SAINT PAUL.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The owner of a valuable dog, in this state, was bitten by the animal, and with a view to protecting himself against future accidents he wrote to M. Pasteur, at Paris, France, as to what course of treatment he should pursue. New Year's day the French scientist answered his American correspondent, and in his letter said: "The accident that has happened to you does not present any gravity whatever if the dog that bit you is in good health. The bite of an animal, which is not mad, has no gravity whatever, and you have nothing to fear if the dog was living eight days after the accident." This theory will explode one that has existed for ages—that a person bitten by a dog, whether mad or not, was liable to suffer the agonies of hydrophobia if the animal should subsequently become afflicted with rabies.

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Two Indians, a buck and squaw, of the Chippewa tribe, strolled into the Ryan rotunda last evening as the guests were coming down from dinner, and proceeded to make themselves comfortable and the cynosure of all eyes. A red cotton handkerchief covered the head of the brave and a dirty blanket was gathered about his stalwart form, while buckskin leggings tightly wound with rope, and moccasins elaborately embroidered and beaded computed his make-up. Fire water had been indulged in pretty freely, and a timid female, muffled in a coarse shawl and wearing plain moccasins, kept a lookout for her lad and master lest he might transgress the bounds of propriety. Apparently oblivious of the sensation they were creating, the pair sauntered leisurely about the rotunda, followed by a gaping crowd of curious spectators, but the only effect they had was to cause the heads of the procession to draw their wraps more closely about them. The marble floor seemed to have a particular fascination for the male Indian, and he was evidently at a loss to explain its firmness to his companion as he endeavored to force first heel and then toe into the smooth surface. Finally he gave up in disgust and after a careful examination of the apartments on the first floor, not forgetting the bar, the strange guests departed as silently as they came. Passing the cigar stand where a party of gentlemen, including Frank Mordaunt, the well-known actor, were standing, some one remarked: "Lo, the poor Indians." "I do sincerely," replied Mr. Mordaunt, and the emphatic manner in which this was uttered, provoked a hearty laugh from the bystanders.

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"Between four and five hundred entries have been received for the running meeting next July," said Secretary Shaw, of the Jockey club, "and we still have California to hear from. Included in the list of entries are all the Southern and Western cracks, including Galen, Terra Cotta, Long Roll, Brown Princess, Little Minch, Persimmons, Rimenyi and Insolence. Our fondest hopes have been more than realized, and the alacritm with which horsemen have respondedeto contest for the purses hung up, in the stake races especially, promises to make the first meeting of the St. Paul Jockey club a red-letter event in turf history. Among the stables that will be represented are: Dousman's Beverwyck, Milton Young, Chicago, Avondale, Sunland, Corrigan's, Gray & Co., Cadwaliader and Fleetwood. Lucky Baldwin's California stables will also be on the ground when racing begins. Every mail brings in additional entries, and I would not be surprised if next summer would show the Saintly City to be the racing center of the West."

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"How much smoke a little fire kindleth," said Col. A. F. Rockwell, as he scanned an article in which he was represented as saying he was present at a reception when Mrs. Blaine snubbed Mrs. Harrison. "I have made it a point not to answer newspaper attacks upon me, and have only deviated from the custom twice in my career. The first time was when I was charged with framing the celebrated Frozen Truth dispatch, giving the inside history of the Conkling-Blaine unpleasantness, and now I am again mixed up with a stab at Mrs. Blaine. As a matter of fact I never stated, directly or indirectly, that I witnessed any act of discourtesy by Mrs. Blaine toward the wife of the president-elect, and I cannot conceive who would impute such a story to me. I have sent a denial of the statement to the leading papers in the East, and their proprietors have given me the benefit of their columns to nip the falsehood in the bud.

A New Choral Society.

A musical organization, to be known the Church Choir Choral club, composed of Christ Church choristers, will give a concert in the First Baptist church, Feb. 12. From thirty to forty boys, ranging from nine to fifteen years of age, will carry the air, and the more trying parts will be assigned to adult members of the choir. Selections will be given from the compositions of Gounod, Barnby, Novello, Semper and Mendelssohn, and the affair will be under the supervision of James Blaikie, leader of Christ church choir. Officers of the club have been elected as follows: President, William George; vice president, J. C. Wall; treasurer, W. H. Yardley; manager and secretary, Whitney Wall; director, James Blaikie, and accompanist, E. E. Tarbox.

GLOBULES.

Lulu Burke, a belle of the pave, was arrested by Officer Godrey yesterday charged with street walking.

