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BY LEWIS BAKER.

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TO-DAY'S WHEATER.

WASHINGTON, July 20.—For Wisconsin: Fair, followed in western portion by light showers; warmer; variable winds. For Minnesota and Iowa: Light local showers Sunday afternoon; no decided change in temperature, excecept slightly cooler in Northern Minnesota; southerly winds, becoming variable. For Dakota: Light local showers; cooler; southerly winds.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Thermometer ...	Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Thermometer ...
St. Paul....	29.86	80	Helena.....	29.90	66
Duluth...	29.92	58	Ft. Totten.	......	...
La Crosse.	29.92	76	Ft. Sully.	29.80	86
Huron.....	29.84	76	Minnedosa	......	....
Moorhead.	29.82	80	Calgary....	30.02	60
St. Vincent	29.80	68	Edmonton.	29.76	50
Bismarck.	29.78	82	Q'Appelle.	29.82	66
Ft. Buford.	29.90	74	Medic'e H.	...	...
Ft. Custer..	29.86	80	Winnipeg..	29.76	78

THE president is reported as expert at tenpins. Some have thought that a man in the postal department was the champion.

SULLIVAN's shoes are on exhibition in New York, and are photographed for the papers. JOHN has been making something of an exhibition of himself since his Southern tour.

THERE has been no lowering of the record for running horses for twelve years, although the trotters have come down very considerably. The runners will have a chance this week.

THERE are fifteen states and territories now in which cousins are not allowed to marry. Still, the physical scientists are not agreed that there is any natural objection to the alliance.

A MAN in Alabama tried to break the record for monotony in suicide by jumping upon a circular saw. It was not a good example, however, as it spoiled the clothes for the woman's next husband.

THE foreign arrivals the first half of this year indicate the smallest total for the year had in this decade, with one exception. There is more concern about quality than quantity of the foreign accessions of late.

THE idea that the men of iron fists, SULLIVAN and KILLAIN, could pummel each other two hours and twenty minutes with no visible effects to speak of, as proves to be the case, suggests the hippodrome.

THE greater part of the increase in national banks is in the new regions of West. In spite of all its objections, the public will be reluctant to have that system succeeded by any of the old methods of providing currency.

EMMONS BLAINE will hardly need any other office if he is to marry a "beautiful and accomplished girl" with $2,000,000 in her own right. That she is a favorite with the eligible young men could be easily inferred from the figures.

THERE is a suspicion of sarcasm in the injunction of Judge COOLEY to the constitutional convention at Huron, "Don't legislate too much," as the constitution adopted is one of the longest to be found and specially noted for its legislative features.

A CHINESE Clan-na-Gael, perhaps like the ill-favored Chicago one, seems to have undertaken the work of keeping the Celestial population at San Francisco within proper limits by killing off the surplus members. One or two are prepared for mummies every night, and the community look upon it with complacency. This may be the Oriental way of obviating the crowding of population.

THE women of Wyoming have had the right of voting a full ticket like a man, whether they can vote now or not. They are able to assert their rights, at all events. The other day they turned out in a small town and gave a brute of a man a terrible lesson for whipping his wife. Why not, in the new states, provide for punishing wife beaters in this way? The women would be executioners without pay.

THE indignant refusal of the Valparaiso consulship by Mr. HORR reminds the La Crosse Chronicle of the fact that JERRY RUSK, the bucolic member of the cabinet, was some years ago named as consul to Paraguay and Uruguay. JERRY had never heard the names, and supposed it was some place out among the Indians. "Where 'n 'ell's Paraguay and Uruguay?" he roared, and declined in language not now tolerated in the cabinet.

THE St. Louis Republic some time since offered a prize for a list of the best books for boys and girls, excluding, of course, the Bible and purely religious works. Out of 320 competitors the award was made by a committee recognized as of the best literary capacity, and the list may be of service to others. It comprises:

1. "Little Women," Miss ALCOTT.
2. "Little Lord Fauntleroy," FRANCES BURNETT.
3. "David Copperfield," CHARLES DICKENS.
4. "Pilgrim's Progress," JOHN BUNYAN.
5. "Scottish Chiefs," JANE PORTER.
6. "Anderson's Fairy Tales."
7. "Robinson Crusoe."
8. "Tales From Shakespeare,' CHARLES LAMB.
9. "Arabian Nights."
10. "Water Babies," KINGSLEY.

IT IS reported that the money has been fully secured for the construction of the Congo railroad some hundreds of miles into the interior of Africa. Capitalists of this country and Europe are reported interested, not as philanthropists or scientists, but in the belief that it will be a paying enterprise. There are undoubtedly very great natural resources there, and if this enterprise proves the success anticipated, civilization and the white man will follow, and it may be that the next century will see a remarkable transformation in the dark continent.

THE LIVE QUESTION.

The livest question of the day is the one which proved the most entertaining and exciting subject of debate during the session of the national educational convention held in Baltimore the past week, and related to the expediency of combining religious with secular instruction in the public schools. The fact that a body composed of the most eminent educators of the country thought it worth while to devote so much time to a discussion of this question is an evidence of its growing importance, and rather indicates that the time is near at hand when the people in their sovereign capacity will be called upon for an expression of opinion. The two phases of the question as it will be presented for popular discussion and decision, are first, is religious instruction in the public schools expedient? and secondly, if so, what should be its character and limitations?

Public attention has recently been directed to this subject by able articles in several of the leading magazines, which were written by such eminent prelates as Cardinal MANNING, Cardinal GIBBONS and Bishop KEANE. On the other side Dr. THOMAS HILL, ex-president of Harvard university, Dr. MINOT J. SAVAGE and Prof. HARRIS, the editor of the Journal of Speculative Philosophy, have wielded their trenchant pens. At the annual convocation of national educators at Baltimore last week Bishop KEANE, the eminent Catholic clergyman of Richmond, Va., sprang the question by reading an elaborate essay, especially prepared for the occasion, and which succeeded in provoking one of the most interesting debates of modern times.

