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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 18.—For Michigan: Fair, warmer; variable winds. For Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa: Local rains; generally warmer; variable winds, becoming generally southerly. For Eastern and Southwestern Dakota and Nebraska: Local rains; warmer; variable winds, becoming southerly.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 18.—The following observations were made at 8:48 p. m., local time:

Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Thermometer	Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Thermometer
St. Paul	29.96	74	Ft. Buford	29.88	80
Ft. Sully	29.92	70	Ft. Custer	29.94	68
Ft. Totten	29.98	72	Helena	29.94	74
Duluth	29.94	70	Calgary	29.60	80
La Crosse	30.00	70	Qu'Ap'lle	29.78	70
Huron	29.96	66	Minnedosa	29.84	68
Moorhead	29.98	76	Medic'e H.	29.54	88
St. Vincent	29.94	72	Fort Garry	29.90	70
Bismarck	29.96	78	Edmonton	.....	....

ST. PAUL can give jolly MARIE WAINWRIGHT a hearty welcome to-day.

SCHEFFER'S independence becomes a myth before the loom of the Republican machine.

IT IS remarkable what effect an oil inspectorship will have upon a man's political honesty.

SINCE the Republican party does not want SCHEFFER, is it not in bad taste for him to seek it?

A CAREFUL exposition of seaside legs having appeared in print, an essay on seaside morals is in order.

ALL men to their tastes. While the pious pray to-day the heathen will be perforating prairie hens.

"THE Lord is my shepherd," says Gov. MCGILL, and adds pathetically, "and LOREN FLETCHER my boss."

A SERMON on "Modern Pleasures" is not out of place on the day previous to the opening of the theatrical season.

THE date of the Fifth district Democratic congressional convention has been changed from Sept. 4 to Sept. 11.

JUDGE REA will accept if tendered a congressional nomination. Accept what? Why, defeat, my boy, of course.

TALK about the fury of a woman when she is scorned; did you ever meet her when she hit her thumb with a hammer?

AS LONG as MRS. LANGTRY'S nudity is not only tolerated, but enjoyed by society, why should "The Quick and the Dead" be condemned?

IF MR. HORR, of Michigan, could see himself as others do, what an infinitesimally small place in the world he would find himself occupying.

FRANK HURD and EUGENE WILSON will preach low taxes to the people with a vigor and honesty unapproached by by Jumping Jack HORR.

THE Republicans are extremely solicitous as to the Democracy of WILSON and BUCK. They will be more solicitous as to their votes in November.

POLITICAL organizations in all parts of the country need more politics in them and less personality. There are too many men growing larger than the party.

MARGARET MATHER complains of the disposition of MRS. SOL SMITH to display her lower limbs on the stage. At the same time the general public has not ceased to complain of MISS MATHER'S failure to display good acting.

DANCING MEN.

A complaint comes up from all the summer resorts of the scarcity of young men who dance. The belles are there and in great numbers. They are there for a jolly good time, too, and the prudential mothers who are chaperoning the young ladies have made it a point in the education of their girls that dancing should be one of the leading accomplishments. The girls all dance, and they dance well. More than that, the old fogy notion that round dances are out of place in a public ball room has been discarded, and now the German, the waltz, the polka, and all that class of dances which require an arm curvature fill up the principal space on the ball programme. But with all these innovations of modern dancing reform, the dance still lags. And it is all because the young men either will not or cannot dance.

Why is it that the young men of this generation have no partiality for dancing? It cannot be because they are less nimble-footed than the young men of preceding generations. The young man of to-day is as agile and light of foot as the antelope. He walks with a springing step, and as his graceful figure glides by you on the street, you are impressed with the idea that nature has endowed him with a waltz-like motion. It can not be for lack of opportunity that he doesn't learn to dance, for in these latter days the dancing academy is permitted to take precedence of the Sunday school. The opportunities for acquiring a good dancing education are granted to every American youth, whether of good moral character or not. The fact is that the young man of this generation can dance and does dance, and his scarcity at the summer resort is entitled to be placed to his credit.

