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BY LEWIS BAKER.

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—Indications: For Wisconsin: Light local snows; warm, preceded in eastern portions by colder; variable winds. For Minnesota and Iowa: Light local snows; warmer; preceded in Eastern Iowa by colder winds, becoming northwesterly. For Dakota: Fair, preceded in eastern portion by light local snows; warmer in eastern portion; cooler in western portion; winds becoming northwesterly.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Thermometer.	Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Thermometer.
St. Paul....	30.08	10	Ft. Buford.	30.22	30
Ft. Sully. .	30.10	28	Ft. Custer..	30.42	36
Ft. Totten.	30.04	16	Helena. ...	30.60	20
Duluth...	30.06	12	Minnedosa	......	...
La Crosse.	30.08	18	Q'Appelle..	30.06	24
Huron.....	30.12	2	Calgary....	30.36	40
Moorhead.	30.08	—8	Medic'e H.	30.28	34
St. Vincent	30.34	—2	Fort Garry	......	...
Bismarck.	30.12	26	Edmonton.	29.84	38

— Below zero.

THE man who won't keep his sidewalks shoveled off this winter may be called mean without exaggeration.

NEVADA and Rhode Island were the only states that had no rails laid the past year. They didn't even have a new switch.

Two women in New Jersey risked their lives in going down a toboggan slide on bicycles. No encouragement should be given such useless and reckless feats.

IT HAS been decided in an Indiana court that a woman need not pay for her photograph unless she is suited with it. Artists there will evidently try to improve on the original.

A HORSE was shocked to death by a dangling telegraph wire in New York, and yet the experts claim to be troubled how to rig up a circuit to satisfy the new law neatly and with no danger of failure.

THE clerical fulminations at the inaugural ball will apparently accelerate the jollity, but the congressional resolution cutting off the sale of liquor there may reduce the flow of animation, so to speak.

IN VIEW of the visit of BILL NYE to this city it may be mentioned that he is urged in some quarters as the editor of the Congressional Globe. The reasons will be sufficiently indicated in his lecture.

WHILE young JIM BLAINE is starting to learn a trade, his wife is going on the stage, and the paternal BLAINE is trying to get a job at Washington. He has been on the stage as a star a good many years.

THE Scientific American takes issue with those who find physical objections to the marriage of those closely related. It says: "There is nothing to justify the common prejudice that exists against the marriage of near kin." The average of scientific opinion is against it.

IN ONE of the Eastern cities a human brute has been given about thirty years in the penitentiary for luring young girls from their homes and to ruin. A few examples of this sort ought to have a good effect with these wretches, regardless of sex.

IN A Massachusetts town recently a deacon was suspended in his church, chiefly for the reason that he offered his arm to a young lady in escorting her home at night. He ought to be expelled from decent society if he had not tendered the courtesy.

THE good woman had an infallible test of the virtue of the egg. If it was of the quality needed for the setting hen, it would either sink or swim, she didn't remember which. The party owls who know whether BLAINE is to go into the cabinet are like the egg woman.

MISS ROOSEVELT, the wealthy young lady in New York who is about to marry a German baron, sets a good example in prudence by first requiring all her property to be settled upon herself. This plan will be found convenient either side of the water when the divorce is needed.

THE supreme court of Pennsylvania rules that the question whether cider contains alcohol or not is one for the jury to determine. Of course, jurors will only be able to reach conclusions after exhaustive personal examinations. The testimony of experts and examiners will not satisfy them.

HENRY WARD BEECHER's suggestion to secure from damage by dampness the wheat sent over the water in bulk, was to store the hold with copies of the annual reports read at religious anniversaries. Some of the readers of modern religious novels think they know of an equally effective substitute.

THE device in Illinois to break up constraint and wallflowers at social gatherings seems well adapted to the end. Five minute tete-a-tetes are had with partners selected by lot, and any break in the conversation during the period insures a fine. If both parties are required to talk continuously, it will add to the vocal vivacity.

ACCORDING to an Alaskan paper there are localities in that territory so remote or inaccessible that the result of the presidential election will not be known there till next July. These are the settlements on the sea islands and along the banks of the lower Yukon. If there are any Democrats up there, they can go on betting and having their fun over the expected victory for nearly six months yet.

SOCIAL life is reported unusually gay at the national capital this winter. The great questions that embitter life at the crossroads hardly ripple the current at the political headquarters of the nation. Samoa, the tariff, Oklahoma or the birth struggles of the new states do not throw a small cloud over the bright social skies. The statesmen hobnob and touch glassware with the utmost abandon.

WORK FOR ALL.

Among the correspondents who discussed pertinent matters of local interest in last Friday's GLOBE was one who took issue with a former statement of ours that any young man able and willing to work could find employment in this region of the country. He cited himself as a contradiction to the statement, with the assertion that there were others in the same box with himself. We have not the means of knowing what efforts our correspondent has made to obtain employment, or what his disposition may be with regard to the kind of work that he wishes to be employed at. But there is nothing in his communication to change our former opinion or to prevent us from reaffirming that any man, whether young or old, who is capable and willing can find employment. If a young man comes here hunting a soft snap, or is unwilling to labor unless he can wear kid gloves and a stand-up collar every day in the year, then we advise him to go back where he come from. This is not the place for him. The people up here who work and who employ labor are hustlers, and do not take kindly to fastidious employes. We recognize the fact that the easy places have all been filled long ago, and the young man who is unwilling to accept any other but a soft position will have the opportunity to hang around the street corners many months of weary waiting before he finds a place to suit his mind. But if he is willing to lay his hand to anything that comes along, he will not have to wait a great while until some one comes in search of him to give him employment. There are some young men with such dainty ideas of labor, who, when they fail to find a position as a clerk in some business establishment, or a salesman for some first-class house, or a reporter on a reputable newspaper, sit down in despair. My dear boys, you must remember that there are other fields of useful employment, not so remunerative or comfortable, perhaps; but that should make no difference to an active, independent young fellow, who is earnest in his desire to find something for his hands to do. If nothing better is in sight, join the street force, clean sidewalks, work on the levee, hire yourself out as an apprentice to a good mechanic—anything rather than be idling away your time and lamenting that there is no employment to be had. There is no disgrace in any kind of labor which will turn an honest penny. The hod carrier, who earns the salt that goes into a scanty meal, fills a more honorable place in the world than the pampered son of fortune who lives sumptuously on the earnings of others. By glancing at the advertising columns of the GLOBE young men out of employment will find every few days the advertisement of some employment agency who are offering good wages to laborers to work on railroads and other improvements in Dakota, Montana and elsewhere. But the young man who is hunting for a soft snap doesn't take to that kind of work. It will take him away from the city, and he can't go to balls and the theater at night. Just there is the trouble, young friends, with most of you who complain of not finding work. You want to be in the giddy whirl; you want to dress well; you want to have dainty hands and powdered faces; you want to have a good time generally. In short, you are hunting for sinecures. We will say to you frankly, if you possess these dainty ideas of labor, you missed your sphere when you got into this community. The sooner you get away the better it will be for you and the better for us. Pack your traps and start to-morrow for the land of the Hottentots. There you can indulge your laziness and exist. You can't do it here.

