THE DAILY GLOBE

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BY LEWIS BAKER.

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—Indications: For Wisconsin and Minnesota: Snow or rain; warmer: southwesterly winds, veering to westerly. For Iowa: Light local snow or rain; warmer; winds becoming northwesterly. For Dakota: Local snow or rain; warmer, except in western portion, nearly stationary temperature, winds becoming northwesterly.

WEEKLY RAINFALL REPORT.

UNITED STATES SIGNAL OFFICE, ST. PAUL, Jan. 5, 1888.—For the week ending Jan. 4: No rain or snow has fallen, according to reports from the six stations located over that portion of this state mainly comprising the water-sheds of the Minnesota and Upper Mississippi rivers. The depth of snow reported on the ground was four inches at Alexandria, one inch at Fergus Falls, and nothing at Redwood Falls, Fort Ripley, Ortonville and Tracy.

P. F. LYONS, Observer Signal Service.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Thermometer...	Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Thermometer...
St. Paul....	29.92	30	Ft. Buford.	29.72	36
Ft. Sully .	29.80	34	Ft. Custer..	29.94	30
Ft. Totten.	29.66	24	Helena. ...	29.92	36
Duluth....	29.92	28	Minnedosa	......	....
La Crosse.	30.00	32	Q'Appelle.	29.64	22
Huron.....	29.86	28	Calgary....	......	....
Moorhead.	29.82	26	Medic'e H.	29.82	22
St. Vincent	29.10	24	Fort Garry	......	...
Bismarck.	29.70	32	Edmonton.	......	...

THE Chicago Times is getting rather a larger crop of libel suits than it needs for advertising purposes.

MR. BLAINE has camped at Washington, and if his name is not on the banner of the Indiana force when it arrives, life will not be a summer dream for the grandson.

IF THE friends of Senator ALLISON have secured the Chicago Times to further his senatorial aspirations for 1892, the fact should be entrusted to those only who don't talk.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S future is evidently a matter of more concern to a good many people than it is to himself. He will maintain the dignity of an ex-president, and locate where, and do what he pleases. This is reliable if not specially confidential.

LAST week sixty pauper immigrants were returned to the countries that had sent them, by the officials at New York. A rigid enforcement of the rules in this matter would make it unprofitable for the old countries to dump their human garbage on American shores.

IF PATRICK FORD has really notified GEN. HARRISON that BLAINE must have the largest chair in the cabinet or his paper will open its batteries upon the administration, Mr. BLAINE may feel easy. The preachers may pound with small effect, but the shillalah will bring the gentlemen to time.

THE congress of the Argentine Republic is moving on a different line from the American senate. It has just dynamited a moss-grown monopoly—that of the priests in marrying people for extravagant fees. Civil magistrates are now allowed to perform the ceremony, and the clergy are indignant.

AMONG the unique methods of advertising the Dakotas is the Fargo incident where the finder of $15, lost by a lady at a picnic, is made to return it in six brief years. His conscience pricked rather leisurely, and not quite hard enough to add the interest. It, however, broke the record for a territory.

THE largely increased attendance at most of the churches yesterday, would indicate that one of the reformatory resolutions passed the first of the year, still has operative vitality. The accessions were chiefly men in the formative periods of moral life. The young ladies, of course, do not so much need reformation.

MOST of the annual messages of governors of states urge additional legislation to prevent frauds in elections. None of them are more emphatic in that line than GOV. HILL'S. There should be no partisanship in devising measures to protect the ballot and eradicate the system of bribery that is becoming so prevalent.

IT IS related that a Presbyterian brother has come from the borderland of the North Pacific to assure the good man at Indianapolis that the preachers who are protesting at the inauguration pageantry and dancing are making fools of themselves. Others have suspected as much. Even HAYES was allowed to get into the White house before setting up as a moral reformer. HARRISON is not likely to try to break up any chronic usages.

THE oversight of the ice palace devisers was in not securing a reliable weather prophet. Their faith was that of the preacher last summer who illustrated his theory with the statement that in January in this latitude there would be abundance of snow and ice eighteen or more inches in thickness. A more cautious pulpit a week ago found nature fertile in freaks and illusions. Confidence in her stability and uniformity has been greatly enfeebled of late.

"IT IS English, you know," was suggested of the weather yesterday, but a very faint suggestion of the fogs familiar to Londoners. It is stated that in a recent fog there many old residents were lost, and had to hire boys to lead them home. Why the boys should be able to see better than the men is not explained. A resident of St. Paul relates having seen a fog in London so dense that people did not dare to venture out of their houses for three days, and those caught out could not get home, all vehicles being stopped upon the streets. This condition is said to be peculiar to London for some reason.

THAT unique reformer and political iconoclist, BLAIR, the New Hampshire senator, is a man of vigorous ideas, and would not always pacifically flap the white flag. He wants to amend the constitution in the interest of prohibition, enforce education in the South at national expense, and more recently wants to take in Canada by force, regardless of feeling there, or any notions England may have. His idea is "to march on Hudson bay and cut Canada in two." Possibly he is ambitious of military fame, and willing to take the contract. Just now the country is more in the humor, as a choice of evils, to let Canada annex New Hampshire and Maine might go with it if some of its flighty patriots could be recalled from Washington.

FOOLISH CRITICISM.

The country editor who has presumed to criticise the St. Paul ice palace as a burden upon the poor, displays a lack of sense characteristic of some of his fellows. While it is now practically certain that there will be no ice palace, the fact remains that the lack of it has brought great hardship to the poor. It makes comparatively little difference to the poor man whether the weather is warm or cold, if he is without work, money and food. He must have labor to secure money, and money to get food. During past winters the ice palace, through the employment it has given in the cold months to the poor of St. Paul, has distribued from $10,000 to $15,000 among them. At the same time the street-cleaning force of the city engineer's department received daily employment in the work of removing snow and ice from the streets. The street car company and the railroads gave employment, also, to considerable numbers of men for the same purpose.