Now that the question is fairly an issue, which will have to be faced in the near future, it is but just that the public should understand the precise situation and be acquainted with the arguments that the champions of each side rely upon in support of their respective positions. The advocates of an intermingling of religious with secular education hold that, inasmuch as the soul is of more consequence than the body, religious training becomes of greater importance than secular education, and that inasmuch as God has given us a heart to be formed to virtue as well as a head to be enlightened, it is just as essential that the moral faculties should be trained as that the mental qualities should be improved. It is in substance a revival of the doctrine taught by GUIZOT, the eminent Protestant writer of France, who insisted that to make popular education truly good and socially useful, it must be fundamentally religious. It is held that the only efficient way to preserve the blessings of civil freedom within legitimate bounds is to inculcate in the mind of youth whilst at school the virtues of truth, justice, honesty, temperance, self-denial, and those other fundamental duties comprised in the Christian code of morals. While Cardinal GIBBONS is convinced that the religious and secular education of our children should not be divorced, he admits that there are some difficulties in effecting a combination of religious and secular education in the public schools without infringing on the rights and wounding the consciences of some of the pupils. It works admirably in the denominational schools, but in the schools which are attended by children belonging to the various Christian denominations, and by Jews also, and even by those who profess no religion whatever, it becomes a grave problem, beset with difficulties.

Those who hold that it is inexpedient to introduce religious instruction into the public schools base their argument upon that fundamental principle in our national life, that rights of private conscience must be respected, and that church and state must be entirely separated. They hold that it is not the state's business to save souls; that, the state itself being a secular organization, its work must be purely secular, and that therefore it is none of the state's business to undertake the work of teaching anybody's special religion. The jurisdiction of the state is confined strictly to this world; and, consequently, it has no power to engage in the work of preparing persons for citizenship in heaven. The only thing that a state has a right to be interested in is the matter of a person's behavior as long as he is a citizen of this world: and inasmuch as there are good citizens of all religions and of no religion, it would be an unjust, as well as an unwarranted assumption of power, for the state to determine whose religion was right and whose was wrong, as would have to be done in case there were a combination of religions and secular training in the public schools.

Prof. HILL, ex-president of Harvard, takes rather intermediate ground in this discussion. He concurs with Cardinal GIBBONS to the extent of recognizing the necessity for moral training, as well as intellectual development. He, too, recognizes the difficulties to be encountered in adopting any special system of religious instruction in the public school. Yet he believes that, as a measure of public safety, the government has the right and the power to enfore religious instruction. He holds that the state must, for its own sake, make good morals and good manners the first and highest aim in public education, and that, as governments are formed and administered for the protection of individuals and property, it becomes a necessity to educate children to reverence the rights of others, which can be done only by leading them to recognize higher powers than human; in short, by teaching them, according to Christian precept, to walk humbly before God. And yet he would rely upon the teachers themselves, rather than upon any law or rule prescribing religious instruction, for the instillation of moral sentiments into the minds of the pupils.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

The recent disasters to those who are experts in the navigation of the air are not encouraging. It is one of the old dreams that the art of aerial voyaging could be reduced to exact and definite conditions, and the upper element made a means of rapid transit. The attempts to borrow from nature the wings of the bird have been unqualified failures, but there is no difficulty in overcoming the law of gravitation. The trouble is the lack of precise knowledge of the laws and currents to be met. The devices have been innumerable, but the vagaries of the atmosphere have baffled the schemes of the inventors. Still, it is possible that it may be found that in the upper strata there are currents like those of the ocean, and they can be made available for the traveler. There is, to many, a fascination in the idea of soaring in space that will incite to continued inventive efforts.

IN THE high-toned society circles in New York it is stated that the canine pets of the mistresses are given birthday parties, and costly and elegant presents are made. There are probably 400 or more of this peculiar-phase of high life society. The current impression that the ladies who let their hearts center about these little lap pups and poodles are cranks, or a little off color in moral proprieties, is probably not warranted, or not prudent to suppose.

FASHIONABLE MOURNING.

Lady HABBERTON, one of the leaders in high society in England, is at the head of the crusade against women wearing mourning costumes. She insists that the solemn black, with its headdress and long and heavy veil, is unhealthy and not in good taste. In her view, good sense will lead to its being discarded when a break is made in the allegiance to arbitrary and absurd fashion. It is protested that there is unfair discrimination in the sexes. Men are let off with a band upon the hat, while women must be immersed in the habiliments of woe from head to foot. It may, perhaps, be assumed that the difference represents the relative intensity and depth of grief in the sexes, and that the somber hues protect the sufferers from rude intrusion. They will wear the mournful investiture while fashion dictates and it is supposed to be becoming. There is incongruity in the sight of men indulging in hilarity and social fetes with the black on their hats. It cannot be reconciled with artistic grief.

CHEAP GAS.

The water gas that, as announced, a company proposes to supply in Chicago at 25 or 30 cents per thousand, is to be made by the English process at a cost not exceeding 10 cents per thousand. It is asserted that it can be put in the holders at even less, and that 25 cents will afford ample profit. There will be no concern as to whether it is an English or a Chinese process if it can be made at such figures and will meet the requirements of an illuminant and heater. Even Pittsburg, with its natural gas, pays $1 per thousand. The millennium will seem a good deal nearer when one can make faces at the coal barons, and secure all the light and heat requisite for the home at even 30 cents per thousand feet. Confidence is expressed in the feasibility of this, provided the old gas monopolies or other trusts do not swallow up the new device.