SAMOAN COMPLICATIONS.

Our Washington dispatches this morning indicate that there is a lack of harmony in the cabinet over the Samoan trouble; and so variant are the views of the members of the president's official household, bad temper was excited at the last cabinet meeting during the discussion of this matter. Secretary WHITNEY and Postmaster General DICKINSON, representing the young and progressive element of the administration, are decided in their convictions that the United States government must assume a belligerent attitude. The elderly members of the CLEVELAND household are naturally more conservative, and approve the hesitating policy adopted by Secretary BAYARD. We are grateful for the information in our dispatches that President CLEVELAND disapproves the BAYARD policy, and is disposed to side with WHITNEY and DICKINSON. At this distance we cannot undertake to gauge Eastern sentiment on this question, but we do feel warranted in saying that Mr. DICKINSON reflects the Western view of it.

As anticipated, our San Francisco dispatches bring the information that the German officials are endeavoring to make a scapegoat of KLEIN, the correspondent, and to make him responsible for the trouble. It is a matter of no consequence to us what trivial occurrence brought on the conflict between the natives and the German marines. The facts which interest us are that the American flag was insulted and the German empire is seeking to establish a protectorate over the Samoan islands. Either is sufficient provocation for a war, and our position as a nation should be that unless a prompt and proper apology is made for the insult to the flag, followed by a cessation of all effort by the Germans to establish a protectorate at Samoa, we should prepare for war. If BISMARCK hails with joy the Samoan complication because of the excuse it will give to build a naval outfit commensurate with the power and dignity of the German empire, we should surely be gratified for the same excuse to do something in the same line. If any nation on earth needs a pretext for a naval equipment, it is this country.

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE.

We are gratified to observe the promptness with which the GLOBE's suggestion relative to the building of a new opera house was adopted by the moneyed men of the city. In another column we give in detail the plans which matured yesterday, by which a local syndicate obtained from the DAVIDSON estate the property lying in the block bounded by Fourth, Wabasha, Fifth and St. Peter streets, upon which they propose immediately to erect an opera house that will be a credit to the city. The names of the gentlemen associated with the enterprise are a sufficient guarantee that it will be pushed forward to a successful completion. No more eligible site for a first-class theater could have been found in the city than the one selected. It is centrally located, on the cable line, near the court house, postoffice, the leading hotels, and in the heart of the business district. It is understood that the main entrance to this magnificent temple of art will be on Fourth street, but there will be entrances and exits leading to and from all the four streets. We infer from what is stated by Mr. LOWRY and other gentlemen associated with him in this enterprise that the new theater will be run in conjunction with the Minneapolis Grand on an interchange business agreement, similar to the one existing between that theater and the St. Paul Grand before its destruction.

CHURCH ATTENDANCE.

Some of the recent explorations show that the churches in New York city are falling a good deal behind the growth of population. The attendance does not increase as the human tides swell in the broad ways without. In one of the more thickly settled parts of the city, it is stated that all the Protestant churches have adopted the plan of sending out ten persons in each 100 of the membership, on Sundays, to persuade people to come to the churches. It is rather a novel scheme to drum up church attendance in this way, and its operation may afford some solution of the problem how to get people within the gospel precincts.

SUNDAY CHATTER.

The New York editor who fancies that he is elevating the profession by putting texts of Scripture at the head of his editorial columns recently discoursed to the Methodist ministers upon the demoralizing effect of Sunday papers and travel and concerts on that day. One of his hearers was unkind enough to allude to the character of the sporting department that followed the pious quotations in his paper, and the "tips" found there on horse races. Truly good men must expect to meet some rude and unfeeling criticism from the common herd.

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This is called the poor man's winter. But it is not altogether in his pocket, as he has had no job in digging out blockaded people and railroads, little ice cutting, not much coal to handle, and a general shortage in the work connected with an average winter. But the profit and loss account will have items in both columns.

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The Democrats ought to have a comfortable time in Indiana when they get the White Caps all in the penitentiary and the Republicans all leave for Washington.

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Gen. BUTLER is attorney in a breach of promise suit in which the lady wants $75,000 for her loss of a husband. The peculiar feature of the case is that the courtship had gone on for thirty-five years. If the theory not often discouraged by those who have personal experience, that wooing is the most enjoyable season in the domestic range, is sustained, this wealthy lover is not taxed too high. He had spent his life on the sunny side of matrimony, and, having none of its tribulations, he ought to pay liberally.

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The Republicans in the larger branch of the Ohio legislature are said to be indignant at their chaplain for his assurance to the Almighty in his prayer that they were "a heterogeneous mass of humanity, ill fitted for legislation." They might have overlooked this aspersion if it had not been preceded by the statement that they "could not go to heaven on a pass." This was regarded as cutting off their only chance.

