THE DAILY GLOBE

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BY LEWIS BAKER.

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15.—For Wisconsin: Fair, preceded in eastern portion by light rains; cooler in eastern portion; warmer in western portion; westerly winds. For Minnesota and Dakota: Fair, slightly warmer; variable winds. For Iowa: Fair, preceded by clearing in extreme eastern portion; slowly rising temperature; northerly winds.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The following observations were made at 6:48 p. m., local time:

Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Thermometer.	Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Thermometer.
St. Paul....	29.89	56	Ft. Buford	30.08	68
Ft Sully .	30.06	64	Ft. Custer.	30.03	76
Ft. Totten.	30.12	58	Helena. ...	29.94	78
Duluth....	29.88	58	Calgary....	29.76	78
La Crosse.	29.99	58	Minnedosa	30.18	52
Huron.....	30.08	54	Q' Appelle	30.00	68
Moorhead.	30.08	52	Medicine H.	29.84	78
St. Vincent	30.12	50	Fort Garry	.....	...
Bismarck.	30.12	60	Edmonton.	.....	...

BILL collectors always make due investigations.

THE restraint of combinations to oppress the poor is the first and greatest obligation on the voter.

THE Democratic platform, straightforward and direct, points the way to honest politics and economical government.

THE amazing fact is published that a Mr. FORESTER in New Orleans has been married nine times, and is still alive and kicking.

THE significance of the Maine election is only this: the Prohibitionists were bulldozed by Mr. BLAINE and driven back into the party ranks.

IT WAS DANIEL O'CONNELL, the great Irish statesman, who declared that "protection is robbery." Experience has shown that his prophetic eye discerned things correctly.

IT IS said that the possible capture of Wisconsin and Minnesota by the Democrats this fall was what led Candidate HARRISON to turn upon Mr. BLAINE, and give the plumed knight's idea of "trusts" a black eye.

THE Republicans are evidently in a bad way when they are compelled to warm over the old lies they circulated for the purpose of electing BLAINE, to do service now in behalf of HARRISON. Ordinarily, lying comes very easy to Republicans.

A HEAD waiter died recently in a Saratoga hotel leaving an estate of $60,000. His tips were numerous and large. Once Gen. GRANT slipped a $20 bill into his hand. It was returned to him with a Chesterfieldian bow and the courteous compliment: "General, the honor of waiting on you is too great to defile it with recompense."

THE execution of GOLDENSON, the boy murderer of a school girl, in San Francisco Friday, was the expiation of the most atrocious crimes ever committed in civilized society. The homicide was a youth of twenty, and his victim a child fourteen years of age. GOLDENSON had tried to make love to her, and his advances were repulsed. He wrote her an insulting letter, about which she taxed him on the street. His reply was a bullet, which went crashing through her head, and she fell a lifeless corpse at the feet of her slayer. The crime seemed to be in its circumstances and conditions one of the most heartless in the annals of a crime-ridden city.

THE LAW OF HEREDITY.

Last week Inspector BYRNES, of the New York police, shipped back to England an old pickpocket, who for forty years has practiced his nefarious calling in the principal cities of Europe and America. An Englishman by birth, he desired to be returned to his native land, that he might reform his evil ways, where he learned them, in the London streets. The name of this criminal is SAMUEL HARRIS, and nearly every city in America has at one time or another been the theater of his cunning and depravity. It is believed that he is now sincerely repentant and will do his best to forsake his criminal practices.

The question of his reformation involves a singular environment. He is an hereditary thief. His father was one before him. So far as he has any knowledge of his antecedents, his progenitors were criminals. Born in the London slums, he was initiated in the mysteries of his repellant craft at six years of age. He grew up in criminal tutelage, and has never until now proposed for himself any other career in life. By the laws of heredity and the teachings of observation and experience, he should die a criminal. Philosophers say that dishonesty is innate, just as virtue, goodness and gentleness is. HUXLEY claims that it is transmitted in the blood. The Bible declares that the evil we do lives after us. The inference is, it is transmitted. If peculiar characteristics of habit and manner are obtained from parents, why not the sinister and forbidding phases of life?

But putting this question aside, the environments of HARRIS will be all against him. His acquaintances and associates are criminals. He can neither read nor write; he has no trade. He does not know how to work. He is ignorant of any calling or pursuit. What is he to do for a living?

The chances are that he will fall back into his lawless courses.

WOMEN AND SUCCESS.