THINGS HERE AND THERE.

The New York Herald will have to overhaul its geography. The other day it located Deer Park in New Jersey, and we find in its personal columns the announcement that "Hon. PATRICK H. KELLY, the leading grocery merchant of Minneapolis, is in the city." It is no disparagement to Minneapolis to have Mr. KELLY accredited to that city, but all the world knows that it would be like divorcing man and wife to separate Mr. KELLY from St. Paul.

¶ ¶ ¶

It is possibly an unfounded report that JOHN L. SULLIVAN is to be prosecuted under the civil rights law for refusing to fight PETER JACKSON because the latter is a colored man. Yet he is guilty of a clear violation of the fourteenth amendment. It is a sort of a Scylla and Charybidis between which Prof. SULLIVAN is passing. He is to be prosecuted for fighting a white man and then prosecuted because he wouldn't fight a coon.

¶ ¶ ¶

There is a good chance now to make an example of somebody for reckless driving, and it will be to the everlasting disgrace of our civil authorities if it is not done. Conservative people have an idea that when young bloods can run over ladies in the street and escape prosecution, it is about time to pull up stakes and quit the town.

¶ ¶ ¶

There is not much given in detail of the work of the dairy commissioner, inspecting adulterated articles, before he went to his Deer Park for recuperation, but it has been discovered in many households of late that the theory that cream is a product of milk has visible support. It is not insisted that the commissioner should have credit for the discovery. But it is assuring that he is soon to move with his accession of vigor upon the investigation of what is absorbed as liquors and other necessaries of life. His mode of operations is not stated; but others, in like pursuit of the pure and true, have bought samples of the beer, whisky, vinegar, wines and other irrigants, and subjected them to a very careful analysis, applying the law where there was any deviation from the orthodox conglomeration. Parties are temporizing with lemonade, buttermilk, pop, milk shake, Waukesha water and such, waiting to learn where the substantials may be had in their purity.

¶ ¶ ¶

"That is what we are raised on in England," remarked an English friend interested in investments in this country, yesterday, as he rapidly environed a glass of eight-year-old English beer. "Our people who are buying up your breweries and other industries would brew the English beer here, but it can't be made in this country. The climate is too dry. It even loses its strength when imported. It is stronger and more nutritious than lager. But we have put about $30,000,000 in your breweries, and will go on until we have all the industries and resources that we care for in our hands. It will be a pretty fair country to do business in then; in fact, almost as good as England. As an instance in one line, one of our syndicates has secured three counties near Cumberland Gap, rich in ore, and we can undersell Pennsylvania in iron. Another has got control of the Harney tin mines in the Black Hills, and will prevent their being operated in competition with the English mines." His second glass was now empty, and he stopped.

¶ ¶ ¶

The states that reject prohibition generally take high license on the assurance that it is a long step toward prohibition and comprises all that is practicable at present. High license concentrates the business into fewer hands, but it puzzles a good many to see how it affects consumption. One of the adepts in the science and faithful practitioners at the liquid bar gives this explanation. He says that the dealers make high license the excuse for higher rates or smaller drinks. For instance, in beer, he insists that they use devices and infusions that fill about two-thirds of the glass with froth, and only the tony and lavish people, who take the bottled article, can often afford to buy enough to get heavy on. Many get disgusted and try water. This promotes temperance. Then distilled liquors are put so high that common people cannot afford to indulge. They make longer gaps between drinks. This promotes temperance among the average citizens. The fine-haired fellows with full pockets, of course, have too much sense to be intemperate.

THE SERMON WAS LONG.

The sermon was long and the preacher was prosy,
The cushion was soft and the corner was cozy;
And, musing, I knew
By my side in the pew
Was a dear little face that was dimpled and rosy.

A stray bit of lace and the curl of a feather
Lay close to my cheek, and I didn't care whether
The service was long
Or flirting was wrong
In a lonely back pew, as we knelt down together.

In reading the prayers we had one book between us;
So sweet was that smile, had nobody seen us,
While bent on our knees
(Oh! how Cupid did tease)
I had stolen a kiss, with the prayer-book to screen us.

In the oriel window the sunlight was gleaming,
In my drowsy old brain I felt love fancies teeming;
Then my heart gave a thump—
But my head got a bump
On the back of the pew—I had only been dreaming.
—Tropical Times.

AT THE PICNIC.

His pants were light, the pie was soft,
They met beneath the trees;
He thought to rest his weary frame,
So straightened out at ease.
Not one of all that picnic crowd
Who saw him rise again
But thought a murder had been done
On the spot where he had lain.

TOPICAL TALK.

The Mystery of Rain. Of course you are talking about the weather these days. Most everybody is. You mop the perspiration from your face and tell your neighbor you think it will rain this afternoon. And, yet, did it ever occur to you how little we know about the mysteries of rain—about the methods of the transportation and concentration of moisture in the atmosphere? Meteorological science can determine the proportion of moisture in the air within reach, but what does it know about the vast bodies of water stored in the clouds above us and ready without a moment's warning to pour their floods upon us? The truth is, the world has made very little progress in weatherology. Thousands of years ago people could discern by the face of the sky in the evening whether it would be fair or foul weather the next day. That is the most our great weather bureau, maintained at public expense and under government direction, can do; and it doesn't always do that. By the formation of water drops on the outside of an ice pitcher you can tell that there is a greater or less quantity of moisture in the air around the pitcher, and instruments are in use to tell the relative amount. But that doesn't give us any knowledge of what quantity of rain is stored in the clouds, of when it is going to fall, or upon what particular spot it is going to light. There is a popular theory that the vapor of water is carried between the atoms of air as water is contained in the pores of a sponge; yet who can tell how the tons and tons of rain, snow, and hail are held aloft in the clouds and transported over seas and across continents? It has not been a great while ago that rain clouds gathered over the Northwest and then passed on with their great volumes of water, nearly half across the continent, to be poured down in floods upon the mountains of Pennsylvania, while the wheat fields of Dakota and Minnesota were parched by the drought. There is nothing we discuss so much of which we really know so little as the weather.

