

THE DAILY GLOBE

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

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Eastern Advertising Office, Room 46 Tribune Building, New York.

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MR. GRADY'S LAST SPEECH.

MR. GRADY'S last public utterance was the speech delivered at the Boston banquet. The death of the old statesman was a blow at the time, and while it was noted that he spoke with less vigor than usual, still his speech was a masterly discussion of the race question, and will be remembered for its nobility and many statements of the so-called negro problem in the South.

His analysis of the question demonstrated that there was no problem at all, but a simple condition governed by natural laws, and that this condition could be changed by legislation or removed by force. He drew a fine picture of the peace and good will which prevailed at the South wherever the two races were relieved of the friction of incendiary political agitation. Whites and blacks worked side by side; every avenue is open to both; the fields blossom under contented labor; a spirit of sympathy and helpfulness sweeps both sides; in Georgia alone negro owners of land to the value of \$20,000,000 of real estate, and throughout the South the colored population has the benefit of more than one-half of the school fund. The scenes of disorder and violence, of which we hear so much in election times, never occur except when the masses of ignorance into a menace of free institutions. Yet, in discussing the present state between white and black in the South, Mr. GRADY asserted his belief in the superiority of the white race, and the veteran declared that the people of his section would never submit to the re-establishment of negro supremacy. In this connection he said: "We wrestled our state government, and we have won it back when the federal drum beat rolled to the ballot box, and the federal bayonets hedged it deeper about than will ever again be permitted in this free government; but, sir, though the cause of the white race was the governing principle of the South, we still should find, in the mercy of God, means and contrivance to prevent its re-establishment." Judging from the whole tenor of his Boston speech, it was Mr. GRADY's idea that the states and territories must be chiefly that of labor, and that it is on the development of the industries that nature has located in the Southern states that the solution of the race problem must depend. It was an idea which the patriotic common sense of the whole country to repress incendiary political agitation, and to leave to time, aided by patience and forbearance, the solution of the perplexing question of race adjustment.

SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.

As a people, or individuals, we can never do more for the interests of our country than by the exercise of our patriotic patriotism. There is a great deal of the spread eagle sort, it is true, but it is better that than none at all. And yet there is a happy medium where the patriotic impulses can be satisfied without any necessity for slopping over. It occurs to us that nothing better in this line could be established than the movement which originated at the late New York centennial and has culminated in the formation of the society of Sons of the Revolution. This society, which is purely national in its scope and founded on the highest order of patriotism, has so rapidly extended its work that branch societies have been organized in nearly every state and territory, and organizations are being rapidly effected in the others. The Minnesota branch will be organized to-day, the anniversary of the battle of Trenton, and there will doubtless be some at the chamber of commerce meeting to-day, the anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. It is needless for us to dwell at length upon the value of such an organization. The benefits to be derived from it are too apparent to need discussion. It is not a revival of the Society of Cincinnati, as some imagine, but it is to organize an association of the descendants of Revolutionary sires upon the basis that the Society of Cincinnati should have been organized upon in the first place. The organizers of that society made the fatal mistake of incorporating the British idea of primogeniture, while this society is

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THE SAINT PAUL DAILY GLOBE: THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 26, 1889.

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IT WAS, ALAS, SO.

The regular Christmas card on your bank account is made. Of the times, times, times; But the smiling, you got, While at its cost you fret, And mourn the awful scattering Of the times, times, times. —Somerville (N. J.) Colonist-Gazette.

THE BROKER.

By Alexander Brody. She looked out into the hall in her new wrapper. She shook the dust out through the grate and inspected the yard of the large three-story house. Young boys were standing about in the hall resting their arms upon the banister, expecting their husbands. It was about noon time.

Her husband came home first. A thick-set, bald-headed old man, with liver-colored face, staggered slowly towards her. They scarcely noticed each other; then they both looked into the hall together.

"Why do you come home so early? You always come at a time when dinner is not ready. Is there no business?" the woman began. The man did not answer; he was looking out wanting his youngest child, a beautiful young boy, frolicking and playing in the dark, inhospitable, asphalted yard.

And the woman again spoke. "What are you looking at? You see it again. I am sick, very sick; I shall never be a well man again. Take the business sign from my door!"

"The next day his condition was worse. His stomach was bloated like a leather bag, he lay on his back, and he breathed with difficulty.

"I have no money for the market," said the woman.

"On this day the first paper security was taken to the pawnshop. The proceeds lasted for several days. But as the second paper, there came a letter from the court. He wrote: 'I have heard that you are ill. Now I must admit, Josef, that you are not well. You are not well, but there is no knowing what may happen. My secretary will come to you again in order to remove the securities.'

The woman had been reading the letter to Josef.

"What is this right?" "Again these words. It is not till now that the broker answers. First he licks it to himself.

"This is my right; it cannot be." In the afternoon the brown young man calls. At the beginning of his visit he had been in a good mood. The family meant especially well by him. He was a fellow-countryman of the hostess. The broker had procured a situation for him, and in position as bookkeeper in a prominent business house. He loved him as his own son.

But now he was taken ill. He had not allowed him in his room. Now, however, he had him called in.

For a while his eyes rested on those present; then he called his daughter to himself.

"Johanna, do you want to become Paul's wife?"

Then again there was silence. The broker's lids closed wearily, and while he was wiping the perspiration from his brow, he thought to himself:

"Lock the door," the sick man at last began, and his eyes wandered about anxiously. Even the window-curtains had to be pulled down; he had himself carried to his iron safe. From an inside drawer he took the papers of securities and had them counted.

"Papers to the value of 80,000 gulden," said the bookkeeper.

"As much as you can give as a penny is to us," added the woman.

The secretary of the court was recalled to the office. He had heard that the broker had gone away on a journey. Nobody knew where or when he would return. The secretary returned several times to look for the broker, but he had himself carried to his iron safe. From an inside drawer he took the papers of securities and had them counted.

In his place came the officials of the criminal court. The broker was expecting them, and days before he was shaken with the acute of the influenza.

"When they come you must desist; foreign unconsciousness" * * * * * the wife with a gasp. He was distinctly as he gently and forbearingly gave him to understand that he had never treated him as he had others; he had almost always been a good man, a good honest man, * * * * * give me back my money."

The broker's lips and he was silent, although some terrible power seemed to prompt him to say: "The money is in the hands of my daughter's betrothed; I have to give it to her."

In his breast he even felt the blind love for his family for a hot and savage battle. The second triumphed. He closed his eyes, and not a syllable was to be forced out of his mouth.

The count was seized with sudden wrath:

"Gentlemen! I want my money! I'll see if there is no way to get at my money! Drag him hence! Away to prison with him!"

The count was taken away. The official physician decided that the broker could not be transported without endangering his life. Investigations were made in every direction, but the criminal suit should be brought against the whole world. Only of the intimate friend of the house, the young bookkeeper, but a suit had not yet been filed. Of the betrothal that had shortly preceded the embezzlement, not a word had been heard.

And the bookkeeper did not enter the house at all for a time. The wife of the broker informed him personally of what was going on. An immense crowd had been going on within a few days.

The attempt was again made to bring the count on to nocking with him, but the least point. And notwithstanding, the woman went out with him, and she brought the tortured sinner to confess. The intense longing to die an honest man flamed up within him for a moment, a second, a third, and he again trembled. And since such moments had