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There is evidently great latitude to the jury system in Massachusetts. Hon. J. B. ALLEY, a former congressman and aspirant for literary note, is defendant in a case involving his reputation, and has had trials before seven different juries, each of which found him guilty. In each case he has induced the judge to set aside the verdict, and give him a new trial. There does not seem to be any limit to this routine in that state, as long as material for juries can be had. It is not surprising that reform in the jury system is called for there.

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The whistling accomplishment has its limitations and vexations. A young lady in the East, who was to give a Sunday entertainment, was restricted to sacred music. She was unequal to the requirement. Probably there is a lack of the sort that will meet the new demand. But the laws that regulate trade will no doubt eventually relieve the situation.

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When the air ships become a success, how can the Chinese be kept out of California is a question raised.

TOPICAL TALK.

It was not with the noise of a great rushing wind that the blizzard entered. There was the sound of a soft step on the threshold, the sanctum door opened slowly, and a voice with the mildness of a summer breeze proclaimed: "I live twenty-five miles above Fergus on Jim Hill's switch, at a place called Pelican." No other introduction was necessary. I knew that I stood face to face with Mrs. Blaidsell, known to the newspaper world as "The Minnesota Blizzard." This remarkable woman's frontier experiences and her services in war times are a part of the history of the state. Her inclination for politics and her activity in election times have furnished many a stirring episode in the political campaigns of the state. It was not until Mrs. Blaidsell went to Washington to accept a clerkship in the treasury department, which had been secured for her by Mr. Windom, that she gained the sobriquet of "The Minnesota Blizzard." She had occasion to appear in the role of a lobbyist around the congressional halls, and the newspaper correspondents christened her with the name she is now most familiarly known by.

† † †

Mrs. Blaidsell is a candidate for the position of matron in the state prison, and is backed up in her candidacy by all the old settlers and the old soldiers, both Democrats and Republicans. But it was not of her candidacy that she came to talk. "I don't like the politics of the GLOBE," she began with characteristic frankness, "and I was nettled because of that picture you published of me some time ago. But for all that the GLOBE is an Eli paper—it is always getting there. It is newsy to the limit, and in your editorial columns have started all the reforms that we have had in the state for the last four or five years. For that reason I want your aid in advocating an advance in the salary of the prison matron. I may get the position, or I may not, but whoever does hold it deserves more than is paid. Just think of the pitiful sum of $40 a month as the salary of the mother of a great state institution. Such parsimony is disgraceful." The GLOBE agrees with Mrs. Blaidsell. The salary is inadequate. Twelve or fifteen hundred dollars a year would be small compensation for the services.

† † †

"I think I would rather be chief justice than president or congressman." That was the unbiased opinion of my ten-year-old boy who accompanied me on a recent visit to Washington. It was given after a visit to all the departments representing the three distinct branches of the government. Believing in child wisdom because of its guileless sincerity, I asked for the reasons upon which this opinion had been founded. I learned that it was based upon the impressions he had received from what he saw in the White house, in the halls of congress, and in the supreme court room. At the White house he was amused by the squatty appearance of the president, disgusted by the ill-mannered curiosity of the visitors, and surprised that a great government did not provide a more decent residence for its chief magistrate. A few hours spent in the halls of congress impressed the child with the opinion that men in even the most exalted station are only grown up boys. In the senate, while the chaplain was praying, only one senator stood up. The others were variously engaged, some writing at their desks, some sitting on settees engaged in conversation, while from our perch in the gallery we could look down upon two millionaire senators from the Pacific coast just under us, with a copy of the Police Gazette spread open before them, laughing as if their sides would burst over one of its pictorial illustrations. To the boy's mind the dignity of the senate was a myth. Over in the house of representatives it was a fillibustering day, and naturally the ideas of American statesmanship gathered there were not altogether complimentary. But when the boy sat down in the supreme court room, where everybody came in and went out on tip-toe, he was impressed by the respectful silence. The sight of the worshipful judges in their black gowns, and the deference paid by bench and bar to the distinguished-looking personage who presided, impressed his youthful mind with the impression that the chief justice was really the only great man this nation could produce.

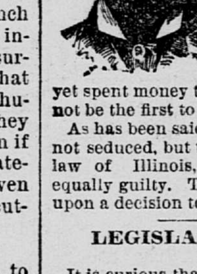
† † †

Charles Hedges, the Associated Press agent at Indianapolis, courteously replies by letter to the criticisms recently made by the GLOBE on the slushy manner in which much of the Associated Press news is served. In vindication of his own work Mr. Hedges writes as follows:

To criticise and expose follies and errors is a recognized duty of the press which results in much good. I never object to being publicly criticised, especially in the gentlemanly manner which you adopt. If, however, I can, from a news standpoint (which is my standpoint), show my critic to be somewhat in error, or behind the times, I trust it will be accepted in a fair, and even friendly, spirit.

I will not discuss the great change that has gradually taken place with the American press in the past ten years, regarding the personality and doings of our celebrated and distinguished people. It is my duty to keep abreast of the times and graduate my items to meet this apparent change in the public taste. To do so may be, and in fact is, repugnant, since it has a sort of 'Jenkins' flavor about it that is not agreeable to a Western-raised man. But what am I to do? The illness of Gen. Harrison's favorite grandchild seems to be a matter of real news to the millions of readers in the East and a subject of ridicule in the West. Which is right? I merely call the matter to your attention; it's worthy of study. The people east of the Alleghenys read with avidity everything touching the president-elect and his family, even to his clothes and his shoes, while the people of the West seem to resent such matters as an imputation upon their manhood. Apparently we have two distinct civilizations, but my dispatches, unfortunately, go to both. Personally I belong to the Western type, and many items, of a personal character, leave my pen without my approval, but I feel it a duty to suppress my own likes and dislikes and aim to send items that will be read with interest by others. You ask, "Jerusalem! what ailed the cat?" Well, if the house cat was the same object of interest to Gen. Harrison that his little sick grandson is, I should certainly feel compelled to keep (Eastern) public advised about that cat.

SENATOR-ELECT WASHBURN.



