THE DAILY GLOBE

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BY LEWIS BAKER.

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 5.—Indications—For Wisconsin, Upper Michigan, Iowa and Minnesota: Fair, cooler; northerly winds, becoming variable. For Dakota: Fair; cooler Saturday; warmer Sunday; northerly winds, becoming variable, and Sunday southerly.

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....	30.12	46	Ft. Buford	30.18	46
Ft. Sully .	30.24	46	Ft. Custer.	30.14	54
Ft. Totten.	30.22	38	Helena. ...	30.00	60
Duluth....	30.14	44	Minnedosa	30.10	42
La Crosse.	30.12	46	Fort Garry	......	....
Huron....	30.22	46	Medic'e H.	......	....
Moorhead.	30.16	48	Calgary....	29.14	68
St. Vincent	30.16	42	Q' Appelle	30.14	40
Bismarck.	30.26	46	Edmonton.	29.52	70

THEY call it DONNELLY'S great cipher canvass.

DEMOCRACY is a foe to taxes that rob, and to trusts that steal.

"THE letter that never came" is not Judge THURMAN'S. It's coming.

THE people can abolish the wool duties without fear of the wool ring.

MINNESOTA may be short of wheat, but her corn bins are crowded to repletion.

FROST is needed in the South, but can be spared in St. Paul without regret.

EVERYBODY knows that ANNA DICKINSON is neither a Democrat nor a gentleman.

TRAMPS and millionaires, monopolies and strikes have all come in with the high tariff.

THE primary object of a trust is not the public welfare, but private wealth and monopoly.

BUSINESS continues to boom. The idea of revenue reform does not appear to demoralize it.

AN APACHE Indian who murdered seven men at one time has been captured in Arizona.

THE Fiftieth congress has now broken the record of long sessions, and it is time for it to die.

BOSTON politics is said to be very beautiful this year. There are so many ladies taking part.

IT IS certainly time for congress to adjourn. When people get through they ought to quit.

EVERY farmer who pays $100 for woolen clothing buys $42 worth of clothing and $58 in taxes.

THE tariff on wool is a discrimination against American and in favor of English manufacturers.

AS THE weather grows cooler, the interest in the question of free wool or free whisky increases.

THE successful audacity of Germany in the South Pacific may lead to similar tactics north of the line.

MR. HARRISON consents to play second fiddle to BLAINE for the best of reasons—he can't help it.

BANKER MERRIAM has started out to bag an elephant, but he is likely to come in with a prairie squirrel.

MR. BLAINE should follow the example of the illustrious HAYES, and betake himself to a hennery.

"JOE" LANNON will fight KILRAIN for $10,000. Almost anybody would fight for that sum of money.

THE majority of wool manufacturers are under intimidation. They want free wool, but are afraid to say so.

THERE is 43 per cent tax on blankets. The abolition of this duty would be an important saving in any family.

THE big election bets are like the Irishman's flea—when you put your finger on them they are not there.

LOWER CALIFORNIA is said to be the farmers' paradise. Anything can be raised there, from fleas to ostriches.

CLEVELAND will be regarded by the historian as the great emancipator who freed his people from tariff serfdom.

THE air grows blue with expletives whenever Candidate MERRIAM thinks of the sterling honesty of Mr. ACKERMANN.

ABOUT the only thing connected with the senate tariff bill that will interest the public is Senator BECK's minority report.

MR. CLEVELAND does not believe that a dollar a day is enough for a workingman. But Candidate HARRISON says it is.

WHITECHAPEL will have to change its name to Redchapel, unless life acquires more security in its forbidding precincts.

BOSTON is always bragging. It claims that the flower of the national guards of America was seen on its streets the other day.

A TARIFF that leaves labor on the free list and taxes the necessaries of life 47 per cent never benefited the workingman.

FORAKER shrieks: "The demon of rebellion has not yet been laid;" all of which is singular, and the most of which is sad.

MR. HARRISON is evidently learning something. In his numerous discourses now to visiting delegations he touches the tariff very gingerly.

BELVA LOCKWOOD says she narrowly escaped being a boy; but her escape from being president will be broad enough to make up for it.

IN 1881, before the trust system was fully inaugurated, there were only 471 strikes, involving 2,928 establishments. In 1886 the number had increased to 1,412 strikes, with 9,893 establishments involved. It will doubtless be argued that these strikes were forced by labor organizations, and not invited by combinations of capital as a means of restricting supply. While this is possibly true in a given sense, the statistics of "lock-outs" of labor by combinations of corporations are a valuable commentary on the general situation.

A CHANCE FOR DENIAL.

The honest voters of Minnesota are asking, with no little earnestness and a great deal of determination, what has become of those charges of corrupt influence on the part of Mr. MERRIAM.—Pioneer Press.

The honest voters of Minnesota are waiting with no little earnestness and a great deal of impatience to hear Mr. MERRIAM'S denial, but up to this date have waited in vain. Mr. MERRIAM has been informed of the charges that have been made against him. They have been repeated to him over and over again by prominent members of his own party. Republican papers of good standing and recognized influence have called upon him for an explicit denial.

Yet the denial has never come. Mr. MERRIAM has had opportunity time and again to make a public denial, but he persistently ignores the matter. He is as mum as a clam.

In order that there may be no misunderstanding in the future, the GLOBE now offers its columns to the Republican candidate for governor for an explicit statement from him as to whether or not he used corrupt influence in securing his nomination.

If he wants to make a denial, now is his chance.

THUMB-SCREWS AND FAT.