The first and foremost reason for the scarcity of dancing men at the summer resorts is that the young men of this age are not loitering away their time in the butterfly fashion generally characteristic of the summer resort season. Most of them have to work for their living. If they get a summer vacation there are so many more manly sports to engross their time and attention that the summer resort ball room has comparatively little attraction for them. Then there is a promiscuity about these summer resort acquaintances that is repulsive to the average young man of good breeding. He thinks too much of himself to be caught whirling around in a public ball room with his arm clasped around a maiden whom he has never met before and will never see again. She may be as respectable as he is, but he doesn't know it. He has to take too much for granted. Then, there is another consideration which repels the young man from the fashionable summer resort. It is the expense account. The young man who enters the society of a fashionable watering place must have a good bank account to be able to hold out any length of time. He is not only expected to keep pace with the expensive habits of the young ladies, but he must see them one better. If he starts in to play the gallant he must keep his purse string untied. The extravagant ideas of our young society women are what discourages our young men from entering society. And it is enough to do it. The young man of good horse sense, and we have a great many of that sort, reasons out the matter in about this way: If he has the money and the culture to enable him to shine in society, where is the profit to come from? It is an exceedingly rare thing that money invested in a summer flirtation pays a dividend. Now and then some young adventurer in search of a wife with a fortune plays a lucky game, but it is only once in a thousand times that the game succeeds. The sensible young man views the subject in about this light: The money spent in one of these summer flirtations is gone forever, whereas, if it had been invested in corner lots, or in some business enterprise, it would later on have enabled him to buy a home and furnish it for the wife who married him because he had sense enough to take care of his stuff.

This is a practical age, and our young men are imbued with its spirit. If they are not dancing young men, they are something better. They are working young men, saving young men, practical young men, earnest young men, who look upon life as something real, and not to be idled away.

BLAINE-CARLISLE DEBATE.

The proposition to arrange for a series of public tariff discussions in the principal cities of the Union between Mr. BLAINE and Speaker CARLISLE is one that will meet with the hearty concurrence of the entire country. In addition to giving pith to the campaign, this arrangement will be the means of giving a wonderful amount of tariff education to the people, a subject on which they desire to be educated. The tariff question being the one distinct issue between the two great political parties, the reasons are urgent why both sides should unite in any arrangement by which it can have the fullest and ablest discussion. Mr. BLAINE is the recognized leader of the Republican party and the ablest exponent of protective doctrine in this country. There is no man who stands higher in the councils of the Democratic party than Mr. CARLISLE. His position in congress and the singular ability with which he has championed the cause of tariff reform have contributed to make him the leader of his party on this question. What these two gentlemen can not say in defense of the respective principles they advocate is not worth listening to. Their knowledge of the tariff question is as complete as it is possible for the finite mind to acquire.

This campaign is a thoughtful one, and every voter is eagerly seeking information. It is important to the country that the issue between the parties shall be decided right. A wrong decision might inflict permanent injury upon industrial interests, and the voter would live to regret that he had not been better informed before he cast his ballot. Of course we expect, as is usually done, each party will flood the country with speakers and with campaign literature, and we shall hear many an able exposition of the question now uppermost in the public mind. But at best these methods only give an ex-parte presentation of the issue. The Republicans go to hear Republican speakers, and the Democrats turn out at Democratic meetings. Comparatively few converts are made by either side by the ordinary campaign methods. What the people want is a series of joint discussions by men whom they know to be informed, and who have the ability to tell what they know. It is information the great mass of the people are after, and not partisan furor and political clap-trap.

If an arrangement can be made by which Mr. BLAINE and Mr. CARLISLE shall discuss the tariff jointly it will have more bearing on the results of the campaign than all other methods that can be employed. The people who listen to them and those who read their speeches will have all the arguments that can be made on either side, and will have them in juxtaposition, so there will be no difficulty in determining which are the most convincing. With a campaign conducted according to this method the result will be accepted as a final decision of this great question. No matter which party wins the victory on this single issue, there will be no organized effort in the future to reverse it. It will stand as the accepted policy of the American government, because it has received the sanction of the American people after a full, fair and intelligent discussion.

NATIONAL PRESS.

A Ghastly Failure.

Kansas City Times.

If Eli Perkins takes the stump for the Republican party he may make the hit of his life. As an attempted humorist he has proved a ghastly failure. As an earnest and serious debater he will probably be irresistibly humorous.

A Poor Judge.

Atlanta Constitution.

Novelist Howells says that people nowadays would not enjoy novels in the style of Thackeray. Nevertheless, there are more inquiries at the public libraries for Thackeray's works than for the works of Novelitt Howells.

Must Not Falter.

Chicago Globe.

In his deliverances since his landing at New York, Mr. Blaine has not given as much to the grand central idea of the Chicago platform—the demand for free whisky—as the constructors of that phenomenal composition had a right to expect. Mr. Blaine is the chief hope and chosen champion of the tariff pirates. It will not do for him, whatever may be the weakness of senators and other hesitating brethren, to falter in his support of the bummers' and boodlers' great principle.

PERFECT REST.

Behold the boy—throughout the livelong day,
He follows on where e'er his fancy leads,
Till, tired of every sport it can suggest,
His mother's fond embrace supplies his needs.
Upon her breast,
By her caressed,
He is at home,
And home is perfect rest.