About a week before his election, Senator-elect Washburn was approached by several of his lieutenants with the statement,

"If you do not spend some money at once you are defeated."

Mr. Washburn drew himself up as he replied:

"A Washburn never yet spent money to secure office and I will not be the first to break the rule."

As has been said, the lady of the house was not seduced, but the hired girl. Under the law of Illinois, though, both would be equally guilty. The anarchists were hung upon a decision to that effect.

LEGISLATIVE MINUTIÆ.

It is curious that the good bills defeated in the legislature generally fail through the opposition of ignorance, while the bad ones pass by the aid of ignorance.

A law limiting the number of bills introduced each session, and restricting local legislation to town boards for authority, might not be an evil. The bulk of legislative time at present is given up to "purely local bills."

In the session of 1887 three general railroad bills had been introduced within the first ten days. The present session is in its third week, and not a railroad bill yet.

The payment of the hotel bills of legislators by parties for whom they have done official favors is becoming as great an evil as free passes were.

The inability of the members to draw mileage for out one round trip may explain why so many dislike to make weekly trips home.

It is a strange circumstance when a man is elected to the legislature who is not fond of women, wine and song. The more gray-headed the member, the greater his appreciation of these fruits of Adam's fall.

One poor female book agent and 103 members of the house at the opening of the session. At its close, a sleek, well-dressed, bejeweled female book agent and 103 poor members of the house.

The chaplain's exclamation: "Let us enter in with joy!" has been the subject of fruitful comment among those members who "went into camp" the day before the senatorial election.

Of the members of the house committee on temperance, McKusick prefers his straight; Kreis favors Milwaukee; Jacobson has Pommery Sec inclinations; Estes takes his with milk; Maland wants water, and Ives absorbs the vintage of 1859 like a sponge; Ellingson and Perrin prefer cider.

SENATORIAL COMMENT.

A reasonable mind can arrive only at one conclusion, and that is that in the selection of senator, the same as in the election of governor, the Republican party worshiped mammon instead of brains, and that its party leaders are so completely under the domination, and so closely allied to the monied aristocrats, that the voice of the people is stifled. —Faribault Pilot.

Mr. Washburn is senator, and the less said about it the better for the good name of Minnesota. That money was used in the contest, no man doubts. That Mr. Washburn used it or ordered its use cannot be proven.—Winona Herald.

Hon. Albert Scheffer is a "bully boy" since he helped to make Mr. Washburn United States senator. The little hireling sheets that denounced him as a scavenger are now lauding him to the skies. But poor Charlie Gilman—there is no forgiveness for him. He has added to his numerous transgressions by refusing to bow his knee to the Baal of the subsidized press. He is damned beyond hope of redemption.—Princeton Union.

This was probably the only way the Republicans could get out of their muddle, as a refusal to support Washburn after their caucus indorsement, would have tainted him with corruption and probably split the party, and which caused some of the old leaders to rally around with their warning cries, for the situation was becoming desperate.—Shakopee Courier.

The news of the nomination of Washburn for the senate, was received with great disappointment by our citizens. Republicans are loud in their denunciation of his promotion to that exalted position.—Chaska Herald.

Now that the legislature has chosen a railroad president to represent the state in the "American house of lords," under an agreement among the managers of the victory that another railroad president is to succeed Senator Davis, as has been whispered by parties having the means of knowing the details of suppressed political deals, the magnitude of the mistake into which the legislature has been plunged may be estimated as two-fold. —Preston Republican.

On the contrary, there was a general kneeling down before an ideal fetich, to whom a sympathy with the rural people is an impossibility. The life of the producing regions of Minnesota has been sapped by just such men as W. D. Washburn.—Lanesboro Journal.

No man whose certificate of election of United States senator is smirched with the taint of bribery, should ever be allowed to represent Minnesota at Washington. Serious charges have been made. Mr. Washburn should insist upon a rigorous investigation and a vindication so complete that enemies and friends alike can no longer remain in doubt.—Duluth News.

The number of millionaire senators, estimated now at from thirty to thirty-two, or nearly one-half the entire senate, has been increased by the choice of Gen. W. D. Washburn to succeed Sabin from Minnesota. Washburn is a railroad president, is worth $5,000,000 and lives in a million-dollar house at Minneapolis. He was born at Livermore, Me., in 1831, and is a graduate of Bowdoin college. He made his money in lumber.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

DRAMATIC DRIFT.

The past week will be remembered in the history of St. Paul's theatrical matters because of the disastrous fire last Monday morning which consumed the Grand opera house. Helen Barry had been booked for the week's entertainment and was on hand with her company, ready to fulfill the engagement. Fortunately, the baggage of the company had not been removed from the depot to the theater; consequently there was no loss to them. Miss Barry exhibited singular pluck under the circumstances. Instead of sitting down and wringing her hands in disappointment she hustled around and hired the high school hall and gave a performance that night. Manager Scott hopes to have Market hall in shape for theatrical entertainments next week, when Margaret Mather, under her new management, is booked for an engagement.

§§§

"The Two Orphans" at the People's did the biggest business of any week since the opening of that popular theater. Produced by so complete a company, the play was necessarily an eminent success. Then the misfortune which befell the Grand had a natural tendency to increase the business at the People's, and, as a result, standing room was at a premium nearly every performance during the week. Owing to the success of "The Two Orphans," the same bill will be repeated this week.

