THE DAILY GLOBE

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY.
AT THE GLOBE BUILDING,
COR. FOURTH AND CEDAR STREETS

BY LEWIS BAKER.

ST. PAUL GLOBE SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—Indications for Minnesota and Dakota: Fair; continued low temperature; winds becoming southwesterly.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Thermometer.	Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Thermometer.
St. Paul...	30.28	22	Ft. Buford.	30.22	12
Ft. Sully	30.28	18	Ft. Custer..	30.34	12
Ft. Totten.	......	...	Helena. ...	30.6	0
Duluth....	30.22	22	Minnedosa	30.12	2
La Crosse.	3?.38	22	Q'Appelle.	30.14	10
Huron.....	30.32	14	Calgary....	30.40	20
Moorhead.	30.22	12	Medic'e H.	30.30	12
St. Vincent	30.12	12	Fort Garry	30.06	14
Bismarck.	?0 24	12	Edmonton.	.....	...

TRAVEL by boat on the lower Mississippi is resuming the fascination of the early time when MARK TWAIN was a pilot. Those who survive will have thrilling narrations to give.

THE mild weather of this winter has been pretty general on both sides of the ocean. Its perfection, however, has been peculiar to the Northwest. Mud and drizzle have been common in the East.

THE year of the three 8's came in with much rudeness and discomfort, but its fading hours are almost a foretaste of the land where neither heat, cold nor cloud mar perpetual serenity and beatific citizenship.

A BALTIMORE professor is educating a base ball nine of monkeys. His only difficulty is reported in developing an umpire. Monkeying on the diamond, however, will not be entirely new to many localities—naming none.

THE French debt is about $6,000,000,000, and constantly increasing. As there is no corresponding increase of population and resources, there may be troublesome questions arise after a time, without giving aid to the Panama canal or other great enterprises.

IF NEW YORK does find its persimmons under the administration rather puckery and unpalatable, it will not greatly disturb the enjoyment of other sections. It costs a big sum to get its vote, and it will be more comfortable in politics when its demands are less heeded.

IT IS claimed as one of the strong points for Gen. HARRISON'S private secretary that his writing is as much of a puzzle to the average intellect as was that of HORACE GREELEY. He can answer the letters of office-seekers, and they will never know what is written.

IF A Southern man is wanted for the cabinet, why not RIDDLEBERGER? He will be at leisure about that time, and would stand, at times, at least, for a section, and also a practice, that gave the Republicans need of cabinet material.

NEW YORK has a compulsory school law that has been so near a dead letter that it is proposed to secure new enactments making it a part of the duty of police and constabulary officials to run down the truants. They will find this a part of their duties not calculated to promote inactivity.

A CLERK in New York writes to one of the papers that he "despises a woman who shops forever and never buys." That is a selfish view. The ladies love to shop, and if they can secure their enjoyment without financial discomfort to their husbands, there should be little repining behind the counters.

PRESIDENT HARRISON is likely to have one more cabinet member to appoint than any of his predecessors, as the bill for an agricultural secretary is in a hopeful stage in congress. If there is any superstition about the favorite Biblical number of seven, it will not attach to the new official family.

BELVA LOCKWOOD insists upon the right of a woman to propose. There is no statute in the way, and mere usages ought not to deter the true reformer. BELVA proposed to the men for votes, and the response was not encouraging. If she is short of a husband, it is to be hoped her success will vindicate the theory she advances.

MEDILL, of the Chicago Tribune, gives it out without any phonetic spelling, that he will not take any position in the gift of the new administration. If BLAINE would adopt that phraseology it would make life vastly pleasanter at Indianapolis, and probably a copy of the blue book, with the privilege of selection, would be sent him.

THERE have been instances where the personal relations between the outgoing and incoming president were so free from cordiality that their compulsory proximity at the inauguration gave a pantomime phase to their intercourse. There was suggestion of this in March, 1869, and at other times. President ARTHUR was a courtier, and never forgetful of the amenities of gentlemen. His record will be well filled by Mr. CLEVELAND. It is understood that the personal relations of the present and coming occupants of the White house are so amicable that letters of courtesy and suggestion are frequent between them since the election, including both the ladies and private secretaries. This fact will greatly promote good feeling on the occasion.

PROFIT SHARING.

A prominent manufacturing firm in Cincinnati has been testing the system of sharing profits with employes, and the experience is reported extremely satisfactory to both operatives and owners. In the eighteen months past the employes have received in wages $228,704, and in division of profits $26,124.16, or nearly 12 per cent. During the past year the percentage of dividends to wages was 10.57. It is the uniform experience that under this system there is more faithful service, and the community of interest induces watchful economy of material and time. No strikes are likely to occur under this plan, and the friction between wage earners and payers is not likely to disturb the industrial fabrics. The solution of knotty problems will be averted or made easy when the toiler becomes a sharer in the fruits of his efforts in a proportionate way.

ANOTHER BUILDING NEEDED.

The last biennial report of the Minnesota Historical society to the legislature contains a request for an appropriation of from $50,000 to $100,000 for the purpose of erecting a fire-proof building for the uses of the society. The arguments advanced by the society in support of its demand for an appropriation are so strong that the legislature can scarcely fail to give proper heed to the matter. The society owns a valuable lot on the corner of Tenth and Wabasha streets, diagonally opposite the state house, with a frontage of 150 feet on Wabasha and 100 feet on Tenth street. Under the act creating the society this lot must be held as a sacred trust for the uses and purposes of the society, and cannot be sold or encumbered by debt. Consequently, it is practically valueless unless the state will erect a building on it for the society. It is claimed by the society that the present apartments in the state house were never suitable for its purposes, on account of the utter lack of proper arrangement for library work and use. More than that, they are dimly lighted and without artificial ventilation. A visitor to these apartments, particularly in cold or damp weather, will readily be impressed with their unfitness. These rooms must of necessity be as unhealthy as they are disagreeable, and it is but little short of an outrage that the officials of the society should be confined in an atmosphere of this kind. More than that, the society has almost reached the end of space allotted for its use, and any further growth of the library and museum collections will be impossible.