Winter Wheat Growing. Talking about rain and weather, the most natural thing to do is to fall to chatting about the prospects of the wheat crop. There is a sort of a dismal foreboding in the mind of every one that the spring wheat crop is going to be a comparative failure, and that as a result we are going to have a continuation of dull times. The winter wheat crop south and east of us has been harvested, and there is more than an average yield. This has started an inquiry in the minds of some of our Northwestern wheat growers as to the advisability of experimenting with winter wheat in this section, and I am inclined to think that the subject is worth their attention. There is a field of winter wheat between Stillwater and Forest Lake which the best judges say will yield thirty-five bushels to the acre. If all the wheat sown in this state and in Dakota had been sown last fall the probabilities are the yield would have been three times greater than it now promises to be. It is true last winter was an exceptionally open winter, yet it is a question whether the risks of hard winters are greater than we experience from the winds and droughts of the spring season. My friend MARSH, the hotel man at Forest Lake, who is an old settler and an experienced farmer, suggested that our Minnesota wheat growers should experiment with winter wheat to the extent of growing four or five acres each season for several years, and then compare the results with the spring-sown wheat.

Turf Superstitions. This week we are to have the first genuine, high-toned running race in the history of the Northwest, and the men who are in the habit of backing their judgment of fast horses with their money are already on the look-out for those peculiar signs and omens which, according to popular superstition, presage the results of a race. It may not be generally known, yet it is true, that turfmen are as superstitious as actors. Yet, unlike actors, they regard the presence of a hunchback as a sign of luck. Many an actor has refused to play because he saw a hunchback in the audience. The sight of one in the grand stand rejoices the heart of a turfman. Turfmen say if you are in search of good luck never let a hunchback pass without touching his hump—no matter how lightly, even with the tips of the fingers will do. To shake hands with a cross-eyed woman is a token of good luck for a man who is betting on a horse race, but an omen of ill luck for the female better. If a woman who backs her judgment on horseflesh with her money shakes hands with a cross-eyed man she will win. All patrons of the race course are firm believers in the old superstition about seeing the new moon first. It is good luck to see it over the right shoulder, bad luck to see it over the left, but the best luck of all to look at it full in the face with money in your pocket. The money must be turned over while looking at the moon, and it will double itself during the next twenty-four hours. The number 13 is a "hoodoo." If there are thirteen horses entered for a race there will be an accident, and nobody ever backs the one numbered 13. The number 7 is the favorite number on the course. It is a lucky number to bet on. Most turfmen have their mascots in some form or other. An old race-goer told me the other day that several years ago he found and picked up a $5 gold piece while going through the gates at Jerome Park, and immediately took it as a "tip" that he would be successful. He was, and ever since, when he had that gold piece in his pocket, he won, and when by any chance he happened to be without it he was sure to lose. I once knew a Kentucky horseman who always carried a brier pipe in his left hip pocket for luck. He told me that if he was ever careless enough to let that pipe get into another pocket his luck left him. Another superstition among turfmen is that if you win your first bet at the races you should stop betting, as you are certain to lose after that. If you lose your first bet the chances are that you will win the others. If a jockey dismounts or falls from his horse just before starting into the race it is a good omen. The horse he rides will be the victor in the race.

Life at the Lakes. This month and next our streets will have something of a deserted appearance; you miss so many familiar faces. Still, you do not stop to ask where the people are gone, because you know it is the lake season and they are off in search of fish and mosquitoes. St. Paul and Minneapolis are blessed above all other American cities in the number of comfortable summer resorts within easy reach of them, and it is no wonder that the people of these two cities are disposed to enjoy their peculiar advantages. And yet it sometimes puzzles me to know why so many are anxious to leave luxurious homes and exchange the comforts of city life for the hardships of an "outing" experience. They say they do it to get country air; just as if St. Paul were not supplied with the same air that braces up the surrounding country. And yet I imagine they get some compensation for all their privations. I ran across a well known St. Paul family at one of the lakes, the other day. They live on St. Anthony hill and have a delightful home; yet here they were by the lakeside, the whole family of five persons—father, mother and three children—occupying one little room 9x12, and eating canned vegetables every day for dinner. But there was the lake, and a boat and good fishing, shade trees, wide meadows; the mother didn't have to wear corsets all day, and dress up in the evening; the children went bare-footed, and paddled in the water; the father snoozed under the shade of a wide-spreading elm, and forgot all about the cares and worries of business life; here was the freedom of all outdoors, and the luxury of being by one's self, with none to criticise or to ask questions—so that, after all, the benefits more than compensated for the privations. Still, at most of these lakes there are comfortable and well-kept hotels—some better than others—but all good enough for the average summer tourist. If the landlords of these establishments would supply their tables with fresh vegetables, instead of relying on left-over canned goods, they ould draw more custom, as well as add to the comfort of the guests who do patronize them.

SUNDAY CHATTER.