The hopes and ambitions of women are as various as the natures of individuals. One may wish to secure a fine matrimonial alliance; another may desire to achieve success as a writer, a lecturer, or something else. But for the young woman who is simply anxious to get on in the world and has no definite career in view, there is opportunity for success in almost every direction. There is, in fact, scarcely any avenue of labor or effort that is barred to the entrance of women. They may become lawyers, dentists, physicians, without hindrance and without prejudice. They can keep saloons, millinery stores, cigar stands, stationery shops, sell goods behind the counter, or act as secretaries, clerks and amenuenses. The perfection of the typewriter has afforded opportunities for the profitable employment of women in vast numbers. In all the public offices women are engaged in labors that were formerly performed by men; in fact, so extended are the intrusions of the fair sex into the domain not long since occupied exclusively by men that the real question before the public is: What is it that women cannot do?

There are, as a rule, no special opportunities for any person starting in life. It is true that an environment may be more or less favorable at the beginning, but the success or otherwise of the attempt depends almost solely on the individual. Indeed, there are opportunities everywhere for ambitious people; that is, if the opportunity fits the individual. Brains, energy, industry, willingness to work, and health will always find the course along which success lies. It is not what others may do for the one just starting out in life, but what the person can do for one's self, that will shape the outcome.

Accident, chance, luck or whatever may be the proper term, is often a factor in success, but as a rule the result is determined by the exertions of the individual. Start a boy in life as a rag-picker who has in him the ability to make a general in the army or a great financier, and he will soon free himself from the gutter and rise to his proper level. Levity or gravity will generally determine the level at which the individual will float in the medium of effort. He will rise or sink with reference to his own qualities and will not be materially influenced by others, by luck, chance or other external causes.

The proper course for an ambitious young woman is to undertake whatever thing is most accessible and which she can best do. If it be an inferior thing and she is capable of dealing with something better, she will gravitate toward it without fail. There is a stupid belief among many that they are failures in life through some fault in society, and that they could succeed under different and more favorable circumstances. There is no foundation for such a conclusion. Men and women fail, as a rule, simply because they lack the necessary abilities.

TENANTS AND SOCIETY.

A better state of society might exist if every farmer owned the land he tilled, and every family living in town owned the house it occupied and the ground on which it stood. It is not likely, however, that such a state of things will ever exist in this or any other country. The nearest approach we have to it is in some of the rural portions of New England and in the territory of Utah. A property-owning and a property-using class have existed in every period of the world's history, and it is likely that they will continue during all time. Landlords and money lenders are entitled to vastly more credit than they receive. Not every man who desires to engage in farming has the means to enable him to purchase and improve land. Comparatively few laboring men in the great Eastern cities can own the house they occupy. Here in St. Paul it is far from the rule. A very large proportion of manufacturers and merchants must borrow money from capitalists to enable them to carry on their business. It is certainly better to live as Saint PAUL did, in "his own hired house," than to live in the open air in this climate.

The tenant class is increasing very rapidly in this country. It was almost unknown in the earlier days of the republic. Land could be had for the taking, and log cabins were of easy construction. Before the introduction of agricultural machinery farms were generally small, and nearly every person could obtain all the land he wanted to till. The utensils employed in cultivating a farm were of the simplest character, and a large proportion of them were made by the persons who used them. At present only large farms worked by machines are profitable. Men of small means cannot engage in farming unless they rent land. In most of our large cities the price of building lots is above what the average workingman can pay. The use of wood in the general construction of dwellings is prohibited, and brick and stone are high. The combination of mechanics of all kinds has advanced wages to a point where ordinary workingmen find it impossible to employ them. The time has come when only in the smaller towns and young cities can workingmen own the houses they occupy. Evidently, then, the tenant class is rapidly becoming the chief part of the community. They are a large and important factor in society, and the necessity for landlords and tenants to be upon terms of mutual esteem is becoming every day more essential. The object should be to enact laws and establish customs that shall be of advantage to both classes. Society can not ignore a factor so indispensable to its well-being, nor can those who hold in their hands the issues of life and death to society afford to antagonize its decrees or trample its ordinances under foot.

PROPHECY AND DESTINY.