The historical society is an institution meriting the fostering care of the state. It is the duty of every commonwealth to collect and preserve materials for its own history, and to encourage research, as well as to promote culture and knowledge. As suggested by the society in its report to the legislature, mere money making, mere success in accumulating wealth, will never make a state, nor will they alone make a happy and respected people. Desirable as are wealth and resources, there are still more important qualities to give power and dignity to a commonwealth. Intellect and knowledge are the real bases of greatness; and in a state like ours, where the various elements of a population that are to form a great state are still in a plastic and impressive state, it is all the more important that they receive in the beginning the impress of right ideas, virtuous impulses and honest judgments. It is with such arguments as these and an assertion of its claim to public confidence by reason of its past career of usefulness, the Minnesota Historical society appeals to the legislature for an unbiased and careful hearing of its petition. That it deserves such a hearing is beyond all controversy, and to question the disposition of the legislature to give it such a hearing would be a reflection upon the intelligence and public-spiritedness of the members of that body. The historical society is not an institution of mere local concern, but it is one that interests all sections of the state alike.

TOO MANY CHURCHES.

All makers of machinery are wrestling with the problem of economizing power. The trouble is that in so much of the machinery in daily use but a small percentage of the force guaranteed can be utilized. For illustration, but few persons who have not given the matter special attention are aware of what an enormous waste of power there is in running a locomotive forty-five miles an hour between two stations only a few miles apart. And it is so in almost every department of industrial life where machinery is used. That those of this world who devote their attention to a study of material affairs are wiser than those who are supposed to be guided by direct spiritual forces, is apparent from the inattention of the latter to the reckless prodigality among church organizations in the waste of forces at their command. The makers of machinery are trying to economize power, while the makers of churches seem to be striving to waste it. Apparently the latter have no idea of condensing and economizing force in the running of ecclesiastical machinery. This is more particularly true of the Protestant denominations, for Catholicity is a temple which has enroofed a score of sects—or what would be sects under the wasteful methods of Protestantism. The essential creedal differences between the Protestant denominations is so slight one is at a loss to account for the enormous expenditure of spiritual energy in maintaining sectarian lines and divisions. Go into any community, from the country village up to the metropolis, and you will see that the wasteful methods are the popular methods. You will find each community supporting a half dozen different churches which usually bear such a close family resemblance than only an expert theologian can tell them apart. Yet these various churches, without a difference, except in some inconsequential divergence in discipline and polity, are occupying the same ground and working separate enormous ecclesiastical machines with an incalculable dissipation of power. Where is the sense, the reason or the religion in this wonderful waste of spiritual force and energy? Why is it the creators of social and spiritual organisms do not give their attention to this important question? Is it any wonder that Christianity fails to keep pace with Buddhism and Mohammedanism while our ecclesiastical authorities are sacrificing the well-being and propriety of the organic life of religion to sectarian prejudices? If Christianity expects to make headway it must first learn to conserve its force and economize its power. Then, when it has grown into a temple of grand proportions, at whose altar differences of opinion are tolerated, various methods of ecclesiastical administration are encouraged, and when all kinds of natures, temperaments and dispositions are permitted to find religious expression under an all-encircling unity, then, and not till then, will it have accomplished the mission the Master designed for it.

THE SAME PRINCIPLE.

The quarrel between the Susquehanna miners and their employers over the proposition to reduce the price of blasting powder is a singular illustration of the inequalities which exist between capital and labor, and at the same time it can be used as a fair illustration of the inequalities of the tariff system. The Pennsylvania miners are compelled to buy the powder they use in mining, and yet they are shut out from a free market under their contract with their employers. They are forced to pay the companies about 35 per cent more for powder than they could buy it elsewhere, and by doing so put an annual profit of about one million of dollars into the pockets of the mine owners, representing just that much money taken from the wages of the miners. This is done upon exactly the same principle that a protective tariff is established, which confines the consumer to one market, and compels him to pay a bonus to the capitalists who have their money invested in manufacturing. The principle is precisely the same in each case; and yet of those who voted in the late election to perpetuate the protective policy, fully nine-tenths will be ready to exclaim against the extortion practiced by the Susquehanna mine owners. It is probable that the miners themselves who are the victims of this extortion voted in solid mass for the protective policy at the late election, little dreaming that such a fearful application of the protection principle would come home to them so soon. There is just as much justice in the Pennsylvania mine owners' extortion upon their employes as there is in the government extorting money from its citizens for the benefit of the wealthy classes. And yet there is no man with a heart in his breast who for one moment would justify the Susquehanna coal barons in their extortionate practices.

THE GREATEST WOMAN.

A prominent English journal has revived the somewhat chestnutty notion that the designation of the greatest woman could be determined by vote. Its readers cast their ballots for the twelve, and the result is only notable for the omissions. JOAN OF ARC leads, followed by GEORGE SAND, Queen ELIZABETH, MARIA THERESA and GEORGE ELIOT. ASPASIA, SUSANNAH WESLEY and Miss WILLARD are equally popular; and HELEN of Troy and Mrs. STOWE are tied. There are others, whose names are known to few. Just what constitutes eligibility to the list is not stated, but among the notable omissions is the first mistress of Eden. Aside from a pomological penchant that was unfortunate rather than a weakness, she was a model woman. There are but two American ladies in the dozen, while the whole number could be easily filled this side of the water. The list evidently will never be swelled by the famale readers of the English journal.

WASTED SKILL.

It is sometimes desirable to develop muscle and test physical endurance, but what conceivable use is there in overtaxing the system and incurring the risk of serious injury in breaking 60,000 balls in six days. It may be a remarkable feat, but would not the breaking of a hundred in thirty minutes be as satisfactory in all but the monotonous struggle to defy the limitations of nature. If Dr. CARVER, who is conceded to possess almost phenomenal skill and alertness with the gun, can break the 60,000 balls in the time, where is the good to himself or any one else? A blacksmith could do the work with his hammer without endangering his physical powers, and with equal benefit to the world. It is a conceded fact that all strains upon the human machine diminish its vital resources and shorten its life. Its powers are enfeebled, not invigorated by unnatural tension. Such exhibitions should be discountenanced.