The world is but a ruthless battlefield;
The boy, to manhood grown, must fight his way;
Wounded, in tears, he seeks his loving wife,
His wounds are healed, his tears are wiped away.
Upon her breast,
By her caressed,
He is at home,
And home is perfect rest.

Oblivion comes—they err who call it death—
'Tis passing slumber, fraught with untold charms;
On angel wings the sleeper's borne aloft,
The shadows pass, he wakes in Jesus' arms.
Upon his breast,
By him caressed,
He is at home.
And home is perfect rest.

—Charles L. Dean.

MEN WHO TALK.

George F. Holland, of New York. The interstate commerce law has been supposed to materially affect the interests of great circuses. My experience is that it has not. The first-class shows, which have abundant financial backing, have found their transportation rates somewhat higher, but this has been compensated for in other ways, so that they have made, and not lost money. The first effect of the new law was to disrupt a large number of weak shows that had never given the fun-loving public their money's worth, and whose disappearance from the road was not regretted. It is true that in their place a number of small acrobatic shows have come, but they fill so little a place in the legitimate field of a great circus that their competition is not felt.

There are only three first-class circuses in the United States now—BARNUM, FOREPAUGH and SELLS. This trio, in what they present, excel in every respect even the so-called royal circuses of the continent. Foreign managers have always claimed superiority over us in their animal exhibitions, and I think in this they are right. But our acrobats and riders surpass theirs so far that comparison between the two is impossible. I don't know a country outside of America that furnishes so many daring and par excellence equestrians. To ride in the ring requires greater skill, more courage and more strength than to dash at break-neck speed across a prairie.

A circus rider seems safe, and to many his work is apparently tame, but there is not a man who goes into the ring but what takes his life in his hands. Every nerve and every muscle must be alert—one mis-step, a vicious turn on the part of the horse, a miscalculation as to a leap, and he is done for.

They take him, crushed and bleeding, off of the sawdust, and in a week circus and public have forgotten that he ever existed.

That is the sadness of a professional's life—that when maimed in service the throng forget his past deeds, and he is left to fight life the best that he can.

I know of very few professionals who are well off. Even though the best of them draw salaries as high as $500 a week for the season, it is soon gone. Their personal expenses come high, and, while they are as a rule not dissipated, a roving existence eats up what is left.

I was in the ring for ten years myself, and have drawn $175 a week for several seasons, but I never saved a cent of it. I worked hard, and when I was free and pay day had come I saw no reason why I should not enjoy myself. The inducement to save was small, and rarely thought of.

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F. T. Charles, of Buffalo. Accident insurance companies make a practice of carefully studying the list of casualties that occur every day throughout the country on the different railroads. They note the proportion of accidents to each road, the causes, and what remedies are applied to prevent repetitions of the same. It is the only way in which an accident company can protect itself against impositions and the taking of extra hazardous risks.

The first month after the Burlington strike was on, the Travelers' Accident, Buffalo, and other companies stopped taking risks on that road. It was too hazardous. New engineers and the strike troubles made losses too certain. Some of the companies afterwards resumed, but others still refuse to insure any man in the employ of the road. As soon as an accident company is satisfied that a railroad is bucking what we call "fate," they call in their agents from the road and leave it alone. I was taking risks on the Burlington when the strike commenced. But in short order my company took me from it and sent me to the Union Pacific.

It is so with a dozen manufacturing establishments and where there is much machinery and danger to life. If the accident company thinks that precautions for safety are being neglected and undue risks of life taken, it will go in and cancel every risk, rather than take the chances of loss.

Accident insurance is not run alone to pay people after they are injured, but to teach them to be careful and prudent before accidents come.

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Jesse Nortier, of Butte. I have lived thirty years within sight of the Rocky mountains. Every morning in that time I have seen the sun rise over snowy summits and go down behind rocky walls.

During these three decades the most thrilling incident that I remember was when WONG FOO married a white woman and nearly lost his life by it.

Butte was hardly Butte thirty years ago, nor was the basin east of Helena much known to white men. I had fur contracts in the country and wandered about it just about as I saw fit, coming East occasionally to see Commodore KITTSON, and other pioneers now dead, whom I knew well.

WONG FOO drifted into the Montana country from San Francisco and opened a "washee" house on Little Bear creek, a stream not on the maps now.

He was a good-looking heathen, and made friends and money until the day he met MARY BANKS. She was English and verdant, and how she ever drifted into that wilderness I never knew.

But one morning I saw her at work in WONG'S shanty, and there she stayed. She was quiet, and WONG thrifty. His soul began to feast upon her steady ways and fair looks. In some fashion, and after days of waiting, he made her understand that he loved her, and when she got over the surprise she married him.