A prophet has arisen in Canada, who declares that we are on the threshold of great events. His name is BUTLER, and he predicts that in the coming year that there will be a war between England and America, which will result in the acquisition by the United States of all the British possessions on this continent. Whether this is a true or a false prophet, we are unable to say. Still, every age has had its seers, and some of them have foretold strange things. The famous Lord CHESTERFIELD predicted the coming of the French revolution at a time when the foremost men in France did not dream that a great social and political convulsion was about to lay low the oldest monarchy in Europe. WILLIAM COBBETT made a guess which was still more notable; for, at the beginning of the present century, he foretold the secession of the Southern states. But the most remarkable of all the prophets who have spoken to our time was HEINE. He might seem indeed, to have been a living irony on the very name of prophet, for he read backward all the sanctities of religion, and all the commands of the moral law. Essentially a humorist, to whom life seemed now the saddest of mysteries and now the most laughable of jokes, he made sport of everything he touched. He quarreled with his best friends for frivolously petty reasons, and he repaid their kindness by writing lampoons which are masterpieces at once of literary skill and malignity. Neither VOLTAIRE nor POPE scattered calumnies with such a lack of scruple, and BYRON himself was not a more persistent or systematic voluptuary. Yet HEINE was so true a prophet that his predictions might have been accounted the work of inspiration if he had been as famed for piety or purity as he was notorious for irreligion and profligacy. He predicted that Germany and France would again meet in mortal conflict, and that the latter would be utterly put down. He predicted that the line of fortifications around Paris would draw to the capital a great hostile army, and that it would crush the city as if it were a contracting iron shroud. He predicted that the communists would some day get the upper hand in Paris, and that they would strike in a spirit of fiendish rage at the statues, the beautiful buildings and at all the other tangible marks of the civilization they sought to destroy; that they would throw down the Vendome column in their hate of the man who had made France the foe of every other people; and that they would further show their execration for his memory by taking his ashes from the Invalides and throwing them into the Seine. All these predictions, save the last, have been fulfilled to the letter, and it would be a bolder prophet than even HEINE to say the last will not be verified also.

DE TOCQUEVILLE was also a great deal of a prophet, and there is a startling accuracy in some of his predictions as to the future of France. Eighteen years before the fall of the empire, he predicted that it would wreck itself in some extravagant foreign enterprise.

RENAN has also made a prediction which may be a matter of some curiosity when the next pope shall be elected. The church of Rome, he says, will not be split up by disputes about doctrine. But he does look for a schism, and it will come, he thinks, when some papal election shall be deemed invalid; when there shall be two conflicting pontiffs, and Europe shall see a renewal of the strife between Rome and Avignon.

Curiously enough, in America, the home of invention and enterprise, the prophets have not been nearly so enterprising or inventive as those of Europe. Mr. BUTLER, so far as we are aware, is the only one living; and he belongs to Canada. Ordinarily the prophets confine themselves here to the newspapers mainly, and limit their predictions to the weather and to the next president, contriving, as a rule, to miss it.

SUNDAY CHATTER.

Mrs. THOMAS SCOTT, of Chicago, is dying from lead poisoning, the result of using face powder. Her only consolation in this sad extremity is that it made her, while using it, as pretty as a picture.

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A celebrated optician has declared that chewing gum will produce blindness and crow's-feet. A blind girl with crow's-feet! Just think of it.

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Though the Prohibitionists differ from the Democrats on some points, both parties are honest in their endeavors and despise hypocrisy. Therefore it is natural that the temperance reformer should have more respect for a Democrat than he has for a Republican. He knows just where to find the former. The latter he has been trying to locate for years, and will feel for him again this fall.

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The terrible details of the yellow fever scourge in Jacksonville grow every day more harrowing. The epidemic is spreading and becoming more atal. The percentage of deaths, considering the number attacked, is unusually large, even for this dread disease. The charitable and sympathetic all over the country are sending help to the unfortunates, and St. Paul should not be less generous than other cities.

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Rev. Dr. CHRISTIE, of the House of Hope church, who has been East on a summer vacation, preached in the First Presbyterian church, Fifth avenue, New York, last Sunday. A New York paper says: "The large congregation followed Dr. CHRISTIE very closely throughout the discourse, and it is certain every one who heard the sermon was impressed with the truth of its sentiments and the earnestness of the preacher."

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The sham battle was something of a sham, sure enough. There was too much truce and not enough of fighting. The old soldiers who stood by and looked on knew well enough from experience that in real war, when two bodies of opposing forces got together in the same field and commenced to burn powder, there was no-let up in the fight until one side or the other got cleaned out.

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It is taking time by the forelock to be arranging plans now for next winter's carnival. Yet if there is to be a carnival next winter, it is the part of wisdom to begin the work of arranging for it early enough in advance to give ample time for all necessary preparation. The trouble heretofore has been that everything was done in a rush; and, while it was usually well done, those in authority could see that it might have been better done if there had been more time for preparation. The next carnival should be a free one. Let the ice palace be built on the river, start the toboggan slides from the Wabasha or Robert street bridge, and then let everybody have free access, without money and without price.

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Somebody was at fault for not having the streets illuminated Friday night. There were more strangers in the city that night than any during the fair week. The all-day's rain had driven the country people from the Fair grounds into the city. They availed themselves of this opportunity to do their shopping, and then remained over night to see the illuminations. When Mayor SMITH came down town in the evening and found the lights out he made an effort to have the streets illuminated, but the men in charge of the work had been dismissed by somebody's order and could not be gotten together again.