BALLOT REFORM.

The opposition will be likely to indulge in partisan distrust of any suggestions of electoral reform coming from GOV. HILL, but there is conceded need of a new departure in sentiment and method. There could hardly be a better time for its consideration than the present. Party feeling is not active, and the lessons of the campaign are still fresh. It is understood that in his early message to the New York legislature, GOV. HILL will suggest or formulate some methods for the protection of the ballot. It is intimated that he will favor provision for the preparation of the ballot near the polls, free from the observation of intereated parties. This alone would not seem to be sufficient. The end specially to be sought is to prevent bribery and allow the voter to freely select his preference uninfluenced by party workers. Good citizens of all parties should combine efforts on the most effective measures.

ALL AROUND.

At a meeting of the Geographical society of the Pacific, held at San Francisco, the secretary read a letter stating that the natives of Greenland had found relics of the Jeanette expedition in the vicinity of Julianshaab. A list of these relics include the following: A memorandum list of provisions with Lieut. DeLong's signature attached: notes at length in DeLong's handwriting; cap piece marked F. C. Lender; oilskins and pantaloons; some closely written manuscript; principal portion of check book with United States postage stamps inclosed; buttons; various articles of clothing, some of which were in excellent preservation, and the remnant of a tent. No remains of human beings were discovered.

Speaking of the late Chief Colorow, of the Southern Utes, one who knew him says: "Colorow was, I think, over eighty years of age, for he was an old man when I first met him. He was cross, crabbed, mean, and always had a tremendous appetite. He was always hungry. He drank his share of firewater, too, I guess, and his band of braves averaged 400 or 500. Now that he has gone to the happy hunting grounds no one but his squaws will mourn, and the Indian problem becomes a very simple one. If he was still alive and a younger man the government would have great trouble, as Colorow's extreme age is all that has prevented the Utes from committing many serious depradations in recent years."

Abraham Lincoln, in his first canvass, was elected to the presidency Nov. 6, and the session of congress immediately succeeding that event opened Dec. 3. This was in 1860. No president has ever been elected on Nov. 6 since 1860, except Benjamin Harrison, because election day in a presidential year has never occurred on Nov. 6 until this year. The cycle which brings election day on Nov. 6, and the opening of congress on Dec 3 in presidential years, is ordinarily completed in twenty-eight years. That is to say, these things occurred in 1804 and 1832, as well as in 1860 and 1888. They would occur again in 1916, and not before, were it not for a disturbing factor. Presidential years are generally leap years, and have 366 days. The year 1900, however, will be an ordinary year of 365 days. A president will be elected on Nov. 6 and a congressional session will be held on Dec. 3 in the year 1900.

Among the celebrities of New Orleans is Gen. Philip Regis de Trobriand, formerly editor of the Courier des Etats Unis in that city. He went to the war in 1861 as colonel of the Fifty-first New York regiment, and when peace was restored was a major general by brevet. During the struggle between the political factions of Louisiana in 1874 he was prominent as the head of the United States troops sent to New Orleans by the federal government. After retiring from the army he bought a handsome place in New Orleans, where he lives among his flowers and pictures, for he is an enthusiastic florist and artist.

On Glade mountain, West Virginia, resides perhaps the most peculiar family in the country. It is a family of coincidences. The father and mother were married on the 14th day of October; they have had nine children, all of whom were married on the 14th of October; five of the children are dead, and all five of them ceased to breathe on the 14th day of October. The name of the head of the family is Joshua Franklin. He says that he was a Confederate soldier; that he was captured twice by the Yankees, and that he lost two brothers in the war, and that all four of the mishaps or misfortunes of war occurred on the memorable 14th of October. In the neighborhood the Franklin family is regarded with superstition, and not a human being can be prevailed to stay either in the house or on the premises on either day or night on the 14th of October.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

President and Mrs. Cleveland did not attend church on Christmas.

No man living to-day has had so many pleasant death notices as Henry M. Stanley.

Some sarcastic individual sent Benjamin Harrison a fifteen puzzle as a Christmas present.

Sarah Bernhardt's earnings in Constantinople are South American in size. She is having enormous success there.

Judge Charles J. McCurdy, of Lyme, Conn., is now the eldest living graduate of Yale. He was graduated in the class of 1817.

Ex-Attorney General Williams, of landaulet fame, is among the list of Oregon converts gathered into the fold by Evangelist Moody.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain spent a quiet Christmas day in their London home. The mansion was beautifully decorated in honor of the "Puritan bride."

There comes a rumor that Phineas T. Barnum wants to supersede Waller as consul general at London. But Barnum does not seem to have the least show on earth.

Chauncey M. Depew, Joseph H. Choate and their friends have organized an athletic club which has spent $200,000 on its headquarters, gymnasium and running track.

Count de Foresta, secretary of the Italian legation at Washington, has been appointed to the legation at Brussels He will be succeeded at Washington by Signor Denitto.

Reuben R. Thrall, of Rutland, Vt., is probably the oldest practicing lawyer in the United States. Last Sunday he passed his ninety-third birthday. His health is still good.

"Prof." Wiggins strikes a blow at holiday merriment by asserting that a blizzard will seize this country about Jan. 15. But the only thing Wiggins ever raises is a storm of ridicule.

The news from Dakota that Chaska and his wife, nee Cora Belle Fellows, have a son forms an interesting Christmas item. The youngster will have, of course, good half-breeding.

Count von Moltke, while doing his Christmas shopping in Berlin, was surrounded by a wildly enthusiastic crowd of friends and admirers, and was cheered so persistently and lustily that he was obliged to take refuge in a cab.

Editor George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia Ledger, justly enjoys the proud distinction of the Santa Claus of the newspaper world. Christmas day Mr. Childs, it is said, distributed among the editors, reporters, correspondents, clerks, compositors, pressmen and other employss of the Ledger nearly $40,000.

Mary Fitzgerald, now in prison in Philadelphia for picking the pocket of a well-to-do gentleman, is said to be the oldest sneak thief in the United States. She is eighty years old, and since she was ten has been a thief. She was a convict before she was twelve, and in recent years has not been out of jail more than five months at a time.

