the other districts Mr. Reed, of Pennsylvania, called for a separate vote upon each district, and it was granted. But just here Mr. Fessenden, of Connecticut, moved to reconsider the vote just taken, as several delegates had misunderstood what they were voting about. Mr. Butterworth moved to lay this on the table. The convention was

FAST GETTING INTO DISORDER

and drifting away from the control of the chair; and after a long parliamentary wrangle, the motion was put and Mr. Butterworth's motion prevailed—242-174. The question then recurred upon the admission of the delegates from the Second district of Virginia, which was adopted. The majority report seats the Wise delegation, and the minority report, which seats the Mahone delegates, was offered as a substitute, and a call of states was had on the substitute. A laugh went through the assemblage when, on Ohio being called, Gov. Foraker arose and stated that there were only thirty-eight delegates present and that nineteen of them voted aye and nineteen nay. The minority report was rejected—yeas 250, nays 512. The announcement of the vote was received with applause. The majority report was then adopted as a whole and applicable to all the Virginia districts, and then the convention at 11:25 adjourned until to-morrow at 10 o'clock.

DON M. HAS NO DOUBTS.

He Predicts That Blaine Will Be Nominated and Beaten Out of Sight.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., June 20.—Postmaster General Dickinson is here tonight attending the wedding of his nephew. Speaking of the political situation in Chicago, he said: "The Chicago convention, after airing its favorite sons, will rush like a tidal wave to Blaine, who I believe will be the nominee. But first there must be an opportunity granted for letting off a vast quantity of pent-up eloquence in support of various insignificant booms. Blaine, I believe, is sure to be the candidate of his party, but he will never be president. Cleveland and Thurman will unite all factions of Indiana to a harmonious whole, and Cleveland will carry New York by 50,000 majority. Depew has no chance. The red bandana will wave from the North to the South, and the Democrats will score a handsome victory. I feel just as sure of it as that I am alive. Cleveland's administration has been a clean one and Thurman will give the ticket strength that no Republican convention can overthrow."

Congratulations from Afar.

Special to the Globe.

CHICAGO, June 20.—Chairman Estee this evening received the following dispatch from his old school teacher of forty-seven years ago:

GIRARD, Pa., June 20.

M. M. Estee, Chairman—Accept congratulations from your old teacher in the hemlock school house in Concord, Pa. O. LOGAN.

A Mighty Problem.

Detroit Free Press.

"Aw, Chawley, me boy; how goes it?"

"Fine, old chappie. Had any tennis yet?"

"Naw, deah boy. Had a weally urgent invitation to a game at Mrs. Breezys to-day, but was weally obliged to decline; because, hang me, old boy, if I can make up my mind what to get for a tennis suit."

"Haw, old chappie, deuced if that isn't just my own fix! And hanged if my tailah seems able to help me out!"

"No? What the deuce is a fellah to do when even his tailah cawn't tell him what to weah? Eh, old boy?"

"True, me boy, true! I'm weally worried about the mattah. I cawn't find a thing in the fashion magazines I like. Hanged if I don't want something weal nobby."

"Heah too, deah boy. Me lawst yeah's suit nevah did please me. I've a stunner in blue and white in mind if I can only get me tailah to catch the idea."

"That's it, old chappie; but these blawsted tailahs seem stupid, weally stupid, about what a man wants sometimes."

"Don't I know that to me sorrow, old fel? Me own tailah tries me awfully at times, he weally does."

"Well, ta, ta, deah boy; if you heah of any thing new let me know."

"With pleasure, me boy; ta, ta."

"Ta, ta, old chappie."

More answers received from an ad in Sunday's GLOBE than from all other Sunday papers.

SWARMS OF PIRATES.

They Attack the Sinking San Pablo in Formosa Straits.

TWENTY PIRATES KILLED.

Hot Water Turned on Them Causes a Hasty Retreat.

San Francisco Special.

The China steamer to-day brought news of the extraordinary wreck of the costly steamer San Pablo, which occurred on April 24 on a reef off Turnabout island, in the Formosa straits, off the China coast. Only brief cable reports have been received of the disaster. The vessel struck a sunken rock in a thick fog early in the morning. Every one was aroused, and the captain soon saw that the vessel must be abandoned, as she was filling fast, and showed a tendency to capsize. Just before the life-boats were ready to be lowered a swarm of Chinese piratical junks came from the neighboring mainland. The queer looking vessels sailed in line of battle, and Capt. Reed, realizing the danger his charges were in, made preparations to repel the attack. The pirates, however, came in such overwhelming numbers that before any demonstration could be made on board the sinking vessel the pirates were climbing up the ship's sides.