This winter from none of these institutions have the poor been able to secure work. There is neither snow to remove nor ice to cut. The financial gain from this is with the corporations; the poor must bear the loss. The ice palace, as a factor in this direction, has been just as much benefit to St. Paul as it was an amusement or advertising medium. It has been of more general benefit to all classes of people than any other public enterprise ever inaugurated in this state, and should remain in favor until a better is found.

MEN OF LAW.

With the caucus for speaker of the house to-night the actual session of the legislature of the state of Minnesota opens. The legal session begins Tuesday. A large proportion of the members are now on the ground, prepared to make St. Paul their home for the next ninety days. The GLOBE gives them cordial welcome to the leading city of the Northwest, and hopes that prudence, wisdom and justice may attend them on their labors. The state has grown to such proportions that legislation for its needs must be of the highest order and designed for the benefit of the many. Grave questions, such as the regulation of the railroads, grain inspection, the tax laws and kindred others demand for their rightful settlement the best thought of honest minds. Our sister state of Iowa gives us excellent warning as to the evils of reckless temperance and railroad legislation. We have the authority of a Northwestern railroad magnate that the Minnesota session of 1887 in its railroad legislation checked the building of 1,000 miles of new road. It is not unreasonable, then, to ask that questions as delicate as this be approached with the firm determination to act upon the basis of a just mediator between the two factors affected by every law.

The members of this coming session, viewed at the hotels, present a finer personnel than any similar body which has sat at the state capitol for some years. They come largely from the business element of the state, a guarantee that conservatism will not be foreign to their actions. The entire state will wish them God-speed when on Tuesday the gavel falls and their labors commence.

A CAUSE FOR TEARS.

Mr. BLAINE is en route for Indianapolis. Shortly his congealed presence will be ushered into that of the silent president-elect. They will touch finger-tips and perhaps hold converse together as to the prevalence of mild weather outside of Maine. Then the uncrowned king will withdraw, none the wiser for his journey. For it is coming to be understood by the American people that at least until he is inaugurated, Mr. BENJAMIN HARRISON has a mind of his own; a collection of gray matter over which no figure shadows but his own. And it is becoming well understood that up to this date Mr. BLAINE and his henchmen have failed to induce that mind to bow down to them and acknowledge their supremacy. Coyness, coquetry, threats, bluster, tears, have not moved the man of destiny who is minding his own business at Indianapolis. There is no doubt of his having held the opinion since election that the American public is greater than the Mosaic organism of the resident of Maine. Failing to hear from that public a universal or even general demand for the Florentine letter-writer, Mr. HARRISON has not bent the knee nor kissed the toe of the Penobscot grandee. He remains a free-will advocate yet, and there are none to weep but Mr. BLAINE. His tears meet the tide of the Northwestern coast, and are carried away on billows of salt to the abysses of the sea.

A BOTHERSOME CLASS.

If there is one thing that a member of the legislature is to be pitied for, it is his sufferings from the horde of applicants who are seeking the minor offices. The parasite of a parasite so well drawn by BULWER leaves no comparison with the genuine American applicant for insignificant offices. They are a class unto themselves, so distinctly pestiferous that the Jersey mosquito fades from memory. They plead and they entreat, they badger and they hound, until the unhappy official whom they pursue could see them ground to death without dropping a tear. Yet, if he turns a deaf ear to their pleas, he is branded before his constituents as a cold, unselfish man, a character unfit for his position, a traitor to his country's cause. He must yield, or if ever a seeker for office again himself confront a storm of malicious slanders aroused by the disregarded insects. To be defeated in a campaign by the rejected applicant for the position of door-keeper is something so humiliating that the average legislator usually prefers to suffer his presence than to resent his impertinence and gall.

THE MISSOURI IDEA.

The Ohio idea is familiar. It is partisan and peripatetic. The Missouri idea is newer and not so well known. As anomalous as it seems in coming from that quarter, it does not relate to office-seeking or to holding, but to temperance. It does not aim at extermination, but restriction and regulation. Its first achievement was the closing of saloons on Sunday in festive and broadgauge St. Louis. Since then, a practical business organization, called the Missouri Alliance, has been effected in the chief cities. This body has perfected the details of an act that will be pressed for passage in the legislature. Druggists can not sell anything intoxicating, except under virtually prohibitory restrictions. Manufacturers and wholesalers can not sell in small quantities. Saloonkeepers must have certificates of character and the consent of the real estate owners and inhabitants in the block. License in St. Louis is to be $2,500, and no games or allurements of any kind are to be allowed—not even a political caucus—and all must be closed at midnight. It is probable the measure will become a law, and be known as the Missouri idea.

EX-PRESIDENTS.

It is stated in some of the papers that ANDREW JOHNSON was sent to the United States senate at once upon the expiration of his presidential term. It was six years later that he was elected to the senate. He was one of the pugnacious, irrepressible natures that could not be content to recline quietly under his own shade tree, or cultivate poultry after having filled the highest station. He was a candidate for nomination for president by the Democrats and defeated. Later he lacked two votes of being elected senator, and run for congress, causing the election of a Republican. In 1875 he was elected to the senate but died not long after. There is no other instance of an ex-president being sent to the senate, but the subject is attracting a good deal of attention since the message of Gov. HILL, recommending that they be made a fixture there. One man who filled the presidential chair served very efficiently in the lower house subsequently, but he was the only such instance.