Rev. Dr. A. E. Dunning, of Boston, tells this story: He was visiting his home in Maine, and an old fellow townsman began a theological discussion with him. "Parson," said he, "the Bible says that the Lord made the world in six days. Do you believe it?" "Yes." "Now, do you think that he finished the whole thing up in that time?" "Yes." "Well, all I can say is that he could have put in one more day to mighty good advantage right here in this town."

Little Laughs.

Montana lynchers hung a couple of stockings up on Christmas eve simply because they had a horse thief in them.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Ladies may not know how to sharpen a lead pencil, but they have a wonderful knack of bringing to the point the fellows who can. —Albany Journal.

No one has ever yet been able to explain why a kiss is such a pleasant thing, but the subject is being constantly investigated.—Somerville Journal.

"Ma," said Willie, "is man made of dust?" "Yes, my son." "Was that the reason pa said his name was mud when he forgot his umbrella the other night?"—Chicago Mail.

The London papers are wondering if it is the American girls' pink faces that charm foreign admirers. We should say that the girl's greenbacks attract more than their pink faces.—San Francisco Alta.

A poet is born, not made. This is lucky for the poet. If the populace caught him in the act of making himself there would be an injunction served on him so quick that it would make his head swim.—Puck.

Johnny: "Tommy, let's put our pennies together and buy mamma a nice Christmas present." Tommy: All right. What shall it be?" Johnny: "I guess we had better get her a padded slipper."—Texas Siftings.

A Determined Man—Country wife (at French opera): "Come, John, let's go; this show is perfectly indecent." John: "I know it is, Miranda, it's awful, but I paid $3 for these seats, and I'll sit here through it if it kills me."—The Epoch.

Educating the Young—"My dear," remarked a fond mother to a belle of several seasons, "what did you mean by taking young Mr. Redcheek's hand last night?" "Nothing, mamma; only I always like to encourage amateurs."—Burlington Free Press.

It's very, very, very strange,
It's very strange to me,
How Mr. Chump, who's lately failed,
Gets on so swimmingly.
But when I come to think, it's plain
That I this fact forget:
That tho' he seems to swim, he sails
Upon his floating debt.
—Yonkers Gazette.

THE PRESIDENT

Of the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce and His Three-Story Building.

ISHPEMING IRON ORE, Dec. 15.—The St. Paul Pioneer Press did not meet the Ishpeming excursionists as it had promised to do. When the representative of that paper was here looking for $750 for a "write-up" of the town, he attended the meeting of the citizens who were arranging for the trip to Duluth. In glowing terms he pictured the growth, beauty and enterprise of the metropolis of the Northwest, told of the people it contained, of the number of gas jets on the main streets, of the indescribable splendor of the ice palace, the renown of the ice king, the wonders of the carnival as a whole. It was all very dazzling as compared to ordinary, every-day hematite. He wanted the "boys" to come over. The people were noted for their liberality in entertaining strangers, for their habit of spending money to show visitors around. The head mogul of the Pioneer Press was the root, stalk and branch of the St. Paul board of trade. He would be at the depot to turn the whole town over to the Ishpeming delegation. The brass band would be out, and the ice king would be paraded for their especial benefit. And the "boys" went to St. Paul and they came away again. Not even a reporter from the Pioneer Press could be seen; the board of trade slumbered in the lumber yard; the ice king was thawing his feet by his own fireside; the common council was drinking its own soda water; the gas jets were out of blast; the only reception that greeted the visitors was the cry of the hackman anxious to catch a little hematite "dust."

Of course the boys had a good time. They did not need the assistance of the Pioneer Press to show them around that little hamlet, yet they could not but wonder if that paper had suspended publication. They walked past the building, which is three instead of fourteen stories in height, as pictured by the Press representative. Laundry in the basement, cigar factory on the upper floor.

The only King the boys saw was "Charley," who used to "hoe" type beside us away back in the seventies, and he was at Duluth as one of the editors of the Globe.

The Pioneer Press is a very nice fellow, but he is evidently working for himself, and if he doesn't get the $750 he doesn't like the people.

The Excise Commission.

The commission for the revision of the excise law resumed its session today. Commissioner O'Brien spoke at length on the resolution which Dr. Crosby offeaed yesterday, placing the minimum license fee at $500, and the maximum at $1,000 for all classes of saloons. He submitted the following schedule for approval:

License for hotels, inns, etc., to sell drink on the premises only, the maximum fee shall be in cities $400, and the minimum $100; towns, $200 and $75.

Licenses for saloons to sell spirituous liquors, ale, beer and wines, in quantities less than five gallons, to be drank on the premises, the maximum fee to be $400 and not less than $100; towns, $150 and $75.

ONE NEW YEAR'S.

It was on the last day of December, 1880, that Jonas Boyd, a pioneer settler on the Goose river, in North Dakota, returning to his "shack" from a trip to the nearest town, found awaiting him this note from his wife:

"I have gone for good. Do not attempt to follow me, for I will never come back alive to this wilderness, and besides Ned (name half erased) loves me, which you do not."

Giving his horses an hour's needed rest, Boyd closed the house and drove to his nearest neighbor, a hunter and trapper known as Bill Tuedge.

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Tuedge was a bachelor; a man of noted bravery and honesty of character among all the early settlers of the country north of the Northern Pacific in Dakota. When Boyd made known his misfortune, and that he had come for advice, Tuedge, after hearing all the facts in the case, told him that there was but one punishment in his mind for such an offense.

"Kill 'em both," was his laconic remark, "and do et so'd others'll take warning."

He readily consented to accompany Boyd in his search for the truant wife and her seducer, whose identity they could not determine. The two men, heavily armed, drove that night to a settlement near what is now the town of Portland, and there learned that a man by the name of Ned Ross, a land agent, had driven through there at noon, accompanied by Mrs. Boyd. Ross had stopped to rest his horses, and being somewhat under the influence of liquor, took no pains to conceal the fact that Mrs. Boyd was eloping with him. He said that they were en route for Casselton, and from there would go to Fargo.