§§§

There will be a strangely distinguished young lady at the dime museum next week. Among all the daughters of Eve she stands alone, having been signally marked from the rest in that she has been given two tongues by Nature in one of the unaccountable moods of that freakish old lady. The young lady's name is Miss Fannie Greenwald. There have been instances where women have had more than two feet and an extra finger or two, but no one ever before heard of a woman who rejoiced in the possession of two tongues. They are perfectly developed, and Miss Greenwald can use one as well as the other, or she can use both of them at the same time. She can sing with one while talking with the other, or she can sing with one while whistling an accompaniment with the other. There will also be another strange woman in the person of Miss Etta Lake, the elastic skin lady. Her skin is like a covering of soft rubber, that can be drawn into any shape that the wearer wishes. Clint Williams and his wonderful performing bear will be seen. Prof. Wallace and his silkworms will be one of the most entertaining features ever in the museum. Upon the upper stage Dr. Hoffman, the thaumaturgist, will present his wonderful cabinet mysteries, in which he accomplishes the unexplainable things done by the Davenport brothers. In the lower theater will be Herno's Big Novelty company. It includes Mackin and Cardy, the black face team; Miss Emma Bell, the song and dance lady; the Recketts in a new sketch, Eddie Estus, the gymnast and equilibrist; McIntosh and Gaize, and Verno, the Chinese impersonator and crayon artist.

§§§

Gen. Lew Wallace is looking about for some one to dramatize Ben Hur. As soon as the proper person is found the story will be arranged for a stage production. Gen. Wallace receiving a share of the profits. The story, dramatized, will doubtless be an interesting play, yet there are many people who will consider it a sacrilege to have a "tale of the Christ" acted out on the stage. The same arguments will be brought out that are used against the "Passion Play." With Ben Hur as an historical religious play, and Robert Elsmere's theology on the stage, theater-going people will not lack religious instruction, and the preacher may soon find his place usurped by the actor.

§§§

After Richard Stahl had written "Said Pasha," he waited long before he found a manager who would put it on the stage. The Krelling Brothers were finally prevailed upon to give the play a trial, and it proved such a success in San Francisco, where it was first produced, that the writer's wildest hopes were more than realized. In Philadelphia, where it has just been presented, it was even more successful, and it is likely to have a big run through the East. The scenery and the costumes in the play are said to be magnificent, and the chorus consists of sixty people. Helen Dingeon, Carrie Godfrey, Louise Du Roy, Stanley Felch and Mesmer, the tenor, are some of the artists of the company.

§§§

Some of Ellen Terry's new costumes are creating as much of a sensation as does her acting. In "Macbeth" her robes are gorgeous. Miss Terry has a new conception of Lady Macbeth, impersonating her with red hair. She says that in her reading of the character she cannot do otherwise than don a red wig when she takes the part.

§§§

The immortal Sara has been seized with a desire to do "As in a Looking Glass" in Paris, and she is looking about for a clever Frenchman who will translate the play into French. Sara is determined to get a Worth outfit that will outshine the "Jersey Lily's," and as the success of the affair depends upon the elegance of the costumes, there is little doubt but it will strike Parisians favorably.

§§§

There are no two persons on the stage who are brought more frequently before the public, and whose names appear oftener in print, than Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter. It is doubtful if any actresses receive more criticism than these two, and the criticism is generally, not only unfavorable, but often insulting. Viewing these criticisms from a financial point, they cannot but prove beneficial to Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Langtry, helping to keep them in the mind of the public, and they are playing to crowded houses. However much the New York critics may be displeased with the acting of these ladies, it is evident that their opinions are having very little weight with New Yorkers. The harsh criticism is proving to be a drawing card with these two stars, for many people, noticing the unfavorable comments of the press, go simply out of curiosity, to see the persons who can attract so much attention in the papers.

§§§

There has been a great deal of gossip about the coming separation of Messrs. Robson and Crane. They are accused by wise newspaper writers of disagreeing in regard to the manner of producing the Falstaff plays, and it is said that both want to take the same part at the same time, which thing being quite impossible, they have decided to part. Meddlesome press people have started the rumor that the two stars will not speak, and one of the most serious charges brought out is that they never stop at the same hotel. Mr. Robson was recently interviewed on the subject, and most emphatically denied that he and Crane had quarreled. Said he: "We are thoroughly friendly, though the public may not see us together at all times. That we do not stay at the same hotel is, I suppose, all a matter of taste. Partners in commercial life and in the other professions often have the same peculiarities. Why can't we?" Mr. Robson went on to say that after their engagement at the Star theater in the spring he and Crane would star singly. After next May "The Henrietta" will become Mr. Robson's exclusive property, and he thinks his prospects with the play are perfectly safe.

§§§

When "La Tosca" was presented at the Broadway theater last season, the fastidious morality of New York received a terrible shock. Now, Fanny Davenport, after toning down the play somewhat, is coining money with "La Tosca" at the Star theater, and the nice and proper New Yorkers have come to the conclusion that the play is not so bad after all.

§§§

Lillian Russell has been taking an inventory of her personal effects, and finds, counting jewelry, costumes and real estate, that she is worth just just $40,000.

HELEN BARRY'S TEAR.

Helen Barry, with the same degree of curiosity that led Juno to test Paris, walked over to the Grand opera house Monday morning to see if it was really burning. The police gallantly let her pass the barriers, and she reached the main entrance in safety. It was very wet there. Miss Barry stepped into a pool ankle deep and drew a small foot out with a shiver. "Splash!" a drop of water struck her slightly up-tilted nose and sprayed over her face.

"No enamel there," grinned a bystander, who observed that her color stood "wash." But there was other moisture on Miss Barry's face. A tear had stolen out of a recess of her eye, and in the cold became a pearl which trembled on a dark, black lash, slipped and fell to the ground. Then the little English lady turned away, climbed over dirty wet hose, crawled under a taut rope and went back to her hotel.

IN THE DIVORCE COURT.

The judge looked solemnly at Mrs. Riley, but that lady had her eyes upon the floor, much interested in the progress of a yellow-backed cockroach toward an open register.

"Whoop!" she suddenly exclaimed, "the baste is in."

The judge rapped for order and began:

"On what grounds do you desire a divorce, Mrs. Riley?"

"Shure, your honor, an' on me own grounds. Oi wouldn't be asking for yours."

"You misunderstand me. What did your husband do to make you desire a divorce from him?"

"Och, phwat did he do. Phwat didn't he do? Whin a mon phwat is white will kiss a naygur girrul in the prisince of his woife an' call it tastin' brown shugar, isn't that enough, jedge? Whoop!" seeing the cockroach appear, none the worse for its tumble, "the boog is out agin."