Some strange spell recently incited the editor of the Omaha Republican to give his impressions of heaven. Local enthusiasm evidently inspired him to depict it in unfavorable contrast with Omaha, perhaps to check the epidemic of suicide that had become so alarming there, in view of the fact that the census period is at hand. He asserts that in heaven there is nothing of the sweetness of connubial life, as there is no marrying; no ambition, as there is nothing to gain; no hope, because there is nothing to hope for; no gratitude, as there is nothing to escape from; no success, because there is no failure; no gratification, because there is no desire; nothing to do, because everything has been done; nothing to remember and nothing to expect. In St. Paul and other good places that would seem like hell, and not heaven. It may serve, however, to reconcile the minds of some of the restless to continued residence at Omaha.

The Two Death Scenes.

The man hung at Little Falls went off in good humor in the early morning gloom, and his example is to be commended to those who are constrained to pass out that way. An ill-tempered fellow who was subjected to a similar ordeal in New Jersey, about the same time, was enraged because he had to leave in that way, and the governor refused to grant his appeals. In his rage he asserted his purpose to come back as a ghost and haunt the prison. There are some who fully believe that there are ghostly precedents for such unbecoming retaliation. If it is practicable, no doubt the fellow will carry out his threat. There have been instances where two parties made mutual agreement that the one who died first should test the feasibility of manifestation to the survivor, and the latter has attested the actual occurrence, but others were skeptics. If the New Jersey jail can have a ghost come by appointment, and for a specified purpose, it will relieve the monotony of prison life, and, perhaps, remove some skepticism.

The Convention of Sneezers.

One of the advantages of the climate, or some natural condition in the East, and perhaps to a limited extent in some other sections, is that people can have the hay fever. This gives them an opportunity to join the Hay Fever association, which holds its annual meetings on the top of some mountain. HENRY WARD BEECHER was a charter member, and always joined in the annual sneeze. The last meeting was held at Bethlehem, in the White mountain range, when the president disclaimed that it was a mutual admiration society. These conglomerate sneezers have also a literature and various publications illustrating the object and uses of the hay fever. It is regarded as quite the thing to have in genteel circles, as it affords a good excuse for preachers and business men to take a summer vacation. Honorary members of the society are allowed on payment of $1. They get all the books, but are not allowed to join in the sneeze. Still, no one is advised to go East to enjoy the privileges of the society.

A Cure for Intemperance.

The superintendent of the Washington home, in Boston, devoted to the reclamation of inebriates, states some results of his observation as to the methods people will adopt to find means of stimulation when deprived of the beverages to which they are accustomed. He gives very striking illustrations of the ingenuity shown in securing the effects of inebriety without the use of alcohol. The use of pernicious, and in some cases ruinous drugs, is enormously on the increase where the use of the stimulating beverages is discouraged by law or sentiment. The effects are bad, and the system is infected to a more dangerous and pernicious extent. There are similar reports generally from the prohibition districts. It is evident that a broader temperance should be inculcated. It is not the liquor drinking that people care for. It is the effect, not the cause. The stimulation is sought, and if it is not had with drink, it is found in opium and other drugs. The only safety is in correcting the vicious appetite.

Theological Guesswork.

A preacher in one of the most popular pulpits of the city last Sunday, in illustrating the love of the Deity to His creatures, asserted that no misfortune, pain, sorrow, or seeming disaster of any sort, even in its supposed most trivial feature, could have been spared without breaking the chain forged by infinite love, and defeating the divine purposes. Mention was made of the Johnstown calamity, but it was passed as too big for the application. If the theory is true, the destruction in Conemaugh valley was on the divine programme as an exhibition of love, and those who sought to prevent the dam from bursting were attempting to thwart the purposes of the Deity. The man or woman who would avert or mitigate his or her own suffering is evidently in danger of fracturing the programme arranged by the God of Love. It is not surprising that skepticism is prevalent in the sound of pulpits that give forth such utterances.

THE INJUN.

A noble Injun sat one day
In peaceful contemplation
Of spreading plains with verdure gay;
The beauties of creation.

His eye was bright, his mind was clear;
Each muscle thrilled with power,
And sturdy effort hovered near
His rude domestic bower.

The years rolled on; the white man came,
With innovations risky:
The pistol and the poker game,
Pam sandwiches and whisky.

The Injun gaunt and hungry stalks
The streets of Denver city,
Inspiring everywhere he walks
Contempt unmixed with pity.

"If as of yore my time I spent
All men would have despised me;
I'm glad," says he, "the white man went
To work and civilized me."
—Merchant Traveler.

GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

Extra Session of Congress. The president during the past two weeks has been visited by some of the greatest Republican leaders of the nation. Among them have been Senators Ingalls, Allison, Chandler, Dolph and Hiscock, while among others the new senator from Minnesota, Washburn, has had a long interview with him. It may be that offices in their respective states have incidentally been mentioned as a reason for their calling. But a subject of far more importance has been under consideration.

The GLOBE nearly three weeks ago stated that in all probability an extra session of congress would be called for about the middle or the latter part of October. This information came from an Indiana statesman who visited the White house to protest against it, but who came away convinced that the president had decided that question.

Again was this belief confirmed when Senator Washburn, after a conversation with Mr. Harrison a day or two ago, told a New York correspondent that the president had assured him that it was his intention to summon the national legislature prior to the regular session, which would naturally begin in December. When the senator informed the president that he was about to sail for Europe Mr. Harrison remarked significantly that he must be sure to return about the middle of October. The senator expressed the hope that there would be no extra session. The president replied that the general impression prevailed among the Republicans that the sooner the house was organized the quicker could important business impending be transacted. The president again intimated his purpose to do all in his power to facilitate such legislation as was incumbent on the next congress to enact.