IT IS stated that in Germany live animals are classed as mailable matter, probably not including ferociously developed wild animals, although it is said that postmasters are put to considerable inconvenience at times. Last year 40,000 animals are said to have passed through the mails. It is related that one postmaster refused to send a litter of puppies for the reason that they would make too much noise, and was threatened with suit. A lot of pigeons loosely tied in a sack were rejected as being insecurely packed. Probably this is classed as perishable matter not to be delayed on the route.

AS A contribution to the Sunday newspaper question it is related that a New England preacher lately sent letters to 300 young men, asking their reasons for not attending church. No very valuable addition to the general information on the subject was obtained, and he failed entirely in scoring a point on the Sunday press, as not one of the number attributed his church remissness to the papers bearing that date. In some quarters there is evidently more concern to hit the Sunday press than to gather the real reasons of vacant pews and fill them.

IT IS not probable that Gen. HARRISON used the words, "no man will ever put me in his breeches pocket." His mind may have run in that channel when directed towards Maine, but his conservation of ideas since the election, and general prudence, would preclude a statement that pointed so directly and obnoxiously to a great party chief, who stands in the pathway of the coming man with a chip on his shoulder. However, if BLAINE is in the cabinet, the public will not easily disbelieve that an attempt at that feat has been successfully made.

THE STATE PRESS.

To Alternate.

Duluth Herald.

The St. Paul ice palace ought to alternate with the legislature. Both at the same time is too much for any well regulated community.

Scooped.

Detroit Record.

The St. Paul GLOBE has scooped all its competitors by announcing the next board of railroad commissioners as Gibbs, Becker and Barto.

Its Destiny.

Stillwater Democrat.

The GLOBE has become one of the great papers of the country. It is fulfilling its destiny and is making its mark upon the civilization of the Northwest.

Most Popular.

Sauk Centre Avalanche.

It is already plain to be seen that D. M. Sabin, of Stillwater, is the most popular man of the two now before the people for senatorial honors, and will surely be elected senator.

Political Graveyard.

St. James Journal.

An effort is being made in some quarters of the state to bring Hon. William Windom in as a dark horse in the senatorial fight. The state contains plenty of good material without going into the political graveyard.

Best of All.

Ossian Bee.

Pink-tinted, gay and never excelled by a newspaper before was the holiday number of the St. Paul GLOBE. It consisted of thirty-two pages, filled to the brim with choice reading, nicely gotten up, without extra charge to its patrons.

Questions Solved

Ortonville Herald Star.

Marriage is not a failure. Mrs. Chaska has a son, not a papoose, which means that the Indian problem can be solved by the intermarriage of foolish white maidens and dusky warriors. A papoose becomes an Indian; no more papooses, no more Indians. The thing is done.

To See the Elephant.

Duluth Tribune.

Minneapolis wants the state capitol removed from St. Paul to Merriam Park, midway between the two cities. This can never be done. The country statesman insists upon seeing the elephant when he goes to the halls of state and there are no elephants at Merriam Park.

Would Be Honored.

Appleton Press.

Knute Nelson is spoken of by the Washington Post and other prominent papers as being prominently mentioned as a suitable man for the position of secretary of the interior. Mr. Nelson is admirably adapted to fill the position, and Minnesota would be highly honored by his selection.

With a Big B.

Gaylord Hub.

The St. Paul Christmas GLOBE Annual of thirty-two pages, containing news of every description, and a general review of the growth and prosperity of the two great Twin Cities, was another magnificent illustration of Western journalism. It came out on tinted paper and was a beauty with a big B. The GLOBE is a rustler from way back.

Not the Climate.

Marshall Messenger.

Any city north of Maryland might hold an ice palace carnival with as great facilities and consistency, so far as temperature is concerned, as can St. Paul, and the affair would be more in keeping with the temperature of New England states than with that of Minnesota. As it is, the people of the country are led to the false impression that the temperature of Minnesota is like that of Canada.

A Favorite.

Turtle Mountain Times.

The St. Paul GLOBE Sunday edition of the 23d is a daisy. It is a mammoth issue of thirty-two pages on pink paper, chuck full of choice reading matter for old and young, and from the display adds, one would infer that St. Paul and Minneapolis were thriving villages, and that the GLOBE was a favorite. It certainly deserves well of the people of Minnesota.

Have It or a Row.

Graceville Transcript.

The St. Paul GLOBE asserts that there will be no reapportionment of the legislative districts this winter. If this should prove to be true there will be some high kicking done and with justice too. The northern part of the state is entitled to more representation and will have it or there will be a row of no small dimensions.

St. Paul Worried.

Duluth News.

St Paul is becoming much worried over the failure of Jack Frost. The architect has drawn beautiful plans for an ice palace, gorgeous lithographs have been prepared to astonish the country natives, the railroad companies have printed up vast stores of advertising matter. But there is no building material to be had. The summer zephyrs still zeph, and Jack Frost has only sent along a small contingent to do the season's work.

Wants His Scalp.

Stillwater Gazette.

Washburn's chances for securing the United States senatorship are becoming so dim that he sent on to Washington and had Hon. William Windom come to his rescue. Senator Sabin succeeded Windom, and now he desires to elect some on in Sabin's stead. It is an open secret that Windom seeks Sabin's scalp, and it is also a fact that he will find it the hardest contest he ever got mixed up in when he attempts such a thing on the Stillwater gentleman.

The Betting Feature.

Moorhead News.