"Mrs. Riley," continued the judge, "is this why you desire a divorce?"

"It is, your honor."

"Nothing more?"

"Shure an' how could there be more, since barrin' the naygur, Terrence is a howly mon?"

"Then I cannot grant you the divorce, Mrs. Riley. The case is dismissed, and you had better go home and make up with Terrence."

But Mrs. Riley did not hear him. The cockroach had met another, and was doing valiant battle for a crumb of bread. Mrs. Riley was out of the witness box, on her hands and knees, watching them."

"Whoop!" she shouted. "Soolivan and Paddy Ryan. Murther of Moses, how the bastes fight. Jidge, jidge, for the loife of yez come down here and see Soolivan do the little wun up. Howly St. Moichael, an' he's atin' him aloive!"

The bailiff shoved her gently outside of the door, and the next case was called.

LOVE'S UNTOLD ART.

I sought in the musty pages
Of olden time romance,
In histories of other ages,
Hoping that there, perchance,

I would find some balm assuaging
The hungerings of my heart,
That had all night been waging
War with love's modern art.

I read Paul and Virginia's story,
And read of Aphrodite,
Of Egypt's dusky Queen's glory
And of mad Mark Antony;

Of Aspasia and Pericles,
Of Helen and Leonel,
And others like unto these
That history and romance tell.

But my heart still kept on crying.
It had found not what it sought
As I watched the sunset dying
In the sea with secrets fraught.

As I watched a boat came sailing
Swiftly across the strand,
And my heart forgot its wailing
As my love did haste to land.

And I read in his eyes forgiving,
And in his strong arms fold,
That loving, the same as living,
Is an art that can never be told.
—Florence R. Bacon.

Minneapolis, Jan. 26.

NOT ON THE SCHEDULE.

A Fourth street physician had his stethoscope at the breast of a candidate for life insurance, listening intently to the business-like work of the heart within.

"Ever drink?"

"Nope."

The inquisition then went on, and presently the victim said: "Say, doctor, you haven't asked me if I used tobacco. I smoke like a furnace."

"Cigarettes?"

"No, just cigars."

"Well, the company don't put that in the schedule. Take it for granted, I s'pose, that eight out of every nine smoke."

And so it goes, with life insurance. The company will carry $20,000 on the life of a dude who may have good lungs and a fair heart, but who spends that valuable life filling the one with the vile fumes of the cigarette and nicotinizing the other until it works like a piston-rod on an engine without a governor valve. A "tobacco heart" is about the most common ailment of the times, but the insurance companies probably regard it as a necessary evil, as long as they must do business with men.

"AM DE FIAH OUT?"

While the Davidson block, Third and Cedar, was on fire the other night Will Strickland, out of curiosity, made a tour of the two upper stories of it. If the tenement dives of New York be curiosities, he found here a world of hideousness never known before to him. The second and third floors are honeycombed with cubby-hole rooms, inhabited by perhaps fifty negro men and women, also white women and a host of hangers-on, known in criminal parlance as "babies." When the smoke invaded their dens they poured out like rats, screaming at the top of their voices and struggling to save some wretched piece of furniture or clothing. The stench was terrific, the smoke stifling and the darkness made doubly hideous by the wails and cries of the denizens. Above them all rose a shrill voice.

"Mistah Morton, Mistah Morton, air you shuah de fiah's out?"

"Yes, Lize, de fiah am out. Shut up yer hollering."

"Thank the Lord, Mistah Morton. I could almost smell myself burning, for shuah I could."

THE KISS.

[Dedicated to Harold Russell.]

I.

A cup of red wine for eyes that are black,
A cup of cold tea for those blue.
My heart and my life for the heavenly bliss
In the press of sweet lips when they kiss.

II.

A song for the arms that are temptingly white,
A penny for those that are soft,
My honor for aye to the blushing young miss
Who shyly surrenders a kiss.

III.

May heaven preserve the blush of the rose,
The glories of evening skies!
Spare me the pang of relinquishing this,
Man's birthright—his duty—to kiss!
—Agnes.

GEN. BAKER TANTALIZED.

The day of the senatorial election Gen. James Baker took a seat at the reporters' desk in the house.

"Boys," he announced, "I am here as the reporter of the Whangdoodle Journal."

So the boys welcomed him, and the general settled down to enjoy the scene. After a while a report came in from the senate that Gov. Merriam had nominated him for a railroad commissionership. One of the reporters leaned across the table to congratulate him.

"No! no!" exclaimed the general, refusing to take the proffered hand, "I won't believe it."

"But Lieut. Gov. Rice says that it is so."

"Impossible! I withdrew my application from the governor thirty days ago."

"Well, but he has nominated you."

"It can't be so. I was in no sense a candidate."

Nothing could convince him that the report was true, although the light in his eyes and on his face told only too plainly how he hoped for its verification.

"It's a hoax," said his lips.

"Hope it isn't!" exclaimed his eyes.

"Won't believe it," slipped from his mouth.

"Perhaps it is true," beamed in his face.

It was not true—all the more pity for the general—but for a short time in the play of his mind he suffered and enjoyed all of the pangs of Tantalus.

A PECULIAR PENSION CASE.

The frauds perpetrated upon the pension department are many, so many that the special agents or detectives employed by the government have more than they can attend to in tracing the perpetrators. Some years ago there came to Minnesota from Pennsylvania a man by the name of Cross, who settled in Murray county and tried an unsuccessful hand at farming. He had left his wife in Pennsylvania, and for some reason or other she refused to join him. Becoming discouraged and feeling that his wife had deserted him, Cross went to Texas, entered the army and served with great ability. His wife's refusal to live with him had so embittered his life that he sought death in battle, but without success. His daring was commended by his superiors, and after twelve years of service he was discharged, to die peacefully in his bed as a private citizen. Meanwhile he had taken a second wife, and at his death she applied to the government for a pension, which was promptly granted. Last year Mrs. Cross No. 1 left Pennsylvania in search of her husband, came to Murray county, learned that he had gone to Texas, ascertained his army record, claimed a pension, established the proof of her marriage, and got it. Mrs. Cross No. 2 necessarily was deprived of the one she secured. This is but one instance of the many intricate pension cases the department is forced to unravel. Justice would give the pension to Mrs. Cross No. 2, but the law settles it upon No. 1, although years had elapsed since the separation of her husband and self. No. 2's pension would be considered fraudulent.