There was no parson to unite them, but he gave her half of his pile and announced that she had agreed to live with him for the rest of her days.

My own blood boiled at the idea of that yellow brute marrying one of my own race, but I wouldn't have said a word if some of the other boys, after talking the matter over, had not decided that WONG was a villain and MARY a victim.

One cold night in November, just a week after his marriage, WONG was hauled out of his bed by ten men. His MARY was with him, but no one paid any attention to her until the door was reached. WONG was kicking and yelling, while his captors, holding him tight, had put a rope around his neck. One jerk, and his days would have ended there.

But MARY came in on the scene then, and in a way that paralyzed everybody. The boys heard a noise behind them, looked around, and there stood MARY with a big pair of pistols in her hands, covering them.

"Let him go," she said, and the pistol hammers clicked as they went up. The boys did not have their guns out, so all of them let go but a fellow named HANK GREER. He held on just a minute too long, and MARY shot him dead.

At that the boys ran for all there was in it, and did not come back to the shanty until daylight. Then they surrounded it, but when they got in MARY and WONG were gone, and we never heard of them again.

We buried GREER and burned the shanty, but I shall never forget the look on that woman's face when she defended that yellow rascal against the men who thought they were helping her. She was grit, clear through.

QUEER THINGS.

The bent of the human mind is toward unlicensed excess. That which checks or restrains that excess is looked upon as an enemy. Probably this is the reason why many men who advocate large police forces still look upon the individual officer as an object of detestation.

This places the officer in an unenviable position. He not only is forced to combat the grinding effects of a small salary and the autocratic powers of his superiors, but the snubs and sneers of that public which bitterly complains when his presence is lacking.

"This," said a lieutenant of police, "makes the lot of an officer peculiarly dangerous. He is not only exposed to the revengeful spirit of the crooks, but to the malice of citizens, who not infrequently take occasion to manifest it. If he dies in as mysterious a manner as HANSEN did, it is as fair to assume in tracing the murderer that he was a citizen as that he was a crook."

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This may be drawing it strongly, but an officer of any experience will often find it to be true that citizens put more pitfalls in his way than criminals.

As for poor HANSEN, like all his brother officers he carried his life in his hand. The slight evidence at hand as to how he was killed indicates that he knew this when he crossed Virginia avenue that fatal night.

There is more of his murder told by his pistol than by anything else. He carried a single-action gun—a treacherous weapon under any circumstances.

He drew it some time in his passage across the street. Without doubt he saw some one acting in a manner to justify him in drawing his weapon.

The gun was half-cocked when he was found. Now it is known that, like most of the single-action guns, it had failed in its duty at the critical moment. For the next day when it was tried it was found that it would only half-cock and no more. The hammer had caught and there it hung, and HANSEN gave up his life for that apparently trifling defect.

Room is now left to inquire if he was not intending to shoot first, and if his pistol was up and failed just before he was shot down.

Would not the fact that he had drawn his pistol be sufficient to provoke the fire of a professional crook?

The police know now that at some time or other—either the day previous or that night—an attempt had been made to enter a certain house in that neighborhood. There is evidence enough to prove that.

Mayhap the designers of this robbery came that night to execute their plans. The window they chose was in a direct line with where HANSEN stood when he was shot.

He saw or heard them and crossed the street. He spoke, and threw up his gun and the hammer caught. Then he was killed.

That is a good theory, any way.

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There was a man one of these summer days who, like many other men, suspected his wife of infidelity.

He did not upbraid her and send the cold chills rushing down her spinal column by flourishing a pistol.

Rather, he kept calm and cool and devised a cold-blooded scheme by which he should know that she was either a relative to CÆSAR'S spouse or a base, designing creature.

One calm, still night he concealed himself under the bed in their chamber, and in the course of the wane of the hours his better half (as he supposed) came into that chamber, having in tow a masculine whom she called "CHARLIE."

But when he heard her speak he was surprised to learn that it was his wife's sister.

He lay very still for a time while the couple billed and cooed, but when, by arousing the dust of his hiding place, he was forced to sneeze, there was a commotion.

She screamed and CHARLIE reached under the bed. He hauled this jealous husband out and gave him a first-class trouncing, and would have handed him over to the police but for the revelation of his identity when lights were brought.

Explanations were not forthcoming. Mr. JEALOUSY nursed his sore spots, and CHARLIE grinned. The true and faithful wife said not a word.

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There are funny things done by men when in the dark, and afraid. Summit avenue is a lonesome place at midnight. The imps of darkness and uncanny sounds make that their headquarters at that time of night. A respectable citizen passing up that avenue one night at a late hour heard the report of a pistol, and "whizz" went a bullet past his ear. At the same time ahead of him he saw three men jump behind as many trees.