"Care of Children" will be the subject of an address this afternoon by Dr. Helen W. Bissell at a meeting of the White League shield in the Gospel Temperance rooms, 70 East Seventh street.

Pioneer Lodge No. 238, Sons of St. George, will give a whist party at their rooms next Monday evening, and it will take the form of a public social, instead of being confined to members of the lodge.

May Smith, a prepossessing but dissipated young woman, was arrested by Officer Grady early yesterday morning in a saloon at Seventh and Robert streets, charged with being drunk and disorderly.

Prof. Darling, the well known organist of this city, has written a Te Deum, which is pronounced a composition of merit. It will be rendered shortly at the People's church by a chorus and full orchestra.

Market hall will be given up to the Germania Maennerchor to-morrow evening, and the operetta, "Jolly Student," will be presented for the benefit of Mrs. Josephine Alleman, who is well known in dramatic circles.

The League of the Cross held a rally yesterday afternoon in their new hall on the West side. An excellent musical and literary programme was rendered and addresses were delivered by Father Cosgrove and T. D. O'Brien.

The Living Church in this week's issue announces the reception into the Episcopal church at New York of the celebrated Nun of Kenmare, founder and head of the Order of the Sisters of Peace in the Roman Catholic church.

A meeting of the bricklayers' union has been called for Thursday evening, and among the topics which will come up for discussion are the number of hours which shall constitute a day's labor and an equitable remuneration for services rendered.

Marcus Goodeville, the monster Master Mason, who will arrive at the dime museum to-day, is so fat that he can not walk. He will be transported to the museum in a four-horse coach, and will be raised into the building with a tackle similar to that used in hoisting safes into buildings.

The Philomathean club of the First Universalist church, met Thursday evening at the residence of Miss Lowery, on Tenth street. Among those who participated in the literary exercises were Misses Tucker and Whitney and Messrs. Van York, F. M. Pierce, Stevens and G. H. Ingham.

The Methodist State convention to be held in May is attracting a great deal of attention. Dr. Paine, secretary of the Educational society; Dr. Kynett, of church extension fame; Chaplain McCabe, "The Million for Mission;" Dr. Earl Cranston and other noted Methodists have written for places for their causes on the programme.

A passenger over the Kansas City railway gives the details of a disgraceful affair at Lyle, near the the Iowa line, in which a new agent of the road and a telegraph operator engaged in a rough and tumble fight in the presence of a number of lady passengers. There was also trouble in the supper room, and the passengers waited until Minneapolis was reached to appease their appetites.

FOUND A FOSSIL FISH.

A Lucky Trip by a Northern Pacific Railroad Official.

America and Great Britain Striving to Secure a Rare Object.

Shaking Hands With Spooks Who Were Invisible to the Audience.

Summary of a Sunday Tour of Inspection About the City.

A railroad conductor, W. S. Sherwood, who is in charge of a train running between St. Paul and Chicago, is in luck, and upwards of $10,000 is at his disposal any time that he sees fit to demand it. In the exhibit of game birds and animals of the Northwest at the Ryan an oak frame with a heavy plate of glass keeps curious fingers off a piece of mixed blue and sandstone, which bears the fossil remains of a fish twenty-three inches long and eleven inches in width. An inscription states that the fossil was found in the interior of Oregon and that it is to be sent to the British museum at London, Eng., in the event that no purchaser can be found on this side of the Atlantic. Not a bone is missing from the remains, and the fan-shaped tail and sharp fins are as clearly defined against the smooth surface of the rock as though carved by an artist. Scientists who have inspected the specimen declare that it is the finest fossil fish in the world, although no one has yet been able to determine the species to which it belongs. Some have expressed the opinion that it is a salmon, and the big bones would seem to give color to the idea, but the head is too broad for a salmon and the savants declare that it must belong to a prehistoric age. Knowledge of the unexpected find was conveyed to Prof. Ward at Rochester, N. Y., and the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, D. C., and the learned professors hastened to make an examination of the valuable discovery.

Negotiations are still pending for its purchase, but the owner knows its value and will not part with it unless he can get what he thinks it is worth. An effort was made to induce him to allow casts to be made for the benefit of science and with a view of determining, if possible, the species to which the fossil belonged, but he was immovable unless "spot cash was paid for the specimen." As neither of the professors had

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS

available at the time, they were compelled to return East without the coveted curio. An aborigine is entitled to the credit for unearthing the fossil, and while picking over some loose rock he found the slab with the representation of the fish and laid it aside carefully, luckily not disturbing or breaking a single bone in the frame. He told a white companion what he had discovered, and the latter was not long in prevailing upon the Indian to part with the property, the story being that a greasy pack of cards was an important factor in the transaction.