One of the most prolific themes for the Republican politicians is the shotgun policy of the South. He never wearies of this interesting subject. His imagination becomes positively lurid when warmed to those pyrotechnic recitals. But fortunately, or unfortunately, the necessities of the Republican canvass are distracting public attention from real or supposed outrages in the South, and fixing it with startling vehemence upon a piteous spectacle in the North. One becomes almost horror-stricken in contemplating the terrors of Chairman QUAY'S torture chamber, where fat manufacturers with plethoric purses are thrown into the frying pan or are subjected to the harrowing miseries of the thumb-screw.

Take, for example, one of the fat manufacturers of the iron districts, whose life has been heretofore spent in gathering around him the folds of "protection," so that he may the more thoroughly care for the interests of the poor working people. This man, whose whole career has been one of charity and beneficence; whose immense factory has been run solely in the interests of labor; and who divides all his income with his workmen, is, some fine morning, while out taking the air, and meditating upon what new kindness he can do his laborers, and how best he can prevent the pauper labor of Europe coming in and driving them out of employment, suddenly snatched baldheaded as it were, by one of Boss QUAY's emissaries and hurried off to the torture chamber in the National Republican committee rooms. There his rotund and rosy body, sleek and fat as a butter ball, is incontinently stripped and laid upon a frying pan. The grease bubbles, the fire burns, the manufacturer howls, but the fat pours out, while the victim kicks and splutters like a spitted eel. In vain he cries for help. His shouts are echoless against the thick walls of the torture chamber. They hold him down in the pan until the last ounce of fat is drawn from his body, and then his lean and attenuated frame is suffered to go in peace.

When the emissary of the committee comes across a manufacturer whose profits have not augmented his physical avoirdupois to any appreciable degree, he is captured and made acquainted with the thumb-screw. It answers the same purpose. The fat is drawn. It is astonishing the amount of campaign grease this dry pressure system will obtain.

Now we submit that these ungracious proceedings are unparalleled in cruelty. Naturally the "protected" capitalists object to putting their hands in their pockets and taking out money in order to keep the protected laborer's wages up to a high average. He ought to do that himself. Clearly the expenses of the Republican campaign should come from these wealthy laborers, whom Mr. HARRISON describes as rioting in luxury on "a dollar a day."

ONE OR THE OTHER.

The country is agitated over a pending issue which involves two tariffs, both of which are protectionist—the one more so than the other—not so much on ground of economical doctrine, but because it is calculated that the lower of the two would require of the people a smaller tribute in the shape of taxes.

It is more than probable that never before in the history of the world have a people had such an alternative offered them as is now laid before Americans. Occasions on which governments have gone to their people for more taxes abound in the history of all nations. But this is the first instance in which a government has gone to its people and begged it to reduce taxes, because the government had more money than it knew what to do with. And the astounding feature of the case is that a great political party, comprising among its members some of the most intelligent citizens of the country, should respond: "No, we are opposed to the reduction of taxes; we want to be taxed; we believe that taxation is a blessing; we hold that taxation is the bulwark of industry; we insist that taxation is the mainstay of wages; we are confident that American prosperity rests on a basis of taxation, and that the more we are robbed, the richer we grow."

If there is any parallel to this amazing declaration, in civilized or barbarous lands, in the whole annals of man, from the garden of Eden to the present time, it is beyond our knowledge where to find it.

SHIPPING CATTLE.

An interesting correspondence is published in the Sioux City Journal between THOMAS W. HOTCHKISS, the United States consul at Ottawa, and the Canadian commissioner of agriculture, on the subject of shipping cattle from the Northwestern ranges to Quebec for transportation to the English markets. The immediate impediment to this course, which would be largely profitable if it could be carried out, is the Canadian quarantine against American cattle. The Northwestern cattlemen believe that if they could ship their stock into Canada, in bond or otherwise, advantages would accrue to them of unusual magnitude; the most prominent feature of which would be their escape from the clutches of the Chicago middlemen, who have taxed them so shamelessly in the past. The embargo against American cattle maintained by Canada, it is believed, can be raised if the United States will establish quarantine stations at St. Paul, Minneapolis and Sioux City, in place of those maintained on the Canadian frontier. The object of the quarantine will accomplished by insuring the Canadians against the transmission of disease to their herds. This ought to be easily accomplished. The significance of the proposed movement is very great. It means for St. Paul and Minneapolis an important and valuable trade. Under the new order of things they would become the distributing points for an immense traffic, which would vitalize all their commercial industries.

The GLOBE will be glad to co-operate with the cattlemen in effecting their purpose. They have been "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to the Chicago middlemen long enough. It is time to cut out new paths to freedom.

BRITISH FREE TRADERS.

It is not susceptible of denial that nearly every public man of any eminence in this country, including GRANT, GARFIELD, ARTHUR, BLAINE, ALLISON and SHERMAN are British free traders. That is, they are British free traders if the Republican argument be true, that all persons in favor, or who have advocated a revision of tariff taxes are entitled to that epithet. For everyone of these men has repeatedly avowed himself in favor of a modification of the tariff in the direction taken by the MILLS bill. General HARRISON says that it is the direction and not the length of the step taken that makes the offensiveness of this measure. What will he now say of the senate tariff bill? That is also a step, and a pretty long one, too, for it proposes to cut off $70,000,000 of revenue, as was shown in the GLOBE'S Washington dispatches of yesterday. Having taken this long step, according to the logic of Gen. HARRISON, all the Repubican senators are British free traders.

If the ARTHUR commission of 1883 had submitted the MILLS bill as reducing to detail the principles upon which their report was based, it would have been acceptable to everybody, barring the placing of wool, salt and lumber on the free list, as a fair translation of the report into the form of a project of law. But no "protectionist" has ever denounced the ARTHUR commission as a gang of British free traders. In now remains to be seen whether they will characterize with that term of opprobrium the senate incubation.

STARVING INDIANS.