Tariff Bills. Much curiosity has already been excited as to the contents of the message the president will submit. Few believe that the revision of the tariff will be the central theme of that document. Acting upon that conviction, members of both houses are improving their leisure moments this summer in preparing drafts of bills. Among them are Senators Allison and Chandler, Congressman William McKinley Jr., Benjamin Butterworth, Gen. Tom Browne, the famous ways and means congressman of Indiana, and others.

Some think that the main features of the bill prepared by Senators Allison, Hiscock and Aldrich at the last session passed by the senate, but "hung up" by the Democratic house, will be incorporated in the new measure. Many believe that this bill can be very little improved upon. Gen. Browne is already at work upon a bill which will possess the underlying features of the senate tariff measure. It provides for the abolition of taxes on tobacco and alcohol used in the arts, makes a substantial addition to the free list and revises the schedules so as to conform with the protection sentiment which resulted last November in the triumph of the Republican party.

Another interesting feature of the session will be the reception of the Samoan treaty and a discussion of the protocol which was the result of the magnificent victory secured by the American commissioners at Berlin, and which sent William Walter Phelps to the German capital as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary.

It is hardly doubtful that the treaty will be ratified by the senate without amendment. Hundreds of appointments made by the president during the recess will come before the senate for confirmation. Now that Mr. Harrison has settled the question as to who shall be minister to Berlin no controversy of any serious character is anticipated. Whatever new business the Republicans propose to bring before congress has been and will be debated at the conferences of the party leaders in New York.

New York Approaching 2,000,000. By the time the Columbus anniversary gets around New York will probably be claiming a population of nearly 2,000,000. According to the new directory, the population is already over 1,750,000. This is the resident population only. Allowing for an annual increase of 75,000, which is a moderate estimate, we should be very near the 2,000,000 figure three years hence. Should the dream of Samuel J. Tilden's friend, Andrew H. Green, then be realized, and Brooklyn, Long Island City and Staten Island be taken into the municipality of New York, the figure may not be far short of 3,500,000. For it is pretty certain that Brooklyn alone will then have a full million within its limits. It grows even faster, relatively, than New York, and its possibilities of expansion are almost unlimited. It can extend itself all the way down to Coney Island, to hear what the wild waves are saying. And while Brooklyn runs out toward the sea, New York tends in the opposite direction. The building up of the section north of the Harlem river, almost as large in area as the original municipality of Manhattan Island, goes steadily on. A considerable amount of the increased real estate valuation for the year, amounting in the grand total to about $50,000,000, is in that quarter. It is the only part of New York in which building lots can now be bought at a moderate price—say from $1,000 to $2,000. The law still allows frame houses to be built in part of the new section, so a man may have a home of his own for $4,000 or $5,000. The only drawback is that he will lose a good deal of time traveling to and fro if his employment or business is down town. So far as that section is concerned, rapid transit is a mockery. A trip far into the country can be made in less time than it takes to go from the city hall to Fordham—about thirteen miles. It is the difficulty of reaching the district north of Harlem without great loss of time that causes Brooklyn and the New Jersey suburbs to grow so rapidly.

The Hammersley Fortune. The New York beauty who became the Duchess of Marlborough need not worry any more about her life interest in the large estate of her first husband, Louis C. Hammersley. The attempt to break Mr. Hammersley's will is just defeated by a decision of the general term of the supreme court declaring that the will is good and must stand. The duchess may now be happy in the assurance that she can keep on drawing money from her first husband's estate to pay the expenses of her second husband, the graceless duke. Only a couple of weeks ago she drew upon the executors for $100,000 and the draft was honored. She had previously, since she became a duchess, drawn for a like amount or more, and got it. Louis Hammersley's money is certainly flying fast at the home of the Duke of Marlborough. But, of course, it was with the expectation that he would get a good deal of it that the reprobate of a duke proposed marriage to Hammersley's pretty widow. It is understood here that the duchess is still ignored by the British upper world on account of her husband's very bad conduct. That same upper world, though, probably contains a good many sheep just as black as Marlborough, only they have not yet been found out.

A Great Discovery. Within the past few weeks it is believed that indubitable evidence has been obtained to prove that the flood covered what is called the New World, or the American continent, and that Virginia, the mother of presidents, in the days of Noah, must have been the center of a very large animal population, says a New York paper. This important discovery came about in this wise: An enterprising New Yorker was engaged in the construction of a railroad from Richmond to Seven Pines, seven miles away, when it was suggested that it be extended to take in Malvern Hill as well. With two such battlefields as objective points the road could certainly be made to pay. The New Yorker went to Malvern Hill, and, in making tests to ascertain how much of a job it would be to grade, a few feet below the surface came across a singular deposit of decomposed bones, as it were. Having studied some in his youth, and possessing a superficial hnowledge of chemistry, he brought samples to New York, applied crucial tests, called in the assistance of experts in phospates, and, Eureka! it was ascertained that an immense bed of bone-phosphates had been struck. On the pretense of railroad building a good deal of prospecting was indulged in, and below the layer of bone-phosphate, some five feet thick, another nine feet thick of an inferior quality was found, and below that still another. A lease of the farm on which these deposits were found was quickly negotiated on a small royalty per ton; a company will be organized and the deposits marketed.

The New Yorker is necessarily jubilant. So are his friends. Fortunes stare them all in the face. No Aladdin's lamp ever uncovered such a bonanza. Said one of these enthusiastic friends yesterday: "Why, sir, this is a bonanza compared to which the Comstock in its most productive days was as nothing. Nature has prepared this upper deposit for market. The phosphoric acid has decomposed the bones. An analysis shows a market value of $30.10 per ton. We can mine and ship it for $2 per ton. The underlying deposits are worth $9.63 per ton. The extent of the supply? As vast and inexhaustible as the sands of the oceans! The market? The whole world, to renew its exhausted fields!" Of course, such a vast deposit of bones proves beyond question that when the flood came all the Virginia animals must have been driven to Malvern Hill, their last refuge, and there they perished miserably. Their bones remained, and now are to reward the adventurous New Yorker who made the discovery. Large streams from little fountains flow, etc. Doubtless ere long Wall street will turn from stocks, bonds, oil and trusts to speculation in the decomposed bones of Old Virginia.