Conductor Sherwood was on duty with the Northern Pacific railway at the time, and he was shown the specimen one day in a bar room, the owner being pretty hard up for ready money. After several hours' dickering the slab again changed hands, and the elated railroad official hurried it off to this city and placed it with a friend for safe keeping. Letters were sent out to a number of scientific institutions and their faculties, and considerable correspondence has already been the result. A representative of the British museum has telegraphed not to accept any offer made until he reaches New York, when the fossil will be sent for his inspection. He followed up his telegram with a letter stating that if the specimen was as represented he was prepared to pay the highest price demanded by the owner. Tiffany, of New York, will have the custody of the fossil, and it will be exhibited in the show window for the benefit of the curiosity seekers of Gotham for several days.

SPIRITS ARE SLIGHTED.

Presentations by a Medium Which Were Not Relished.

Rev. Miss M. E. Aldrich opened the spiritualist meeting last evening at the stone chapel on Wacouta street, near Eighth, with a learned dissertation on incorporeal bodily service, music of nature, harmony of the spheres and other things ethereal. Upon closing her remarks, she introduced to an audience about evenly divided between skeptics and believers, Dr. S. C. Trowbridge, the "spirit describer," who assists in the series of meetings being held in St. Paul. Dr. Trowbridge, a portly, middle-aged man with a shiny baldhead, stepped to the front attired in a neat blue suit of clothes with shiny brass buttons with the easy confidence of a man who has on his staff all of the most noted spooks, from the brainy spirit of Confucius to the man who struck Billy Patterson. Not only is the doctor able to see and understand the feelings of the large circle of spooks of his acquaintance, but he greets them all in that offhand manner and open cordiality with which a bunco steerer grasps the hand of the rural member from Kandiyohi county. Among the many spirits that the doctor observed stalking about the room was that of an old lady, who informed him that she departed this life from a typical old log house, with two big chimneys, a fireplace, and located in the dense timber. The old lady was slightly deformed—had a very short upper lip and a very long under one—and this may be the reason why the grandchild she claimed to have in the audience failed to recognize her. The medium explained that people of the earth felt the insult deeply when cut in this manner, but that spirits were much more deeply grieved when slighted, particularly by their relatives. He also stated that the audience could do as they saw fit about recognizing their spiritual friends, but that he would not desist from introducing them.

The next party presented was a man of middle age. He had been of a roving disposition when on earth and came West to fight redskins and dig gold, but lost his life in some manner unknown to the medium. Several friends of the spirit were known to be present, but they snubbed him to a man.

Another spook who presented himself was a jolly old member from the rural districts of Maine. The medium stated that he had flowing red fire-escape whiskers and departed from earth by drowning, falling out of a boat when—

"That's Jim Goen," shouted a big man from the rear of the hall, and the look of satisfaction that lit up the countenance of the medium was something wonderful to behold.

Several other spooks of Dr. Trowbridge's acquaintance were described, but they were not recognized and the services closed by passing the hat.

The meetings will be continued for several weeks, and it is proposed to demonstrate to the people of St. Paul the wholesome effects of spiritualism upon physical health and general happiness. "We propose to show the people of St. Paul," remarked Miss Aldrich, "that something besides Bramhall's pills and blue mass are good for people generally."

The American Building and Loan Association of Minneapolis

On Jan. 1 removed to its elegant quarters in the Bank of Commerce building.

PRIZE POULTRY.

An Interesting Exhibit for Lovers of Fancy-Bred Pets.

The Minnesota State Poultry association will hold its annual poultry and game exhibition at 167 East Seventh street, commencing Tuesday, Jan. 22, and continuing until the 26th. Specimens of pure-bred poultry and game from all parts of the state will be exhibited. E. S. Comings, of Rockford, Ill., assisted by B. N. Pierce, will act as judges, and exhibitors will thus get the opinion of the most eminent judges of the old as well as the new school. The Revised American Standard of Excellence will govern the judges in all varieties. There will be one cash prize awarded for the best exhibit, and the other prizes consist of badges and a large list of valuable articles offered by breeders. St. Cloud offers for the sweepstake entry three siver cups, to be won two years in succession.