IT is proposed by a senate bill which has just gone to the house for concurrence, to remove a number of tribes of Indians in Washington Territory, and particularly those near Spokane Falls, to reservations in Idaho and Montana. It seems that the Indians in question are in a very destitute condition, and will be in danger of great suffering and possible starvation this winter unless something is done for them. So far, however, the house has not acted on the bill, which provides for the payment of a sum of money for the extinguishment of their land claims, which have been taken from them without compensation, and the manner in which this sum is to be laid out will probably secure them against want. The placing them on a suitable reservation will enable them to secure supplies from the government. There is something inexpressibly shocking in the idea of these peaceful Indians suffering for bread. The instincts of civilization and the dictates of humanity demand that prompt measures shall be taken for their relief.

THE CHICAGO WAY.

It is perhaps the privilege of every city and town or hamlet to have its own peculiar way of doing things. This way is sometimes bad and often good. An opinion is formed about most matters from relative circumstances. But there can scarcely be two ways of looking at an incident in which two police officers took part in Chicago the other day.

A man by the name of JOHNSON took a butcher knife last week and plunged it twice into the neck of his aged mother—a place where it did not belong, obviously enough. This, it seems, JOHNSON was not long in perceiving, and being a tender-hearted fellow, and seeing that he had done a foolish act, went out into the woodshed and hanged himself. Through some extraordinary concatination of events difficult to understand, because entirely without example in police annals, the officers of the law got wind of the affair and several of them eventually appeared on the scene of the tragedy. Finding no mischief for their idle hands to do about the dying woman, they went into the woodshed and, cutting Mr. JOHNSON down, restored him to life and to society, of which he was so brilliant an ornament. Their purpose is not explained in the dispatch, nor is it easily conjectured. The man was comfortably hanged already, without costing the city a cent. Why restore him to life for the purpose of hanging him over again at the public cost of many thousand dollars? These are pertinent inquiries which we have no doubt the inconsiderate police, who committed the act of folly in question, would find it difficult to give a logical answer to.

The man should have been left to hang in peace. It was inconsiderate to interfere with him—violation of principles of practical economy, and will put the city of Chicago to useless expense and inconvenience.

WHEAT.

The bull speculation in wheat goes on unchecked. It was expected that the extensive covering of "short" contracts reported a few days since, and which followed the recognition of the fact that one man had entire control of the Chicago market for September contracts, and the enormous sales made to realize profits before the market should react from the artificial advance caused by the September corner, would be followed by a period of weakness in the markets until prices should be readjusted to a parity with values on the seaboard. But the craze to buy wheat is as wild as ever, and the markets East and West are rapidly advancing without regard to export trade conditions or to the existing disproportions between quotations in the various markets.

FOR the first time in the history of the American navy, the government finds itself able to send an iron cruiser abroad to take care of American interests. The departure of the Boston for the Guatemalan coast may be regarded as the first formal notice to maritime nations that, in any seacoast disturbances by which the privileges of American citizens may be affected, a United States war vessel of modern type will be found ready to defend their rights.

IT IS the idlest of talk the Republicans are indulging in about HILL knifing CLEVELAND or CLEVELAND applying the dagger to HILL. Common sense and practical politics forbid such an idea. If New York is carried for one it must be carried for both. There is no room for a division of strength or opportunity for scratching; and no persons understand this better than Gov. HILL and President CLEVELAND.

DON CAMERON, of Pennsylvania, says wisely that "sometimes too much talking in politics does a great deal of harm." But if Candidate HARRISON talks a great deal, he says but very little.

IF MR. DUNNELL has but one speech, and has committed that to memory, he should avoid stenographic reporters, lest the people should read it in advance of delivery. There is nothing so monotonous as a twice-told tale.

THE king of Italy is reported to be a very sick man. It does not appear, however, that he has sent for Sir MORRELL MACKENZIE, who has achieved a reputation as a king-killer.

CHICAGO is again in the throes of a street car strike. The cause of the embargo on city travel is the refusal of the companies to advance wages to a winter standard.

IN HIS Harlem speech, Mr. BLAINE said: "I am running very hastily over a century's history of the tariff." That's the reason he made so many mistakes about it.

ON ACCOUNT of the local dissensions in the Republican ranks of this county, the Anoka Union is opposed to nominating anybody from St. Paul for office again.

DEFAULTERS will have to hunt a new retreat. One of them has just been sentenced to seven years' imprisonment for carrying stolen money into Canada.

THE Republican senate wants free whisky for the arts. This is in the line of the Republican drug store whisky for medicine in Iowa and Kansas.

THE new generation have crossed the voting line, and they are all for the Democratic candidates, progress and fair dealing at home and abroad.

MEN OF NOTE.

Henry Villard has left for the East.

Dr. McGlynn found Donnelly's cipher canvass too heavy to carry.

Senator Hawley and his new wife will go to housekeeping in Washington this fall.

Mr. Blaine, we trust, will find ex-Gov. Alger's gorgeous car a most delightful private affair.

Senor Silvestre Garcia Bango was recently captured in Cuba by bandits. It cost him $5,000 to regain his freedom. He says that such a tariff is a tax.

It is an old superstition among actors that they die in groups of three. The names of Davidge, Wallack and Warren may be mentioned in this connection.

John Quimby, of South Exeter, Me., is ninety-nine years of age. At the recent election in that state he went to the polls and voted the straight Democratic ticket.

It has been discovered that the name Thurman comes from that of Thor, the Scandinavian deity. This shows that the title of "Old Roman" is hardly appropriate for the vice-presidential candidate of the Democracy.

The Prince of Wales has a hard time reviewing the Austrian troops. Emperor Francis Joseph is a good deal of a martinet, and his royal highness of England could not smoke a cigarette for hours and was nearly dead for want of a drink.