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It is a question whether the city is to be benefited by shutting off the electric lights and confining ourselves to gas for street-lighting purposes. We know from painful experience how unreliable gas is for an outdoor light in the extremely cold weather that we sometimes have in the winter season. There are those who think it would be economy to light all our streets with electricity, because, in addition to the better grade of light we would get, the police force would find it a valuable aid in protecting property from burglars. The average robber is not a person to be partial to brightly lighted streets.

BEFORE THE WHITE THRONE.

"Who speaks for this man?" From the great
White Throne,
Veiled in its roseate clouds, the Presence issued forth:
Before it stood a parted soul alone,
And rolling East and West and South and North,
The mighty accents summoned quick and dead:
"Who speaks for this man ere his doom be said?"

Shivering he listened, for his earthly life
Had passed in dull, unnoted calm away;
He brought no glory to his daily strife,
No wreath of fame or genius' fiery ray;
Weak, lone, ungifted, quiet and obscure,
Born in the shadow, dying mid the poor.

Lo, from the solemn concourse hushed and dim,
The widow's prayer, the orphan's blessing rose;
The struggling told of trouble shared by him,
The lonely of cheered hours and softened woes:
And like the chorus spoke the crushed and sad,
He gave us all he could and what he had.

And little words of loving kindness said,
And tender thoughts and help in time of need
Sprang up, like leaves by soft spring showers fed
In some waste corner sown by chance-flung seed;
In grateful wonder heard the modest soul,
Such trifles gathered to so blest a whole.

O ye, by circumstance strong fetters bound,
That store so little, and the hand so frail,
Do but the best you can for all around;
Let sympathy be true, nor courage fail;
Winning among your neighbors, poor and weak,
Some witness at your trial hour to speak.

A FEW AUTOGRAPHS.

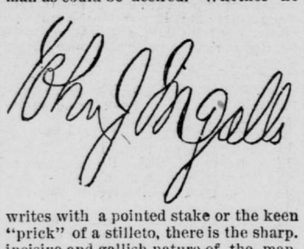
"Young gentlemen," said a professor to a class which had been particularly obstreperous, "will each of you hand me his written signature?"

The class did as asked. He ran them over rapidly with his eye. Suddenly looking up, he said:

"There are among you six sneaks, three cowards, two liars, and one who will as sure as I speak to you end his life as a felon. You are dismissed."

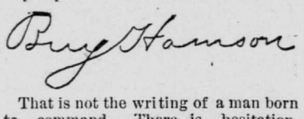
Whether the worthy gentleman's prophecy ever came true or not is not here to be told. But, without quibble or question, there is hidden in the handwriting of every man a clue to his character. Keen detectives often make use of this in studying points for the detection of a shrewd thief, and merchants will frequently reject an applicant for position owing to character marks in his penmanship that they fear.

The signature of Senator INGALLS is as good a key to the character of the man as could be desired. Whether he



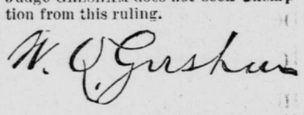
writes with a pointed stake or the keen "prick" of a stilleto, there is the sharp, incisive and gallish nature of the man. It is a straight up and down signature—hit from the shoulder—and, more suggestive still—stab in the dark. It is rather the rule than the exception that a good fighter is not a fair penman. Men lacking moral and physical courage, and substituting for it braggadocio and blow, generally are good penmen. INGALLS is venomous to an opponent, and his signature betrays the trait.

The aristocrat! He writes finely. No glowing personality shines out from his ink tracks. The frost of inherited blue blood finds its way from fingertips to pen point and writes:



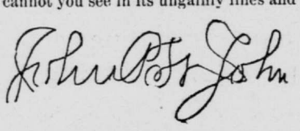
That is not the writing of a man born to command. There is hesitation, doubt, indecision in it. The pen dragged on the crook of the "j," and the "rri" are very illegible. The first word looks as much like "BENY" as "BENJ." There is something careless about the style—a don't-caretiveness, and a general patrician air of "If you can't read it it is your own fault." And of course it is. An aristocrat may write poorly and be praised for it in the same breath that damns an insignificant clerk's "scratchy" hand.

The lawyer! It is unwritten law that a jurist may write just as badly as he chooses and not be condemned for it. Judge GRESHAM does not seek exemption from this ruling.



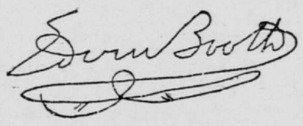
Beyond the "W." and "Q" who would ever recognize that as his name? A seraph from heaven, gifted with unlimited hind and foresight, might decipher it, but not an ordinary mortal. Had GRESHAM been nominated for the presidency, he might have written his letter of acceptance in that style and had it interpreted in ninety-nine and one ways—free trade, fair trade and no trade at all—the latter suiting his party the best.