ALL AROUND.

Leading foreign bankers do not consider that the present spurt in foreign exchange is likely to cause gold shipments. The foreign money market is again in plethoric condition, and there is very little inducement to ship gold. It is not probable that, under the existing conditions, gold could be shipped at a profit without a rise of from ½ to ¾ cents in the selling rates of prime demand sterling.

P. T. Barnum has been giving many of his books and curios to his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. He still retains his rings, however, and he has a few curiosities which the public may continue to gaze upon at the rate of 50 cents per head.

The bill introduced in the Pennsylvania legislature attacking the coal combination does not excite and particular fears. The bill makes the protection of individual coal operators its chief object, although existing laws cover this matter very explicitly. The principal complaint of individual operators in the coal regions is invariably with regard to the scarcity of cars. The railroads under almost any circumstances are able to regulate this matter to their own satisfaction.

Robert G. Ingersoll went to see the play of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" the other evening, and sent an autograph letter to Mrs. Burnett, congratulating her upon having created a romance that would make not only individuals, but the world purer and better. "Truly," wrote he, "this big world is better because your mother's child was born." While chatting in the foyer Col. Ingersoll talked of the coming inauguration and expressed his intention of going to the ball. "I haven't been to a ball for years, nor have I tried to dance, except at home with the children," said he, "but I really feel it my duty to go to this one, out of compliment to the Indiana preachers."

It is Count Herbert Bismarck to whom we are particularly indebted for the present disturbed condition of Samoa. He has made the affairs of the latter his pet hobby, and has devoted much attention thereto. Indeed, the head of a large Hamburg firm who has been a resident of the Samoa islands for many years, and who during the recent Samoan troubles had an interview with Count Herbert, remarked: "I felt as if I had been talking to somebody who lived on the islands."

Young Mr. Sharon, of San Francisco, son of the late Senator Sharon, who has just purchased a handsome house in Gramercy Park, New York, adjoining the mansion of the late Samuel J. Tilden, has dispatched five freight cars from California loaded with pictures, mirrors, china, furniture and books for his new home in that city. The late Senator Sharon collected a very fine English library, and it will be transferred intact to the house in Gramercy Park. He also left a few pictures of great value, which will accompany the books.

The hero and heroine of the latest novel by Edgar Saltus, "A Transaction in Hearts," are in a very serious condition. The author asserts that the former has eyes "of that green-black which is noticable in dysodile coal," while the heroine has a skin which is "eburnean in its clarity," while her eyes are "of iserine." Probably nothing can be done for the hero, but the heroine should consult an expert oculist at once. Iserine eyes are not incurable, though the treatment for them is necessarily severe.

WONDERS OF THE SEA.

A mile down the water has a pressure of a ton to the square inch.

It has been proven that at the depth of 3,500 feet waves are not felt.

The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle, from the ice of the pole to the burning sun of the equator.

At some places the force of the sea dashing upon the rock on the shore is said to be seventeen tons to the square yard.

The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In the many bays on the coast of Norway the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above.

If a box six feet deep were filled with sea water, and the water allowed to evaporate in the sun, there would be two inches of salt left in the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of salt 230 feet thick on the Atlantic.

Waves are very deceptive; to look at them in a storm one would think the whole water traveled. The water stays in the same place, but the motion goes on. Sometimes in storms these waves are forty feet high and travel fifty miles an hour—more than twice as fast as the swiftest steamer. The distance from valley to valley is generally fifteen times the height; hence, a wave five feet high will extend over seventy-five feet of water.

EXTRAORDINARY DEATHS.

Quin, the comedian, died while emptying a glass of Bordeaux.

Lely died of jealously at the success of Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Henry I. died of an attack of indigestion, due to a surfeit of lampreys.

Elphinstone, the chancellor of Scotland, was heart broken by the battle of Flodden.

Emperor Frederick III. and his son, Maximilian I., both died, we are told, of eating too heartily of melons.

Hannibal, says Juvenal, did not perish by a javelin or a sword; the slaughters of Cannæ were revenged by a ring.

Valentia, the Spanish theologian, died because he was accused by the pope of having falsified a passage in St. Augustine.

The death of Pope was imputed by some of his friends to a silver saucepan in which it was his delight to heat potted lampreys.

Cheke, the great English scholar, "who taught King Edward Greek," died of grief at having perverted from his religious belief.

Henry I., king of Castile, was killed by the fall of a tile from the roof while taking his amusement in the court yard of his palace.

Ireland the litterateur, was honest enough, it is said, to die of shame at having palmed off upon the public as Shakespeare's a dramatic effort of his own.

The Italian architect Della Porta, the scholar Manutius, the Dutch painter Dujarnin—and many others, more or less celebrated—have succumbed to dyspepsia.

The Italian philosopher, Rhodiginus, died of grief because Francis was taken prisoner at Pavia—which shows that he was not much of a philosopher, after all.

An hour before Malherve, the great French writer, breathed his last, he woke suddenly from a profound swoon to reprove his nurse for using a word which, in his opinion, was indifferent French.

When the famous physician Remeau was dying his confessor wearied him with a long homily, and he, rallying his failing energies, exclaimed: "What on earth makes you come here and chant to me, M. le Cure? You have a deuce of a bad voice!"

MITTENS FOR TWO.

So you're in love? Oh, well I know
What 'tis to be 'neath Cupid's knee;
For I myself once felt love's glow
In loving one girl passionately.
You feel that life is full of bliss;
That heaven cannot sweeter be
Than life with this dear, pretty miss!
You can't deny that you're in glee;
For so was I.