Gen. Schofield will soon take up his abode in Washington. He will probably spend the winter at the Ebbitt house. His increase in rank adds nothing to his salary, which is only $7,500 a year, a sum which does not go far at the capital.

George Macomber, a fourteen-year-old boy, of Baltimore, Md., walked from that city to Washington last week to see Buffalo Bill's Wild West show. He slept in trees for two nights. The Washington police returned him to his relatives in Baltimore.

The Afghan commander-in-chief, Gholam Hyder Khan, recently caught two men in the act of spreading false news of the ameer's death. He had them blown to pieces by cannon in the presence of his troops. It is seldom that a baseless rumor has been so completely exploded.

The Rev. Francis Jayne, the new bishop of Chester, Eng., is a large, stalwart man, of remarkably youthful appearance. He wears no beard or mustache, but cultivates a long, curly lock of flaxen hair, which falls over his forehead a la Disraeli. His wife is a handsome woman of the Spanish type. They have a large family. The salary of his bishopric is $21,000 a year.

WOMEN OF THE WORLD.

Ellen Terry writes with a goose quill.

Miss Bertha Miller, 15 years of age, is making speeches in Kansas.

A Woman's National council is to be organized during the winter.

Clara Barton has given $1,000 out of her own pocket to the yellow fever sufferers.

Mary I. Booth, of Harper's Bazar, is known around Franklin square as the Duchess.

Pauline Lucca is coming to this country to sing in concert. She will receive $1,500 a night.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood says that woman is improving intellectually thirteen per cent. faster than man.

Amelie Rives Chanler does not waltz. But she can make the English language dance in a most amazing way.

The Empress Victoria has promised that no biography of Kaiser Fritz shall be published for five years.

Mme. de Valsayre, the leading champion of women's rights in Paris, has turned her energies to influencing the ladies' tailors in favor of divided skirts.

Miss Elizabeth Thompson is having a "woman's flag" made for the approaching convention of the National Woman's Christian Temperance union in New York.

Mrs. Scott Siddons' efforts to establish her daughter on the American stage and her latest tour here in person were both failures, and she is thinking of returning to England permanently.

It is remarked by one who has made some study of the subject that when Southern women are thrown on their own resources they show an energy that used to be attributed only to the daughters of New England.—Harper's Bazar.

Miss L. A. Churchill, the author of a book recently published in Boston, actually knows how to run a railroad. She is the private secretary of the superintendent of a New England railway, and has much practical experience in the business.

FACT AND FANCY.

The Boston girl who referred to a zebra as an Omegabra, has moved to Greece.—Washington Critic.

Quite a paradox that in a land of the free so many Americans should covet bonds.—Nantucket Inquirer.

An exchange reports a man who will not cut a fine field of grass because the country is going to the dogs. He is a labor reformer, and proposes to reform things by abolishing labor.—Leavenworth Times.

The poorest kind of a poor man is a poor lawyer. He is too proud to work, and believing the world owes him a living, is shabby enough to want to sue everybody in it for damages.—New Orleans Picayune.

"I declare," said Mrs. Afterthought, laying down the paper, "if they reduce the time across the Atlantic much more, the passengers will have to go through part of their seasickness on land."—New Haven News.

Dr. A. C. Caperton is the most numerous preacher within the circle of our acquaintance. He has fourteen preaching stations. If there is any preacher who has more we would like to hear from him.—Louisville Western Recorder.

Two pronounced Celts, who were apparently old acquaintances, met in Scollay-square the other day, and after the usual preliminary greetings were given, one said, "By the way, Dan, did you know that —— is dead?" "Dead?" returned the other, "Arrah, long life to the poor man, when did he die?" —Boston Budget.

S. U. Burb—Want $6 for your purp, Mac? Why, only yesterday you told me the price was $5!

McKaynine—Oi know it, sor; but the baste is only just afther eatin' a dollar bill I dhropped lasht noight; bad luck to him! —Puck.

First Reporter—I'm just about dead. I've had to fill about six colums a day all summer long.

Second Reporter—That's queer. I can never get a decent report into the paper; never any room; have to boil everything down to the smallest possible space. What line of work are you in?

I'm the base ball man. What's your department?

I'm on the religious racket.—Philadelphia record.

A FEW SMILES.

Boston Courier: There is more profit in smoking fish than smoking cigarettes.

Richmond Dispatch: A contemporary says lawyers are noted for losing their patience. How about doctors?

New Haven News: One thing may be said in favor of politicians' barrels—the fruit is uniform in size from top to bottom.

Boston Post: The Chinese raise dogs principally for their skin. Naturally they like those which have plenty of bark on them.

Chicago Herald: Samoa is in trouble again. It seems to be her chronic condition. As soon as she is once out of trouble she gets in Samoa.

Boston Herald: Mr. Curry, our minister to Spain, resigned his position on account of ill-health. This explodes the prevalent notion that curry is healthy.

Louisville Courier-Journal: A New York photographer has committed suicide. Yet photographers are the very men who are always telling us to "look pleasant."

Baltimore American: "Two members of the United States senate are said to be Spiritualists." Some of the others prefer cold tea, and a few are said to like water.

Lincoln Journal—A "corn-crusher" is the latest advertised agricultural implement. The heel of a man who weighs 200 pounds forms as reliable a corn-crusher as the needs of the country call for.

Drake's Magazine—"There's the luckiest man in seven counties," said an Arkansas man to an Eastern traveler. "How so?" "His house burned down and lost six children t'other night, sah." "Where does his luck come in?" "Saved his coon dog, sah; saved his coon dog."