The apostle of cold water! An awkward, school-boyish hand—a rheumatic scrawl. It is scarcely characterless, for cannot you see in its ungainly lines and

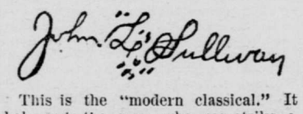


general air of hesitation the weak spirit and purpose of a weak man fighting for a weak cause? The signature lacks symmetry, and the little twists are those of a vain man. It is a style of penmanship very often used by gentlemen with good looks and big heads when they wish to impress hotel clerks with similarly good looks and big heads.

The actor, and, just for contrast, the fighter! The lines of BOOTH'S signature are fine, although the many lines beneath it seem out of place. The penmanship is delicate, although not classical. It might be called "the modern



scholarly." Only those who know BOOTH familiarly could say how much of himself his writing reveals. But JOHN L. SULLIVAN'S autograph! Ah, here is the man who never fraternized with his school books nor bedaubed white copy pages with ink. Here is the man who, from boyhood up to the date of his encounter with MITCHELL, carried a chip on his shoulder.



This is the "modern classical." It belongs to the man who can strike a defenseless woman, punch a helpless newsboy, and shed tears over the death of a pet bulldog. Study that signature, you youngsters of growing hopes, and pray that you may never do as well yourselves. Learn to defend any and every woman, help the helpless, and let your neighbors keep bull terriers. Then, no matter how miserable your penmanship may be, the world and the editors will forgive you.

ABOUT WOMEN.

The Pall Mall Gazette gives an account of the wedding dress of Princess LETITIA BONAPARTE, which every feminine reader of the GLOBE will scan with interest. The dress was presented by the Empress EUGENIE, and was worn by her at her own wedding. It was presented to the empress, among other gifts, by the town of Liege at her marriage with NAPOLEON III. The pattern of this wonderful lace dress is formed of innumerable violets, the favorite flowers of the Bonapartists, and the beautiful Spanish princess has never worn it since her wedding day. A few weeks ago the robe, which represents a value of at least 30,000 francs, arrived at the residence of Princess LETITIA at Turin, and with it a note from the empress to the effect that she had always hoped to give the dress which she had worn during the proudest moment of her life to the bride whom her son LOUIS might choose, but the Almighty had willed it otherwise; and she would be glad if the Princess LETITIA would now wear it on her wedding day. The empress added the wish that the princess' happiness would rest on a firmer foundation than her own had done.

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A lovely woman committed suicide one day last week in a neighboring city because her sister, aged twenty, was about to be married, while she, at the age of thirty, had not the courage to face the world as an old maid. Yet the old maids are the salt which giveth savor. The title of "old maid" ought to be considered a badge of nobility, instead of a title of failure in life.

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Women have always taken an active part in revolutions in France; and the history of the commune of Paris of 1789 and 1871 bears testimony to the influence which they wielded and to the atrocities of which they were guilty. They have recently asserted themselves again by joining in attacks made by the strikers on soldiers, and as socialists are taking advantage of these outbreaks to foment disorder and trouble.

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Some of the fashion papers are trying to make us believe that a majority of our "dressy" women wear tights instead of the recent "chemiloon" and its kindred mysteries, and that of all tights they prefer black because they are more chic.

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Chamois skin suits are said to be worn very extensively in St. Paul, but unless a woman is chronically cold they are not comfortable. They stuff one up and make the flesh creep. They are not nearly so nice as silk.

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The average country girl has more natural claims to be considered a beauty than her city sister of the same class, but she is not generally available, for the ballet, for example. She lacks chic and "savvy." The features can be made up, but the style cannot.

DRAMATIC DRIFT.

Fair week was a fairly successful one for the theatrical business, although the street illuminations and outdoor attractions were the means of keeping a great many persons from the theater. Theatergoers had choice of light and somber entertainments, for while NAT GOODWIN did the funny work at the Grand a deeply emotional play was in progress at the People's. GOODWIN has fallen off considerably in his comedy work. He is not the comedian he was five years ago. There is an air of negligence and an apparent laziness about his work. The play at the People's the past week gave Miss YOUNG an opportunity to appear at better advantage than any of her previous performances. Her forte is clearly in the emotional line.

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This is to be a great theatrical week in the history of St. Paul amusements. The double bill at the Grand will include the brightest stars of both comedy and tragedy, and will be essentially the great week of this season. LOTTA the peerless, without a rival in the soubrette line, will hold the boards the first half of the week in "Pawn Ticket No. 210." LOTTA having become the proprietor of the Grand, and having thus identified herself in most substantial manner with St. Paul interests, it is expected that her first appearance in her own theater in this city will be in the nature of an ovation to the bright little woman whose winning graces and superior stage work have won her fame and fortune.