He was armed, but still to pass those men seemed a very hard thing to do after that shot had been fired.

Still he walked on, passed the first and was just abreast of the second, when off went another pistol and "whizz" sang another ball past his ear.

Then he did jump and pull his own gun and level at No. 2 with murderous intent.

Luckily for him, he did not fire. No. 2 spoke, and, by so doing, revealed that he was also a respectable citizen. Investigation showed that the other fellows were drunken strangers firing their pistols for fun.

No. 2 had mistaken them for footpads, and thus this comedy of errors arose.

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Something like that occurred on Dayton avenue a year or two ago, where two citizens, meeting late at night, and each suspecting the other of being a footpad, jumped behind trees and blazed away at each other until their pistols were empty. Then the police rushed in and the misunderstanding was straightened out. It is a good thing to think twice before you shoot.

SHERIDAN.

Blow bugles of sorrow! blow taps of the night,
Blow sweetly, blow softly as wavelets of light,
Beside the tomb's portal lies splintered pride's lance,
Rust cankers the sword of the meteor glance.
The eagle whose wing could defeat to earth dash,
As he soared 'mid the battle-clouds' thunder and flash,
Over carnage that seethed,
To gaze with full eye upon victory's sun;
An arrow doth smite from his glory-lit height;
The lord of the fight
By Death is undone.

Blow clarions of triumph! blow music's delight,
Blow gladly, blow madly, as when in the fight
At Five Forks to combat he tiger-like sprang,
Or as when by redeemed Shenandoah ye rang,
For the pale steed's dark rider, grim Death, is unhorsed,
And our hero's brave soul from his grasp is uncursed,
As a saber unsheathed;
The ghouls of the grave to their dust he doth run,
He rises in might from mortality's plight,
He faces God's light,
Life's battle is won.

—Charles H. A. Esling.

EYES AND EARS.

A Prophetic Squint. One couldn't help wondering at the Democratic convention last week if the day will ever come when similar bodies of women will assemble in Market hall. How odd it will be to see two or three men sneaking into a seat behind the scenes, feeling awfully out of place, but curious and reverential in the presence of so much intellect! One caught himself trying to fancy how it would sound to hear, instead of the loud and lusty roar of the men's "No," the frantic, high-pitched squeak of women's. One sought to picture a woman wearing MIKE DORAN'S beatific smile, passing down the aisle with the crowd cheering, and one couldn't help believing that when the hisses commence the coming Miss MICHAEL DORAN will fling herself around and spit out, "You nasty thing." When CHRIS O'BRIEN stood up with a bandana in each hand and the throng howled, one couldn't help thinking the day may come when a woman will stand in the same spot, with a heelless shoe in each hand, and throw her audience into hysterics with the reminder of that grand old pioneer, SUSAN B. ANTHONY. All this may come to pass, and if it does, who will then prate of inherent inequality of the sexes?

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A Revolutionary Restaurant. For a town of its size, St. Paul is wofully deficient in restaurants where good cooking and neat service are to be had. But if a person can be philosophical and think only of natural history, removing a fly from his coffee, or disputing the right of one to lie down and die of fly-poison in the middle of his plate, there is one restaurant here that is a haven for the rebellious soul. There is about as little suggestion of law that oppresses and order that wearies in the place as one can imagine. It is eminently respectable, mind you, and, so far as prices go, decidedly first-class. But if you have a favorable seat you can watch the proprietor retire to a corner, wash his face and brush his hair. A man appears at the front door peddling green stuff. He is dispatched by one of the waiters, and, just as his coat tails recede from view, the cook, who by some unclassified instinct has become aware of his presence, dashes frantically in from the kitchen and calls him back, to buy some tomatoes. While you sit enjoying a fried chicken a farm team hauls up before the open door and delivers a dozen or two squeaking, flapping, terrified, prospective fried chickens, whose loud-voiced apprehension of their fate make you feel like a cannibal with every mouthful you continue to eat. You see the waiter taste of the cream, to make sure it is sweet, and put your morning melon to his nose, to satisfy his well-meaning desire to know that it is good. Altogether, the methods of this restaurant are so revolutionary that, feeding there three times a day, one grows familiar enough with confusion to understand the emotions of an anarchist.