The senatorial fight has now centered in St. Paul, and politicians of all sizes and grades are congregating there. Some of the features connected with the struggle are disgraceful and disgusting to people of right moral feelings and sensibilities. We refer to betting money on the candidates. Any candidate who puts up his own money in the hands of adherents, or sanctions the putting of it up by friends with the view of influencing the vote or for financial gain, merits not only defeat, but political oblivion forever.

A Peculiarity.

Verndale Journal.

One of the peculiarities of the people of the Twin Cities is happily illustrated by this anecdote related in our hearing a day or two since. "If a milkman of the cities is found to have diluted a gallon of milk with a quart of water, he is pounced upon by the dairy commissioner and fined $20 or $25. If a man debases the 'coin of the realm' with a small addition of lead, brass or copper, he is sent to the penitentiary. But if a man has brass enough to water a little railroad stock to the tune of $15,000,000 or $20,000,000 his neighbors want to send him to the United States senate."

A Washburn Thorn.

Winona Republican.

Freeman P. Lane, a member of the Hennepin delegation in the house, is a thorn in the side of the Washburn men. He not only declines to support Mr. Washburn, but is outspoken in opposition. Mr. Lane is an attorney by profession—tall, somewhat angular, with dark hair, and an independent rustling sort of manner. The significance of his opposition is enhanced when it is known that it has at least the passive approval of some of the strongest and most influential Republicans of Minneapolis—such men, for example, as the Pillsburys, R. B. Langdon, Fletcher and others.

THE HAYTIAN DICTATOR.

Personal Appearance and Manner of the Ruler of the Black Republic.

Port-au-Prince Letter New York World.

I called on Gen. Legitime at his private residence soon after landing at Port-au-Prince. The black ruler does not occupy the official residence, or the "palace," as the Haytians fondly characterize the large, cheap-looking brick and wooden edifice of the Champ des Armes, which was built of Yankee material and stock by the late President Solomon.

The title of president not having yet been conferred legally on Gen. Legitime, he declines to assume additional honors beyond those of his present office of "chief of executive power" of the government, and he remains at his private residence. The latter is situated on one of the horribly filthy streets of the city, and it is but little better in its appearance and surroundings than the average Haytian dwelling house belonging to one of the shop-keeping class. On the opposite side of the street stands a sort of open booth. The gutters on either side of the carriageway are deep, and contain a gently flowing rivulet of foul, slimy water. Wooden foot bridges in front of the houses enable you to pass these noisome cloacæ.

In the booth reclined or squatted fifteen or twenty Haytian soldiers especially detailed to guard the body of the "chief of executive power." The uniform of the Haytien infantry is of French design, made of dark blue cloth, with red collar, cuffs and facings. The kepi is blue and red. Those who were not barefooted, wore slippers of blue, and white canvas was run down under the long heel. A rusty, ill-kept Remington rifle, with a belt full of cartridges, completed the rig of the infantry of the Black republic. The soldiers who guarded the front door of Gen. Legitime brought his piece to the shoulder in an apathetic manner as I passed into the lower hall. A broad flight of stairs led to an upper hall, out of which a small room opened. At a desk of black walnut, probably made in Michigan, sat two black gentlemen attired in broadcloth frock coats. They wielded their pens with the assiduity of secretaries not anxious to catch the next mail. The salon, which was beyond the ante-room, was designated as the place where Gen. Legitime would receive me. The apartment was about twenty feet square, high and cool.

When the dictator of Hayti entered I beheld a tall man, with a face of the purest African type. He is as erect as the tall pine of Roderick Dhu, and he moves with Gallic ease and dignity. Gen. Legitime's face is long, the brow is high and narrow. His hair, which is now closely cropped, betrays its tendency to kink despite its short length. His lips are full and thick and the scleroticæ of his eyeballs are tinged with yellow. His hands are long, slender, and extremely well shaped.

He looks the soldier. On this occasion his military frock was of dark green, with epaulettes of gold lace. High top boots of plain leather came above his knees. A broad-brimmed black felt hat, without decorations, was carried in one hand. A rear view suggested the figure of the late Emperor Frederick, of Germany, as the crown prince. Take away Legitime's black hue and you would have a remarkably fine specimen of a man. Black as he is, in uniform he is imposing and handsome.

Madame Legitime, who entered with her husband is a very stout woman of middle age, who was arrayed in a loose blue and white house gown, and who wore a profusion of diamond jewelry. She was a mulatto of the cafe au lait type, and must at one time have been a very handsome woman. As the wife of the head of the Haytian government Madame Legitime is naturally a leader of society and very much courted.

YOU HAVE ALL BEEN THERE.

On the back of a supper bill hailing from a transatlantic hotel are written the following lines:

Look carefully throughout this bill;
Enough, if print would only fill!
Select some delicacy light
To tempt exacting appetite—
Then spot it.

The waiter leaves like fast express;
Is gone some half an hour or less;
Returns with imbecile grimace,
And, staring blandly in your face—
"Ain't got it."
—Philadelphia Item.

THE BOYS.

What would we do without the boys,
Without their rollicking, romping noise?
Without their whoops and their whistles shrill?
I tell you the place would be too still!
It wouldn't be home if we couldn't hear
The drummings and thrummings that split the ear.
Tho' they tie tin cans to the poor cat's tail,
And beat a tattoo on every old pail,
Tho' they're never two seconds at a time at rest,
Tho' we vote them a bore, a nuisance, a pest,
Yet we know in our souls life would lose its joys
If anything happened the noisy boys.
—Susie M. Best.

A GRIZZLY'S WRATH.

Samuel Berry and His Terrible Slide Into the Jaws of a She-Bear.

California Hunters Who Brave Death for a Shot at Bruin.

The Forked Tree, and the Tale It Told to Weary Searchers.