Shoe and Leather Reporter—"I tell you Hyde is as reliable a man as you can find anywhere." "What! Jim Hyde a reliable man? Why, he is noted for never telling the truth." "To be sure; that's the very reason you can always depend upon him; if he tells you a thing you know it isn't so."

London Punch: "And so your nice clergyman is going to be married, Mrs. Marigald? I hope you'll like his wife as well as you like him." "Well, ma'am, I'm sure I hope so, but we generally find that when the gentleman is haffable the lady's 'aughty."

Life: Miss Clara—It distresses me greatly to cause you pain, Mr. Worchestershire, but I love another.

Mr. Worchestershire—Ah, me!

Miss Clara—I have always supposed that you were interested in Ethel Simpson, Mr. Worchestershire: she is a noble girl.

Mr. Worchestershire—Ah. yes, Miss Clara; but I had the same luck with her that I have just had with you.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Mendicant—"Sir, could you assist a feeble and starving man?" "I'd like to, but I have nothing smaller than a $20 bill." "That's all right. I'll change it for you."—Lincoln Journal.

THEN THE CONVERSATION DRIFTED.

"Have you read Fielding?" asked Miss Sourrey of Miss Issippe, when the conversation turned upon literature.

"No, I take little interest in base ball matters," replied Miss Issippe, with a haughty curl of the lip. And then the conversation drifted and drifted and drifted.

His Excellency Nadji Hossein Kouli Khan Mohammed-El-Vaar, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Persia to the United States, is on his way to this country. He will bring his name with him.—Ex.

The emperor of China is preparing to mop up the earth with the persons who decline to admit his subjects. He is looking out more for his queues than for his peace.—Puck.

"Have you seen the elephant?" asked old Mrs. Bentley at the circus the other evening of a neighbor. "No, ma'am," he replied; "we won't see the elephant until after the show."—Judge.

"There's one thing I want you to be careful about," said a laundryman to his new cashier.

"Yes, sir."

"Always require cash of a young man who doesn't change the ends of his cuffs. It's a sign of extravagance that can't be mistaken. —Merchant Traveler.

"James," said the grocer to his new boy, "you want to push them codfish; we're overstocked on 'em. Sell 'em at 30 cents, and if they don't go I'll put 'em on the bargain counter next week."

"You'll find them codfish wery nice' ma'am," said James a little later to an old lady customer, "they're dirt cheap at 30 cents, and it's the last chance you'll have to buy 'em at that price."

"Is your codfish goin' up?"

"No, ma'am; they're goin' on the bargain counter nex' week, fer what we kin git fer 'em."—Epoch.

STATE PRESS.

A Slap in the Face.

Lake City Sentinel.

The tariff plank in the Chicago platform slaps every Republican in Minnesota square in the face. How they have had to switch around since it was adopted. Even Gordon E. Cole and other prominent Republicans who had a tariff reform club of their own had to swallow it, and the above-named apostle (formerly) of tariff reform, being appointed chairman of the committee on platform at the recent Republican state convention, had to start out: "We are uncompromisingly in favor of the American system of protection." This from the president of the Anti-Protective Tariff League of Minnesota. What can you not expect?

His Sun Is Setting.

Scott County Argus.

From the tone pervading the Republican press of this state there is undoubtedly a strong feeling against the boodle candidate of the Republican party for governor. Elsewhere in this issue we publish a few of the adverse criticisms of boodle Merriam and the manner in which he secured his nomination. There are many Republicans who will give the candidate of gold but a luke-warm support, and then not because they wish to see Merriam elected, but because they do not desire the defeat of the remainder of the ticket. Merriam's sun is setting, and in November he will find himself caught out in a blizzard.

Wants His Scalp.

Litchfield Independent.

Albert Scheffer, late Republican candidate for governor, says he will leave no stone unturned to defeat Merriam, his successful competitor, whom he claims got his nomination by corruption and fraud.

An Admirer of Donnelly.

Red Wing Republican.

The GLOBE thinks Eugene Wilson is a better speaker than Merriam. Perhaps he is, but Donnelly is far better than Wilson. He can make a better speech for Wilson than Wilson can make for himself, and then make his own Donnelly speech and knock the Wilson speech out with one hand tied behind him. But since Marshall there been only one talking man elected governor in this state.

Not Pleased With It.

Red Wing Republican.

We grieve to learn that Gov. McGill is not pleased with the new Republican state central committee. If he will recall to mind that he is not the Republican candidate this year, he will see why the president of the convention did not succeed better in pleasing him with the committee. It is Merriam, who, by the precedents, was to be considered and pleased.

Stolen in St. Cloud.

Last evening Sergeant Coskran and Patrolman McLaughlin arrested two men who were trying to break into a store on Washington avenue South. On being searched at the central station goods recently stolen from a store in St. Cloud were found in their possession. The case will be looked into.

Laughter of Recent Origin.

Pittsburg Gazette.

Because man is the only only animal that can laugh, we would naturally conclude that he has always laughed, but such is not the case. At least, laughter, as our expression of merriment or pleasure, has only been in vogue for a short time as compared with the age of the race. The Puritans and Quakers who came to this country a couple of hundred years ago held it to be a misdemeanor to laugh boisterously or heartily, and even to this day their descendants regard laughing as being indecorous, if not actually unbecoming to a Christian.

CAN SUCH SUCCEED?

An Analysis of Merriam's Character Drawn From the Truth.

A Foe to All of the Common Interests of the People.

His Public Career Used for the Benefit of Corporations.

Money Has Made Him What He Is To-Day.

Waseca Herald.