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The trail was a hot one. Tuedge and Boyd kept it like hounds on the hunt. When their horses gave out, they told their story and borrowed others. At dawn New Year's morning, 1881, oppressed by the cold and fatigued with their long chase, they drew in to a farm house five miles out from Casselton and asked for temporary shelter. The farmer was willing enough to grant it, but he had done so once before that night.

"Who to?"

"A man and woman from the Goose, bound for Casselton."

On hearing this Boyd pushed the door in, strode by the surprised farmer, into the kitchen and confronted his wife and Ned Ross sitting by the fire. They had arrived but an hour before, nearly dead from the cold. There being no bed for them, they had sat by the fire, dozing and waiting for daylight.

Ross attempted to draw his pistol when he saw Boyd, but the sight of the latter's drawn weapon turned his face deathly pale while his hands fell nerveless by his side. Mrs. Boyd laughed and said:

"Well, Jonas, what are you going to do about it?"

She was a pretty woman, young, and with none of the sallowness in her face, so common to Western women. The excitement of her flight had heightened her color and made her eyes sparkling bright. She shook her head saucily at her husband, amused both at his angry face and the fear of Ross. She gave Tuedge a little nod with the remark:

"You needn't have bothered yourself so much about me."

Boyd looked at Tuedge and Tuedge looked at him. The eyes of each flashed with the same interrogation.

"Nellie," asked Boyd, "what's this thing," pointing to Ross, "to you?"

"Something more than you are," was the retort.

"Nellie," persisted Boyd, "are you guilty of—of—."

"All you choose to think or say," she replied.

Again Boyd and Tuedge looked at each other. By that glance, their course was determined upon.

The farmer who had listened in amazement to what had been said, was more astounded when with a bound, Boyd threw himself upon Ross, and at the same instant Tuedge seized Mrs. Boyd. Their hands were quickly tied, and with their wraps drawn closely about them, they were bundled into the sled of the pursuers.

Telling the farmer that he might have the team which Ross had driven, Boyd turned his own horses toward the north, back over the trail they had come down on. At his feet, under the robes, lay his wife. Behind in the box was Ross, with Tuedge sitting beside him.

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Two, five, eight, twelve, fifteen miles, into the very depths of the wintry wilderness, the sled, its burden and the steaming horses flew. The cold was intense, 26 degs. below at daybreak, 30 degs. below at noon. The sun was hidden most of the time behind light banks of gray clouds and the air, filled with a fine, driving sleet of ice, which cut and stung the faces of the travelers.

Where Boyd pulled his horses up and stopped there ran to all points of the earth one waste of high-piled snow, broken by no tree nor roof of habitation. A desolate, sad place, where the wind made deadly moan over the coolies or whistled in the depths overhead. A place of death, two marks across it, running in opposite directions—one the half-concealed trail, the other the faint tracks of starving wolves, whose cries at night were the requiem for souls lost in this place of cold and ice.

Boyd helped Tuedge remove Ross from the sled. They loosened his bonds and, despite his shrieks and cries for mercy, stripped the clothes from him, until naked he threw up his arms to the gray sky, and calling on God to save him, fell prostrate on the snow. A faint stain of blood marked where the ice had cut his feet. Tuedge kicked loose snow over it, got back into the sled, Boyd took the reins, and again they went on.

Once they looked back. A figure with out-stretched arms was running after them, and a cry like that of a wolf, long-drawn agonizing, human, came down on the wind.

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Mrs. Boyd saw nothing of all this. She heard the screams of Ross but could not understand them, buried as she was under the robes. She did not know until at the door of the home she had deserted that he had been left behind. Boyd carried her into the house, Tuedge put the worn-out horses up, and without intruding on husband and wife, went to his own "shack."

From that time to this no human being has ever seen Mrs. Jonas Boyd. The code of the frontier forbade any one making inquiries. Her husband went on with his work the same as ever. Quedge was a frequent visitor, as were also other neighbors, but none of them to this day can say what became of his wife after the door of her own house closed upon her New Year's day 1881. How she met her fate, what was the vengeance visited upon her, how and when was her husband's wrath satisfied are questions destined probably never to be answered.

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When the spring break-up came, out in the winter wastes where the desert of snow and ice had been, the grasses came and prairie flowers. The wilderness was transformed into a garden of wild beauty. There a pile of whitened bones were found by passing travelers, and for the sake of the unknown laid underneath the ground. Only the wolves and the winds that had gone back to the North could tell to whom they had belonged, and of that one short hour of terrible agony when the man whose being had clothed them met his fate. H. I. C.

CHAT OF THE TOWN.

Where Is Borealis? The directors of the winter carnival may find it necessary to advertise a May festival instead of an ice palace if the weather keeps on as it has. Weather Prophet Kellogg refuses to hold out any hopes for a severe winter, or even a carnival winter. George R. Finch thinks it would be a most capital advertisement for the Northwest and St. Paul to announce throughout the East that owing to the mildness of the Minnesota winter St. Paul was unable to secure ice for the erection of her palace, but that in lieu of such attraction the Carnival association would exhibit flowers in bloom in the fields, banks where the wild thyme grows in midwinter and ripening fields of winter wheat. He thinks that it would be highly proper for the linen duster and straw hat brigade to have charge of the festivities.

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Harry Horn's Joke. Harry Horn, the lawyer, is one of the dryest jokers in St. Paul. It is his pleasure to utter a funny thing in much the same manner that a mummy suddenly brought to life again might inquire: "Is Faro still king?" When Gov. Ramsey first took the reins of state he issued a message pointing out how prosperous the state was under Republican rule, and how financially poor it had been when controlled by Democrats. He painted in glowing colors all the great benefits that had inured, or were to, to the treasury through the beneficence of a Republican administration. Harry Horn heard the message read. On his way down town from the old capitol some one asked him what he thought of it.

"Well," he replied, "I think in about another year that the state will declare a dividend."

The idea of a state paying a dividend to its citizens was so droll that for a long time afterwards one of the questions frequently turned on Gov. Ramsey was:

"Say, Aleck, when will the state declare a dividend?"