A Sheep-Herder and His Last Encounter With a Mountain Monarch.

O. S. Church, of the Grand hotal, San Francisco, is the owner of a large ranch in Sierra county. He is handy with his gun, and is chockful of reminiscences and experiences with big game in the mountains of Sierra. The other night he was in a reminiscent mood, and, after observing that from present indications this was to be a great winter for bear and deer in Sierra, said to an Examiner reporter:

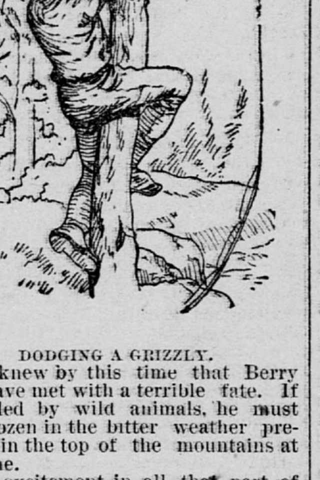
"The most horrible experience I ever knew a man to have with a grizzly was near the Sierra Buttes, twelve miles from Sierra City, in the Gold Lick country.

"The man was Samuel Berry, famed in the North as an expert hunter and trapper. At odd periods he made his headquarters on the ranch of my father, A. D. Church, in the aforesaid county, twenty miles from Truckee. That entire region is full of the various kinds of game that California hunters so much delight in, ane on the occasion of which I speak Berry was there with a big load of traps, dogs and guns.

"He had started in for the winter's campaign, and was well equipped in every way. He set out from our house on the 29th of November, on snow shoes, intending to return that night. As it developed afterward, he made his way over the level valleys on the snow, and, reaching higher ground near Sierra Buttes, took off his long wooden snowshoes and climbed to the heights in his long-topped cowhide boots. He set a lot of traps for marten, mink and other fur-bearing animals, making a wild detour of about fifteen miles. This probably took him eight or ten hours. He had left word at our house that he would be home that night, but he did not come. The weather was cold, for the altitude is pretty great there, the ranch being itself 5,000 feet above the sea, and it was nearly a continuous climb from there on.

"Well, we got anxious about him, for it is sparsely settled thereabout, and we figured it that he must have been tripped up in some way. Not coming home the next day either, we organized a posse of six or eight men and set off in pursuit. We followed his trail, and pushed forward until night shut down on us and we could go no further.

"Next day, re-enforced by about fifty of the ranchers and miners who had gathered in to aid in the search, we set out in all directions, hunting steadily the entire day. There had been a light fall of snow, however, and in many places his tracks were obsured, and night came again on us without our search being successful.



DODGING A GRIZZLY.

"We knew by this time that Berry must have met with a terrible fate. If not killed by wild animals, he must have frozen in the bitter weather prevailing in the top of the mountains at that time.

"The excitement in all that part of Sierra county grew intense, and on the morning of the third day there was gathered at our ranch such a hetrogeneous mass of riflemen, laborers, frontier ranchers and trappers as had never before been seen. The crowd numbered fully 150, and it was understood from the start that Berry was to be found that day. Some of Berry's most intimate friends were in the throng, and they vowed that they would neither eat nor drink until they had found him.

"Hounds were brought into requisition and all possible clues were followed up. They had climbed the mountains many miles north of Sierra City, and it was far in the afternoon when one of the searchers struck the trail of Berry's snowshoes. They followed it down the declivities as fast as possible, but in many places the newly-fallen snow had obscured it, and they lost a good deal of time. The squads separated, and closed intogether at intervals. Finally a small party discovered it again after it had been lost for nearly an hour. They followed it down into a big canon, where owing to the exceedingly precipitous descent, the hunter must have descended like lightning.

"Just at nightfall they came upon a great forked tree that had fallen in the storm, and just within the fork was a great hole in the snow that had been tramped down, as though a desperate struggle had occurred there. The snow was blood-stained, and the deep tracks of a man led out from it. A few feet away was one snowshoe and the pole which had been used between the legs to guide the long runners.

"Two rods below was a sight frightful to behold. Berry lay there stark and stiff in death, his body fearfully torn, and the snow all about red with his blood.

"He had come down the big canon late in the afternoon, and, as snowshoe-men do when belated or exhilarated by the chance of a flying ride, had come at lightning speed. He had not noticed the wide-spreading forks of the tree, covered as the extremities were with snow, nor a great she bear and her two cubs which were secluded there. He must have rushed right in among them.

"It is presumable that the bear, being thus surprised, made at him, for he had shot and wounded her. This, however, only enraged the beast more, and she followed him up. Berry lost one of his snowshoes, and then was helpless.

Worse than this, in the confusion he lost his gun, and thus he must stay and engage in a hand-to-hand conflict with the bear. Berry, from the look of his body, must have been already wounded in the left thigh and severely in the rms.

"He drew his knife, the only weapon he had left, and fought nobly for his life, backing down hill as he could meanwhile.

"Below the crotch of the tree, where the body was found, the snow was again fearfully torn, and Berry, weak from loss of blood, had succumbed, and at the last moment his face was bitten off by the bear.

"It was the most desperate conflict I ever heard of, and, strange to say, the story has never been told, yet all the old hunters of Sierra remember this as the most tragic battle with a wild animal that ever occurred in that section.

"You see, it was just the beginning of the solid part of the winter, and the old bear and the cubs had sought this secluded place to hibernate. Probably they had been there for some days, and the old one was hungry and sullen at being disturbed, especially as she had the cubs.