They were led by a man who was armed with a cutlass and a large revolver. His shipmates were also heavily armed. Capt. Reed passed revolvers and guns among the passengers and crew, and, after a furious fusillade, the coolies were beaten off. They rallied, however, and made a second and more desperate attempt to board the San Pablo, which was fast settling in the water. Some of the pirates gained the main deck, in spite of the gallant stand of the passengers and crew, and were swarming toward the promenade deck, where the defenders were busy firing and reloading, when Capt. Reed brought the ship's hose pipes into requisition. The long coils of hose were manned by the crew, and instantly the pirates were again put to flight, the torrents of boiling water from the pipes sweeping many of them off the decks into the sea.

The coolies then beat a retreat, and, drawing their vessels up in line, cruised half a mile off the sinking vessel, with the evident intention of waiting for the abandonment of the vessel. During the fight Capt. Reed imprisoned all the Chinese among his crew with the Chinese passengers in the fore-hold, for fear they would aid their countrymen in the attempt to loot the vessel. As soon as possible the passengers, mail and specie were put into the San Pablo's small boats, and then all bore away for the mainland. When only a short distance from the wreck Capt. Reed and his charges saw the pirates set sail and rush upon the San Pablo as they had done a few hours before. They clamored over the ship's sides with grappling-hooks, and were soon masters of one of the finest boats that ever sailed the Pacific. Whether by accident or design, they soon set fire to the ship, and when last seen smoke was pouring from the wreck in great clouds. The passengers were taken to Hong Kong, and tugs were sent to the relief of the San Pablo, but they found only the hulk, burned to the water's edge, and stripped of everything valuable.

It is estimated that at least a score of pirates lost their lives in this stubborn fight with Capt. Reed and his men. During the battle the women and children who were on board the San Pablo sought the state rooms, where they were in constant fear not only of falling into the hands of the pirates, but of being drowned in the water which was filling the ship.

The San Pablo was fitted up in finer style than any steamer that ever left San Francisco, and was valued at $500,000, which is a total loss, as she was uninsured.

"When the San Pablo ran on the reef," says Capt. Reed. "I knew from the force of the shock that she must be badly hurt. The sharp rocks tore gaping holes in the plates of the port bow, and water was pouring through them so fast that it was a question of only a few hours when the ship would either capsize or slide off the treacherous reef and go to the bottom. As she rolled from side to side under the influence of the sea, the water began to have its effect. First, it shifted her cargo, and she laid so far down on her starboard side that we thought sure she was going clear over. It was in this emergency that the order to lower the boats was given, and the men were climbing into their stations when we sighted the squadron of Chinese junks coming toward us from the land.

A single glance at the leaders of the approaching fleet told us that they were pirates, and the order to lower away the boats was countermanded and one to prepare to fight off boarders given. The seamen hurried down to the ship's arsenal, where they were armed with guns and cutlasses, and then they were divided into squads and stationed at the points on deck where the pirates would be most apt to come aboard. While the arming of the crew was in progress the approach of the piratical fleet was swift and sure. Their arching decks were fairly swarming with yellow warriors, who were brandishing gleaming knives and swords and guns, and shouting at the tops of their voices. As they came nearer the din was increased by a desultory firing of small arms, which was evidently intended to drive us below, but though bullets whizzed and screamed about the ears of my crew, not a man retreated.

"Then the pirates came down on us in a rush. Almost before we could realize it we were surrounded, their grappling hooks were aboard, and scores of the yelling fiends were clambering up the sides and endeavoring to get over the rails on deck. The crew and the passengers sprang at them, firing very rapidly.

"The pirates went back over the ship's sides faster than they could be counted, but there were so many of them that they soon rallied and gained the deck in force.

"A portion of them made for the promenade deck, evidently intending to get below. Another detachment tried to reach the bridge, where a defending party was stationed, and still another gang began climbing up to the hurricane deck. The seamen were making a gallant resistance, but the odds were against them until the engineer conceived the notion that hot water would be more effective than lead.