ONE OF THE DROMIOS.

Billy Crane and His Plans for Next Season.

The time of year is fast approaching when theatrical managers and the leading "stars" are wont to forego the pleasures of country life and the ease pertaining thereto and make up their minds to settle down to hard work; for the rehearsing of a company is, as a rule, more wearying than the labor of actual performance during the season. This is the time, too, when the manuscripts of new plays are being anxiously scanned and an abundance of thought taken as to devices and plans which will aid the chances of success when the said new plays shall be produced. So it is that, among others, William H. Crane will soon leave his restful seclusion at Cohasset, on the coast of Massachusetts, and begin active work with his company in Boston in preparation for the opening of his season, which will take place in Chicago early in September; so that in place of pacing the deck of his natty steam yacht, he will soon be tramping the stage of the Hollis Street theater, and giving directions to perspiring stage-carpenters and scene-shifters, instead of directing his sunburned sailor men. But Crane, it appears, has not been idle during his vacation, and it is doubtful if any comedian ever began his first season of independent endeavor with better equipment in the way of dramatic material. As a rule one new play, with a second string to fall back upon in case of necessity, is all that is considered necessary for a star, while Crane has a round half dozen of novelties. In the first place he has a new comedy on a strictly American theme by David D. Lloyd, which he will come to New York next week to christen, for though the piece is finished, after months of elaboration, it is not yet named. Then there will be the new comedy "On Probation," of a more farcical nature than the foregoing, written for Mr. Crane with especial reference to his peculiarities by Messrs. Brander Matthews and George Jessop. As was recently pointed out, the absurd charge that Matthews and Jessop had plagiarized from "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon" was all the more absurd in view of the fact that Mr. Crane has wisely enough arranged for an avowed adaptation of this "classic" farce-comedy, and will present the woes and weaknesses of M. Perrichon giving due credit to their author, the famous Labiche. One of the most successful of recent productions in England is "The Balloon," a comedy which is being played by no less than six separate companies in the English provinces. This, too, will form an integral part of Mr. Crane's repertory, and the list closes with an adaptation from the German which belongs more to the order of pathetic than of farcical comedy. In addition to the shaping of this large amount of material, Mr. Crane is also hard at work preparing himself for the much-talked-of productions of "Henry IV," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," the two Shakespearian productions which he purposes later on to put forward as artistically and elaborately as is possible even in these days of elaborate production.

WISDOM IN CHUNKS.

Worry kills more men than wars.

Experience gets there every time.

Great men can outgrow nicknames.

Wisdom waits to be asked for advice.

A woman tired of hearing of love is tired of loving.

Many a man lives on the reputation other people make for him.

The truth about some people is not told until after they are dead.

If every man could have his way the world would be almost depopulated.

The man that never knows the time of day is always too late or too early to wait.

Trusts are combinations of men and corporations that cannot trust one another.

Truths differ. Sometimes they are told to a man's face, and sometimes behind his back.

The man that guesses at probabilities often overreaches the man that waits for the truth.

Much sympathy is thrown away on an ambulance patient. It may be only a case of plain drunk.

Sometimes it is wiser to beg pardon than to fight. The other fellow may be bigger, and a black eye is a cloud.

When the policeman says "Move on!" it is wise to move. He has two advantages—a club and the semblance of law.

Humor of the Tramp.

Mrs. Pancake (to tramp)—Go away there! I don't want any wood chopped, nor any carpets beaten, nor anything else!

Tramp—Be jabers, mum, thin it's just the roight house Oi'm sthrikin', mum. It's only beggin' Oi am.—Life.

Tramp—Madam, I haven't had anything but a soup bone to gnaw in three weeks. Can I die somewhere on your place?

Lady of the House—(slowly relenting) —Ye—es, you can go down back of the wood lot and die in the onion patch; but mind you, don't you struggle all over those young shoots.—Munsey's Weekly.

The person who lent $10 to a tramp is an Xcentric individual.—Washington Critic.

JUST BLOOMED.

Come, Marie, take your feathered hat
And shoulder cap, and piquant muff,
Some repartee, a laugh, a glance,
And in your sleeve a sly rebuff—
Come, Marie, come.

Come dancing down the stairs and call
Some trite remark that sounds divine;
Be saucy at your mother's care
About your wraps; my and decline
About your glove.

I know not why a foolish girl
Should seem so wise—to be so sweet;
Nor why, without a glimpse of soul,
You are a creature quite complete,
And somewhat rare.

Let me but gaze upon your cheek,
And catch the fervor of your eye,
And note the dimple at your lip
When I declare that I shall die
Without your love!
—Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, in the Century.

THE NATIONAL PARK.

A Short Ramble Among Its Geysers, Fire Holes and Canons, by a Lady of Eighty-Seven Years and a Baby of Eight Months.

A family party of seven adults persons and an eight-months-old baby visited the Yellowstone park during the last two weeks. The party was from St. Paul, and the members of it were gratified many times during their excursion by meeting genial St. Paul and Minneapolis people in positions connected with the hotels and transportation lines in the park. The national government, as is well known, has dedicated to the people of the country a tract of land containing about 3,500 square miles, as a park, and it is engaged, under the direction of the secretary of the interior, in building roads through its various parts. The park is made up of mountains and valleys, all at a high altitude and of little or no value for either agricultural purposes or pasturage. Within this park are grouped many of the great natural wonders of the world. The scenery is the most sublime, the geological formations the most curious, and God's masonry the most picturesque ever seen by man.