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A Good Climate. It is one of the stock arguments of cavilers that the climate of the Northwest shortens life and dwarfs the race. While longevity data scientifically compiled are not at hand to disprove this, the number of old, yet stalwart men, residing in St. Paul ought to be a sufficient answer. Men, too, who faced all the hardships of earlier years and endured deprivations never to be experienced by the generations succeeding them. Minnesota's first territorial governor (June 1, 1849) and known as Alexander Ramsey, counts thirty-nine years of residence in the state, and has never been sick a day in his life. Charles E. Flandrau, of her supreme court in 1857, is one of the liveliest members of the present Ramsey county bar. James K. Humphrey, clerk of the territorial supreme court in 1850, is a vigorous real estate dealer and capitalist to-day. John B. Brisbin, court reporter in 1854, came into the Merchants hotel Friday last with a step as quick as that of the young girl who walked by his side. Henry H. Sibley, first territorial delegate to congress (January, 1849,) may be seen any day at the office of the gas company, a business man yet. Henry M. Rice, second territorial delegate (December, 1853) walked down the Third street hill Christmas morning, an upright, active citizen. David Day, speaker of the legislature of 1853, and W. P. Murray, president of the legislature of 1855, are able-bodied hustlers of the St. Paul of to-day. A. T. C. Pierson, secretary of the council of 1853, can still say that life is good. Morton S. Wilkinson, member of the house from the Second senatorial district in 1849, ran for congress in the Second congressional district last fall. William R. Marshall, member of the house in 1849, governor in 1866, and railroad commissioner in 1874, rides his horse to-day as well as a boy of fifteen. Edmund Rice, J. B. Hubbell, C. P. Adams and Francis Baasen, all members of the territorial legislature, are men of activity in business and professional life now, despite more than thirty-five years' inhalation of Minnesota ozone. And these gentlemen are by no means physical wrecks. Their faces are still turned toward life, and they bear living testimony to the preserving qualities of Northwestern air. Could they be grouped together and sent East as an illustration of ozonic preservation, there would be a sudden cessation of silly criticisms of the climate of the North Star state.

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State Capitol Schemers. In the planning and preparation of midway residents to swoop down upon the state capitol and convey it by force to their territory, the fact is lost sight of that a dozen or more towns in Minnesota for thirty years have carefully preserved tracts of land for a capitol site. When it became necessary in 1857 to locate the capitol, nearly every point of any size in the state made a bid for it. Nininger, Mankato, St. Peter, South Bend were localities where capitol squares were promptly laid out and the land proffered to the state. Of course St. Paul took the prize from them; but, like the state land in Kandiyohi county, the squares have lain unused all of these years, awaiting some miraculous dispensation by which the capitol should settle down upon them. At Nininger, where once there were hopes centered of its being a commercial and political hub of the state, Ignatius Donnelly holds out of the wreck that overwhelmed it 1,000 lots, cheap at $5 a lot. The avenues and boulevards have been cut up by the plow, garden truck prospers where real estate dealers once planned for palaces, a quarry has destroyed the beautiful face of the bluffs; thick with underbrush, a neglected, lonely place. Capitol square there is awaiting the crack o' doom.

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Call It Biedler. Montanans will hardly take kindly to Congressman Springer's intention of having the territory retain its present name. There is not an old resident of the territory, nor a tourist who ever entered the Yellowstone, nor an Indian buck of any degree of intelligence, nor a wit from Bill Nye to M. Quad, who would not prefer to have Montana as a state called Biedler. It would preserve forever the memory of the indomitable X. Y. Biedler, who has done more to make Montana famous as the home or refuge of "unconscionable liars" (to quote from Mayor Hewitt) than any other living man. For the same reason, to call North Dakota Sitting Bull and South Dakota Rain-in-the-Face and New Mexico Billy-the-Kid, and Washington territory Salmonica would go farther to perpetuate historical events and maintain a stricter identity on the part of each than the poetical names presented by Mr. Springer. There is not a man who will dare to coutradict the assertion that Little Crow would have been a highly suggestive name for Minnesota, or that Bill Nye would not have been preferable to Wyoming. By all means select names that the children of the twentieth generation may be proud of.

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Charley Parker's Adieu. Fire Commissioner Charley Parker, whose term expires on Monday and who has declined to serve longer owing to pressure of business duties, was one of the original fire commissioners when five years ago the board was created, and the memorable battle between the old and the new began. With the late F. R. Delano and the present Commissioner Prendergast, Mr. Parker ranks as one of the "constructors" of what is now the fire department. A practical machinist, a capital judge of men, and the personification of good nature, Mr. Parker mixed these three attributes so well together that his services have proved invaluable. The board of commissioners is a highly respectable, staid body; but Charley Parker never took part in its deliberations without bringing along a first-class joke with him, and a man who could win $1,900 in election bets could afford to do that. Who his successor will be is a question. Messrs. Freeman and Martin, whose terms expire at the same time as his, will be reappointed.

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Bright Educators. The state teachers' meetings held in St. Paul this week brought together a number of men and women blessed with minds of high order. The distinctively Shakespearean cast of countenance and cut of beard of Prof. A. F. Bechdolt, made more striking by a brow of German type, spoke strongly as to the character of one of the most radical, advanced educators of Minnesota. Prof. J. H. Lewis captured recognition by his treatment of the study of history, a practical exposition of original ideas on a much-aoused study in the public schools. Prof. Lewis is, like Prof. Bechdolt, advanced to the high ground of new methods and a broader field for the educational work of the future. Prof. Edward Searing is another of the wonder-workers in educational reform, a pedagogue and master whom Wisconsin let slip away to the everlasting benefit of Minnesota. The assemblage, as a whole, brought together an unusually high class of men and women.

SUNDAY SALAD.