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BOOTH and BARRETT opened their season last Monday evening at Kansas City, where they have played all the week. They will come to Minneapolis to-morrow, where they play the three first nights of this week. Commencing with Thursday evening, they play an engagement at the Grand in this city, continuing the remainder of the week, including a Saturday matinee. Their repertoire is as follows: Thursday night, "Julius Cæsar," with Mr. BOOTH as Brutus and Mr. BARRETT as Cassius; Friday night, "Hamlet," with Mr. BOOTH as Hamlet and Mr. BARRETT as Laertes; Saturday matinee, "Merchant of Venice," with Mr. BOOTH as Shylock and Mr. BARRETT as Bassanio; Saturday evening, "Othello," with Mr. BOOTH as Iago and Mr. BARRETT as Othello. At the Saturday matinee the entire six acts of "Merchant of Venice" will be given in the production, and the attention will be particularly directed to the beautiful scene at the close of the play representing the garden of Portia at Belmont by moonlight. The company supporting BOOTH and BARRETT this season include such well known people as JOHN A. LANE, CHARLES B. HANFORD, WILLIAM LAFFORD, LAWRENCE HANLEY, FRED VROOM, BEN ROGERS, OWEN FAWCETT, CHARLES KOEHLER, CHARLES COLLINS, Miss MINNIE GALE, ELEANOR TYNDALE and AGNES ACRES. The sale of seats will be opened Tuesday morning, and to avoid speculation, the managers will not permit one person to buy more than ten tickets.

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The play at the People's this week will be a three-act comedy drama entitled "A Scrap of Paper, of The Adventures of a Love Letter," being an adaptation from "Les Pattes de Mouche," by J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON. The following is the cast: Prosper L'Ouramont, A. S. LIPMAN; Baron de la Glaciere (the Iceberg), HAROLD RUSSELL; Brisemouche, a naturalist, CHARLES STANLEY; Anatole, his ward, CHARLES WYNGATE; Baptiste, the Baron's gentleman, BEN JOHNSON; Francois, Prosper's man, W. MARKS; Suzanne de Ruseville, Miss LODUSKI YOUNG; Louise, the Baron's wife, Miss LISETTE LE BARON; Mathilde, with song "Where the Lindens Bloom," Miss SALLY WILLIAMS; Mademoiselle Zenobie, Spinster, Mrs. MARY MYERS; Madame Dupont, housekeeper, Miss KATY LANPHEAR; Pauline, the Baroness' lady, Miss LILLIE V. ARMSTRONG.

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The sensational event of the week in theatrical circles is the breach of promise suit which NAT GOODWIN finds on his hands. LIDA FARRELL, a New York actress, who used to play in GOODWIN'S company, claims that her heart has been lacerated to the tune of several thousand dollars because the giddy NATHANIEL trifled with her affections, and she wants the court to make him pony up with the hard cash in compensation. NATHANIEL says it is a case of blackmail, and that he didn't flirt with the girl at all. The public are disposed to look upon the whole business as an advertising dodge.

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Admirers of good music are promised a rare treat in the near future by the inauguration of the Gounod club. It is composed of fifty of the most prominent artists in the city. It is proposed to give three concerts during the winter, for which the People's theater will probably be procured. It is a subscription affair solely, consequently it rests with the public to make a grand success of this very desirable innovation.

"THE CRUSHER."

Chic? Oh, yes, the very chic-est,
And the catch'est and quickest
Thing that treads the boulevard!
An "idea" of the hatter,
Truly nothing older, flatter
Than his recent "drawing card."

Yes, it was the stylish tailor
Made her gown—the gods bewail her!
An artiste of mode-design.
And she wears—this fad she hated—
All her kid boots elongated,
Patent—a la masculine.

Everything she lays her hand on
Straight assumes her chic abandon;
She's a "fad" from heel to hat!
And she's called, in dudedom, nobby,
Riding on the dude's pet hobby—
Apeing out his "dear cravat!"

Although ogled by this "masher,"
Fervid glances don't abash her,
And she greets him—touch and go.
Then he "sweahs" the dainty "gushah
Quite too cute to weah that crushah—
Such a doosid sell, y' know?"

And he vows 'twere sport to "teach heh"—
Ad libitum—"dawling cweatshah,
How to puff a cigawette!"
And the men of brain!—they tarry—
Plato would, you know,—then marry—;
"What! That little coquette?"
—Martha Eileen Holahan.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree), the gifted Tennessee writer of fiction, is thus pen-pictured. A small woman; so lame she can scarcely cross the floor unaided. Slight yet square in figure. A small white face, with the withered whiteness of one whose health has always been delicate. Pale neutral brown hair and eyes, and a formal primness of manner like that of a shy, clever woman who has lived much in retirement.