In the choice of chief magistrate, the people should look well to the public record of the man, his surroundings and his private interests. If his personal interests, his surroundings and his public record all combine to place him in opposition to the best interests of the masses, the people should not vote for him. Years ago, when the old $5,000,000 railroad bond-swindle hung in the balance over the heads of taxpayers, we warned the people against electing "Honest John S. Pillsbury" governor of this state. And we mean what we say when we state that John S. Pillsbury was and is an honest man. He honestly believed the old swindling bonds should be paid, and so stated in his messages and public utterances. Republican voters, blindly following the lead of the bondholders and their newspaper advocates, elected Mr. Pillsbury, term after term, and finally chose members of the legislature that saddled that fraudulent debt upon our shoulders. Then the "dear people" turned in and cursed Gov. Pillsbury and the legislature, forgetting entirely that they themselves, and not Pillsbury, were the ones at fault.

The people then refused to accept our warning. Perhaps they will now. Party worship is so sweet to unthinking men that they blindly follow their party leaders. However, we shall give the warning, and the people can do as they please.

Mr. Merriam is the son of a railroad monopolist, and during all his mature years he has been closely identified with

RAILROAD COMBINES,

banking, state prison contractors and, as we are informed, pine land speculations. If he had never made a public record, his private interests and the circumstances surrounding him place him in direct opposition to the interests of farmers, working people and the business interests of the whole state outside of railroad rings and monopoly combinations. But the record is not lacking.

For years he has been a lobbyist or a member of the legislature. All this time he has been interested in the St. Paul & Sioux City Railroad company and its immense land grant. Under the decisions of our courts, whenever a land-grant, railroad company sells its road and franchises to another company and ceases to operate its road, the land becomes taxable, unless the legislature passes an act to continue the old company. So, in 1881, the year when the old bond swindle was consummated, Mr. Merriam's company prevailed upon that legislature to allow it to sell its road to the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha company, with a special provision continuing the existence of the old company as a great land syndicate, and especially exempting their empire of lands from all taxation for all time to come, or until the company shall see fit to sell them.

We are not blaming Mr. Merriam or his company for this sharp deal with the people's wise (?) legislators, but we pretend to say that the people of this state are

VERY UNWISE

to elect such a man, under such circumstances, as their governor.

In 1883, the writer hereof was a member of the legislature, as was also Mr. Merriam, and knows whereof he writes. At that session, in the house, there were several bills to control railways and prevent unjust discriminations. One of them, which the writer prepared, was almost identical with the Illinois railroad law, and contained a section almost identical with the long and short haul clause of the interstate commerce cause. At every stage of these bills Mr. Merriam opposed their passage and worked with the railroad corporations to defeat them.

The bill introduced by Mr. Brown, of Mankato, to tax railroad lands, was fought at every step by Mr. Merriam, and finally defeated.

The bill to reduce the rate of interest caused Mr. Merriam a "heap" of trouble until it was finally defeated by himself and other sharpers.

The bill to protect the people against swindlers who obtain promissory notes by fraud, which finally became a law, he opposed to the bitter end.

He early joined the unholy combination of the state prison ring of the Republicans and Democrats that defeated Mr. Windom and elected his business chum, D. M. Sabin, to the United States senate.

Upon the question of high license two years ago, as we are informed, he promised the Columbia association (saloon ring) before his election that he would vote against it, and when the test came he called Mr. Donnelly to the chair and dodged the vote.

It is claimed by his friends that in making up the committees of the house two years ago he favored the farmers, but how did it come about? Simply because he was forced to it by bargain and sale to secure his election as speaker—a corrupt bargain at the best.

His whole life and all his surroundings make him the representative of those interests which

FLOURISH BY ROBBING

the masses. Personally, he is a good fellow. His check is as good as gold. He is respectable, as the world goes. He is even generous, but all his wealth has come from monopolistic sources, and all his prospects for the future depend upon the ability of himself and his corporation backers to deceive and rob the producing masses of the people. Jim Hill himself would make a better governor than Mr. Merriam, simply because he is a man of more ability and broader views. Had it not been for the wealth his father left him, we do not believe Mr. Merriam would have ever been heard of outside of the ward in which he lives.

His father's money has given him the position he occupies, and if he is elected governor it will be on account of his money and his monopoly backers, and not because of his ability or fitness to fill the position.

If the people desire to be ruled by corporations they should vote for Mr. Merriam—otherwise not.

Single Tax Supporters.

Special to the Globe.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—There was a very large meeting of the single tax supporters of Cleveland and Thurman at the Cooper Union to-night. Henry George presided, and Thomas G. Shearman, the well-known lawyer and expert on questions of tariff and taxation, was the principal speaker. Mr. Shearman is a recent convert to the George doctrine.

Drowned in Lake Winnebago.

OSHKOSH, Wis., Oct. 5.—A capsized sailboat with the body of a half-breed named Jesse Jordan drifted ashore near that place to-day. The boat was seen on Lake Winnebago last night with two persons in it, but it is believed that more than that number perished.

Nothing like it anywhere. Read the list of Wants with care.

THE "KICKER" MAN.

Editorial Life in the Far West Has Its Ups and Downs.

We take the following, says the Detroit Free Press, from the last issue of the Arizona Kicker: "Apologetical—We hope our readers will excuse the typographical appearance of the inside pages of the Kicker this week. We were working them off as usual Wednesday, having Joe, the Digger Indian, as roller-boy, when Judge Shackawacksen made us a call and jumped on our collar. Greatly to our surprise we picked the judge up and mopped him all over the office and flung him outdoors. His boot heels, hind buttons, spectacles and tobacco box flew about and alighted on the forms, and in our excitement we failed to notice them.

"The big hole in our editorial on the tariff was caused by a boot heel. The blur on the poem entitled 'When Baby Wakes Again' was caused by two hind buttons. Such society items as are unreadable owe their present state to the judge's spectacles. We hope it won't occur again."