"Pipes were instantly run down to the boiler-room, the pumps then started up, and a watch of firemen took the nozzles with orders to boil every mother's son of them they could see. The hot water settled the fight. The moment it was turned against the pirates they began to retreat, and they went over the rails into the sea as if the boat were afire. A good many of them landed on the decks of their junks, and those who were uninjured lost no time in cutting loose from the San Pablo and getting away."

A Masher Unmasked.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

One of the most amusing instances of attempted fascination I ever witnessed," remarked Hugh Longworthy, "occurred some years ago at a Mardi-Gras masquerade ball in New Orleans. A distinguished officer of the army was present, and evidently had no small opinion of his powers as a lady-killer. He was a man of much culture and excellent manners, but was the unhappy possessor of a huge and highly-colored nose. He fell into conversation with a masked lady, and each soon manifested a very keen interest in the other. The officer was very anxious to induce his unknown companion to unmask, and after much persuasion she did so, revealing a face fully matching in attractiveness a very graceful figure. The gentleman was expressing his admiration, when the lady interrupted him by intimating that as she was unmasked it would be only courteous for him to do the same. 'Madam, I am unmasked,' was the reply, accompanied by an astonished look. One glance at the bulbous and rubicund proboscis, which she had supposed to have been assumed in disguise, was enough, and with a low shriek the lady fled, leaving her indignant companion to the merciless gibes of the amused bystanders."

Oscar Wasn't Such a Fool.

Omaha Herald.

Col. Vail, manager of Ragan's illustrated lectures, is the man who piloted Oscar Wilde through this country. The wonder is that he still lives. "Oscar Wilde was no fool, by any means," said the colonel. "He worked the United States 'for all there was in it.' He cleaned up $40,000 net, not counting the $5,000 he lost against Hungry Joe's bunco game in New York. Oscar was a genteel fakir. The 'Oscar Wilde' craze was his own invention. He worked the æsthetic craze for every dollar in sight. Whenever anybody used to call on him at his hotel he always struck an attitude, arranged the lilies and sunflowers, and did everything possible for effect before the visitor entered; but the moment the visitar left he became another man, and was one of the boys.

"His æstheticism was all assumed. When he returned to England he cut off his long hair, got down to business and gave the Yankees the grand laugh. The most amusement I ever had on the Oscar Wilde tour was in Denver, when Eugene Field got a wig and personated Wilde to perfection. Field in his make-up took in the town and fooled everybody. His imitation of Wilde was very deceptive, and was a great hit. Nobody enjoyed it more than Wilde himself, who was in the party. Wilde had his long hair tucked up under a cowboy hat and nobody recognized him, while everybody took Field for Wilde."

Genuine Mosquitoes.

Philadelphia Times.

One of the pests of life in South America is the ubiquitous mosquito, which there attains such an enormous size and venom that his victims are numbered by the scores. Not long ago a herd of valuable cattle taken from the United States to a ranch upon the Magdalena river became so desperate under the attack of the mosquitos that they broke from their stalls, jumped into the water and all were drowned. Passengers intending to make the voyage usually provide themselves with protection in the shape of mosquito bars, head-nets and thick gloves, and when on deck are compelled to tie their sleeves around their wrists and pantaloons around their ankles. Even these precautions are not always effective. Large as the insects are they seem to have power to creep through the smallest crevice, and it is often necessary to change one's clothing four or five times a day on their account. Day and night they give the sensitive-skinned travelers no rest. I have been solemnly assured that very often when they have attacked a boat and driven its captain and crew below they have broken the windows of the cabin by plunging in swarms against them and have attempted to burst in the doors. Although this may be something of an exaggeration, it is nevertheless true that frequently horses and cattle, after the most frightful sufferings, have died from mosquito bites on board the vessels.

Girls as Journalists.

Caroline Cole.

Brightest and best of all are the young girls who have adopted journalism as a profession. They are clever, alert, full of life and wit. They go about, skimming the cream of experience and giving their papers good stuff indeed. They will make good wives for good editors. There is plenty of room and a real welcome in the newspaper offices for the sensible, earnest, ambitious girl who knows what to write and how to write it. You have doubtless heard the story of Mrs. Gadabout who paid a first visit to Mrs. Newcomer, and who asked her what her husband did for a living.