Fanciers of poultry can study as interesting a collection of fine stock as was ever exhibited by the association. Among the various classes will be the Asiatics, American, Spanish, Hamburgs, Polish, Dorkings, French, games, game bantams, turkeys, ducks, geese, pigeons, canaries, singing birds, parrots, rabbits, squirrels and other pets, such as ferrets, white mice, Guinea pigs, prairie dogs, coon and foxes. Incubators will be in operation, and brooders with chicks will be there for the inspection of those who are interested in artificial breeding processes.

SOCIABLE SCRIBES.

Annual Meeting of the St. Paul Press Club.

Members of the St. Paul Press club assembled at the Ryan last evening for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year and partaking of the annual banquet of the organization. There was no objection offered to the slate prepared a few minutes before the chairman, E. V. Smalley, called the meeting to order, and the following were elected: George Thompson, Dispatch, president; T. Z. Cowles, Pioneer Press, vice president, and George F. Gifford, Globe, secretary. Covers were laid for forty guests in the ordinary of the hotel, and after settling the question regarding officers, a banquet prepared in the best style of the Ryan's chef was thoroughly appreciated. President Thompson gave a humorous recitation and inaugurated a social session, in which speeches and songs were a pleasing feature. An invitation was accepted from the manager of Miss Helen Barry to attend the first performance at the Grand opera house this evening. Members of the club who were not at the meeting can obtain tickets at the Dispatch office to-day.

GRAFTED BY GEORGE.

Preparing to Organize a Single Tax League.

A number of enthusiastic followers of Henry George met yesterday afternoon at H. C. McCartey's office, in the German-American bank, to perfect arrangements for the organization of a single tax league in St. Paul. Several of the more prominent agitators of the single tax theory have been actively engaged since the visit of Henry George to the city in effecting such an organization, and the prospects are that the league will start out with about fifty members. At the meeting yesterday H. C. McCartey and E. Herman were appointed a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws to be submitted at a future meeting, and O. Savard, C. Nemo and E. Herman were appointed to secure a hall. The temporary chairman, E. Herman was instructed to call a meeting next Saturday evening.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

W. C. Kelgore, Winona, is at the Ryan.

Oakes Ames, Detroit, is registered at the Ryan.

A. H. Bradford, New York, is a guest at the Ryan.

John H. Mills, Black River Falls, Wis., is at the Merchants.

C. C. Jackson and wife, Hudson, Wis., are at the Merchants.

J. C. Davenport, Portland, Or., registered at the Ryan yesterday.

W. D. Pettigrew, Winnipeg, Man., registered at the Merchants yesterday.

James G. Hamlin, editor of the Blue Earth City Post, is a guest at the Clarendon.

S. P. Childs, a prominent merchant of Blue Earth City, arrived at the Merchants yesterday.

Samuel G. Magill and wife, Fargo, and Mrs. F. E. Briggs, Moorhead, were among yesterday's arrivals at the Merchants.

The Burning Question.

The question of protecting incompetent American actors who cannot protect themselves and have no rights upon the stage, is still the burning topic of the hour in theatrical circles. But it is nearly burned out, and will leave nothing behind it but ashes and an unsavory odor. The patrons of American theaters are entitled to the best stage talent that can be obtained in any part of the world. They will not yield their rights for the sake of a lot of people who are not actors and never will be. Mary Anderson has some such an idea as this. In conversation with a New York reporter she was asked what she had to say on the subject of English vs. American actors.

"You know I am a true-born American," she laughed, "and I think there is nothing greater in the world than America, but—well, I prefer English actors."

"Why?"

"Well, in the first place, they are usually better educated and they know how to treat a lady with respect. I have a strong aversion to tobacco chewing, and when I played with an American company, the gentlemen in my support would frequently come on the stage at rehearsal chewing tobacco. Perhaps you will consider me too fastidious, but when I find I can avoid such unpleasantness, you can hardly blame me for taking advantage of the situation."

"And you have no other objection?"

"Oh, yes, a hundred that it would tire you to have me enumerate. Briefly, the average English actor is better than the average American actor, and when it comes to a question of art, nationality has absolutely nothing whatever to do with my selection."

"Then you do not really engage your people simply because they are English?"

"Not in the least. I engage them because they know how to act."

A Horse's Ear for Music.

Chicago Herald.

The following story is told by Fred Grant: In his last year at West Point he held the position of captain of artillery. One day the visiting officer, who happened to be his father, Gen. Grant, held an inspection and drill. After the cadets had assembled on the parade ground it was decided to give the commands by bugle-call. The officers would then deliver them by word of mouth to the men.