"Not This Eve—Our name is being prominently mentioned in connection with the United States senatorship from Arizona. While we are flattered and feel to step high, we must beg our friends to hold up.

"In the first place, we are too honest, sober and conscientious.

"In the second place, we are needed at home. We propose to run about 10,000 human coyotes out of this territory during the next twelve months, and put 1,000 others behind prison bars.

"While we feel tickled all over and can hardly sleep nights we can't accept the office nor leave Arizona. Just pass the place along to some other man and leave us to do our work."

"A Deceiver—We owe no grudge to Col. Hastings because he once cuffed our ears in the corridor of the town hall. We had proved him a liar, a swindler, and an absconder, and he had to cuff to save his reputation. The colonel is now seeking the nomination for sheriff and is promising in case he is elected to secure our town a government appropriation of $250,000 to build a public building. We are actuated only by the kindest motives when we say that the colonel is a blooming deceiver. He can no more secure a dollar from Uncle Sam than we can borrow one of the hinges from the gates of heaven. All the influence he has in this world of sin and sorrow is confined to the Red Hot saloon and its crowd of reprobates. Do not be deceived in the caster-oil voice of the colonel."

"An Explanation—The cause of the Kicker in opposing the building of a bridge over Red Horse river, to connect our town with Dutch Hill, is being severely criticised by some of our citizens, who declare that we are opposed to progress and improvements. Such is far from being the case. Any open bridge across the river would be an encouragement to suicides and accidents. When a man gets drunk on Arizona whisky he either wants to kill some one or jump off a bridge. There are fifty men in town who would go over to Dutch Hill, fill up, and fall off the bridge coming back if it had a railing fifteen feet high.

"As to a covered bridge it would at once be taken possession of by all the old soakers in town, who tried to get home, and in a month would be voted a public nuisance. While we just holler for progress and improvement we can't see our way clear on this bridge question, and shall therefore oppose it until we have a change of heart."

"Notice.—We have in our possession about forty deeds and conveyances belonging to as many different parties, which we picked up on the street last night. They dropped from the coat-tail pocket of our estimable and efficient register of deeds as he was wending his way homeward at a late hour. In the East this would be called a piece of great carelessness and the register would be expected to resign. Out here in the glorious West no importance is attached and the estimable register takes an extra drink and pulls another wire for renomination. And the worst of it is that we owe genial Harry $14 in cash and daren't go for him until it is paid."

NEW USE FOR THE SHAWL.

A Novel Idea That Surprised Loungers at a Saratoga Hotel.

Letter to Albany Argus.

While sitting upon the side piazza of the United States hotel a few days ago, watching and admiring the many costly and beautiful carriages that were rolling along Broadway, my attention was called to a little side performance that was truly interesting. The gentleman of color who stands at the entrance of the United States hotel to attend to the carriage doors and the wants of the old folks and young folks who pass in and out of them had his accustomed position close beside the curbstone. He was dressed faultlessly for one of his position, and his high standing white collar was a close fit under the chin.

This important individual carried, beside a bit of wicker work, which, when applied to a carriage wheel, acts as a mud or dust protector and saves many a dress from ruination, a black shawl. This shawl was tossed over his left arm, and there it remained until an equipage, containing a very charmingly attired young lady, the daughter, no doubt, of a man of great wealth, put in an appearance. She motioned that she wanted the shawl brought into use. The colored man, quick as a wink, sprang to the front of the carriage, when, to my utter surprise and that of twenty or more bystanders, he held up the shawl shoulder high until the lady of fashion had alighted. If she had a pretty foot or delicate ankle no one was the wiser, because that black shawl served as a Japanese screen would have done. The shawl act is new, but many of the girls who visit Saratoga have tried it and like it.

Testing Himself.

New York Graphic.

I knew a convival chap once who was very fond of jolly evenings around the dinner table, especially after the flowing bowl began to circulate. He had a puculiar habit which puzzled everybody for a long time. He would call out: "All hands stand up."

"What do you do that for?" was at last put to him very emphatically.

"Well, I'll tell you, boys. Liquor does not go to my head; it goes to my legs, and I don't know, unless I stand up, whether I'm drunk or not."

Everybody would stand up for ten seconds. Then he would say: "All hands sit down. Pass the bottle."

This operation he would repeat several times during the evening, until he would call for a last drink and break up the meeting.

College Farming.

Time.

"How are you getting along with the experimental farm?" asked a member of the board of regents of a Western agricultural college of the president of the institution.

"First-rate," replied the president; "wheat all killed up and calves taught to drink sour milk. I'm having trouble with some of the students, however. They claim that it is too hard work for them to dig the great holes necessary in planting pumpkins."

"Fire 'em out, professor, fire 'em out," returned the regent. "If they kick on that, what will they do next fall when they have to dig the pumpkins with maybe fifteen or twenty in a hill?"

To Learn the Language.

Harper's Bazar.

Jovial Bachelor—Well, Charlie, my boy, I hear you are going abroad this fall?

Young Anglomaniac—Ya-as, I expect to go—er—I shall spend most of my time in London, you know.

J. B.—To acquire the language, I suppose.

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

THE BLUE AND THE GREY.

Union Veterans and Ex-Confederates Unveil the Pickett Monument.

A PLEDGE OF LOYALTY.

Southerners Indulge in No Vina Regrets and Harbor No Rebellious Thoughts.