"Oh," said Mrs. Newcomer, "he is a reporter."

"What's that?"

"Why, he goes all about town finding out things about people and then he prints it in the newspapers. He earns $20 a week."

"Goodness gracious! Do you mean to tell me that people get paid for that, and I never knew it," screamed Mrs. Gadabout, as she took up her bonnet and rushed off to a newspaper office as fast as she could go.

Why He Was So Popular.

Chicago Herald.

There is a story going around that when Harrison was in the senate and Gresham in the cabinet, Harrison asked Bill Holloway of Indianapolis one day: "Bill, why is it Gresham seems to be so popular?" "Why," replied Bill, "that's easily explained. He's one of the boys.'

After Harrison had thought a minute or so, he said; "Bill, what is it to be one of the boys?"

Bill nearly fainted from astonishment, but seeing Harrison was in dead earnest, he replied: "Well, it's to be around among 'em—go fishing, for instance, and so forth."

Harrison never said anything more, but some days afterward he met Holloway on the street. He seemed to be in a satisfied state of mind, and, after the exchange of a few commonplaces, said: "Bill, I think I have counteracted that Gresham influence among the boys."

"How?" asked Bill.

"Why, my wife and I were fishing on the flats the other day."

Cryptograms and Polycarps.

Boston Transcript.

"The rhetoric of Aunt Keziah," writes "A. M. R.," "was peculiar. She said, 'We are going to carpet the oils of our church and pay for it by superscription.'

"Uncle Jabez was liberal. I repeated an anecdote to him where a member rose and said, 'Mr. Speaker, that will do better in "thorio" than in practice.' 'I guess you mean "theory," don't you, now?' said he."

These instances somehow remind the Listener of the case of a bright young lady who was asked the other day:

"Are you learned in botany, Miss C——?"

"Botany!" she exclaimed. "Mercy! I don't know a cryptogram from a polycarp."

Won by Des Moines.

Special to the Globe.

DES MOINES, June 20.—The game today resulted in favor of the locals by a scratch. The playing of both teams was rather "rocky." The score:

Des Moines.....4 4 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—8
St. Louis.....0 1 0 1 4 0 0 1 0—7

Batteries, Kennedy and Sage, Farquar and Arundel.

ONE DAY AT A TIME.

One day at a time. That's all it can be;
No faster than that is the hardest fate;
And days have their limits, however we
Begin them too early and stretch them too late.

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme!
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

One day at a time! Every heart that aches
Knows only too well how long they can
seem;
But it's never to-day which the spirits breaks—
It's the darkened future, without a gleam

One day at a time! When joy is at height—
Such joy as the heart can never forget—
And pulses are throbbing with wild delight,
How hard to remember that suns must set.

One day at a time! But a single day.
Whatever its load, whatever its length;
And there's a bit of precious Scripture to say
That according to each shall be our
strength,

One day at a time! 'Tis the whole of life;
All sorrow, all joy, are measured therein:
The bound of our purpose, our noblest strife,
The one only countersign sure to win!

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme!
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Millions read the "Wants" each week Always finding what they seek.

SHE WHO WORKS.

The wheels of the world go round and round,
In the press of a busy throng,
Morn with its matin melody
And night with its vesper songs;
The tides are out and the tides are in,
Like the sea in its ebb and flow,
For there's always one to stay at home
Where there is one to go.

Abroad on the highway's noisy track
There is rush of hurrying feet,
The sparks fly out from the wheels of time
To brighten the bitter and sweet;
But apart from the beaten road and path,
Where the pulse of earth runs slow,
There is always one to stay at home
Where there is one to go.

Over and over good byes are said,
In tests that die with the day,
When eyes are wet that cannot forget,
And smiles have faded away;
Smiles that are worn as over a grave
Flowers will blossom and blow;
For there's always one to stay at home
Where there is one to go.

Always one for the little tasks
Of a day that is never done;
Always one to sit down at night
And watch with the stars alone,
And he who fights on the world's broad field,
With banner and blast and drum,
Little dreams of a battle gained
By the one who stayed at home.

—Burneston Lane,

A DOUBLE WEDDING.

"Oh, Clara, do come here a minute! Please tell me who that handsome gentleman is walking down the street with Charley Eversowl?"