"The tracks of the three led out in the snow, and along the tracks of the big one was a trail of blood, showing that poor Berry had fought heriocally for his life, but the odds were too heavy for him. Some of our party followed the trail until it was finally lost in the deeper snow below. Whether the old bear finally died from her wounds, of course we could not know.

"Berry's gun was found near where he first ran on to the bear, and the knife was still in his hand when the body was discovered.

"I could tell you a lot of other stories about hunting in Sierra. A couple of years ago a sheep-herder named Henry Thompson, who made trapping his business in winter, mysteriously disappeared. Nobody could get hook or crook of him. He had a number of traps which he was watching. The traps were set for sable, foxes and all similar fur-bearing animals. Thompson had been pretty successful. It was the last of November, too, when he dropped out of sight. Well, the snow fell. He had no friends to look after him, and finally, after there had been about so much talk over the affair, the matter dropped. Well, in September, at the head of Hamlen canon, the bleached bones of the poor fellow were found. He must have encountered a bear, too, for the dried flesh, which, in some places, still clung to the bones, and his clothes showed marks of a grizzly's teeth. Ordinarily a grizzly will not attack a man unless wounded, but in this case he might have disturbed one which was hungry, owing to the absence of smaller game, and had attacked him. All the circumstances pointed to this. Where the poor trapper came from no one ever knew, but his bones were gathered up and tenderly buried in the old graveyard in Sierra City.

"Henry Himes is the king of the bear-killers in Sierra county. Himes is an old-timer from away back. He gets more bear and deer than any other hunter up there. He is well equipped for the business, having plenty of good guns and blooded hunting dogs.

"There is a great abundance of black, brown and grizzly bears in that region. It is the finest hunting ground I know of. There are not many antelope any more. They are found a little further toward Oregon. But for deer, grouse, quail, pheasants and all such similar game, with bears, we are well stocked up."

A RAILROAD COMEDY.

Acted by Three Enraged Officials, a Facetious Drummer and a Trunk.

Boston Courier.

"You have no idea of the annoyances we have to suffer from the traveling public, and especially from the traveling salesmen," said a conductor on board a local train traveling out of the city. "Only the other day two salesmen entered a compartment. They sat opposite each other, and one of the two placed a pretty heavy trunk upon the seat next to him,

"'Look here,' says I, 'you'll have to take that trunk off the seat.'

"'No,' said he, 'I will not take it down.'

"'Well,' says I, 'we will see. Will you take that trunk down; yes or no?'

"'Ha! ha!' laughed he, 'you are jesting my good man.'

"As at this very moment the train began to move, I had to defer proceeding against the offender until the next station. As soon as it was reached I rushed into the department full of rage and asked, 'Now, will you take the trunk down?'

"'Please do not bother me with that trunk or I shall complain of you at headquarters!' roared the passenger in a voice of thunder. I never met with such impudence before, but as the train stopped for a couple of minutes only I had again to wait till the coming station. There I informed the stationmaster of the case. He entered the compartment, saying:

"Sir, the conductor is in the right, and I have to demand of you to remove the trunk or leave the train."

"'I shall neither take it down nor leave the train,' answered the passenger, and as we were already five minutes late, I had just time to wire the matter to the next station.

"I enjoyed in advance the scene at the next station. Upon our arrival the chief of that station said to the passenger:

"'I shall have to ask you to leave the train at once.'

"'Sir,' rejoined the now thoroughly infuriated passenger, 'what do you want of me? I have paid for my ticket and have done nothing reprehensible whatever, and yet this miserable hireling has not ceased to bother and insult me.'

"Owing to this quarrel the train was now ten minutes late and the last express close behind us.

"'You'll have to leave the train if you do not at once take the trunk down!' shouted the enraged chief.

"'I shall do that under no circumstance whatever!' screamed the passenger, whose frontal vein stood out like whipcord from his dark-red forehead.

"At this juncture the head baggage-master entered the car and, trying to conciliate the warring elements, said in a soothing manner to the passenger:

"'But why do you not take the trunk off the seat? Don't you see that owing to your stubbornness the train is now ten minutes late?'

"'But why on earth should I take this trunk down? There's no power that can compel me to.'

"All three of the railroad officials now approached the passenger to eject him, when the other passenger, who had been an amused eye-witness to the quarrel, said quietly: 'But why should he, indeed, be compelled to take it down? It is my trunk and not his!'"

Tableau.

Traded Wives for Better or Worse.

Athens Chronicle.

In Washington county two married couples were living only a short distance apart, and by neighborly intercourse each man became enamored of the other's wife, while the ladies soon learned to love the other's husband, and thus became estranged from their first love. When matters took this shape it came to be noticeable by all concerned, and many evenings passed while each husband was at the other's house pouring out his tale of love and fidelity into the willing ears of the listeners. Finally, one of the husbands, a little bolder than the other, proposed an exchange. This was met with gladness by all the parties interested, and the proposing party consented to the trade on condition that the other would allow him $5 in cash and seven bushels of Quaker peas. This was readily consented to, and the trade was made, each wife going to the other's home, carrying with her the children, and are now living in the sweetest domestic felicity. They will try to have the courts make the trade legal.

She Heard It.

Puck.

Mrs. Malaise—Doctor, I beg that you will not deceive me about my case. Believe me, I am prepared to hear the worst.

Dr. Bismuth—Well, then, madame, frankly—there is nothing the matter with you whatever. You should try some other scheme besides ill health to make youoself interesting.

PRAYERS AND TEARS.

Oh, the passionate prayers that I prayed!
Were they profitless all and vain,
Or is the answer but just delayed
That I may win greater gain?
Will they come like ships from a better clime,
Bearing blessings for me in God's good time?
Oh, the passionate tears that I wept!
Did they wash away no blight,
Or were they gathered the while I slept
And turned into jewels bright?
Will the angels roll them as pearls to me
In the days and the days that are yet to be?
—Susie M. Best.