The weather signal flag is a familiar object to our St. Paul citizens, and yet there are a great many who do not understand the signals. In the weather bureau two classes of signals are used—the weather signals and the wind velocity signals. Their colors are white, blue, black and red. A square all-white flag indicates clear or fair weather, and a square all-blue one, rain or snow. The temperature signal is a triangular black flag, and when placed above the white or blue flag indicates warmer weather; when placed below it means colder weather, and when it does not fly, stationary temperature. The square white flag with a small black square in the middle, such as we often see flying from the top of the chamber of commerce building at this season of the year, signifies a cold wave is near at hand. The red flag with a black center is a storm flag, indicating that a storm of unusual violence is brewing.

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The press of the United States has made every one familiar with the story of the marriage of MARIE NEVINS with the son of JAMES G. BLAINE, and the husband's desertion of the beautiful girl. She has been put in a position where it is absolutely necessary to earn bread for herself and baby, and she has decided to adopt the stage for her profession. Her beauty and the story of her cruel fate will be advertisement enough for her to start with. But in addition to this, the unfortunate young woman possesses real dramatic power, and it is predicted she will in time make as brilliant a success as MARY ANDERSON achieved. Unlike MRS. POTTER and MRS. LANGTRY, young MRS. BLAINE will not have to depend on her social position and the fame of her beauty for stage success. Hers is a spirituelle nature, of the sensitive, emotional type which gives a woman a peculiar qualification for dramatic work.

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MARIE NEVINS, or MRS. JAMES G. BLAINE, JR., as she has a legal title to be called, comes by her beauty honestly. Her father, Col. RICHARD NEVINS, formerly state printer of Ohio and proprietor of the Columbus Statesman, is an exceedingly handsome man, with a gallantry of nature that wins him friends wherever he goes. Her mother is a daughter of SAMUEL MEDARY, who will be remembered by the older citizens of Minnesota in association with territorial days. When GOV. MEDARY'S daughter married Col. DICK NEVINS she was regarded as the most beautiful woman in the state of Ohio, and to-day she is an enigma to most people, for her complexion is as fair as a girl's, and her hair is as golden as ever. Mr. and Mrs. NEVINS have four children, two sons and two daughters, all noted for their good looks, and who, with father and mother, compose a remarkably handsome family. So far as comeliness goes, MARIE is regarded the flower of the family. She was educated at Mount de Chantel, the famous Catholic school near Wheeling, and when she quit school went to Washington, whither her family had removed in 1885. While living in Washington Miss NEVINS took a prominent part in some private theatricals which Mrs. Judge WAITE got up for charity's sake. Once, on a very short notice, she took the part of Paul in the opera of "Paul and Virginia," under the direction of Miss DE NOGUEIRAS, daughter of the Portuguese minister. TOM KARL, of the Boston Ideals, had originally been cast for the part, but was prevented from singing by his manager. Miss NEVINS dressed the part with short skirt and top boots, and made a great success.

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Miss NEVINS' success at the amateur performance in Washington inspired her with the idea of becoming a great singer, so she went to New York and studied a season with EMILIO AGRAMONTE. Finally MODJESKA, whom she knew intimately, induced her to become a member of her company. Although her friends opposed it, Miss NEVINS signed the contract; but, in deference to parents' wishes, Mme. MODJESKA finally released her. It was about this time she visited her brother in Augusta, where she met young BLAINE, whom she afterward married, and by whom she has been deserted, the husband leaving her without a cent of money, or even credit at the corner grocery. She is now being coached for the stage by BELASCO, and will start out on a starring tour in the spring.

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With all her notoriety and with all that has been said and written about her, no one has yet published the story of how near AMELIE RIVES came to being the daughter of an empress. In 1851, when her grandfather, Hon. WILLIAM C. RIVES, of Virginia, was American minister to Paris, there appeared in society there EUGENIE MARIA DE GUZMAN, Countess de Montijo, a lovely person and aristocratic name securing her brilliant conquests in Parisian society, and constituting her one of the famous ladies of the French capital. It was thought, and, indeed, freely remarked, that her mother was more ambitious than herself; that the mother designed her for some great alliance, while EUGENIE herself appeared a model of simple sincerity—a girl who would choose to consult her heart in any matrimonial affair. Her sister had just married the Duke of Alba and Berwick, a lineal descendent of JAMES II. of England; and the worthy Donna MARIA, no doubt, designed an equal matrimonial destiny for the more beautiful of her daughters. But the heart is not always to be controlled, even in the most aristocratic life, or to yield to its exactions or conveniences. EUGENIE lost hers to a fine-looking blonde Virginian—young RIVES, the son of the American minister. They were engaged to be married; but Aunt JUDY RIVES, a Virginia matron, very decided and angular in her scruples, broke off the match. The lovely young countess was too fast for her old Virginia views of social sobriety. The woman for whom the future had reserved so much escaped the comparatively humble match that her heart had decided upon—the destiny of a quiet Virginia housewife — to ascend and adorn the throne of France. Young RIVES afterwards married one of his own countrywomen, and the author of The Quick or the Dead was the first fruit of their union.

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Apropos to the holiday season, clergymen would do well in their sermons this morning to recall JOHN WESLEY'S remarkable dream. In his dream he stood at the very gate of heaven: and he asked, thinking, first of all, of the denomination he loved best of all, "Are there any Methodists there?" And over the battlements came the answer, "No." "Are there any Presbyterians there?" was the next inquiry. But the same voice replied in the negative. And thus he asked of Episcopalians and Baptists, and all with similar responses. At last, despairingly, he inquired: "Who, then, are there?" And the answer came back, full of melody and love, "Christians;" and the gates opened, and there was no strife, nor discord, nor antagonism there, but all was unity and peace and joy.

DRAMATIC DRIFT.

The "Bostonians" wing of the old-time "Ideals" followed close upon the footsteps of the rival faction, and entertained opera patrons at the Grand last week with a repertoire of new light operas. It is evident that Manager Foster has the best of his rivals this season in the organization of his company. The "Bostonians" gave delightful performances of "Dorothy" and "Pygmalion and Galatea," but everything else they attempted had a stale quality. "The Corsican Brothers" had a good run at the People's during the week.

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Frederick Warde will play at the Grand all of this week, and the People's will give a revival of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man." Mr. Warde's repertoire for the week is as follows: Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, "William Tell;" Tuesday matinee, "Gaston Cadol;" Thursday and Friday evenings, "Richard III.;" Saturday matinee and night, "Damon and Pythias."