"Why, Minnie, that is Frank Bates, the millionaire, who has just returned from Europe. The girls seem to be going wild about him, but for my part I do not quite like his looks."

"There, that is just like you, Clara Huntley. I think it must be sour grapes. Now I think he has just come in the nick of time, and I will set about trying to capture him."

So saying Minnie Reeves turned from the window to see what effect her words had on her friend.

"Well, Minnie, I shall not say anything, for you say I am always preaching to you about flirting; but, indeed, if I were in your place I should do nothing of the kind, for it might get you into trouble."

"Well, never mind, Rosa dear; do let us decide on what we will wear to the party next Tuesday night, for you know I want to look my best so as to captivate the aforesaid young man."

Minnie tossed back her jet black hair from her smooth, white brow, and her eyes, black as night, were sparkling like diamonds.

The girls were both the daughters of wealthy merchants and knew no care.

While the young ladies were busy settling the question about their costumes for the party, the young gentlemen mentioned by Minnie and Clara were slowly sauntering down the street.

"So, Charley, you say the one with the black hair is Minnie Reeves, and the blonde is Clara Huntley? They are both beauties."

"Yes, Frank, they are beauties, and considered the belles of Springfield, but come, let us go in here and get a cup of coffee."

So saying they both went into the restaurant.

Clara and Minnie, having decided on their costumes, concluded to go down town and buy the trimmings. They also stopped into the eating-room for some coffee.

It was rather dark in the room, and the young ladies took seats at a table a short distance from the young men.

They were rather startled to hear their names spoken.

"So, Charley, you think there is no use in trying to flirt with Miss Reeves. What will you bet? I can get her and not half try."

"Frank, I do not like to hear you speak so about the young ladies, and as for betting about them, that is something I will not do. If you can get her, you will get a noble girl, but I don't think you can."

"Well, Charley, if you won't bet I will make this offer to you, that I will give you this diamond ring, if after four weeks from the time I am introduced to her, there is no engagement ring on her finger. Now, remember!"

The young ladies thought they had heard enough, so they quietly slipped out and just as they reached the sidewalk Minnie said:

"Well, Clara, why don't you say: 'I told you so?'"

"Because, my dear, I think the lesson will be more profitable without the old saying."

Tuesday night arrived, and Clara and Minnie looked very lovely, arrayed in white illusion, trimmed with rare old lace; Minnie with diamonds in her hair and on her neck and arms, and Clara with pearls. There was a murmur of admiration passed from lip to lip as they went through the rooms and took seats.

"They had scarcely seated themselves before Mr. Bates, at his own request, came up for an inteoduction, and he scarcely left Minnie's side for the rest of the evening.

He excelled himself in politeness and conversation.

And when the party dispersed Mr. Bates was putting Minnie and Clara into their carriage. He asked Minnie's permission to call on her at her home.

She gave her consent with a pleasant smile.

And for the next three weeks Frank Bates devoted his time and attention to winning the daughter of the wealthiest merchant in the city, and, to all appearances, he seemed likely to succeed.

Charley Eversowl, in the meantime, watching and waiting, loving her better than his own life, but not daring to tell her of his love because he was poor. He knew he could not support a wife on so small a salary.

One evening, seated in a cosy little sitting room, were Frank Bates and Minnie, engaged in a warm conversation.

"Miss Reeves—Minnie—do you know how much I love you? Oh! speak—tell me, can you not love me a little in return? I have loved you from the first moment we met?"

Minnie, with a haughty look, rose from her chair.

"No, Frank Bates, I do not love you, and I will tell you why. When a young man so far forgets himself as to boast in a public eating house that, before four weeks have passed around he will have an engagement ring on her finger, I then, also, forget the young man has any feelings, and this has been nothing but a flirtation."

A low malediction on Charley Eversowl escaped his lips for having told.

"No, you need not blame Mr. Eversowl, for he did not betray you, but my friend, Miss Rosa, and I sat at the next table and heard the whole of your conversation. Now, Mr. Bates, I believe we are even, so I will bid you a very good evening."

Frank Bates, too much crestfallen to reply, bowed and withdrew. A few evenings after Charley Eversowl called and sent up his card, asking to see Miss Reeves. Minnie came down looking very pretty in her soft, drab merino dress.