While the park is open and free to the people of the world to visit, the improvements in it are made under the order of, and visitors are subject to rules laid down by, the national government. Mounted soldiers perform police duty, to see that vandals and curiosity-hoarding cranks do not despoil the natural wonders with which nature has been so lavish. The object is to preserve all of nature's works, its towering mountains and astonishing fountains, its rocks and its trees, its many-colored fish and its vast variety of flowers, its animals and its birds—all things just as God gave them to us. Roads are being graded and bridges built, but the service of no landscape gardener is required. At the entrance of the park is located the Mammoth Hot Springs hotel, a large structure, with a good table and comfortable beds—an excellent place for the weary traveler to rest, see sights and bathe. Distributed at convenient distances through the park are other hotels, usually in the vicinity of some of the rarest wonders. To attempt to describe these wonders in language which would convey to the reader a just idea of them would be useless. The most facile pen of the descriptive writer, the most skilled pencil of the artist, fail alike in this task. The intelligent citizen, after reading all the descriptions that have been written, and viewing all of the pictures that have been painted of the wonders of the park, will, after witnessing the scenes themselves, be impelled to exclaim, in the language of Rev. Dr. Robert Christie, the distinguished and cultured pastor of the House of Hope, St. Paul: "In all my travels I have never met so few disappointments or so many agreeable surprises as I did during my visit to the park."

I have been asked if the trip through the park is not an extremely uncomfortable one, owing to dust, flies, mosquitoes, long rides, rough roads, bad water and poor hotels. Our party did not find it so. We may have been specially favored; but during our trip the weather was nearly perfect—neither too hot nor too cold. The nights were cool, the mercury coming down in the neighborhood of the first line, while the middle of the day was warm. The sun was bright and the air remarkably clear and pure. It was a luxury to drink it in. We suffered very little from dust, and none at all from mosquitoes or flies. The fare at the hotels was plain, palatable, in good variety, well and courteously served. Our party had a large coach with three, wide, roomy seats inside, and space for one passenger with the driver. The coach was an exceedingly easy-riding vehicle, the four horses were spirited and the driver careful, courteous and full of information. In some places the drinking water affected some of the visitors slightly, but Apollinaris water can be obtained everywhere; and more delicious bathing is found nowhere. That it does not require an especially robust person to stand the perils of the journey was tested by the fact that in our party was a lady in the eighty-seventh year of her age—Mrs. H. M. Rockwell, who resides at 2101 Prairie avenue, Chicago—and a joyous infant of eight months old of St. Paul. Both stood the trip well and came out of the park benefited thereby.

At the close of the trip Senator John Macdonald, of the Dominion parliament, a most observant and cultivated man, said: "I have seen in this park the most wonderful things in the world." While standing on one of the picturesque and vari-colored projecting peaks of the Grand Canon of the Yellowstone, absorbed in reverential admiration of the scene, a distinguished American scholar and traveler said to me in a hushed whisper, "Only heaven is more beautiful." Another, whose home is in a foreign land, not having heard the above remark, had said: "On earth nothing is so beautiful as this except home."

The most interesting and curious wonders of this truly "wonderland" are the geysers, which abound in almost all parts of the park, and in every possible variety. There are, by the thousands, geysers of merely boiling water, emitting only a light column of steam. The boiling goes on like Tennyson's brook, in even, simple ripples, forever. The water in these are of many colors and shades of color—some of pure, clear water, some impregnated with valuable mineral substances, some the color and consistency of white paint, some red, some green, some blue, and others of the various shades and hues into which coloring may be blended. These geysers are of various sizes, from the circumference of a tin cup to dimensions of a small lake. They are found alike in the basins between the mountains and well up on the highest elevations. Looking out over one of the great basins, covering several miles square, of a bright, cool morning before sunrise, and the steam rising from these acres of vents from the great laboratory in the bowels of the earth, suggests to the mind a vast, but hidden, manufacturing city, whose many fires are still slumbering prior to the activities of the day. Some of these steam geysers roar, rumble and hiss like the blowing-off of powerful boilers. Other geysers there are which throw up columns of water, each drop of which seems to be a separate crystal, so transparently clear does it sparkle in the rarified and electrified atmosphere. A more beautiful sight of the kind cannot be conceived than is furnished by Old Faithful or the Castle geysers in the upper basin. A curious feature is the regularity with which Old Faithful plays. It sends forth its ponderous column of sparkling crystals every sixty-five minutes, day and night, winter and summer. Learned geologists tell us that it has taken this geyser 25,000 years to build up the curious incrustations which surround it.

There are in the park pools and small lakes of most exquisite colorings; purple and orange, silver and gold, emerald and pearl, turquoise, amethyst, sapphire; the softest satins are successfully counterfeited; Oriental rugs are discounted in beauty of coloring.

In another form, the Grand Canon and the Falls of the Yellowstone possess as great interest as the geysers. During every hour of a trip through the park, some new thing is seen to challenge the admiration or the curiosity. It is a trip that every American should take. It is not expensive. A five days' trip through the park is made at an expense of $40, and that time will be found satisfactory. This includes boarding, lodging and stage transportation, and covering all expenses from Livingston on the Northern Pacific road and return to that point.

THE tendency is to multiply offices not always exclusively to satisfy the enhanced needs so much as to provide good places for people. It is expected that the next congress will establish a new department, to be called the department of public works, to be under the direction of a cabinet officer. The public service would not suffer if there were a reduction of departments and more combination and simplicity in matters.