THE U. S. DUDE KINGS.

The American Dude a Creation and Not an Evolution.

Tomasso Luis Onativia, the Brazilian Dude, and His Style in Hair.

Berry Wall Deposed from His Royal Position Because He Sells Champagne.

Bob Hilliard's Contest and How He Was Betrayed by a Valet.

New York Press.

In no country on the face of the globe does the dude blossom as he does in this city. Indeed, the real dude may be said to exist here almost exclusively. Other lands and other times have had the race with them, but in a very undeveloped condition. Alcibiades, for instance, the most noted dandy of the ancients, so far forgot himself as to study philosophy under Socrates and afterward indulge in the very masculine and vigorous game of war, while the Roman Emperor Lucullus, with the most elaborate wardrobe the world ever saw, threw away his chances for fame immortal by a passion for boxing and fencing. Even down as late as the time of Wellington the spirit of cantankerous manhood possessed dudedom, for he declared after the battle of Badajos that dandies made good fighters.

The American dude is almost a creation, though most people consider him but the result of an evolution. Some harsh things have at times been said against him. He has been made the butt of endless paragraphs and cruel jokes, but he has outlived them all, and to-day he flourishes as he has never before. He has ingratiated himself with the ladies, and so long as the latter exist so long will the dudes have protectors. They may walk our streets, and stand upon our corners and ogle us from the window sills of our club houses, but no man dare kill or kidnap them. They are a peculiar race, and an interesting one, too. Some thoughtless people marvel that ladies should exhibit such a predilection for them, but, after all, it is not hard to see why. Fashion largely influences woman. The former runs to everything odd. Odd pieces of furniture, for example, are sought after and prized, and why not odd articles of humanity? No parlor ever held anything more charming than a genuine dude. He never intrudes an idea, and posing as he will either in the center of the room or beside some statue he invariably will suggest for discussion when other topics run out, the question as to whether or not the writer in the Scriptures had not the American dude in mind when he wrote of that which neither works nor spins and yet is bedecked in raiment more gorgeous than that of the lily of the valley.

In New York naturally, perhaps, he abounds more extensively than in any other city. There are two classes of the New York dude, however, which never, under any circumstances interfere with one another. The first and great class are the dudes proper, who move in all spheres and at whose approach every door in the city flies wide open and the darling mammas and the charming misses hasten to receive and entertain him. He is the social dude. The other class is just a little more vulgar. It has not yet passed the stage of curiosity—has not learned how to be deeply interested and yet appear to be dreadfully bored. It moves on Broadway.

M. Tomasso Luis Onativia, the fragrant Brazilian, who owns more trousers and horses than any other young man in town, is virtually conceded to be the king of the dudes. He is young, too—only twenty-one—and yet he can stare as stolidly as the petrified giant exhumed from the Mammouth cave and supposed to be several thousand years old. He is tall and slender, as ideal dudes should be, and never appears in the same suit twice—not even in a law suit—for Onativia is reported to have an income of $90,000 a year, and pays his bills on presentation. He is a pretty poem in hexameters. His features are delicately moulded, and his mouth—well, tradition says that those who should know affirm that to touch his lips is in itself worth living for. The peculiar way in which he wears his hair set Fifth avenue and the clubs by the ears. Nobody had ever before seen such a sight. M. Onativia does not comb his hair. His bangs, which he has cut in the latest fashion, he fixes in fantastic shapes about his temples, while the rest of his head is a shock. It is a combination picture as it were of the primitive and the present surmounting a pedestal of a future idea. He has outstripped his mortality. You look at him, and it never occurs to you that he is a man like other men. You would no more touch him in passing than you would brush against a beautiful flower that would be placed on the street. It is impossible to tell what he wears. He breakfasts in one suit, smokes his morning cigar in another, puts on a third for his stroll outside; comes back and bedecks himself anew for his lunch; changes again for the post prandial lounge in some corridor; then gets himself into his coaching or riding suit; selects still another for his dinner, and thus the merry war goes on.

Three valets assist him to don his clothing, of which he has forty-seven trunks full. At the theater he never disturbs anybody with his applause. He sits perfectly upright, while a gem of priceless value, the gift of his uncle, the Emperor of Brazil, flashes its brilliancy upon the stage. He is a lackadaisical, dreamy youth; walks with the greatest precision, and invariably carries a cane, which he grasps in the center between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand. M. Onativia never smokes himself. His valet, who accompanies him on his walks, however, smokes the cigarette for him out of deference to the customs of the genuine Americans. Tomasso was one of the central figures at the horse show. He also went to the late walking match one evening, but became violently ill on witnessing the flashy suit worn by Dan Herty, of Boston. He is certainly an exquisite, and counts the price he pays for it—about $60,000 a year—as a mere bagatelle. He has the entree to fashionable New York. A well known book dealer asserts that shortly after his arrival he had orders from more than one aristocratic family for text books of the Brazilian language. M. Tomasso, however, talks English with a charming drawl. He is a success. He is also unmarried, and has no vicious habits.