It did not take many words for Charlie to tell his errand. And when he left the house late that night he left a beautiful ring sparkling on Minnie's finger, and his happy face told a pleasing tale.

Next morning, bright and early, Clara Huntley came to tell Minnie of her engagement to her father's partner, and there were surprises on both sides. "And to only think, Clara," said Minnie, "Charley would never tell me he loved me because he was poor, but now he is promoted to teller in the bank, and then he found out that I did not love Frank Bates."

Clara broke out into a merry laugh and said:

"Oh! Minnie, did Charley get his diamond ring that Mr. Bates promised him, if he failed to have the ring on your finger in four weeks?"

"No, he never mentioned it before he went away."

"Why, has he gone away, and where to?"

"Yes, he left the next evening after I told him we heard his conversation, and no person knows where he is, and I don't think any person cares."

Three months later there was a double wedding at Grace church, and of course, the brides, dressed in white, looked beautiful, and the old saying, "Happy is the bride the sun shines on," seemed verified. Then, surely, their paths through life will be bright.

CURIOSITIES OF COST.

A Piano That Cost $46,000--$250,000 Diamond Necklaces.

From th eDecorator and Furnisher.

Cost is, of course, a very unsafe measure of value in many instances, and yet there is not unnatural curiosity on the part of the general public to know the mere money estimation in which certain more or less beautiful articles are held. Here are a few somewhat remarkable examples of lavish expenditure;

The highest-priced piano in America is owned by H. G. Marquand, of this city. The works were made by Messrs. Steinway & Sons, and the case, which was built in London, was designed and painted by Alma Tadema. It cost $46,000.

Sir Donald Smith, of Montreal, is the owner of the costliest piano ever made in this country. It is also a Steinway, and the case was made by Pottier & Stymus. It cost, when landed in Montreal, $27,000.

The most expensive sideboard ever made in the United States is owned by Judge Harry E. Parker, of Mauch Chunk, Pa. It covers the whole side of a room, and was built by Hertz Bros, for $47,000. It is a marvel of elaborate and beautiful carving.

Mr. Marquand is also the possessor of the costliest billiard table in the country. The price was $26,000.

Mr. J. W. Mackay furnished about $75,000 in weight of silver, and paid Tiffany & Co. $120,000 for the work on his dinner service, which thus represents $195,000.

The costliest string of pearls in this country belongs to a New York lady, and cost $51,000.

Another New York lady had a solitaire diamond ring for which she paid Tiffany & Co. $48,000.

The late Mrs. Morgan paid $250,000 for her necklace. Mrs. Hicks-Lord is the owner of a diamond necklace which cost $250,000.

The famous picture by Meissonier, called '1807" was painted for the late A. T. Stewart. At the sale of his gallery Henry Hilton bought if for $66,500, and presented it to the Metropolitan Museum, where it now hangs, the costliest painting in America.

Sir Donald Smith is the possessor of the highest-priced painting in Canada, "The Communicants," by Jules Breton. Cost at the Seney sale $45,000.

W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, paid the highest recorded price for an American picture. It is Church's "Niagara," and the price was $13,000. It was reported that Legrand Lockwood paid $25,000 for Bierstadt's "Domes of the Yosemite," but as, at the distribution of his effects, the picture brought less than $6,500, the first price was probably a fable.

In the Lenox library is a perfect copy of the Mazarin or Guttenberg Bible, the first book printed with movable types. It is worth $25,000, and nothing better has ever been done since. Brayton Ives, of this city, has an imperfect copy, for which he paid $15,000.

J. F. Irwin, of Oswego, paid $10,000 to J. W. Bouton for a Bible. It was originally in three volumes, but by the insertion of woodcuts, manuscripts, engravings and etchings, had been expanded to sixty imperial folio volumes.

Of the original edition of the sonnets of William Shakspeare, published by George Daniel, of London, in 1609, there are two perfect copies. One is in the British museum. For the other, Dodd, Mead & Co., of this city, paid $5,000. It is a little book about seven by four inches in size. A somewhat hard-headed clerk in the establishment figures that at the price it cost $480 an ounce.

A sixteenth century vellum manuscript, with six paintings by Giulio Clovis, cost the Lenox library $12,000.

The most expensive public building in the world is the New York state capitol at Albany, just begun. It cost $12,000,000+|-, in mathematics the sign +|- means that an amount can be carried to infinity.