RICHMOND, Va., Oct. 5.—The unveiling of the monument to-day to the memory of Gen. George E. Pickett by the Pickett's division association took place with great pomp. Confederate camps were present from Alexandria, Fredericksburg, Norfolk, Portsmouth and Petersburg, while the Philadelphia brigade of Union veterans was present as guests of the Lee camp of Richmond. A slight misunderstanding occurred between the two latter organizations prior to the march to Hollywood, where the monument is located, in regard to the flags to be carried in line. The Lee camp heard unofficially that the Philadelphia brigade did not desire to parade if they carried the Confederate colors. A committee of the Lee camp consisting of Maj. T. A. Brander and Comrades J. Taylor Ellison, mayor of Richmond, and Smith Redford were appointed to wait on the brigade and learn the truth of the report. It was then ascertained that some of the brigade did object, but by no means a majority. The reason given was that the national flag borne by the brigade had been loaned with the understanding that it was not to be blended with the Confederate colors or borne in a procession in which that flag floated. It was finally agreed that the brigade should leave their flag and use a United States flag loaned them by the R. E. Lee camp. The latter declined to take part in the parade without their banner, as the camp always carries in its parades the red, white and blue banner of the Union, as well as

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

The matter being amicably and satisfactorily adjusted, the procession started for Hollywood. Among the distinguished personages in line were Mrs. Pickett, her son, Maj. Charles Pickett, the brother of the general; Gen. M. D. Corse and ex-Gov. Curtin, and A. K. McClure, of Philadelphia. About 1 o'clock Gettysburg hill was reached. Shortly thereafter the exercises began with prayer by Rev. Richard Ferguson, the chaplain of the Pickett association. The oration was delivered by Maj. R. Taylor Scott. Among other things he said: "Consecrated by prayer, we unveil 'our monument' and dedicate it to the memory of Maj. Gen. George E. Pickett and his division. It will tell of the dark, sad days of 1861; how we struggled to preserve "our Union—the Union under the federal constitution as we read it, and the forefathers who made it, taught us to construe it." Maj. Scott then named many of the officers and some of the privates of Pickett's division, recalling incidents of their valorous career; detailing the battles in which they fought, etc., and continued: "Comrades—We indulge in no vain regrets and

HARBOR NO REBELLIOUS THOUGHTS.

We claim to be worthy of our dead, honest men, loyal citizens of this great republic, but loyal too, to Virginia and the South. We believed, and to-day believe that the cause of Virginia and the South was first. We appealed to the sword, and by the judgment rendered we stand true to our manhood, without apologies, and point to the past as a pledge of loyalty in the future. Soldiers of the Philadelphia brigade, welcome to Virginia. We greet you as friends. We have met before. The years have silvered our heads, but our hearts are honest, and warm and true. Pickett's men remember the Bloody angle, by the stone wall, upon the cemetery hill. Your sturdy defense of the hill at the angle, your stubborn resistance and Yankee pluck, made your brigade immortal and you heroes. We welcome your governor; welcome each one and all of you. To-day, in our father's house, Virginia and the old South, pledge with you allegiance to this union and indissoluble union of sovereign and indestructible states." The monument was unveiled by Gen. M. D. Corse, of Alexandria. The monument is a granite structure 25 feet high, and contains the names of all the brigade officers, commanders of regiments and companies.

TO SURPRISE HIS GIRL.

Instead, However, Young Mr. Poots Was Very Much Surprised Himself.

Texas Siftings.

The young man Poots went to see his sweetheart on Austin avenue the other evening, and, being quite at home with the family, thought he would just slip into the parlor unperceived and hide behind the sofa, just to give her a little surprise as she came in to light the gas, for it was early twilight.

He hadn't been in his place of concealment but a few minutes when there was a ring at the outer door, and a moment later his heart's delight ushered another young man into the darkened parlor, the young lady not seeming to think illumination necessary quite yet.

They sat down on the sofa together, and the young lady said: "Oh, George, I am so glad it is you. When the bell rang I was almost sure it was that dreadful bore, Poots."

Poots silently gritted his teeth behind the sofa.

"My dear," said the strange young man, slipping his arm around her waist, "who is this fellow Poots?"

"Oh, he's a galoot that comes hanging around here once in a while, that we have to put up with because my folks and his folks came from the same place in the North. He bores the life out of me."

"A galoot, am I," said Poots to himself, bitterly. "I'll show who I am when that chap starts for home," and he doubled up both fists.

But the chap wouldn't start for home. He stayed and stayed, and they kept billing and cooing until after midnight. Poots' position was very uncomfortable, squatting behind the sofa, and the love making that was going on did not add to his ease. There is no knowing how long the entertainment would have lasted had not the young lady's father come down stairs in his dressing gown and slippers and dissolved the parliament.

When they were gone, and all was still, young Poots tried to tiptoe out, but he stumbled over a chair and made such racket as to alarm the house. The head of the house yelled "Police!" from the upper window, and Poots managed to get into the cellar, from which he escaped by crawling up through the coal chute in the back yard and climbing an alley fence. He doesn't call on that girl any more.

The Barber Got In at Last.

Detroit Free Press.

Dusenberry flung himself into a chair and the barber soon had his face covered with lather. He was in a garrulous mood; we mean Dusenberry was—not the barber.

His tongue wagged incessantly. He covered every topic of the war. The barber couldn't get a word in edgewise. He didn't even try. He said "Yep" one or twice, but so crisply that it sounded like dropping silver half-dollars into the brush mug.

"How much is it?" Dusenberry asked, as he thrust his hand into his pocket.

"One dollar," replied the barber.

"Great horn spoons!" exclaimed Dusenberry. "A dollar for a shave! I never paid more than fifteen cents in my life.'

"That's my charge, too, sir. The other 85 cents is for depriving me of one of my acknowledged rights."

"What right is that?" asked Dusenberry.

"The right to do all the talking. If you are an honest man you'll compensate me for such a serious deprivation.'

Why are your rooms vacant? An ad in the GLOBE will rent them.