E. Berry Wall, the once brilliant monarch of dudedom, though deposed, is by no means the least brilliant in this peculiar race. Matrimony and trade caused his downfall. Men, and women, too, who remember Berry in his heyday, love to recall the time when he was their ideal dude. His recent action is going back upon all his traditions, and going into the business of selling champagne has estranged many from him. Indeed, the presence of Onatavia in this town is said to be the result of a conspiracy, at the head of which was Bob Hilliard, for the sole purpose of deposing King Wall. Several attempts have been made as well to lure his ex-majesty into canvassing for a well-known brewing firm, which would, of course, constitute valid grounds for his being drummed out of the ranks; but Wall saw through the pretty scheme and de-

clined to walk into the trap prepared for him. So long as he confines himself to canvassing for champagne he still is within the rules of the fraternity and can defy expulsion. He has yet a number of strong adherents, who believe that he will eventually regain his position. Freddie Gebhard and Porter Ashe made a bold bid to be the representatives of the dudes on the quarter stretch last season, but Wall very promptly and very effectually conquered them. The great dude lounged about the club houses on the tracks with his elegant clothes and pretty buttonniere like a veritable melodrama, and he won the race for supremacy in the commonest kind of a canter. So far as taste and volume in clothing is concerned Berry Wall is without a peer in American history. It is his misfortune that he has never been able to wear a monocle with anything approaching dignity, and that Henry Irving so successfully aped his walk as to give it a suggestion of the ludicrous. Mr. Wall may yet regain his throne. He is a natural dude, phlegmatic almost to inanity, with an eye that rivals the best work from the brush of Raphael. His latest indication that ambition still slumbers within him is that he has clipped and crimped into a fringe the mustache which in his best days seemed to give an air of a too robust masculinity to his face. Six pairs of trousers and three changes of other outfit constitute his raiment. He has no valet at present.

Bob Hilliard, the actor, has a national reputation as a dude. The great contest which he waged one year ago with Berry Wall will go down in history as the most unique on record. For two months each man, with his two valets, posed before the public, seeking its verdict. Every noon time and afternoon the thousands who passed up by Madison square gazed upon the living pictures. Treachery robbed Hilliard of his prize. His valet, it was alleged, was approached, and one beautiful sunshiny morning brought in to his master the information that the day, though fine, was bitterly cold. Confident in this statement, Bob slung carelessly on him a magnificent white top melton coat and sauntered out. Wall, who was already on the street in a suit of olive, from gaiters to hat, glanced about and saw his rival. He walked past him and said:

"Charming day," and went on.

Hilliard fled in horror when he saw how he had been betrayed. The news of his faux pas spread like wildfire, and he abandoned the contest. Nevertheless, he is a most noted dude, and to-day the best dressed man on the stage. He poses gracefully and walks with exquisite languor. His only drawback is his temper, which occasionally lures him into unseemly activity. It is not long since that a burly, brusque fellow in Pittsburg called on him and said he just desired to see the greatest living dude on earth. Bob drew off his gloves, laid down his cane and soundly thrashed the provincialist. Tales are told of similar freaks of Hilliard in this city. His enemies declare that there are indications that he is only a dandy, and no dude, but this is not so. His trousers, like his hair, are always creased in the center, and their fit is faultless. Indeed, Hilliard's wardrobe is most extensive and elaborate.

Billy Deutsch, the king of baccarat, is what is known as a Broadway dude. He is not admitted within the inner circle, notwithstanding that he has a bigger bank account than even M. Onativia, and that he dresses even ahead of the fashion. It has, somehow or other, leaked out that Billy has invested a goodly sum of money in the famous Hess brewery in this city, and this fact is sufficient of itself to keep him on the outside. A man who deals in champagne may be a genuine dude, but a beer brewer, such as Billy Deutsch is—never! Besides, Billy talks rapidly, which is considered an evidence of vulgarity. Still, he lounges gracefully and makes purchases with a nonchalance that is perfectly appalling.

Delancey Nicoll, the assistant district attorney, is a much of a dude as his calling will admit. He has sense enough to see this, and he confines himself to certain exclusive lines. He has a national reputation as the happy possessor of the most exquisite robes de chambre on the continent. Several club men who have seen the robes declare that they exhibit a taste which, if pursued to the exclusion of his profession, would make him a dangerous rival to Onativia.

"Young" Hammersley—how young, or why "young," nobody knows, and yet that is the title by which he is known—is another famous dude. His peregrinations are confined to Fifth avenue, however, and beyond a charmed circle he cannot hope to become known. He dictates verses at times to his secretary, whom he has made commit to memory the greater portion of Swinburne, but beyond this indulges in no exertion. He is wealthy and unmarried, and is a blonde of a mild type. Three times a day a barber attends to his moustache and fixes up his hair, which he wears now after the Carlos fashion.

The Toll Gate in War Times.

Indianapolis News.

The colonels and the majors had all told their recollections of the war, and even the privates had been heard. It was the turn of the home guard.

"We didn't have much blood, but we had stirring times when Morgan invaded Indiana while you were down to the front. I was only a private, but we all served with as much spirit and zeal as if we were members of the general's staff. I remember riding about carrying the tidings that Morgan was approaching. Down on the Shelbyville pike lived an old friend of mine. Riding down to his farm I called him out:

"Hello in there!' I shouted.

"'What's up?' was the reply.

"'Morgan's coming. He is this side of Shellbyville. Better look out!'

"'Great God!' the eccentric old farmer exclaimed. 'Is that so? Ride down to the toll gate just below and tell the keeper not to let him through until I drive up my shoats.'"

TWO DEFINITIONS.

Two eyes of brown, two eyes of blue,
Two shadows in the evening dew,
Two hands whose pressure soft can thrill,
Two hearts that throb at their sweet will,
Two lips that seek two lips above,
And that is love.

Two hearts grown tired of wedded bliss,
Two lips that seldom get a kiss,
Two souls aweary of love's fare,
Two eyes that watch two eyes despair,
Two months, should things still take their course,
And that's divorce.
E. D. Pierson, in Cartoon.