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Buried Alive. It is few young men who enjoy the distinction of walking the earth after their own burial and knowing the exact amount of their own funeral expenses. Such a young man, however, has lately taken up his abode in St. Paul. His name is PHIL WELLINGTON, and he is the handsome, sturdy thirteen-year-old boy of CYRUS WELLINGTON, of the well-known firm of ERWIN & WELLINGTON. Two or three years ago Master PHIL was living with his mother in New York city. One day he mysteriously disappeared, and no tidings of him could be obtained. Desperate search for him was at last rewarded by the discovery of his body in a morgue. He had been brought from the river, and, so far as a mother's eye could tell, it was indeed PHIL. Naturally enough, his parents' hope that he still lived had been so strong that doubt as to the identity of the dead body was obstinate. But it was PHIL'S image, and a broken tooth that had stood in the way of conviction was drawn from his head by his mother, who is a physician, and taken to a dentist, who assured her that it had been broken within a day or two. Finally, no word of PHIL alive being received, PHIL dead was accepted. His body was removed from the morgue to his mother's home for burial. His parents followed him with bursting hearts to his grave, and uncomplainingly settled an undertaker's bill for $47. A week or two after a friend of the WELLINGTONS from Staten island visited them and inquired for PHIL. The sad story of his untimely departure was told, but the gentleman failed to be properly impressed. He insisted that he had seen the young man ten or twelve days before, camping out with a crowd of small boys on Staten island. A telegram was at once sent to the place in the vicinity of which he had been seen, and, lo and behold! by the next train back came Master PHIL to life and parents. He had left home without the ceremony of farewell, to lead the exciting life of a trapper with a number of congenial souls in the wild-beast-infested suburb of the great metropolis. The youngster was literally buried alive, but while the PHIL that was buried now moulders in the dust, PHIL that was alive is still very much alive, as a sight of the bright, healthy little gentleman will convince you.

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One Girl's Luck. Every workingwoman in St. Paul will turn green with envy, or rosy with delight, as she is mean or generous, to learn of an incident in the life of an ambitious girl in Chicago, who is aspiring to be a lawyer. Her position as housekeeper for her father was usurped by a stepmother, whereupon the young woman, being of an independent turn of mind, determined to study law. She has neither wealth nor social prominence. By her own unaided efforts she gained admittance to the office of one of the leading law firms of Chicago, under protest, some of the men objecting decidedly to a woman in the case. But, given an inch, she has held her own with GRANT-like firmness for two years, and is fast accomplishing her heart's desire. And she is getting more. Last week, different from most maids of her age, she had a birthday. Her presence at the office was requested to assist at some trifling piece of work. When she made her appearance she found, where her old desk had stood, one of the handsomest, most perfectly appointed desks that are manufactured. On it was a large bouquet of carnation pinks, and every man in the office wore a flower to match in honor of the occasion. But best of all, the same day she received cards from the wives of those men and hearty invitations from them to become a frequent visitor at their homes. Perhaps it is snobbishness to care for such an attention, but it is safe to say that girl wouldn't have changed places with Mrs. CLEVELAND after that, and if she isn't ten times more self-respecting and ten times more zealous in her work, it is because human nature in her particular instance is not stimulated by the consciousness that one's best is approved by others.

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St. Paul Bohemians. There is a band of Bohemians in this town that is as amusing to a philosopher as startling to the conservative. Clifton Hall is their h unt. The police station was formerly, but one of the number declared he found something prophetic about the place, so the headquarters were changed. After the actor has removed the last trace of grease paint from his face, the newspaper man covered his last assignment, "the gang" assembles. A young reporter, who has forgotten to eat during the day, luxuriates in scrambled eggs, domestic fried potatoes, and beer. A tee-totaler beside him never changes his call for a "pitcher of half-and-half." The rattle of dice promises something to drink, and threatens every empty purse in the crowd—and the purses are infinitely more likely to be empty than otherwise. Grievances of anybody are considered, and awful schemes of vengeance are devised. Grasping theatrical syndicates are roundly scored, and offending newspaper men's funerals are predicted. Something starts a frolic—a humorist's "bung mot," perhaps, and high carnival reigns until the man in the moon turns over to take his last nap before breakfast, when the crowd breaks up. They frankly speak of taking so-and-so and so-and-so and so-and-so home and putting him to bed. It ever remains a mystery to Eyes and Ears how the last man gets to his home and into his bed.

EYES AND EARS.

DRAMATIC DRIFT.

The season at the Grand opera house opens to-morrow night with Haverly's Minstrels on the boards, who will fill the bill for three nights and Wednesday matinee, to be followed the latter part of the week by VERNONA JARBEAU in her new musical comedy, "Starlight." The Haverly Minstrels have been reorganized for the present season under the management of W. S. CLEVELAND, and contain twenty-one burnt cork stars. The aggregation includes such clever and well-known black-face comedians as FRANK CUSHMAN and PETE MACK, the musical meteors; Messrs. LEOPOLD and BUNNELL; the Imperial Japanese troupe; HOWE and DOYLE, the renowned dancers; QUEEN, STOWE and RANDALL, in their minstrel specialties; and NORRIE, RAYMAN, MOORE and Sig. DE TOMASO, all of whom are celebrated singers.