Fred Grant had a notoriously bad ear for music. He had never been able to master a single tune, and, worse still, had no idea of time. When the announcement of the mode of giving the orders was made he rushed up to a comrade and said: "Great goodness! what shall I do? I can't tell the difference between the 'charge' and the 'retreat.'"

His friends advised him to change his horse for Mazeppa, a horse of one of the sergeants. She would carry him through. He hastily did so, and watched every movement of his animal during the ensuing evolutions. When the bugle sounded "forward" the knowing animal advanced, and the command was accordingly given to the men. When the call of "halt" came Mazeppa stood like a rock, and the proper order was issued by the officer. In this way the horse, by its ear for music, told its rider the orders of the day, and carried him safely through the complicated movements of the drill.

Try an Automatic Heat Regulator thirty days. Carl H. Park, 10 German-American bank building.

TRUE BASIS OF RELIGION.

Implicit Faith Urged by Rev. Samuel G. Smith.

HEAVEN'S BANK CASHIER.

Scientific Forms of Knowledge Not Necessary to Frame Convictions for Humanity as to Its Duty.

The congregation of the People's church was addressed by Rev. Samuel G. Smith yesterday morning at the Grand opera house on the subject of "Faith." In the course of his remarks, Dr. Smith said:

"The word faith is used in the Bible and in religious literature in several senses. Sometimes it means the body of accepted truth, recognition of a preponderance of testimony, trust in a person, or a faculty of the soul. There is an intellectual drift at the present time toward the view that all knowledge must be arrived at by processes purely intellectual. This may easily be shown to be a fundamental error, for our most valuable mental possessions come to us through a union of thought and action. It is the smell of powder, and not the study of tactics, that makes the soldier. There is a knowledge upborne to us from sorrow and pain vaster than words, and the realm of scholarship is a valuable one, but its domain is not universal.

In the name of the achievements of multitudes of men and women, which every practical man can at once recognize, I protest against the universal application of what may be known as the scientific form of knowledge. Briefly stated, it is this: All data for thought is furnished by the senses, and the convictions of man must be limited to the field of exact knowledge. The Christian religion distinctly joins issue with this view of man and of truth. It revels in the ideal, and the apostle distinctly states that we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are unseen. What may be named a transcendental form of knowledge nestles in the very heart of religion. But faith is not used properly in any antagonism to the rational action of the soul. The soul of a man is a unit; it can not give conclusion with some faculties which it denies with others. It never indulges in a civil war. It is no more necessary to crucify the rea on that we may exercise faith than it is to

PUT OUT YOUR EYES

in order that you may hear, or cut off your hands that you may walk. Man is much larger than many people suppose; when he has exhausted the possibilities of knowleege through the senses and the understanding, there is still an unexplored country of knowledge and unused faculties of his nature. Science teaches us that the bodily organs of animals were developed by a sense of need. The environment acted upon the formless cellular structure, and lo, in due time the senses, fins, wings, arms nd legs. This sense of need in man gives birth to the faculty of faith. There are many things that we cannot know by purely intellectual processes that we need to know. The apostle affirms that it is through faith we understand that worlds were framed by the word of God. World-making lies distinctly in the domain of science, and that God made the world, is arrived at by the processes of philosophy. But neither science nor philosophy are able to disclose to us that this world was made for us by a good God and our Father. It might be interesting to know that an eternal force working in the domain of time and space produced the world, but this would not be practically valuable. The pestilence that staiketh in darkness, the burning brow of fever, the haunts of hunger, the crash of cyclones, the upheaval of earthquakes, and the death of little children are all arguments against the goodness of God. In order to find God me must go to the Bible and find his revelation in Jesus Christ, or we must retreat within the recesses of the human spirit, and by faith must know that God made the world. Only His sympathy can quiet our pain, only faith in Him can make us strong for the burdens of life. Our whole nature protests against his absence. Science comes to us with other analogies; no organ of any animal has ever been developed into a disappointing world. All organs have found use for themselves as soon as fashioned. Through them life has used the world, come into harmony with the world and organizations have realized themselves. In like manner this spiritual organ of faith, rising triumphant amid the wreck of all other endeavor, becomes the soul's survival of the fittest, and its existence is its own proof of right to be. The stars in their courses obey an intelligence outside of themselves, and the whole structure of the animal kingdom is delivered from the limitations of such feeble knowledge as it has. By a magnetism of need, which we call instinct, the lower orders of life are sustained and preserved. Mathematics, geography, astronomy and meteorology are what may be named innate sciences to animal life. They are learned without books or maps or blackboards. In like manner faith is the

INSTINCT OF THE SOUL.