You've told this maiden that your life
Would be a failure and a curse
If she did not become your wife
And take you soon for better or worse.
Ah, yes, you've told her many times
All this, and penned her notes in verse,
In which, I'm sure, the ancient rhymes
Of "love" and "dove" you'd oft rehearse;
For so did I.

You've told her that she's lovelier far
Than any girl you e'er looked on;
That like unto an evening star
Her eyes were brilliant—and anon
You said her voice was like a flute.
Oh, yes, I know how maids are won—
What's that? She then refused your suit?
You say that you were sat upon?
Well, so was I.
—Rhodes Macknight.

PER DIEM DRAWERS.

Senator Ward and the Leonine Characteristics of His Nature.

Fifth District Men Wear the Laurel Wreath for Bon Hommie.

Cushman Rice and His Intention to Saber Bluff Bismarck.

The Porous Plaster Tendered to Bob Dunn and Alvah Eastman.

I find among most people a prevalent opinion that as cats transferred from civilization to woodland or mountain wilds become ferocious in habits and dangerous to man, so men when taken from the private walks of life and placed in the halls of state as legislators, suffer an entire change of manners—in other words, become quite distinct beings from what they were originally. Some circumstances bear out this view. Senator Ward at home is a lamb. I know he is, and there is not a resident of Waseca who knows him but will bear this out. But in the legislature—as it were removed from civilization to the haunts of barbarism—and the lion in him sticks out from the angry shake of his gray locks to the deep, sullen roar of his voice. Who that heard him cry out the other night at the Ryan:

"Where is the reporter for the Chicago Herald?"

But trembled for that unfortunate satirist of Minnesota brain if the senator once found him. If the doctrine of metempsychosis is ever universally accepted, who will be found to deny the previous existence of the senator from Waseca as a monarch of the jungles of Africa, a shaggy-headed, big-limbed, man-defying lion of the Nile?

***

Sitting on the porch of Senator Buckman's residence at Sauk Rapids one night last summer, I said to him:

"Politics as managed to-day is too corrupt for a really honest man to enjoy being part of it."

"Yes," he replied, "but not so corrupt as to prevent a man's fighting for a friend's success. Friendship is yet a powerful factor in shaping political campaigns."

Observation of the senator's course in political matters since then has given me ample proof that friendship is the guiding star of his political life, and that under its beneficent light he can do things successfully which would ruin other men. I said to him two nights before the senatorial election:

"You are not going to vote for Washburn?"

"I am," he replied. "There is my word to Dave Clough, and we are friends."

In their friendships, these Fifth district politicians are totally different from the people of any other part of the state. The wind of the north, the odor of the pine, the comparative wildness of their territory, and the freedom of its social life yet from false conventionalities, give these men a frankness of manner, a bon hommie, a regard for each other's good will, that is most attractive. Graves, Comstock, Fleming, Dunn, Flynn, Lee, Searle are all types of the broad-gauged Fifth district statesman. The state would not suffer by having more like them.

***

Lieut. Gov. Rice has a boy—Cushman is his first name, and I will wager that it was given in honor of Senator C. K. Davis—who is bound to make a warrior of himself. Not very long ago he wrote to his father, requesting that the latter forward him at once several new story books. Incidentally he added that he had made up his mind to take his pony and go out and saber Bismarck for insulting the American flag, while his mother and sister would stay home and keep house. I think though when this eleven-year-old youngster sees "Hans Brinker" and "Jo's Boys;" also "Tom Brown at Oxford," forwarded to him by first express he will be more content to sit by the fireside than to "saber" the bulldozing German premier. Young Cushman will find as he grows older that the saber wins less victories in this land of the free than the ballot does, as in the instance of his father or the genius whose name he bears.

***

To be a good legislator a man must have the capacity for telling a good story. All the members of the present session seem to be more than fair story tellers.

"Now," said Representative Bob Dunn, "there's Alvah Eastman and I both bald headed. We were coming down to St. Paul together one day when an old chap gets to talking with us and finally wanted to sell us some hair invigorator. He was an Englishman, and he says:

'H'if the gentleman pleases h'it will bring h'out the 'air in a day.'

Alvah said to him, 'My friend and I had our hair frozen off. There's nothing the matter with it except that, and when we get into a warm country it will grow right in again.'

The old fellow looked at us a bit and then went away without saying a word. When we got out at St. Paul he comes up again and says:

'H'if the gents please, 'ere's a porous plaster warranted to cure h'every cold. Two for a quarter and will the gents try them on their 'eads?'

***

Gen. Washburn's telegrams to his friends in the legislature, and sent after his election was assured, are rather sentimental in nature—almost gushy. In a measure they reveal just how badly he would have felt if defeat had met him. One telegram sent by him reads as follows:

"A thousand thanks for your manly and noble course in the contest just closed. I shall never cease to be grateful to you."

Another is still more extravagant than the above:

"I have no words to express to you my gratitude on your manly and courageous course in the contest just closed. God bless you."

If Sabin had been the winner telegrams would not have been so profuse, but it is ten to one that he would have said to his gallant host:

"Bully for you, boys. What'll you have?"

And the "boys" would have appreciated it more a hundredfold than a Western Union blank.

***

A large number of house members testified before the bribery investigating committee that they had been offered money, but had not taken it. This reminded a member of the committee of the story of three men at the gates of heaven. St. Peter said to the first:

"Who are you?"

"I was a candidate for office."

"And who are you?"

"I was the financial agent of this candidate."

"And who are you?"

"I am the honest voter who refused the money offered to me by the financial agent of the candidate for office."

"Gabriel," roared Peter, "where are the keys to hell?"

"Why?" queried the honest voter.

"Zounds," snorted Peter, "to let Ananias out and put you in." H. I. C.

MORSELS OF GASTRONOMY.

Wedding cake is the only kind on the list that is held to improve with antiquity.

At some formal dinners "Tiny Tims" are served before the soup as alleged appetizers.

If this mild winter continues sausages and buckwheat cakes for breakfast will go out of fashion.