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"Dorothy," the beautiful opera sung by the "Bostonians" during their engagement here last week, has had a continuous run for two years at a London theater, and is still as popular as ever. In the finale of the second act, where the hunting song is introduced, the London stage manager lets slip a pack of foxhounds, who have been trained for the business, and rush upon the stage in full cry. It is described as being a wonderfully exciting scene.

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A Western playwright has hit upon a novel idea for giving a dramatic performance without the expense of a company. His idea is to use the phonograph—that is, to have the regular stage setting, and then let the instrument speak the lines. For an opera he will have two instruments, one for the music and the other for the libretto.

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The latest success in the way of musical farce-comedy is "Later On," by H. Grattan Donnelly, the author of "Natural Gas." The comedy made a great hit in San Francisco, where it had a run of nearly four months. Joe Hart, Myra Goodwin and Fred Hallen are some of the artists in the company.

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De Wolf Hopper, the comedian of McCaull's Opera company, has made a hit in his topical song, "The Nice Young Man." Instead of saying "fell into the soup," he uses the more elegant expression "fell into the consumme." Hopper is very fond of the admiration and applause of the populace. He says that if theater-goers understood how a comedian feels when his brilliant remarks appear to fall flat they would raise a little more dust, if only out of sympathy for the stage fool. Said he: "We live on applause; it is our bread and butter; we starve without it."

Hopper, though a young man, is perfectly bald, and his deficiency is hidden by a coal black wig.

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Mrs. Potter says that she wears neither stays in her skirts nor a bustle. When the lights of the stage take up the subject of dress reform we may soon look for an array of reedless and bustleless women. Mrs. Potter has doubtless some substitute which she considers more comfortable, while it gives her the same appearance, for her general get-up seems to be as good as the average.

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Michael J. Kelly, the famous base ballist, has been engaged to play in "A Tin Soldier" at a salary of $1,000 a week. He made his debut on the stage last week in New York.

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The Thursday matinee performance at the Grand for the benefit of the Newsboys' Home will doubtless be well patronized. The entertainment will be well worth the price of admission, and then the object of the charity is surely a deserving one. Frederick Warde, the members of the "Bostonians'" Opera company, and some of our local celebrities will contribute to the entertainment.

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The way in which chorus girls get on their "make-up" is often ridiculed by theater goers. The stage managers, and not the girls, are to blame for such a free use of black and red paint. Girls who refuse to "make up" to suit the taste of the stage lord are fired. The paints used by actresses are generally very injurious concoctions, and a general scrubbing must always be gone through with after the performance is over. It is doubtful whether any actresses use the "make-up" from choice, for instead of enhancing their beauty it makes them uglier than their natural selves.

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Prof. Titcomb, who has always been ready to aid in musical entertainments of a charitable and social nature, is to be tendered a complimentary benefit by his friends at the Grand opera house next Saturday evening. The following programme is announced:

Trio........ .... Piano, violin and cornet
Mrs. L. B. Ervin, Prof. Will and Aug Tillemann.
"St. Paul Ladies' Quartette"....... Violin Solo
Prof. Fred Will.
Vocal Solo.......... .... J. F. Merrill
Piano Duet—Overture. .... "William Tell"
Miss Emma Hess and Prof. Titcomb.
Vocal Duet—Messrs Willoughby and Garland.
Guitar Selections............Prof L. S. Wyman
Vocal Solo.................... .. Mrs. De Wolf
Piano Solo .. ..Miss Ella Richards
Quartette...... .House of Hope Church Choir
Trio—Piano — Miss Ella Richards, Emma Hess and Prof. Titcomb.
Vocal Trio—Mrs. De Wolf and Misses Colville and De Wolf.
Vocal Solo....................Frank Garland
Scene from "Aida," in Costume—Misses Hattie Bruch and Jennie Brown.

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The concert announced for Miss Adele Aus der Ahe in Society hall will take place in Standard hall, corner Eighth and Jackson streets, instead. The date determined on is Thursday, Jan. 17, and the advance sale of tickets begins at Dwyer's Thursday of this week. Miss Aus der Ohe will play the greatest of the Beethoven sonatas, the "Appassionata," the "Carnival" of Schumann, and a rhapsodie by Liszt, together with a number of smaller works.

An Awful Mouthful.

Detroit Free Press.

A business man of Detroit, who eats in a hurry, dropped into one of our down-town restaurants at the same time that a young lady entered, and, as it happened, the two were seated at the same table. The business man being limited in time, hastily ordered a plate of soup. The waiter brought it, and another waiter took the order of the young lady. It was also for soup.

The business man is fond of condiments, and he seized the pepper-box from the caster, prepared to dash in a liberal allowance. He was astonished at the result. The lid of the box fell into the soup and all the pepper followed.

"Hsre," he called to his waiter, "take this away and bring me another plate of soup."

It was brought to him at the same time that the young lady received hers. Hearing an exclamation of distress, he looked at her and saw that she was choking. The waiter had given her his first plate of soup, and, besides being half-strangled by the pepper, she had nearly swallowed the pepper-box lid.

THE SILENT AZTEC.

The silence of dead centuries,
That lie entombed on yonder hills,
Is his. These dreamful poppy seas
Wave on; he lists! His silence fills
The land. He leans, as if he heard.
God speak through some still gorgeous bird.

His babes about; the golden morn
Strikes godlike on yon holy hill;
His wife and daughter grinding corn,
"Two women grinding at a mill."
Oh, mystery! You sun of old
Was god, was god and ample gold.

Yon golden hills had flocks of snow;
These valley fields had fair increase.
He saw his white sails fill and blow
By poppy isles in flowery seas.
The wood dove sang for him his loves,
His harshest note in the soft wood dove's.

The Spaniard's hand is laid upon
His fields, his flocks, hard, fast and tight.
But, oh! this glorious golden dawn,
The golden doors that close at night,
His gold-hued babes, her russet breast,
Are his! The world may have the rest.
—Joaquin Miller.