It recognizes the coming of the tempest from afar and finds that God is a covert from the storm. The failing hopes of man, like falling autumn leaves, are his teachers, and like the birds he spreads the pinions of his soul and flies straight to God, his everlasting summer land. Faith is rightly the foundation of the conduct of life, and so Christian experience goes from faith to faith. In the midst of the darkness it accepts God as light; in the midst of evil God as providence. This faith in God becomes the working hypothesis of a human soul, and as a man clings to this faith he finds his sorrows softened, sins pardoned, and burdens borne. Faith in a bank is evidence of unseen cash in its vaults. Conceive a bank that will let you have no money for dissipation, extravagances, foolish investments, but will always honor your checks in time of need, and where you have an unlimited deposit which you can never exhaust. Such a bank is the universe, and God is its cashier. Morality as well as religion rests on faith, for morality depends on conscience, but conscience is only powerful as we have an implicit faith in the veracity of its voice. Day by day it says, if you do right it shall be well; if you do wrong it shall be ill, and this witness which we cannot cross-examine, and which we cannot corroborate, is either a delusion or it is the voice of the everlasting God. Many facts of life seem to argue against it, but it does not parley or compromise, and the same message that was give in other days to our fathers, it bears unto us. The supernatural limits our knowledge, but it makes boundless our power and development. Man dwells in two worlds; one of sense, the other of spirit, and he is essentially supernatural. Faith is the natural organ of the supernatural world. We read that in the older times, through faith, the old heroes subdued kingdoms. So may it be with us. May the powers of doubt, darkness and sin within our own souls be put to flight. May we seek to believe much in a few things, rather than little in many things, and, concentrating the soul upon God, immortality and the judgment to come, may we grow into greatness.

Going South or West.

Parties contemplating a trip to the Winter Resorts of the South will find it to their advantage to call upon James H. Whitaker, City Ticket Agent Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway, "St. Paul, Minneapolis & St. Louis Short Line," No. 199 East Third street.

Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars between St. Paul and St. Louis, making direct connections in Union Depot with through Pullman Sleeping Cars for Jacksonville and other points in Florida and the South.

Connections made daily with the Solid Vestibuled Train for Kansas City and all points West.

A SMALL POTATO.

Ex-Attorney General Palmer Tells a Good Story at His Own Expense.

Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph.

Ex-Attorney General Palmer is fond of a joke, and he isn't put out a bit if the joke is on him, just so it is funny. He dresses very neatly and is not given to jewelry except in the matter of scarf-pins, and an adornment of this character once led to a remark about him that set all Wilkesbarre to laughing. He had purchased a very handsome pin in the shape of a bug, which was of rather loud size and pretty conspicuous. It looked like an exaggerated potato bug. His friends guyed him considerably about it, and that scarfpin became the talk of the town. One day a prominent German saloonkeeper passed Mr. Palmer as the latter stood at his office door, looked out the corner of his eye at the scarfpin and smiled. Instantly the attorney, in his quick, sharp way, said:

"Well, Dutchy, what's the matter with you. What are you laughing at?"

"Oh, nodings, Mr. Balmer."

"Yes you were. You were laughing at this scarf-pin. What's the matter with it?"

"I guess it's all right, Mr. Balmer."

"Well, look at it and see. Is there anything the matter with it? Examine it."

The German drew nigh, carefully scanned the pin, looked it over gravely, and was about to turn away when Mr. Palmer said:

"Well, what's the matter with that bug scarf-pin? What do you think?"

"Vell, Mr. Balmer," said the German, "I don'd know but vat I think I never before saw so big a bug on so schmall a potato;" and he walked off with a queer grin on his face.

The remark struck Mr. Palmer as being exceedingly funny, and he told it to some of his friends.

LEGISLATIVE BLIZZARDS.

A Little Matter of Interest to Country Editors.

GIVING GOOD LIQUOR AWAY.

Col. Price a Mind-Reader---Hunter Fails to Go to Grand Forks With the Gang.

Special to the Globe.