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There has been a great deal of talk lately about Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the intellectual and erudite author of Robert Elsmere. She is a niece of Matthew Arnold and bears strong resemblance to him. Her expression and conversation are brilliant. "She lives in Russell square, not far from the British museum, in a house full of books and flowers and pictures, and she has the good fortune to be the wife of a man whose scholarly tastes and literary achievement must insure the closest sympathy between them of thought and aim." So says Louise Chandler Moulton.

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Wilkie Collins has a novel way of writing his books. In his study he has a long row of pigeon-holes. In each of these pigeon-holes he keeps a chapter of the story he has in hand. When he is in one mood he takes down a sympathetic chapter and writes on it, when in a different mood he takes down another, and so on until each is finished. Of course the plot is mapped out in the beginning and each chapter has its skeleton. Anthony Trollope used to work the same way.

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A critic in Current Literature writes: "The erotic brain of Ella Wheeler Wilcox has evolved three legitimate offspring—Amelie Rives, Laura Libbey and Laura Daintrey. They have founded a school which may properly be called the fleshly-sensational. The school is not a high-toned or lasting one, but the demand for its stuff gives it a certain importance and commands the recognition of the critic. Of the books of the three above-mentioned, Laura Daintrey's Eros is easily the best and the worst. The best because it is constructed on the regular lines of—perhaps from—the French, and the worst because its atmosphere is more subtle and lasting. The Quick or the Dead, was written in a whirlwind of passion—at a time when the author was hardly to be held responsible. We can imagine her after one of her presumably fervid interviews with her lover, going up to her desk, and with cheeks burning and eyes aflame, dashing her pen across the paper until far into the night. But Eros has no such excuse. The tone of the book is as cold as that of The Quick or the Dead was hot. Its devilry is cool, collected, deliberate, scientific. Miss Daintrey has not as much talent as Mrs. Chanler, but she has more experience of life. She has lived more in the world, has known more men, and has studied them more deeply. The consequence is that where The Quick or the Dead was only grotesque and foolish, Eros is deeply and shockingly accomplished. Of Miss Middleton's Lover it is unnecessary to speak."

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The Current's critic says of Amelie Rives: "Review of Amelie Rives' work has of late, it would seem, come to be review of that young woman herself, as embodying a system of singularly frank and intense studies of human nature as human nature is. "Herod and Mariamne" is only a study. Those who do not like Amelie Rives' method will not like "Herod and Mariamne." No one else could have written "Herod and Mariamne." They are indeed critics truly good who object to the system as morally wrong. I can not help thinking that the men who do so most loudly are men who cannot ride, and that the women who do so wear shoes which run down at the heels."

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The sudden death of E. P. Roe probably cut short the dash to fame which the publishers of E. R. Roe are said to have planned for him. This was to be on the strength of the ability of the typographer to make an "R" closely resemble a "P." Nevertheless they have gone ahead and produced "G. A. R., or How She Married His Double," (Laird & Lee, Chicago), by Comrade E. R. Roe, and it is now on the market. It is a soldier's book, necessarily, therefore, full of war and love, plot and counterplot, and a happy ending for all concerned. Whether the author took his "double" from "The Quick and the Dead" is not demonstrable. But he keeps in the swim of literary fashion by having a husband No. 1 and No. 2, and after shaking them up and mixing well (the reader sadly entangled all of the time, he straightens the tangle and the denouement makes all clear. True the work lacks the knee-hugging and "passionate" sky-climbing of Rives, but there is a dash of common sense to it, and every old soldier and his children can read it without burning their cheeks with blushes.

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A good man may become "goody-good" and thereby, like an over-sweetened sugar tit, cause nausea of a pronounced type. Edward Everett Hale admirably succeeds in doing this in his How They Lived in Hampton, an essay in narrative form on the Christian relations of the capitalist and the workman." The book is stupid—there are chapters that are insipid—it falls short of what the primal object of such a book should be—education of the workman. Mr. Hale's theosophic and uttersophic friends of Boston and outer New England can grasp its contents. The joiner at his table; the mechanic by his lathe and the laborers at the plow would stare at its pages and wonder. It is Greek to them, and the sub-head to the title, "A Study of Practical Christianity" an object of ridicule. The workmen of the day cannot be successfully reached by learned men writing from the level of learned men. Brains must come down to the level of labor to do its preaching if success is desired. The priest thundering a Latin sermon at his ignorant parishioners is no more ridiculous than Rev. Edward Hale offering this essay on capital and labor to the average (or education-needing) workman of the present hour. J. Stilman Smith & Co., Boston.