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VERNONA JARBEAU'S engagement begins Thursday evening and will continue the remainder of the week, including Saturday matinee. Miss JARBEAU appears this season for the first time at the head of her own organization in "Starlight," the new musical comedy written for her by FRED MAESER and ROBERT FRAESER. Miss JARBEAU, who has frequently been heard here in leading opera roles, has always been a favorite with the musical people of our saintly city, and will doubtless receive a flattering reception on the occasion of her first star appearance in our midst. She is supported by a capable company.

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The People's did an exceptionally good business last week. The new people who have been added to the stock company made a good impression, and there is every reason to believe that the high standard which the organization erected in the beginning will be maintained. The bill for the coming week is "The Guv'nor," with Miss YOUNG and Messrs. LIPMAN and HUEBNER in the leading roles. The entire company will be cast for the performance.

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"Lady Jemima" is the title of MINNIE MADDERN'S new play, in which she will begin her season at Elizabeth, N. J., the 28th of this month. Miss MADDERN is also engaged to play the opening engagement at the New Standard theater, Philadelphia, which is to be opened the 8th of September. JOHN JENNINGS, one of the best character actors in America, has been engaged as leading man for Miss MADDERN this season.

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A touching obituary of old JOHN ROBINSON, the showman, says: "In the use of cuss words he was without a rival." P. T. BARNUM was never a swearing man, but if anything would tempt him this late in life to practice profanity it would be to read that tribute to his late rival. BARNUM is a man who doesn't like to be excelled in anything.

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In her GLOBE letter to-day CLARA BELLE criticises Mrs. LANGTRY'S partiality for low-necked dresses. It must be a pretty low cut when CLARA kicks on it.

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LOUIS JAMES and MARIE WAINWRIGHT will end their long and delicious summer holidays this week, and start for this city, where they open their season. They appear at the Grand all next week. It was a genuine love match between LOUIS and MARIE, and the honeymoon is still at the zenith.

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There is an entirely new part in GREEN CLAY'S new version of "Uncle Tom," which is to be produced in Boston this week. The character is that of Queen 'Lizabeth, a voudoo priestess. LOUISE RIAL has been engaged by the management to play the part.

AGAINST OURSELVES.

From the French.

Michelet—Women are an aristocracy.

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Victor Hugo—Woman is a perfected devil.

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St. Bernard—Woman is the organ of the devil.

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Proverb—Do not trust a woman, even when dead.

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Lemontey—Of all heavy bodies, the heaviest is the woman we have ceased to love.

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J. J. Rousseau—O, woman! it is thou that causest the tempests that agitate mankind.

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A. de Musset—A woman forgives everything but the fact that you do not covet her.

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Anon—Women love always; when earth slips from them they take refuge in heaven.

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Montaigne—There is no torture that a woman would not suffer to enhance her beauty.

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Balzac—Women are constantly the dupes or the victims of their extreme sensitiveness.

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Montesquieu—The society of women endangers men's morals and refines their manners.

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Rivarol—Man spends his life reasoning on the past, complaining of the present, trembling for the future.

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Balzac—It is easier to be a lover than a husband, for the same reason that it is more difficult to be witty every day than now and then.

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Pigault-Lebrun—Those who always speak well of women do not know them enough; those who always speak ill of them do not know them at all.

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E. Souvestre—Man is an eternal mystery, even to himself. His own person is a house which he never enters, and of which he studies but the outside.

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Marguerite de Valois—Men are so accustomed to lie that one cannot take too many precautions before trusting them—if they are to be trusted at all.

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Chamfort—A lover is a man who endeavors to be more amiable than it is possible for him to be. This is the reason why almost all lovers are ridiculous.

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T. Gautier—I cannot see why women are so desirous of imitating men. I could understand the wish to be a boa-constrictor, a lion or an elephant; but a man! that surpasses my comprehension.

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Pascal—What a camera is a man! What a confounded chaos, what a subject of contradictions! A professed judge of all things, and yet a feeble worm of the earth! The great depository and guardian of truth, and yet a mere bundle of uncertainties! The great glory and the crying shame of this universe!

THE MITTEN.