BISMARCK, Jan. 20.—Publishers of country newspapers throughout Dakota will be interestsd in the following: When the postmasters of the two houses begin to distribute mail among the members, one would naturally suppose that their first attention would be given to letters received, that, at least, those in square envelopes, on tinted, scented stationery, the chirography of which is unmistakably feminine, and concerning the contents of which so varied and entertaining conjectures might be made, would be eagerly opened and read first of all, but such is not the case. Nor are the great dailies, containing a complete history of the past twenty-four hours of the world, including their own acts and words in these legislative halls, noticed, until the little patent-insido country weekly from the home town is thoroughly digested. They know that the voters who sent them here will rely on that publication as a standard and authority by which to judge them, and that is really the matter of all-absorbing interest. A member of the house, who voted with the radical minority on the rank demagogic measure introduced into that body this week, stated to your correspondent

WITH EVIDENT GLEE

they were manufacturing campaign material that would be a sure winner two years hence. These measures have already been spoken of at length in the GLOBE. They are merely bills for extreme class legislation, favoring farmers and knifing corporations. The gentleman who made the above confession is himself an extensive farmer, and one of the vice presidents of the alliance. The parties to this campaign thunder trust are simply playing farmers for, not natural-born idiot, but fools by acquisition, and are liable to win. True, the result of the election in the Northwestern states has made them somewhat bolder than average caution would approve of, but there seems to be no case on record where hay-eaters have detected and punished a demagogue with their adverse votes and it is the history of this class of alleged statesmanship that these Dakota law givers have studied most assiduously, and in which they aspire to excel. Certain citizens of Bismarck claim to have two kicks coming, due to the actions of legislators. The saloonkeepers say that a party of half a dozen members from the northern tier of counties are running a blind pig in their rooms in one of the prominent banking blocks on Main street, and, to add

INSULT TO INJURY,

are giving the goods away, which necessarily knocks them entirely out of the contest. They don't claim, however, that this is a gratuitous distribution of "snide" articles. In fact, they admit that no better can be bought in the Bismarck market, but what puzzles them is how the combination plays even. If they watch the course of legislation some light may be let into the dark recesses of this impenetrable conundrum. The other complaint comes from the hackdrivers, who claim that Van Etten, the great temperance war horse knocks them out of 50 cents each and every day by carting some one to and from the capitol in that buggy, which he drove across the county five or six hundred miles in order not to skip any towns where he could get an audience to listen to him advance his one single idea—the dear, delicious indulgence of a zealot. It is stated that the two cases will come before the city council at a special meeting next week. It now develops that Col. Price, the

ORATORICAL WHIRLWIND

from Sanborn county, is a mind reader, which solves satisfactorily the heretofore puzzling problem how he happened to secure such a choice seat on the house band wagon. He is a favorite in the hotel parlor, and on several occasions has caused the bright eyes of the fair guests to open wide in wonderment at his marvelous power of penetrating their dearest sacred thoughts. Harry Hunter didn't go to Grand Forks with the other legislators. He slipped off down to Spink county to see if his agents were paying the farmers full market price for wheat, and let the boys see what a real successful legislative combination contractor looks like. J. M. Green hastens to explain, for the benefit of those visitors who have reserve season tickets to the northeast corner of the house, that he introduced that divorce bill "at the earnest request of a very dear personal friend of mine, a pastor of one of the churches of Chamberlain."

Students Smash a Record.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 18.—The class of Yale of 1890 has broken the record for high standing by securing 104 honorary appointments. They were announced to-night, and among them were: Philosophy, W. A. de Camp, Cincinnati, O.; high orations, John Crosby, Minneapolis, Minn.; C. H. Hamill, Chicago; W. A. McConnell, Beaver, Pa.; A. L. Munger, Dayton, O.

NO KIDS TO PROVOKE.

I sit in my dressing-gowned, slipperful ease,
With no wife nor kids to provoke,
And puff at my pipe, while my hopes and my fears
All go up to the chimney in smoke.

Yet sometimes I think that a bachelor's life,
Tho' it's jolly, is but a poor joke;
And I envy the man whose good wife and bairns
Don't go up the chimney in smoke.

I sit with my pipe, and my heart's lonesome care
I try, but all vainly to choke;
Ah, me! but I find that the flame that Love lights
Won't go up the chimney in smoke.

STARCH AT STILLWATER.

The Proposed Industry, With Elements of Feasibility.

SOME STARCH STATISTICS.

Argument Favoring the Enterprise---The Culver Suicide---Prison City News.