CRITICULAR.

Washington Critic.

The country at large is just tumbling to the fact that Mr. Blaine's last letter was written to read.

It might reduce funeral expenses if the toll of the bells could be collected.

In court:

Judge (to prosecuting witness)—Have you any real cause of complaint against your husband?

Wife—Yes, sir. He refuses to buy me a new bonnet, and I haven't had a silk dress for two years.

Judge—But I thought he came home drunk and beat you over the head with a chair?

Wife—Well, he did: but I wouldn't count that if I could get the dress and the bonnet.

An electric light wire is heavier than either a telegraph or telephone wire.

At Niagara:

Wife—How great, how overwhelming, how beyond all compare, how exceeding all the wildest fancy paints, the most extravagant imaginination conceives.

Husband—What my dear? The falls or the hotel bill?

At a country hotel:

Guest—I want a room.

Clerk—You can't get one sir. All full.

Guest—Can I get a bed, then?

Clerk—Haven't got one in the house, sir.

Guest—Got one out of the house?

Clerk—Oh, yes.

Guest—Well, I'll take that. Where is it?

Clerk—Out in the back yard, sir. It's the strawberry bed. Don't roll over on the berries. Good-night, sir.

It is not indignation we are boiling with these days.

We quote from the Tombstone Warbler the following double-leaded editorial: "If Nola Twigg, the servant girl in Portland, Or., who recently fell heir to $200,000, will call at this office, she will hear of something greatly to her advantage. We are a bachelor.

Miss Amelia Rives will confer a favor upon an agitated and anxious community if she will get married.

A summer ration—perspiration.

A beverage for summer weather——H. O. Tea.

Bismarck Scared by His Son.

Vanity Fair.

A Varzin correspondent relates the following amusing anecdote of Prince Bismarck. Some days ago the chancellor, in the quiet enjoyment of his well-earned holiday, had invited a few chosen friends to one of those select little dinners which he loves so well, when, just as the soup was being served, a servant handed him a telegram. With a hasty glance the prince perused it, and, with a look of disappointment at his plate, which contained his favorite dish—goose-broth—rose from the table, asking his guests to excuse him for a moment. Some one, however, saying in fun, "Oh, let that wait; your soup will get cold," the man of blood and iron turned to the company with a look of fear on his face, amusing in the extreme, and said: "I wish to Gott I could! But the message is from my son Herbert, and if I let him wait I shall have another and more peremptory one in ten minutes. He won't wait an instant. If I had only worked half so hard when I was young I am sure I would have become something quite different." Exit chancellor, followed by the laughter of the company.

Gall Still Better Than Genius.

New York Sun.

"Clara," said the old man from the head of the stairs, "say to that young fellow that a storm is coming up."

"All right, sir; thanks," responded the young fellow himself. "I hadn't noticed it. I think I'll wait and see if it doesn't blow over."

Rooms and houses greet the eyes Of the folks who advertise.

BUSINESS!

WE HAVE Demonstrated to the People of Minneapolis and the Northwest on several occasions, that when we advertise a SPECIAL REDUCTION SALE WE MEAN WHAT WE SAY. Our removal sale is no exception to the rule. Our store Corner THIRD STREET AND NICOLLET AVENUE is rented to another party, and we have to move before next spring. It is our intention not to move a dollar's worth of SPRING or SUMMER GOODS.

EVERYTHING MUST GO!

And we have put the price on every light-weight article that will make it go. THERE WILL BE NO RESERVE. WE MEAN BUSINESS and a look at our prices will convince you. All Summer Suits, Pants, Underwear, Furnishings, Neckwear, Hats, Boys' Clothing, Children's Clothing. Remember! These are all New Goods, not selected for the occasion, but our regular stock, which must be closed out before removal.

U T K
Clothing House,
MINNEAPOLIS.

ICE COOL COATS AND VESTS IN sizes to fit and in fabrics to please every man or boy, no matter what size or shape, sacrificed at the great Refit Sale of the

BIG BOSTON!
MINNEAPOLIS.

The season will be short and we will make it Red Hot while it lasts. Our stock consists of every grade from Silk and Silk Mohair, Pongee Silk, Drap d'Etes, Genuine Seersuckers, Brilliant