This little mitt I hope will fit,
'Tis for your hand intended. It
took me very long to knit, but I am
glad to send it. You'll wonder why I
send but one, and think I acted blindly.
But one will do the best for you, And
you may thank me kindly. It is all
wool of good stout yarn. Your yarns
are all uncommon. And I am sure
a gladder gift was never sent by
woman; And by this mitten you will
see That you're not forgotten. And
when you wear it think of me—It's
real and not of cotton. I hope to-
night you will not write and say
it is unmated. And think it only
half a gift. And feel but half
elated; But if you find one will
not do, And you can only rest
with two, With fingers
which are deft ones,
I'll set to work,
And send to you
Another mitt—
Both left
ones.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The mystical part of Mr. Oliphant's book on Scientific Religion is contained in the second section. In this he attempts to prove the existence of what he calls the Divine Feminine. He says that the original state of mankind was bisexual, and that this is what is meant by the words, God formed man in His own image. When the fall of man came in the Garden of Eden—which, by the way, Mr. Oliphant says was the lost continent of Atlantis—it was the admission into the hitherto pure organism of the human being of the principle of lust. Prior to that time sexual passion was unknown. From the date of the Fall the process of separation between the masculine and feminine principles went on until men and women became as distinct as we know them to be to-day. It was during this change in the race that the idea of duality in sex of the Godhead was lost. Mr. Oliphat claims, however, that it was all the while concealed under the writings of the prophets, and that from time to time men appeared who were sufficiently inspired to understand it.

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I recall a very good story of Joaquin Miller in California, says a writer in Current Literature, which has never found its way into print. It is a pretty well known fact that his daughter does not hold her gifted father in that admiration with which the world regards him. He left her among the Indians too long. It spoiled her temper and dwarfed her appreciation of genius. A few years ago Joaquin got out an edition de luxe of his poems, which he embellished with likenesses of himself in various picturesque costumes and attitudes—"Mr. Miller among the Sierras;" "Mr. Miller shaking hands with the Fillibuster Chief;" "Back view of Mr. Miller on horseback," and so on. One plate he generously reserved for his daughter, Miss Myrtle Miller. She had the post of honor in the middle of the book, and was seated on a prancing mustang, her hair flying toward the top of the page and a lurid-light effect behind her. Joaquin sent a copy to Miss Miller with his distinguished autograph on the fly leaf. She glanced through the book; appreciated its contents; ran a pencil through her own name beneath the wild and reckless female, and writing below it "Mr. Miller when he was a girl," sent it back to him.

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Lester Wallack is to put some of the sunshine of his life into Scribner's Magazine. In a series of papers soon to appear in it, he will tell of the men he has met in his varied life, and of the best that they have said and done.

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In an article called "Some Days with Amelie Rives," published in Lippincott's and written by some undergraduate of Flattery, initialed J. D. H., writes a critic, there occurs this passage: "In the face of scurrilous paragraphs which have hinted at every kind of belief, it is but just to say that Mrs. Rives acknowledges and reverences the God who has so lavishly endowed her with great gifts." This patronizing gratitude on the part of Mrs. Chanler must be very satisfactory to her Creator.

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Julian Hawthorne announces another work as the result of his curious literary partnership with Inspector Byrnes. It is to be called "Another's Crime." Speaking of it, the critic of the Mail and Express says: "A title which enables the authors to shift the blame from one to the other in case the story should be found fault with."

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Lippincotts are to issue a new novel by Amelie Rives in September.

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Extravagance in binding has frequently furnished an opening for the display of fantastic tricks and fads. In a bookseller's catalogue was once an advertisement of a Latin copy of Apuleiu's "Golden Ass," bound in the skin of an ass. A book relating to Jeffrey Hudson, the celebrated dwarf, was bound in a piece of the silk waistcoat of Charles I. Fox's historical works were bound in fox skin, and Bacon's works were dressed out in hog skin. One offspring of the French revolution was the grim humor of binding books in human skin. France was not alone in this practice. In various parts of England the skin of murderers has been tanned and used to bind books. The public library of Bury St. Edmands has a book containing the account of the trial of a man for murder bound in his own skin. Eccentricities of binding in such as skins of cats, crocodile, mole, seal, wolf, tiger, bear, etc., abound. The use of cloth in binding is one of comparatively recent date. In 1835 Archibald Leighton introduced cloth for covers, the first books so bound being Byron's complete works.

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Gen. Sheridan's article entitled "From Gravelotte to Sedan," to appear in the November number of Scribner's magazine, is the first and only contribution ever made by Gen. Sheridan to a periodical, and covers a part of his career which it was impossible for any other pen than his own to record.

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The article does not deal with the military technicalities of the battles, except for occasional signs of very shrewd observation; but is written upon a larger scale, as though the dramatic force of what he was watching could not but get the better of the merely professional point of view. This gives the story perhaps its greatest attraction, and certain passages show a remarkable and unexpected power of word painting.

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The Langtry, in the eyes of her parasitic friends, having successfully run the gamut of matrimonial desertion, scandal, champagne