The proposed establishing here of a starch manufactory has apparently more elements of feasibility than any plan lately broached looking to the development of Stillwater's industrial resources. S. Richardson, a practical man, for some years prominent in the employment of the car company, is a confident champion of the talked-of enterprise, and bases his belief in its ultimate success on personal experience in that line of manufacturing, and in a thorough acquaintance with the conditions requisite to the profitable carrying on of such a business. He has had eleven years' experience in potato starch making and in raising potatoes for such manufacture. Potatoes, he says, for starch making purposes are given a much different culture from that generally pursued when the provision market alone is considered. In the first place, there is necessary but comparatively little care in choosing the variety of potato, though a mealy quality would make more starch than the coarse, overgrown kind. The starch industry is confined largely to New York, and finds some lodgement in New England, but in both cases the business has of late steadily decreased and is dying out because of the increasing demand for the potatoes in the New York provision market. The annual consumption of potato starch in the United States he places at from 7,000 to 8,000 tons, the product being mainly used for sizing in the cotton factories, and in case of a shortage in the domestic supply the deficiency is made up by importations from Germany. With the demand constantly growing in excess of the home supply, the absence of such an industry in the Northwest, and with the local conditions Mr. Richardson believes Stillwater presents peculiarly favorable advantages for the building up of a formidable industry in this line. With the low freight rates and the city's position on the St. Croix, by which stream potatoes could be cheaply brought here, he says that farmers going into potato raising would have an advantage by which they could compete with any section he knows of. Following Mr. Richardson, and commenting on his suggestions, S. W. Powell, one of the most prominent farmers of the St Croix valley, says that the proposed enterprise would meet with the most hearty approval of all the farmers in the section tributary to Stillwater; that there is certainly no farm crops that would yield so large a profit, even at low prices, as a good crop of potatoes, and that "if we go to raising potatoes on a large scale we must get suitable machinery, such as planters, sprinklers and diggers, all of which can be made in Stillwater lower than elsewhere." He urges the calling of an early meeting of farmers and business men to consider the matter.

The suicide at Sacramento, Cal, of Ned Culver, formerly of this city, and a son of Col. Culver, at one time of the Metropolitan hotel, St. Paul, is reported here, but his friends believe that he is in this matter confounded with his cousin, also named Ned Culver, and who was for a time at Duluth, though the recent whereabouts of neither are know. The Stillwater Culver married a sister of Mrs. Dr. W. H. Caine, of Stillwater, and formerly conducted a small book store on South Main street. He went from this city to St. Louis, where he was proprietor of the Allerton hotel: thence to Galveston, and next to Minneapolis, whence he went further west. He was quite a popular young man here, where he was well known in business and society circles.

G. W. Snyder, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., a gentleman interested extensively in flour milling, registed with his wife at the Sawyer house yesterday. It is intimated that his visit may have something to do with the re-establishing of the milling industry in Stillwater, though nothing definite could be learned yesterday.

The district court will reconvene today for the trial of court cases.

Looking at the Dark Side First.

Chicago Mail.

"There was a man here and he left a note for you," said a Warren avenue man to his wife, who was out when he came home in the evening.

"My goodness!" said the lady, while she untied her bonnet-strings. "Who is it from?"

"How do I know," said her husband. "I don't know all your friends."

"You oughn't talk that way to me, Charles," said the wife, just ready to whimper. "You know I never flirted in my life. What did the man say?"

"Oh, he said nothing; he just left the note for you. It's there on the bureau."

"Charlie—boo hoo—I d-din't think you'd think that w-way of me—boo hoo. I'll go home to-night. Where's the baby? where's my baby? and I'll leave you to your unjust suspicions."

"Why don't you read the note?"

"I don't want to see it."

"You had better read it. It won't help things not to read it."

"Why"—drying her eyes—"it's from Aunt Margaret, and stamped and postmarked, too, as though it came by mail. I thought you said a man left it for me."

"So I did, my dear—the postman."

Worse Than the Offense.

Youth's Companion.

A little girl who had a foolish habit of plain-speaking was taken to the sewing circle with her mother. On entering the room, after exchanging greetings with several matrons of her acquaintance, Miss Truthful walked up to another lady, and in the confident tone of one who gives utterance to a self-evident fact, she said, loudly enough for every one present to hear:

"Why, Mrs. Handley, how homely you are!"

While the victim was hiding her confusion as best she might, and the rest were trying hard to conceal their amusement, the young lady herself was hastily taken from the room.

Once in the hall she was dealt with somewhat severely, and made to feel enormity of her unintentional rudeness. Then she was taken back to apologize.

Walking straight up to Mrs. Handley, while all the ladies held their breath to listen, she said, with trembling tones and the tears still upon her cheeks:

"Mrs. Handley, I'm sorry you're so so homely!"

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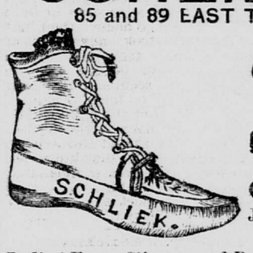

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