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Having leisure and a healthily developed desire to make the public laugh, J. Armoy Kuox, (of Texas Siftings Fame), has written A Devil of a Trip, on account of the journeyings of himself and "Adirodack" Murray on the yacht Champlain, from Lake Champlain via the Sault St. Lawrence, Nova Scotia & Boston to New York. The illustrations by Worth are as clever as the reading matter, the whole making a comical account of a comical trip. National Literary Bureau, New York.

Who the Apaches Are.

September Wide Awake.

The Apaches are believed to have been the Faraones and Taracones whom the Spaniards discovered in 1540 to exist in large numbers near the Seven Cities of Gold. They were never conquered by the Spaniards. During our century they have numbered nine large tribes, and include the great tribe of Navajoes and the Utes, in all about 35,000. Some of the tribes are small. Most of them are self-supporting on their great reservations in Arizona, New Mexico and Southern Colorado. They have remained the most savage in their superstitions and ways of living and in their warfare of all the North American Indians. Their vast country, with its great mountain ranges, fertile valleys, wide table lands, forests of pine and oak, masses of flowers and fields of rich grass, plains and tremendous gorges, offers every possibility of wild, barbarous, pastoral, agricultural and civilized life. It should be dotted with homes and farms owned by Indian farmers and mechanics.

PARISIAN BON MOTS.

Current Literature.

Scene at Station, Journal Amusant:

Mr. and Mrs. (quarreling themselves without to cease since quitting the domicile conjugal.)

Mrs.—Thou hast the key of this trunk!

Mr.—I her have not!

Mrs.—I tell thee that thou her hast!

Mr. (with violence)—I tell that I her have not!

Mrs.—Rake thyself to see.

Mr.—It is useless. Rake thou, thyself!

Mrs.—Ah! What life!

Mr.—It is thou that shalt her have forgotten to the house! Thou of such dost never otherwise!

Mrs. (in reswallowing herself of rage)—It is thou, rather, that of thyself art let her to be steal! Imbecile!

Mr. (stupefied)—Madame!!!

Mrs.—But certainly—imbecile!

(And they thus continue in gesticulating themselves of the most beautiful).

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After supper at ball:

He—Elise, I do really adore you. When I look at you there is such a commotion in my breast.

She—And mine, too, Henri; it must be the lobster salad. Wow! Wow!

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La Caricature.

Lady of the Chateau—You still cough, Father Ghibaudet. I fear that you do not wear the warm flannels I sent you.

Old Peasant—But yes, our lady! I have put them on every Sunday!

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Funeral Notice From the Figaro.

We have already noticed the death of M. V—— A—— doctor principal of the Army of retreat, officer of the Legion of Honor who has succumbed at Paris at the following of a long malady. He was promoted, how all the world knows, officer of the Legion of Honor the thirty September 18—— at the following of cares devoteds to the woundeds during the campaign of Prussia. Now is he all finished! The last preparations mades in view of the transport of the rests mortals of the honorable defunct have been concluded yesterday afternoon in the house deathly. The casket was imported on the shoulders of six men from the house the church of Notre Dame, where the funeral will have place to-morrow. The burden melancholy was followed by the family who made himself into a procession to make to crash the heart!

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Journal Amusant.

First Peasant—You go to vaccinate your little?

Second Peasant—But yes!

F. P.—You have much wrong!

S. P.—For why?

F. P.—There was my cousin who has made to vaccinate the hers—that has it not prevented to die!

S. P.—Of the little pox?

F. P.—But no! He has himself drowned in the sea!

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Le Petit Journal.

Young Elegant—How makest thou, thus for thyself, to obey thee, thy dog?

Young Peasant—Ah that! I to him speak.

Young Elegant—And he thee comprehends?

Young Peasant—By Blue! And when one you speaks is it that you comprehend one not?

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Etats-Unis.

A child has been sent to congratulate his grandmother on her birthday. "Grandmamma!" he exclaims, "may you live until the end of your days!" "Alas!" replies the old woman resignedly, "at my age, I can scarcely expect to live as long as that."

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Local Item from the Figaro.

"Always the imprudences! Mr. Millet (Adolphus), aged of twenty-four years, preparer of chemistry, re-entering yesterday night at eleven hours at his domicile, street Linnæus, 36, twice (36, bis) essayed to open the door of his lodgment, situated at the fifth stage, but could not come to an end of it. Then, with the presumption which gives the address he imagined to escalade the window, and to penetrate thus in his lodgment. Unhappily for him, he lost the equilibrium, and fell from the fifth stage on a glazing situated at the height of the first. When we raised him he was evanished, and carried at the head a wound grave enough to exact his transport immediate to the Hospital of the Pity."

Tale of a Government Scientist.

I heard the other day of a more than usually ludicrous instance of a political office holder's ignorance of the duties of his office, says a Washington correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch. In a high position in the department of science connected with the national museum is a "scientist